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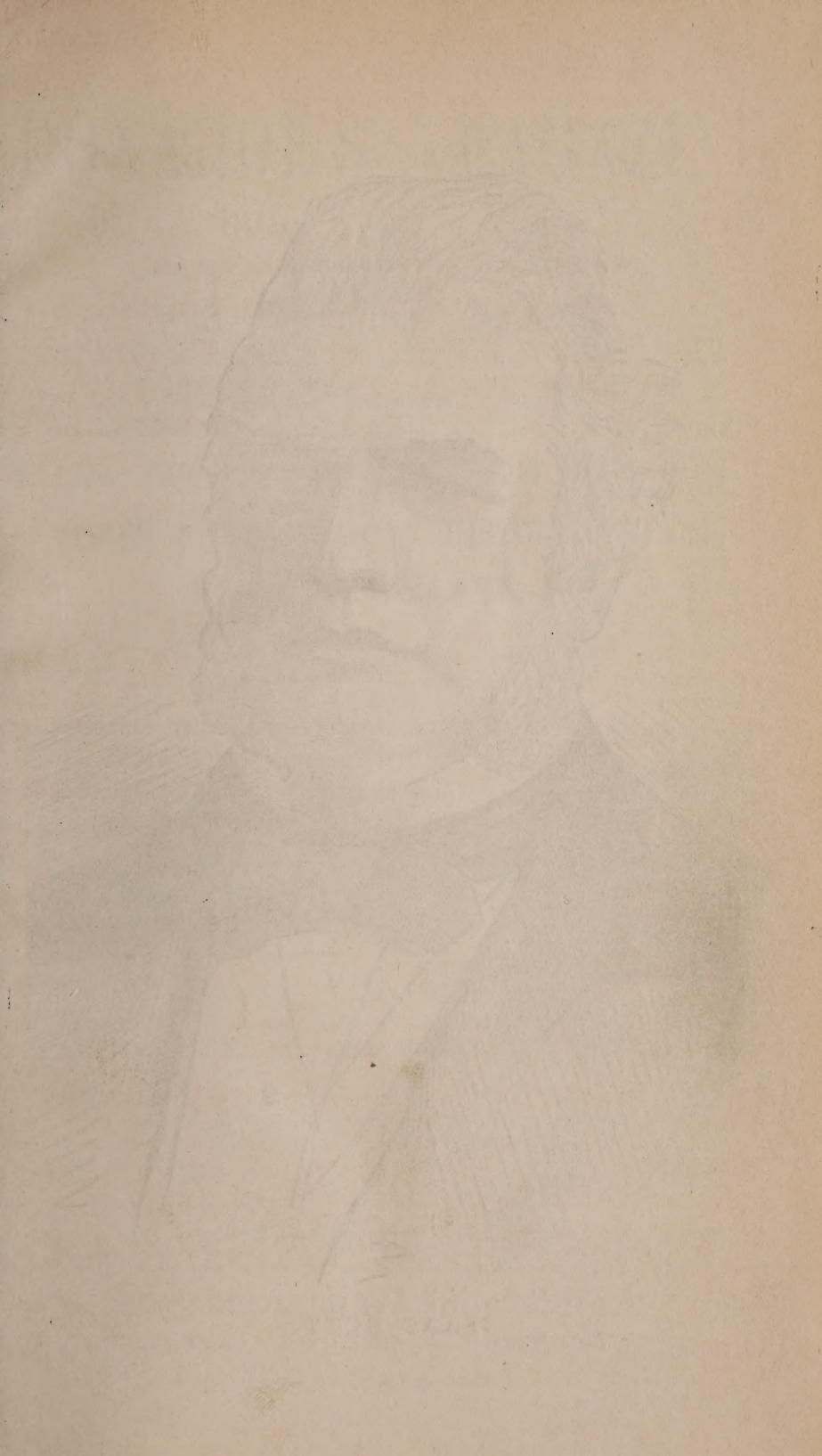

ISAAC BUTT.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1879, TO JANUARY, 1880.

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CONTENTS.

A.

Aunt Maxwell's Return, 47.
A Chat with our Lady Readers, 83, 180, 278, 375, 169, 565.
A Talk with our Readers, 90, 184, 283, 379, 473, 569.
A Curious Effect of Saratoga Water, 90.
A Noted Celebration, 120.
A Critical Review of our Irish Articles, 127.
A Sketch of Leo XIII., 143.
A Story for Mass-Servers, 144.
American and French Breakfasts, 155.
Adulteration of Food, 220.
Anecdotes of General Shields, 255.
A Bishop on Strikes, 257.
A Victim of the Falk Laws, 260, 335.
Advantages to the Church by the Freedom of Ireland, 438.
Antonelli, 366.
Amusements for Children, 518.

B.

Balfe, the Composer, 60.
Breathe not His Name, 102.
Biographical Sketches, 273.
Bishop Healy on the Priesthood, 416.
British India, 531.

C.

Cart Grease and other Substances, 103.
Catching Cold, 108.
Converting Churches into Theatres, 441.
Cardinal Newman, 493.

D.

Death of Isaac Butt, 3.
Dear Harp of My Country, 131.
Do Catholics read their own Literature? 291.
Dr. Todhunter on Italian Art, 317.
Distress in Kenmare, 319.

E.

Events of the Month, 94, 190.
Eirigth na Geallayhe, 258, 286, 382, 477, 573.
Emancipation, 11.

F.

Fête Dieu in Brittany, 247.
Faith, 398.

G.

Gaelic Department, 178, 276, 372, 467, 563.
Giotto and His School, 117.

H.

How to pacify the Red Man, 30.
High Treason, 235, 355.
How to Sleep Well, 367, 449, 545.
Hired Girls, 369.
How to make sure of a Happy Christmas, 532.

I.

Ireland in Paris, 75.
Instruction for Reading Irish in Roman Letters, 86.
Is Home Rule Dead? 156.
Ireland and Rome, 160.
Incidents in the Life of Young Napoleon, 296.
Irish and English Freemasonry, 387, 499.
Irish Games and Sports, 460.
Ireland on the Continent of Europe, 489.
Irish Antiquities, 490.
I Cede only to Force, 498.
Infirm and Superannuated Priests, 518.

J.

Julia Marron, 69, 147.

L.

Liberalism in Religion, 172.
Leo XIII. and His Court, 234.
Little Acts of Kindness, 350.
Liberality of the Royal Family, 398.

M.

Memorials of Presbyterianism, 253.
Monument to Pere Marquette, 394.
Massacre and Sack of the British Embassy, 457.

N.

Notices of Recent Publications, 95, 192, 288, 384, 480, 575.
Encyclical Letter of the Pope, 1.

O.

Obituary of Priests, Sisters, etc., 93, 189, 285, 381, 476, 571.
Our Young Folks, 88, 182, 281, 381, 471, 567.

P.

Personal Recollections of Father Mathew, 57.

R.

Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, 104.
Richmond, Va., 221.
Restoration of a Church, 314.

S.

Scientific Religion, 16.
St. Rose of Lima, 17.
St. Vincent's Home, 199, 427.
Substitutes for Alcohol, 252.
Shall I Go West? 483.
Shot in Game, 520.

T.

The Napoleons and the Popes, 18, 132.
The Bishop of Halford on State of Europe, 26.
The Bar Life of O'Connell, 36, 122, 225, 322, 469, 509.
The Irish Land Question, 43.
The Negro Stampede, 58.
The Primate of Ireland, 70.
The Battle of the Boyne, 71.
Two Living Pictures, 72.
The Minstrel Boy, 73.
The Age of Polished Stone, 74.
The Fairies, 76.
The Great Fire at Notre Dame, 77.
The Humorist, 82, 177, 275, 371, 466, 562.
The Girl of the Period, 130.
The World is Sick from Head to Foot, 145.
The Late Gen. Shields, 163.
The Rising Catholic Generation, 174.
The Wonders of Lourdes, 195, 521.
The Sisters' Fairies, 207.
The Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, 210.
The Irish People and the Reformation, 219.
The Way the Dutch fought the Zulus, 230.
The North and South, 248.
The Art of the Italian Renaissance, 249, 404, 506.
The Cities of the Dead, 295.
Trifles, 320.

Terrible Death of a Young Lady, 320.
The Irish Language, 351.
That Meek Young Man with the Spectacles, 399.
The Thundering Legion, 405.
The Lady Killer, 417.
The Archangel Raphael, 419.
The Battle-fields of Catholics, 420.
The True Philosopher, 439.
The Two-headed Eagle, 505.
The Emigrant Girl, 531.
The Origin of Irish Surnames, 544.

U.

Usefnl Knowledge, 81, 176, 274, 370, 465, 561.

V.

Violets, 331.
Vengeance of the Russian Government, 492.

W.

Will of Peter the Great, 332.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. BOSTON, JULY, 1879. No. 1.

HENRY GRATTAN, in his defence of the reputation of Charlemont, uses the following language. It might well be applied to the lamented BUTT: —

"Formed to unite aristocracy and the people, with the manners of a court and the principles of a patriot, with the flame of liberty and the love of order, unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom a veneration for order, and cast on the crowd that followed him the gracious light of his own accomplishments. Let slaves utter their slander, and bark at glory which is conferred by the people; his name will stand, and when their clay shall be gathered to the dirt to which they belong, his monument, whether in marble or in the hearts of his countrymen, shall be resorted to as a subject of sorrow and an excitation to virtue."

Death of Isaac Butt.

DUBLIN FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

NOT a feeling but that of deep, unmixed, and loyal grief, not a word but one of sincere, softened, and grateful remembrance, will attend the sad announcement which we make this morning, — that Isaac Butt is dead. After a prolonged sickness, a wrestle with death extending over months, the great old man has yielded to the common and inevitable fate. He died on the fifth of May, at four o'clock, at Roebuck Cottage, the residence of his son-in-law, whither he had been removed in the hopeful stage of a fickle and deceptive convalescence. The tender and affectionate care of his wife and family, and medical skill, the assiduity of whose exercise was quickened by personal friendship, soothed and supported his hours of pain; and now that he lies in the still and solemn chamber, the sorrow of his household is shared by a whole country over the end of a brilliant, if troubled, life.

There is that in the circumstances of a man's childhood and the scenes of his impressionable youth which tends to shape his character, and determine what shall be his future fate. Hence it is more than a matter of curiosity, it is more than a mere coincidence, to observe that the early days of our lost tribune were passed in conditions which have some analogy with those that environed the boyhood of O'Connell. For Donegal is the Kerry of Ulster, rich in stormy beauty, lovely in pastoral repose, eloquent of ancient glory, and hallowed by saintly fame. The hill is yet encircled by the mural crown of Grianan, the Tara of the North, where abode for a time the supreme sovereign of Erinn; and whence he beheld, as one beholds today, the far-stretching shimmer of Loughs Foyle and Swilly, then shadowed at intervals by the raven standards of the restless sea-kings. Yonder, against the sunset sky, are the broken outlines of the monastery, made famous to all ages by the undying labors of the Four Masters. Not far is Abby Assaroe, sanctified by song, whose wreck the luxuriant Irish ivy closely covers, whilst at its feet the immemorial murmur of the cataract goes on unchanged. Further inland lie the boundaries which marked out the territories of the clans of O'Donnell and O'Neill, limits which did not always keep their hosts asunder. They were small and warlike,

but so were the Greek States; and some of the historic acts and words of these Northern Gael might have been shrined in classic history. "Pay me my tribute, or if," said O'Neill. "I owe you no tribute, and if," was O'Donnell's retort. Homer might have claimed as one of his heroes the dying chieftain who ordered himself to be borne in the van of his army, marching to battle. They had their years of union, too, these princes of the North, when the common enemy, sweltering over from Saxon land, pressed hard upon them by force, but worst of all, by fraud; and they had their eternity of sorrow, when the swift ship "built i' the eclipse" bore them away to life-long exile. That lofty peak of Aragle, which, like a silver arrow, cleaves the azure sky, was their last glimpse of their country, — a farewell peak often since beheld by myriads of mournful emigrants, banished by the long-lingering policy of conquest from their Irish fatherland.

Claiming, as he did, to share the blood of the O'Donnells, it was surely impossible for young Butt not to have had some part in the heritage of memories they left after them in a country where every sight recalled their name. It was this, we hold, which made his heart thoroughly Irish from his youth, and which in advanced years enabled his intellect to burst the bonds of prejudice, and encompass the whole nation in its care.

Isaac Butt was born in 1813, in the parsonage of Stranorlar, of which his father, the Rev. Robert Butt, was incumbent. He was an only son, but fortunately not an only child. The place of his birth, in the centre of the county, is a fair and pleasant place, adorned with river, groves, and meadowy fields, whilst in the distance the famous Gap of Barnasmore lends grandeur to the scene. The impression it made upon his youthful mind may be inferred from the fact that he bestowed its name on one of his early romances. From Stranorlar he crossed the mountain-ridge to the neighboring town of Raphoe, where he obtained the rudiments of learning at the Royal School. His residence there could not have been long, for in 1828, at the age of fifteen, he passed the entrance examination and became a student of Trinity College. Here his mental abilities showed themselves soon and remarkably. Both science and letters commanded his attention. It was observed that his intellect was not only quick to receive, but prompt to give. The treasures of knowledge were not stored up, but kept for ready and rapid exchange. This is not necessarily the kind of mind which will evolve creative thoughts in science, but it is admirably adapted for success in many pursuits. Had he followed out the purpose suggested to him by his collegiate triumphs, there can be no doubt that he would, in due time, have become a Fellow. A Scholar in 1832, the prospect of an examination in a wide range of subjects could have proved no deterrent to one who, three years later, graduated in high classical and mathematical honors. As we have said, he entered Trinity College in 1828. His matriculation states that he got first place at the July Entrance, that he was the son of the Rev. Robert Butt, born in county Donegal, fifteen years of age, educated by Mr. Irwin, and that his college tutor was Mr. Boyton. His father got Scholarship in 1788, entered in 1779, and matriculated as the son of Isaac, a farmer, of Limerick. Mr. Butt got Scholarship in 1832, a year later than the normal time, in the class with the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, the late Bishop of Meath, and the late Professor Archer Butler. He took his B. A in 1835, LL. B. 1836, M. A. and LL. D. in 1840. For a brief period after getting Scholarship, Mr. Butt maintained himself by taking pupils, and he "ground" for Scholarship the present Lord Chancellor, who succeeded in 1833, and Archdeacon Lee, who succeeded the following year. Mr. Butt was Professor of Political Economy in

the University. He was elected in 1836, in succession to ex-Judge Longfield, the present pro-Vice-Chancellor and first Professor, and was succeeded in the chair by Judge Lawson, in 1841. The Professorship was founded by Archbishop Whately, in 1832. Mr. Butt was a pupil of Dr. Charles Boynton, and had a warm public controversy with him touching the late Recorder Shaw, in regard of the Municipal Reform Act and the recorder's support of that measure. Dr. Boyton was in favor of the recorder and Mr. Butt was his severest enemy. In the College election of 1847 Mr. Butt joined Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Napier in a fierce but unsuccessful onslaught on the recorder. Besides numerous contributions to the "Dublin University Magazine" and other periodicals, and besides his innumerable articles in the daily papers, pamphlets, published speeches, etc., etc., Mr. Butt wrote "The History of Italy from the Abdication of Napoleon," a Translation of the Georgics of Virgil, a Lecture on Zoölogy and Civilization, and a Lecture on Bishop Berkeley.

Outside his college career he achieved triumphs which allured his steps in a different direction. Those were days of excitement, when a fire of enthusiasm inflamed the soul of youth and age, whereof the faint flicker of the present gives but the faintest notion. The mighty energy of O'Connell had called seven millions of silent but not apathetic serfs to active, voiceful life; and the sound of their arousing was as that of billows breaking suddenly over a tranquil sea. It was, in truth, "as the sound of many waters," and whilst it dismayed, it also stirred up to passionate frenzy all that was masterful in that remnant of conquest-ascendency which had so long held the people as its thralls. The same feelings would, undoubtedly, have existed in any country, under similar circumstances, and a like repugnance to grant the rights of equality to those who had been used as slaves has been exhibited elsewhere. But in no other country have the same circumstances been paralleled, and here, unhappily, the sentiment of religious difference came to embitter the daring and desperate struggle. The Belfast populace had drawn the carriage of the Catholic deputation through the streets of that town, thus giving the delegates an ovation on their way to London. In the beginning of the very year when the act was passed, the Rotunda was crowded by a meeting of Protestants to petition for the relief of Catholic disabilities. Thus Protestantism could give a welcome to reform, but Ascendencyism still fought fiercely on. Naturally the young men in college felt every impulse of passing feeling the more intensely because of their seclusion, as a sea-wave produces most commotion when it runs up a calm creek. During this time young Butt had been displaying his oratorical abilities in the arena lists of the Historical Society, from which he bore away a gold medal, — a medal, by the way, which he wore when he appeared again in its midst a few years ago, another and a greater man, before another and more liberal generation And surely it was impossible to see the beaming countenance of the brilliant orator, when saluted by the plaudits of the present, and not feel the soul stirred by emotion at the changes which have taken place, wherein his share was large indeed.

Forty-five years ago, young Butt signalized himself within the same college walls as the champion of Protestant Ascendency. It is not, in truth, rare to find that men enter political life the fervent advocates of views which they afterwards oppose. The leader of Toryism in England began as a Radical, and the leader of Liberalism a strict Conservative. But what characterized the youthful career of Isaac Butt was the fact that, though he was a champion of Protestant Ascendency, he yet was Irish in heart and soul. This may sound strange to many at the present time; but they will be enabled to conceive of such a

state of being if they recall the lines, once addressed to another race, —

> Your tyrants then
> Were, at least, your countrymen.

Protestants, then, — even the most intolerant, and perhaps these more than any, — were Irish, because Ireland was their country; they ruled it; its destinies were in their hands, and they looked upon it as their own Their feeling towards it could scarcely be called one of nationality, since it excluded the major part of the nation; but it was, at least, one of patriotism, and so beneficent and so fruitful a thing is love of country, however narrow, that we find this period of intolerance characterized by great intellectual productiveness, where now there is little but sterility The "Dublin University Magazine" was founded and flourished in those days; and young Butt was one of its originators, a contributor for years to its pages, and for some time its editor. It reckoned amongst its contributors Lever, Carleton, Clarence Mangan, Ferguson, and others, whose pens' work it was to create a new literature for Ireland and a new Irish literature for the reading world. The political essays in this periodical were vehement tirades against reform and repeal; and yet what more powerful agency could be devised against the annihilation of Ireland by the Union than this culture of home life, home romance, and home genius? Political centralization may be effected, but so long as the intellect of a nation refuses to be transferred to the capital of its conqueror, so long will that country retain the living essence of nationhood.

The pseudonyme which, as a contributor to the "Magazine," young Butt adopted was the Irish one of "Edward Stevenson O'Brien," and the theme of his work was found at home, as its title, "Chapters of College Romance," sufficiently indicates. The strong mind finds the dramatic elements of life within the sphere it moves in; the weaker imagination must be excited by the stimulus of strange scenes. These contributions reveal a side of Isaac Butt's character little seen and less understood by the public at large, for it is certain that throughout his life there ran a strain of sentiment, of enthusiasm, and of romantic thought which, if it sometimes made him unduly sanguine of success, did at all times keep him from despairing in times of deep depression.

That he combined practical powers with the ideal was early shown. In 1836, as we have already stated, a year after he obtained his degree, an examination for the Professorship of Political Economy, established by Archbishop Whately, was held, and Isaac Butt carried off the prize from several competitors. His lectures bespeak his interest in the well-being of the people, and have none of that heartlessness which rendered the name of that science odious in the famine years, because it was invoked by pretenders, and not professors, to cover cruel acts.

In 1838 Mr. Butt was admitted to the Bar, and now he became most prominent before the public as a Conservative champion O'Connell was not contented with having secured the Relief Act; he wished to make his countrymen equals in all lawful rights and privileges, and this pointed to an "aggression" worse than any that had yet come. It had been a sore thing to condone the admission of Catholic members to Parliament, but there they would be in a small minority, and their presence did not abrogate any Protestant perquisites. But admit them to the Corporations of Ireland! That were indeed to allow them to enter the inner citadel of ascendency where its treasure chamber stood. "The Church and the Corporation!" was the wild cry of the day; they were depicted as the two fortresses fixed against the foe, — "the Protestant Church to fortify the religious, the Protestant Corporations to guard the civil ascendency; the one to guard British truth, the other to

represent British power." "These, and these alone," exclaimed one organ, "have moored us to the British anchorage, and with the surrender of these the British connection inevitably ceases to be practicable." Those about to die refused to recognize the evidences of approaching death, and saluted the Liberator with shouts of execration and anathema, not of resignation. When at last the blow seemed imminent, and the Municipalities Reform Bill had been allowed to pass the House of Commons, on account of a sop in the form of a Tithes Bill, a petition was prepared to stimulate the Lords to withstand it. The Corporation of Dublin, which, in the year of Mr. Butt's birth, had implored Parliament to make no more concessions to the Roman Catholics, now found their forebodings justified, for the majority of the nation was knocking at their gates. In their alarm and dismay they hastened to the ardent young barrister, and engaged him to proceed to London and be their advocate at the bar of the House of Lords.

This was a signal honor for one of his age, for Isaac Butt was then only twenty-seven. The choice was, however, fully justified; whatever could be said was said in a manner that showed the speaker possessed the qualities of an orator. His speech stirred up the feelings of those who partly tolerated the bill, and excited the enthusiasm of those who objected to it. "The House of Lords," said the "Standard" next day, "was last night occupied during the whole of its sitting in hearing the argument of Mr. Prof. Butt against the Irish Municipal Bill. Perhaps no argument delivered at the bar of either House of Parliament ever produced so manifest and extraordinary an impression. The learned gentleman was loudly cheered in the progress of his address, and still more enthusiastically at its conclusion, a great number of peers hurrying to the bar to thank and congratulate him on his success." This was his first great display in public, and well might those who recorded it at the time augur future greatness for him who had given evidence of so much capacity. "No speaker so young in the art ever talked less for talking's sake," remarked an admirer, with truth; but the prophet spoke a truth, unknown to himself, and, had it been known, unwelcome, when he added, "From one so richly gifted, his country has a right to expect things more and mightier to come."

The Reform Act passed, the leader of the Irish nation became first Lord Mayor of Dublin under the new and more liberal order of things. Strangely enough, it is here that Mr. Butt's next great public display is to be found; for here the aspiring debater, now Alderman Butt, discussed with O'Connell the policy of repeal. This celebrated debate took place in 1843, the Repeal year, and of course excited general and intense interest. The evils that had been foreseen on the reform of the corporations had not occurred. O'Connell was not chosen to be Lord Mayor for life, with a salary of $10,000 a year, nor was he attended by a chaplain, a prelate, with three or four thousand a year, all levied off the property of Protestant tax-payers. On the other hand, some of the forebodings in reference to the change might well seem to have been justified when the council chamber assumed for a day the aspect of an Irish parliament, under the charm of Butt's rhetoric and the majesty of O'Connell's eloquence. The argument of the former was more ingenious than convincing, able, but not conclusive; the oration of the latter was remarkable for nothing more than its magnanimity. The great desire of O'Connell's heart was then, as it always continued and ever had been, to revive in all Irish Protestants the sense of duty to their country, and to gather them into the national ranks, which so many of them had strengthened and adorned. His effort on this occa-

sion cannot have been without effect, and must have been potent to bring about the fulfilment of that prediction which he made when, turning to Isaac Butt, he foretold that though he stood there that day an adversary, the time would come when he should be found the advocate of our country's cause.

A score of years elapsed before it came, but yet it came, and the mantel of the dead tribune was assumed by his former opponent. It would almost seem that a prevision of the future had been granted to the uncrowned monarch of his nation on the eve of his sufferings. How many changes followed in that little space of time! O'Connell's trial, when the procedure of justice was made "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare," preceded the frightful famine and the desperate appeal to arms. Butt, who had obtained the silk gown in 1844, was one of the counsel appointed to conduct the defence of Smith O'Brien and the other prisoners arraigned for high treason in 1848. Four years later he first became member of the Imperial Parliament, as representative for Harwich, and here, indeed, comes the turning point of his career. He might have chosen, as some friends advised, to keep to the English constituencies and the English Bar. He preferred, however, not to give up connection with Ireland, and from 1852 until 1865 he represented the borough of Youghal, as a Liberal Conservative. In the latter year he was displaced by Sir Joseph Neale M'Kenna. The most notable efforts of his intellect during this period were probably his literary productions. In 1857 he had published an essay on the transfer of land by means of a judicial assurance, but his main work was undoubtedly that which three years later was published in London, under the title of "A History of Italy, from the Abdication of Napoleon I., with Introductory References to Earlier Times." This attracted the attention and the compliments of some of the statesmen whose connection with foreign affairs had given them opportunities of knowing many of the doings which the author's keen Irish insight had inferred or divined. His literary ability, backed by an exceptional mental culture, made his essays very acceptable to the periodical press, so that in those days he was counted upon as a contributor to the "Saturday Review," and in more recent times to organs of national opinion in Ireland.

In his profession he rose surely and swiftly, until at length he held the premier position at the Irish Bar. Excelling in resource, knowing precisely where to lay his hand in the law's vast armory, he possessed talents as a pleader rarely equalled. Quick wit and a fine sense of humor adorned his discourse. His deepest art was an engaging frank artlessness, and his apparently unpremeditated retreats were carefully calculated flank movements which secured victory. Naturally, when the State trials of 1865 were approaching, his assistance was eagerly sought for by the friends of the accused, and it was rendered with an unsparing and unselfish generosity which bespoke the man. He threw himself into the cause of the prisoners with the utmost earnestness and zeal. What Curran was in '98, what O'Connell was in Magee's case, what Whiteside was on the trial of O'Brien and others, such was Isaac Butt on the State trials of '65. The self-sacrifice and devotedness to which he was a daily witness, though he could not approve of their object, commanded his sympathy and respect. All the best feelings of his nature were aroused, and he resolved to devote the future energies of his life to redressing a state of things which had given rise to so much suffering. Frequent pamphlets appeared from his pen. One dealt with the education question. In this he vigorously advocated the liberty of teaching and the rights of conscience. The lode of thought thus struck was consistently followed up until Parliament and the country were put in possession of a

University Bill, which at once removed the pretext of obscurity touching the Irish demand, and may stand as a model for any government which desires to do justice and serve education. Again, in his works entitled "A Plea for the Celtic Race," "The Irish Querist," "The Irish People and the Irish Land," the great agrarian question was brought home to the hearts of his readers with the skill of a most persuasive pleader, in whom the historian and the lawyer were combined with the patriot. The extraordinary activity of his mind was shown by the appearance, in 1871, in the midst of multifarious avocations, of his great text-book, entitled "A Practical Treatise to the Law of Compensation to Tenants in Ireland."

During the State trials and in the unsettled period which followed, when historical precedent was disregarded, and the government assumed powers contrary to the best constitutional traditions, Isaac Butt felt that the country required a tribune of the people, and made a manful effort to fulfil the functions pertaining to such an officer of the nation. The greatest assemblies which had been seen since the days of O'Connell gathered round him, and from their midst he formulated the national demand for amnesty, redress of grievances, and self-government. Limerick city returned him in 1871 as its representative to Parliament; but the most efficient work for the cause of Ireland, he said, was to be done rather without than within the walls of Westminster. His mission was one of conciliation, but it was also one of earnest resolve; and if the British Parliament refused that justice to which Ireland had a right, he would not continue to plead for it in vain, but call upon the Irish people to consider what other course they should adopt. The movement of Home Rule — the first committtee of which was constituted chiefly by Conservatives, who had veered to their country's side after the disestablishment of the Church — was made a living and lasting reality by his earnest and energetic action. Rallying round the standard of Home Rule, the country saw, with a new sensation of genuine delight, the nobility of Protestant intellect, in whose judgment the truest Conservatism was that which would protect a nation's liberties. Thus was inagurated an era of reconciliation amongst Irishmen which has within it such a germ of life divine that mortality is not predicable for it. To the appeal from such a body, the Irish people responded with grateful alacrity. Even the most ardent and advanced among them, whose belief was still that of the State prisoners, refrained from interference and opposition in order that so sacred a work as that of reconciliation amongst Irishmen might be accomplished. The country at large showed its sympathy with the movement by the return in 1874 of a large number of Home Rule members, at whose head Limerick replaced Isaac Butt as leader. No man spared himself less in the wearying details of parliamentary work, which rarely comes before the public eye. On all legal questions, and in the draughting of bills, often involving great labor, he was at once the authority and the executive. Of him it may be said with truth that he spent himself in his country's service, neglecting many opportunities of professional emolument, and declining the favor of high advancement when it lay within his grasp. Ireland, indeed, is no ungrateful country, when services and sacrifices such as these are made evident, and a national tribute was collected and offered, — a people's fee which honored alike the giver and receiver.

Born in France or in America, Isaac Butt might have ruled as president over one of the greatest and most enlightened nations of the globe; born in Ireland, he had the pain of seeing his best energies baffled, and his noblest efforts to effect a reconstructive measure of peace rejected by an obdurate government; but he had,

also, the sublime consolation of knowing that he ruled over the hearts of an entire nation, who loved him living, and will mourn for him dead.

MR BUTT'S BURIAL-PLACE.

A letter of most pathetic interest, just found, has quickly and finally determined the place and manner of Mr. Butt's burial. It is in his own peculiar handwriting, and bears date St. Stephen's Day, 1876. It is addressed to Dr. O'Leary, and running as follows: —

DUBLIN, St. Stephen's Day, 1876.

MY DEAR O'LEARY: I write to you in fulfilment of an intention I have often expressed. If I die in England, I think it better I should be buried in Brompton cemetery, in the grave with my mother and child. If, wherever I die, the expense would not be an inconvenience, I would wish to be buried in Stranorlar churchyard, as close as may be to the south-eastern angle. The ground is, or was, a good deal lower than the rest of the churchyard. A very shallow grave would be enough, with a mound of earth or a tomb raised over it. Put no inscription over the grave, except the date of my birth and death; and, wherever I am buried, let the funeral be perfectly private, with as few persons attending and as little show and expense as possible.

Yours very truly,

ISAAC BUTT.

The funeral took place on the 10th. The remains were interred in Stranorlar graveyard. In the southeast angle, now an historical spot, the ground lies a good deal lower than the rest of the churchyard, and here, following the simply pathetic words of the letter, Mr. Butt's grave was opened. It is such a grave as Davis prayed for "under the drip of the wetted trees." Mr. Butt wished a shallow grave with no tombstone, and the gentle-spirited poet of Mallow many years ago wrote of his own resting-place: —

Put no tombstone there
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.

MR. BUTT'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

London "Tablet."

Mr. Butt was a Protestant, and it is presumed died one. But it is well and widely known that he had many leanings that made those who knew him best feel that his mind was not at rest upon the great concern of religion, and that he loved with a reverent heart many of the beliefs and practices of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. It is no secret that more than once he went very far on the road to Catholicity, and that if he halted, it was not for want of will to go farther. It is stated positively on authority which I believe to be beyond doubt or suspicion that, throughout a great part of his life (the latter portion of it in particular), he wore "a miraculous medal" (as it is familiarly called) of the Immaculate Conception, and the scapular of the Order of Mount Carmel. It is further stated on equally reliable authority that, on occasions which he considered of great importance — a great lawsuit or a critical political meeting — he generally took care to have Masses offered that God might guide him and carry him successfully through. I have heard from an unquestionable source that more than once in the early stages of his last illness, before the cloud had finally settled down upon his great mind, he had asked for the attendance of a Catholic clergyman, and was anxious for his ministrations. I know that he more than once avowed his belief in the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and I know that he has spoken frequently in private, and at least once in public, of the blessed Mother of God in terms which no Catholic could hear without being gladdened and edified. In fact, in speaking of her his words, his eyes, his whole aspect glowed in fervor. Many of his dearer political associates were Catholics, and he could count his friends by scores amongst the ecclesiastics of the Irish Catholic Church.

THE death is announced, at Pallas, County Galway, of Anthony Francis Nugent Smith, Earl of Westmeath, in his seventy-fourth year. The deceased is succeeded in the peerage by his eldest son, Lord Delvin.

EMANCIPATION.

Dublin Freeman's Journal, April 12.

To-MORROW, Easter Sunday, will be the fiftieth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation. "Our clock strikes," says Carlyle, "when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the horologe of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era." Yet in the graceful figurativeness of classic mythology, the eldest daughter of Memory comes to our aid, and Clio, chief of the muses and patroness of history, anniversary after aniversary, jubilee time succeeding jubilee, centenary upon centenary, in the great world's library, from sybilline leaf to last new volume, points with faithful finger to the page. 1879 is truly a year of jubilee to Ireland, for as the fiftieth year amongst the Jews was a season of sabbatical observance and jubilee, so this, as the fiftieth commemoration of the Act of 1829, ought to resound with the Christian and Catholic hosannahs of our people. And fitly, too, does the semi-centennial anniversary day fall upon Easter Sunday, for then also arose from the sepulchre of degradation, despondency, and death the Genius of Civil and Religious Liberty, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by emancipation. "The Catholic Relief Bill and Freehold (Ireland) Regulation Act"—having appropriately passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 353 against 173 on St. Patrick's Day, its third reading on the 30th March, its second reading in the House of Lords, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, on the 2d of April, and its third reading in that noble chamber on the 10th—received the royal assent from the commission of a reluctant king on the 13th of April, 1829. During the reigns of the First and Second George an Irish Roman Catholic could hold no office either military or civil. He could neither be a lawyer nor a doctor. He could not be either a solicitor or a sheriff, member of a corporation or a grand juryman, high constable, petty constable, vestryman, or even common watchman. He could take no more than two apprentices. Nobody was allowed to become trustee for him. Anybody could seize his horse by paying £5 for it, could take it for militia service for nothing, and oblige him to pay double and find a Protestant substitute. A younger brother could supplant his elder, and rob him of his birthright; nay, could reduce his father's fee-simple to a life estate, by turning Protestant. The Catholic could not vote at elections. A barrister or solicitor marrying his daughter subjected himself to the same disabilities as his father-in-law. A priest celebrating such a marriage, contrary to 12 Geo. I., cap. 3, exposed himself to be hanged, and a spy got £50 for the discovery of a Popish archbishop, £30 for a Popish clergyman, and 10*s.* for a schoolmaster. But it must always be remembered, to the eternal honor of Protestants inhabiting and settled in Ireland, that the inner history of this awful penal time is full of individual acts of generosity and kindliness to their unfortunate neighbors whom they might treat as Helots, and who were regarded by the law in no higher light than as hewers of wood and drawers of water to be used, if not, indeed, as wolves and vermin to be exterminated The reign of the Third George arrived, and with it just and far-seeing men, able and eloquent, who saw beyond the mists of the bigotry and intolerance of the narrow-minded many, who recognized the forces of liberality and freedom that were gathering themselves deep in the bowels of society for one vast, universal upheaval, that would break crowns, cast down thrones, wipe out dynasties, and rend the empires. Amongst them conspicuous were Charles James Fox, an Englishman, and Edmund Burke, the illustrious Irishman whose statue stands before the façade of Trinity

College. It is a curious fact that in 1779, just fifty years before the final success of the Catholic question of which we are now commemorating the jubilee, Mr. Fox brought the subject of Catholic relief before the English House of Commons, where his proposals were negatived by a large majority. But the efforts of the Catholic Association, under the headship of its founders, Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Conor, of Ballinagar, the immediate ancestor of the present O'Conor Don, and Mr. Wyse, aided by the counsel and sympathy of Edmund Burke in England, and the presence, prestige, and noble assistance of such men as Lord Viscount Taaffe, better known as the celebrated Count Taaffe, of the Holy Roman Empire, the German soldier and statesman as well as the Irish patriot in Ireland, were rewarded with some substantial successes, as well as by some gleams of hope. In 1778 the Irish Parliament repealed so much of the penal code as affected the inheritance or purchase of property by Catholics, as also the clauses authorizing the prosecution of priests and the imprisonment for life of Papist schoolmasters. Immediately that even this much of the pressure was removed, the vitality, the innate strength of the Catholics began to show itself, and long before the next instalment of relief was afforded, the trade of Ireland in three of the provinces was in Catholic hands and under Catholic control. In Cork, a Mr. George Goold, the principal Catholic merchant, came forward to the relief of the commander of the forces in that district when the general's pay-chest was empty; and when all the Protestants hung back, he illustrated the position into which the Catholics had worked themselves by advancing all the gold required to pay the army and provide the commissariat. When Grattan, the great Irish patriot, was afterwards advocating the Relief Act of 1793 in the Irish Parliament, he was also able to cite the marvellous instance of a Mr. Byrne, who "complains that he pays to the revenue near £100,000 annually, and yet has no vote." But we fear that even the sympathy of a Burke, even the eloquence of a Grattan, even the unceasing toil of a patriotic and intelligent association, would have been powerless and ineffective were they not fortunately synchronous with the peril of an empire and with the hour of trial of kings. We have noticed how the echo of the first shot at Bunker Hill had hardly ceased reverberating throughout the world when the primal relaxation was made in the severity of the laws against the Catholics, and we shall now see how the neighboring conflagration in France lighted the lords of life and death in these countries to the vision that more was needed than mere mercy, and that the question was whether, in the interest of the empire's safety, an effort should not be made to mould the inhabitants of Ireland into one people. In 1791, for the first time since the reign of William and Mary, Papists were exempted by law from the penalties incurred by coming within ten miles of London, escaped liability from prosecution for entering the palace or appearing in the presence of the king; and on the 2d January, 1793, for the first time since the battle of the Boyne, a number of Irish Catholic subjects stood face to face with the sovereign. On the 9th of April in that year another act of Catholic relief received the royal assent. Catholics were now allowed to practise at the bar, and in the lord lieutenancy of the Earl of Westmoreland, by an Act of the Irish Parliament, the elective franchise was conferred, and offices in the army and navy were thrown open, with two or three exceptions, to our coreligionists. At this time the future liberator was a young man. He had boyishly said that he would make a stir in the world yet. In his early youth the first Catholic Church in Ireland, St. Catherine's of Meath Street, had been opened; and

its opening had been precipitated by an awful catastrophe in a house where the worshippers used to assemble to pray in secret, even as the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome, and where upon such an occasion the frail tenement caved in beneath the weight of people, and buried the dead and writhing mass beneath its shattered ruins. But let it not be thought that the Catholics were as yet within many strides of equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects. The Catholic Association, sprung from an obscure beginning in Dempsey's Tavern, in Sackville Street, had done much, had under various titles evaded the Algerine Act, had stirred up the provinces by meetings, had started "the Catholic rent" had held audience through its delegates of the king; but Irish Catholicism was yet despondent, degraded, death-like, afraid to lift its head, walking with downcast eyes and tottering steps in its own land and under its own sky. The barristers who took the oath required were looked upon with justice as neither Catholics nor Protestants. The Catholic had the right to vote, but it was only as his Protestant landlord commanded him; to hold certain offices, but only as the obsequious servant of his Protestant master. Such was the state of things when Daniel O'Connell was called to the Irish Bar. There had been before his time a series of Relief Acts more than we have had time to mention or to trace, — driblets of justice, or rather of mercy. It was reserved for him, cradled amidst the mountains of Kerry, educated under the lofty influences of a college like St. Omer's in fair France, a man in stirring times of change and revolution, when rank was indeed only the guinea's stamp, when genius and courage incited their possessor to the boldest achievements, won for him the most exalted honors, — it was reserved for O'Connell, we say, to drive the monster of Ascendency from its last great position and to win for his countrymen that final victory which alone is worthy of and called by the glorious name of Emancipation. The other Relief Acts were merely "graces" or concessions, dictated by expediency and granted in straits. The Act which O'Connell passed for Ireland was a triumph gained in fair fight, beginning on the 13th of January, 1800, at the meeting in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, which Major Sirr thought vainly to prohibit, and ending with that historic election in Clare, where the people, stirred as by a trumpet to the inmost depths by the clarion tones of their tribune, first recognized themselves, and taught their masters the reality of their power, the resistlessness of their strength. And it was the people alone that won this victory for Catholicity. The peers — the Catholic peers — were cold and cowardly, if not actually hostile. The iron of slavery had entered deep into their souls. It is not needful for us now to go into the particulars of the struggle. Four years ago at the O'Connell Centenary Celebration it was recalled so well and so vividly as that none who witnessed or read of the commemoration can ever forget. The agitation over the veto question, the general elections of 1826, the defeat of the Beresfords in their own stronghold of Waterford, the all-embracing vastness of a movement which commanded eight hundred thousand signatures to a petition for the recognition to all dissenters of the rights and privileges which the Catholics claimed for themselves, the sympathy won for the agitation abroad over the length and breadth of the continent, the coming into office of an administration at the head of which was the great military chief whose name filled the world, O'Connell's address to the Clare electors, the subscription of £14,000 made in a few days to support his canvass, the whirl, the excitement, the fearful enthusiasm of his return, — are they not indelibly imprinted on the memory of every Irishman? And then O'Connell's ap-

pearance at the bar of the English House of Commons. "Are you willing," said the Speaker, "to take the oath of supremacy?" "Allow me to look at it," said O'Connell. It was handed to him, when came thundering the memorable words, "Of this oath I know one proposition to be false, and another I believe to be untrue." That moment the battle was won, the die was cast, the Rubicon was crossed. Victory alighted upon the standard which the tribune carried. His seat was declared vacant. But nobody could be found to oppose when he offered himself for re-election. He was again returned. He hastened to London. He took his seat without the violation of his honor or his faith in the Imperial Parliament, — the first Catholic Irishman that ever represented a constituency at Westminster. It is the victory of O'Connell then, — that Catholic Relief Act which we justly call Emancipation, the jubilee of which we celebrate to-morrow. But it had a sense wider, broader, than as any act of justice to one particular creed, even though that creed be Catholicism. It is the triumph of the principle of religious and civil liberty. Let us quote from a famous speech of the Liberator's own his estimation of the meaning of his struggle: "For my own part, I have directed much of my time to the Catholic cause, a time of little value, alas! to my country, but of great value to myself; but I would not give up one hour of that time or a single exertion of my mind to procure the mere victory of any one sort of persuasion over the other. No; my object is of a loftier and different nature. I am an agitator with ulterior views! I wish for liberty, real liberty! But there can be no freedom anywhere without perfect liberty of conscience, that is of the essence of freedom in every place. In Ireland it is eminently, almost exclusively, the hope of liberty. The emancipation I look for is one that would establish the rights of conscience upon a general principle to which every class of Christians could equally resort, a principle which would serve and liberate the Catholics in Ireland, but would be equally useful to the Protestants in Spain; a principle, in short, which would destroy the Inquisition and the Orange Lodge together, and have no sacrilegious intruder between man and his Creator. I esteem the Roman Catholic religion as the most eligible. All I require is that the Protestant, the Presbyterian, the Dissenter, the Methodist, should pay the same compliment to his own persuasion, and leave its success to its own persuasive power, without calling in the profane assistance of temporal terrors or the corrupt influence of temporal rewards." A nobler enunciation and pronouncement can hardly be conceived. It merited the success which greeted it. No narrow platform could or would win such a victory. That victory has its lessons for us in the present day. It has been supplemented largely and bravely. The lessons learned during the fight fifty years ago have since stood in good need. We have in the advance of years removed that incubus of Church ascendency against which a prelate (still, thank God, strong in the vigor of a patriarchal life) raised the first great hand when he leased as a model farm a small holding, to inaugurate resistance "to enactments that are contrary to right, reason, and justice. "After paying the landlord his rent," declared the Archbishop of Tuam, "neither to parson, proctor, nor to agent shall I consent to pay, in the shape of tithe, or any other tax, a penny which shall go to the support of the greatest nuisance in this or any other country." The Church Establishment has followed the tithes; the Ballot Act has prevented forever the horrors which the people dared when they engaged in such a contest as that of Waterford or Clare. The Land Act has added its benefits. And even O'Connell himself would be astonished at the rapid progress of events since

he gave freedom its first great impetus in the land of his birth and his love. But the lesson which we have to learn throughout is one of persistency and perseverance. We have seen that Catholic Relief was won in bits, although the last great victory alone was such a portent as to merit the singular title of Emancipation. So it is, and so it ever shall be, with other great constitutional struggles. Victory is to the patient, triumph to the constant. Ours is not to stop or stay. We celebrate the jubilee of Emancipation, and we are joined in the commemoration, even as we were aided in the struggle, by members of another creed. The nobles may look coldly upon us, but if the people are in earnest, they await but the sound of a new tribune's voice to arise and triumph. The people will then be joined in our celebration by those who, in the heat and burden of the day, held aloof, as well as by those who generously sympathized and assisted. May all the triumphs of democracy be as peaceful and as constitutional, as universally grateful, as greatly just, as enduring, and as noble as that of which on Easter Sunday, 1879, we commemorate the fiftieth anniversary!

To BOIL BEEF. — Keep the pot boiling, but let it boil very slowly. If you let the pot cease boiling you will be deceived in your time. Therefore watch that it does not stop, and keep up a sufficiently good fire. Just before the water boils the scum rises. Be sure to skim it off carefully or it will fall back and adhere to the meat and disfigure it. When you have skimmed the pot put in a little cold water, which will cause the scum to rise again. The more carefully you skim, the cleaner and nicer the meat boiled will look. Put your meat into cold water. Put a quart of water to every pound of meat. Allow about twenty minutes to the pound from the time the pot boils and the scum rises.

EX-PRESIDENT MACMAHON.

Now that Marshal MacMahon and the amiable partner of his home have gone back to that quiet and simple life from which nothing but the pressing needs of his country and the irresistible call of duty could ever induce them to come forth, the world is beginning to hear something of the nobleness of soul that marked their conduct whilst ruling at the Elysée. It is known that never did kinder or gentler hearts beat than theirs, and that when work was to be done for religion or for charity the wife of MacMahon was always to the front, and she knew that she had the sympathy and best wishes of her husband. It will be remembered that 300,000 francs were voted to the Marshal President for the entertainment of distinguished visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1878. There was never a stint in the hospitalities of MacMahon, but not a penny of the grant was touched by him, and the 300,000 francs went for food and clothing to poor and hungry families in the capital. There was scarcely a month that the Duchess of Magenta did not distribute in charity to the poor a sum of nearly 8,000 francs, and one of her latest and most beneficial undertakings has been to engage to pay for the support of twenty-five little orphan girls for the next fourteen years.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH in Rome is 613 feet long and 450 feet across the transepts. The arch of the nave is 90 feet wide, and 152 feet in height. The diameter of the dome is 195½ feet. From the floor of the church to the lantern in the dome is 405 feet, and to the top of the cross 434¾ feet. The building of St. Peter's was commenced in 1506, and the church was consecrated in the year 1626, just one hundred and twenty years after the first stone had been laid.

[Original.]

A SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.*

WOULD n't our readers like to embrace a real scientific, "culchawed" religion? Would n't they be just too delighted for anything, to know how easy of comprehension is the religion of science? This is *not* the fashionable religion in England (thank God), for nearly all Englishmen have become or are becoming Catholics. But still a few have preferred the scientific creed; and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, which always takes note of such vagaries, proceeds to give a synopsis of the leading article of this creed. It is to be hoped that Boston, which boasts and truly boasts of its intellectual and literary supremacy, will bestow its attention upon the following summary of this new creed, the adherents of which, in America, do not appear to clearly understand it; for, to comprehend it thoroughly, a fellow has to wade through an immense amount of dry reading in which there is not even a good joke to enliven him.†

Max Müller has translated the Indic Vedas, and otherwise rendered considerable service to both German and English literature. Müller himself is an admirable philologist, and his great knowledge of Sanskrit enabled him to disprove the rendition given by Prof. Whitney, of Yale, of the fifty-third chapter of Isaias, the famous prophecy of the Passion of our Blessed Lord. Whitney, himself a disciple of *Cultur*, professed to have discovered in this chapter a reproduction of an old Vedic hymn, but Max was too much for him, and we notice, in Prof. Whitney's later grammars, a withdrawal of his former statements. The Schlegels (both of whom had the grace of dying in the divine faith) were the first to introduce the study of Sanskrit to Europe, principally through the now forgotten MSS. of a Jesuit, who travelled through India, and who, in the spirit of his order, cared to have his name registered only in the Book of Life.

The Latin and Greek languages, as every thorough scholar knows, cannot be understood fully without at least an inflectional knowledge of Sanskrit. The researches of all the great philologists point unmistakably to a primitive language, thus verifying the tradition, nay, more, the positive statement of Holy Writ. One familiar with the ancient Irish, and its derivated tongue, the mediæval Spanish, cannot fail to trace the march of the Aryan race from Mesopotamia to the extreme west of Europe, most probably Ireland.*

This, however, is rather dry reading, except to the scholar. Let us get to the creed of science; and, without the least irreverence (or rather, in that spirit of humor which, after all, is most reverential), let us construct a symbol such as is suggested by Max Müller's "Hulsean Lectures on Religion."

"ART. I. I — I — I — believe — "

"Hold on, sir!" (*Max loquitur.*)

"I? Why, that 's me, sir."

(*Explanation from Herr Müller.* — The *Ego*, the *Me*, the *c'est moi*, cannot possibly be explained. Still, in deference to an absurd opinion, we allow the symbol "I" to pass. It is not scientific; for we can scarcely be sure of our existence. Still, I allow the symbol "I" to pass.)

Interlocutor: —

> "And it 's greatly to his credit,
> Though he himself has said it."

"I believe — "

"What, sir! Believe! Believe! This conduct is outrageous, sir! Are you not aware, sir, that *believe* is a miserable Anglo-Saxon word, which should be banished from the language? Don't you know the fine old Latin word, *credo*, which is the ex-

* The Hulsean Lectures on the Origin of Religion. By Max Müller. London, 1879.

† Hergenröther, *Kirchengeschichte*, V. p. 87.

* Hesiod, "Works and Days," vs. 352-500. *Oggia*, the most ancient name of Ireland, in the Greek Doric dialect means the "first day of earth," *i. e.*, most ancient.

pression of the highest belief? Ah! that 's the *noun*, and the *noun* is the radical word."

"All right, sir. I — believe — Oh, no, — I credit, — no. What shall I say, sir?

(*Müller.*) — *Dhîva sássivnâ.* Notice how the name of God (*Dhîva*) reappears in the Greek, *Zeus*, and the Latin, *Deus.*

"But, professor, what does *that* mean?"

"It means, *bathe in the Light!*" (Introductory Lecture.)

"Why, that 's the old blue-glass theory revived."

"Not exactly. Blue — ah — is a color which was not known to the ancients. They had only two colors, — *viridis*, the green of the fields, and *cœrulius*, the peculiar color of the skies; though my tinted glasses cannot particularly distinguish the color. But ah! — I have proved that the Infinite — ah — is God."

(A very original conclusion.)

"Maybe, professor, you have color blindness."

Müller is a smart man, and he is on the right track to the Catholic Church, which eventually draws to herself all the great minds of the world. This last book of Max's is a development of the old Sanskrit idea that "God is the Infinite Light," a truth which we need not go beyond the first chapter of St. John's Gospel to find out.

But, see here (to talk familiarly), do we Catholics *pray* enough for these greatly endowed, intellectual men throughout the world? Ah! don't be selfish. The church is n't. The writer of this once asked a good Irish Catholic to pray for the conversion of a certain man who afterwards became a credit to the church.

"Well, sir," said he, "what countryman is he?"

"He is an Englishman."

"Well, sir, ——— if I pray for him! Excuse the word, sir, but I don't feel it in my heart to pray for an Englishman."

"Still, our Lord felt it in his heart so to pray."

The sooner we have dissipated this absurd notion of *culture*, of which two cities, Boston and Philadelphia, appear to be the centres (for New York, happily, thinks of nothing except making money, the most harmless occupation in which a man can engage, unless bound religiously by the vow of poverty), the better. Dear me! that last sentence was very long, but so is Max Müller's.

HERR BRATEN.

NOTE BY EDITOR. — Herr Braten is a gentleman who is thoroughly familiar with the processes of modern thought, particularly in its German manifestations. The Herr has confidentially assured us that the only modern nations that have any sense (*Vernunft*, using the strongest German word), are the Irish and the Americans. It may also be observed that he is not an "old Catholic," an expression which he condemns, as not only grammatically, but theologically false.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

ST. ROSE of Lima was animated from her earliest infancy with a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and spent the greater part of the day in gazing upon the image of her Heavenly Mother, conversing with her, adorning her altar, and taking extreme care to keep her sanctuary neat.

The saint cultivated with great care a little garden in which she had all the most beautiful flowers of her country, and as she was permitted by her parents to do what she pleased with them, she made a bouquet on every Saturday of the year, and then placed it at the feet of a miraculous statue in the Chapel of the Rosary. Every one was astonished as they remarked that little Rose's garden was never wanting for flowers. There were always plenty in it, even in the hottest time in summer.

"If I were rich," Rose used to say, "I would like to offer to my Blessed Mother a golden crown ornamented with precious stones, but as I am only a poor little girl, I can only give her my flowers."

THE NAPOLEONS AND THE POPES; OR, THE FALL OF THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

I.

AN IMPRISONED POPE.

In a room of the Imperial Palace at Fontainebleau, there stood, in the year 1813, a richly dressed page. The young count, who had attained the age of fifteen, was a descendant of the house of Rethel; he was remarkably handsome, and had received his appointment from Napoleon I. At the time of which we write, sadness and heartfelt sympathy overshadowed the expressive countenance of the youthful noble. His eyes were filled with tears, which fell unrestrainedly upon the gold embroidery of his uniform; but no sound or gesture betrayed the overwhelming emotion of his heart. He stood firm and erect, like a soldier of the proud Imperial Guard. The cause of his grief is evidently the sight of a venerable man who sits in a chair in an adjoining room, and whom Joseph of Rethel, with weeping eyes, constantly gazes upon through the open door.

The aged man wears a long white cassock; no mark of dignity is visible; his modest and simple dress is in striking contrast to the grandeur which everywhere surrounds him. Traces of hard suffering are imprinted upon his fine features; his face is pale and worn, the cheeks are hollow, and the eyes sunken; but holy resignation is visible in the countenance of the sufferer, and it is this especially which affects Joseph so deeply. The whole appearance of the man clothed in white seems to cry out like an accusing voice against force and abuse. His attitude is that of prayer; his hands are folded on his knees, his head is bent down, and the vividly felt presence of the Almighty casts a mysterious brightness over the whole scene; for the profound silence becomes absolutely solemn, and the splendid apartment seems changed into a consecrated spot. Rethel regards the suppliant with respect and astonishment; his tears cease, and with holy awe he recognizes him as the Head of the Church, the Representative of Christ upon earth; for the old man is none other than Pope Pius VII., for four years the prisoner of Napoleon I.

An approaching sound startles the noble youth. He stands listening. The noise approaches nearer through the open door on the right. Short, measured steps glide over the carpet, and in the next moment a gentleman, dressed in the uniform of a Marshal of France, crosses the threshold. He advances to the middle of the room, where he pauses, as though transfixed at the sight of the pope. He is of medium height; glossy black hair, worn very short, covers his head; his complexion is very sallow, but his features are regular and handsome. The closely-shaven chin is unusually long, and does not correspond with the small, fine face, but it is the sign of an iron will; his eyes have a peculiar expression, — commanding, penetrating, and threatening; in a word, the look of the conquerer of Europe, of Napoleon I.

After a hasty glance, Napoleon entered the presence of his illustrious prisoner. Puis VII. slowly lifted up his venerable head, and rising, received his oppressor with a gentle smile. The page moved a chair forward for the emperor.

"Pardon me, Holy Father, if I interrupt your pious meditations," began Napoleon, with a slight nod of his head, "but affairs are pressing; there shall be peace between the emperor and the pope. Have you not found, after calm consideration, that it would be to your interest to accept the offer I made you yesterday?"

"Perhaps it would be to my personal interest, but not to my interest as pope," replied Pius VII. "You may put an end to the cruel imprisonment, in which I have been kept already four years, you may pay two millions of interest every year, that is

all very well: but yet you will not restore the patrimony of St. Peter; you retain possession of Rome and of the States of the Church. I cannot consent to this robbery. When Divine Providence called me, although unworthy to be the representative of Christ upon earth, I took an oath, which every pope must take, that is never to consent to the spoliation of the Papal States, and I would rather die in prison than break my oath, or burden my conscience with a crime."

"And I shall never return what I have gained by force of arms," replied the proud emperor. "You should not be ungrateful," he continued, in a tone of reproach. "The revolution had destroyed religion in France. The clergy were either expelled or murdered. The sees of the bishops were suppressed, the churches demolished; but I have restored all. The dioceses have again their bishops, the congregations their pastors. The church must thank me alone for the regeneration of France. And the Pope has no confidence in me, the savior and protector of religion. This is imprudent, ungrateful, and — I may add — dangerous also!"

The imprisoned Head of the Church fixed his mild gaze upon the face of the emperor, and his features seemed illumined. "Almighty God values the intention only, your Majesty," said he in reply. "If you have restored religion in France, out of love for truth and out of obedience to the Most High, the Lord will reward you for it; but if you were not willingly and intentionally an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, eternity owes you nothing."

"The language of your Holiness is somewhat obscure; may I be permitted to ask for a clearer explanation?"

"My candor will offend your Majesty," answered Pius VII., "but you have the right to demand the truth from the Pope. In chains, and even in danger of death, the vicar of Christ must fulfil his sublime mission, which is the salvation of souls and the preaching of truth."

He remained silent for a few moments, evidently trying to find words in which to convey the truth in the plainest manner to the proud and easily irritated emperor.

Napoleon sat, full of expectation, drumming with the fingers of both hands on the arms of his chair; his sharp eyes rested like two coals of fire upon the venerable pontiff.

The page stood listening in the antechamber, and every word of this remarkable conversation became deeply impressed upon his memory.

"It seems to require of your Holiness great preparation, in order to tell the emperor the golden truth!" impatiently exclaimed Napoleon.

"I will speak, your Majesty, and in as few words as possible," commenced the pope. "You know the causes of the revolution which devastated France in such a horrible manner; it was but the natural result of things. For fifteen years has infidel philosophy and anti-Christian science, as well as a wicked press, labored to effect the ruin of social order. God and his commandments were mocked at in the newspapers, pamphlets, and so-called scientific works. Religion was everywhere derided, and that which an impious science and a sacrilegious press had sown among the people, at length grew up. The morals of the French became corrupt. Through the highest circles of society, infidelity, malice, and crime were so widely spread that it soon reached the great mass of the people. When France turned away from the Lord of life, from the fountain of temporal and eternal happiness, when France became infidel, the most terrible of all revolutions broke out. A set of wicked men declared themselves rulers, and the whole land became one vast scene of murder, blood, and ruin. All order was destroyed. In open day the most revolting crimes were committed, innocent persons were massacred by the thousand.

Neither life, property, nor honor were respected. Everything became a prey to an inhuman mob. Your Majesty then appeared, richly endowed by Almighty God with intellect and strength of will. You overthrew the monster of revolution, and placed it in chains. Your Majesty restored order; and because you knew, sire, that religion is the foundation of all order, that without respect for the divine law no state can exist, you recalled the exiled priests, and commanded the gospel of salvation to be preached to the demoralized French people. Infidel philosophy and infidel science had loosened the bonds of society; they had evoked the spirit of revolution by expelling from the hearts of men, by means of mockery, all Christian morality and faith. Your Majesty acted, therefore, in a politic and prudent manner when you restored the church in France, for she alone is the mistress of order."

"Ah, now I understand your Holiness!" laughingly exclaimed the emperor. "My manner of acting proceeded only from political motives, and not from a sincere desire to do good. I must not expect any reward from heaven, because I have done nothing for God, but only for the emperor. Granted! Yes," continued Napoleon earnestly, "there must be religion. To govern a people without religion is absolutely impossible. I will never permit Christian morals to be openly ridiculed and despised. No prudent statesman will approve of such a course. He who allows the Christian feelings of a people to be undermined, will one day be the victim of his own folly. Why, then, does your Holiness hesitate to accept the friendship of the protector of religion?"

"You ask the pope to commit a crime against religion in the same moment in which you proclaim yourself to be the protector of religion," answered Pius VII.

"I am not at all of your opinion," replied Napoleon. "The temporal power of the pope is not an article of faith. On the contrary, I think that this temporal power is an impediment to the strict discharge of the spiritual duties of a pope. Renounce, therefore, this power, and live free from all the cares of government, under the protecting wings of the French eagle!"

"Free in the claws of an eagle, sire?" said the prisoner, with a sad smile. "My fate is a striking proof that the Head of the Church can only fulfil his duties when he is free. The pope should not be the subject of any monarch, because the sovereign would abuse the dependence of the Head of the Church, and use it for political purposes. Divine Providence, therefore, has so ordained it, that, in the States of the Church, the popes have always found an asylum of liberty."

"Very remarkable indeed!" said Napoleon, in a sarcastic tone. "All the princes of Europe listen to my suggestions, all nations yield to my victorious armies. Only an old man, who is my prisoner, despises my friendship."

"Pardon me, sire! For me, the old, imprisoned man, the offer of friendship on the part of the Emperor of France is very flattering; but the pope must in conscience tell the emperor, what you demand is wrong, — doubly wrong, because you ask from the one who has special charge to watch over Christian faith and morals, an approbation and sanction of your robbery."

"Splendid, excellent!" exclaimed the offended Napoleon. "It seems that the vicar of Christ alone is permitted to say uncivil things in the emperor's presence."

"I am very sorry, your Majesty, if you consider truth to be uncivil."

"Better yet!" said the haughty ruler of Europe, and he rose from his chair in a passion. "Let us drop the matter. Your Holiness has despised my friendship, you shall now feel my enmity!"

"Sire," replied the pope, with res-

ignation, "I lay your threats at the feet of the Crucified, and leave God to vindicate my cause, for it is his own."

"What nonsense!" said Napoleon contemptuously. "The God whose cause you represent is only the production of a superstitous imagination."

"Cease, emperor!" interrupted the pope, with uplifted hands. "The God of old still lives!"

"What do you mean?"

"He who has said, 'Heaven is my throne, and the earth my footstool,' hears your sacrilegious words."

"I wish no sermon from your Holiness," exclaimed the angry emperor, "but tell me simply what you mean by your words, 'The God of old still lives!' Perhaps a threat?"

"Yes, and at the same time a kind, paternal warning."

"You probably wish to say that God feels himself at length impelled to execute the anathema which your Holiness has pronounced against me?"

"According to the laws of the Church, an anathema was pronounced againt the church-robber, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. Before Almighty God, sire, all men are alike; princes also are bound to keep the commandments of God."

Napoleon laughed uneasily. He walked up and down the room several times. "Ha, ha! to tell me that! Me! This is another unwarrantable liberty taken by the vicar of Christ."

"It is the sacred duty of the vicar of Christ," responded the pope with earnestness. "Who shall remind the powerful of earth of their duties, if the pope does not?"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Bonaparte. "You must remember that we are not living in the Middle Ages."

He continued his walk through the apartment. Disquiet and anger were visibly striving for the mastery within him.

"You said, 'The God of old is yet living.' What does your Holiness expect and hope from him?"

"I expect and know that the almighty and faithful God will keep his word," said Pius VII.

"What has the almighty and faithful God promised you?" ironically asked the emperor.

"He has promised assistance and protection to his church against all her enemies, and her continuance even unto the end of the world," solemnly answered the venerable pontiff.

"That is a great promise! We shall see! I am dissatisfied with the pope and with the church of the God of old. Perhaps I shall form a national religion, whose head will be, not the vicar of Christ, but the emperor."

"You overrate your power, sire!"

"My will is law throughout Europe!" exclaimed the proud emperor. "I am only resisted by an obstinate old man, who calls himself the vicar of Christ; I cannot bend him to my will, but he may nevertheless die in prison."

The pope rose from his seat, and a look of righteous indignation overspread his aged countenance. "Will your Majesty permit me to open to you a few pages of the history of the world, and show you the hand which will crush you?"

The emperor looked with surprise at the suddenly transformed figure, which stood before him, erect, like a prophet of the old law, and surrounded, as it were, by a supernatural light; and Napoleon's eye, whose very look governed armies and struck terror into the boldest heart, timidly sought the floor.

"Speak, I listen!" said he, with a slight nod.

"You threaten to let the pope die in prison, to persecute the church, to uproot her, to establish a national religion," continued Pius. "What you desire to do, more powerful kings than you have tried to accomplish, but in vain. The Roman emperors, who at one time ruled the world, persecuted

the church for three centuries; they endeavored to exterminate the doctrine of Christ, they put the popes to death, and inflicted frightful tortures upon the faithful; but what did these mighty emperors achieve from a persecution which lasted three hundred years, against the church, from the exercise of every species of cruelty, from the putting to death of twelve millions of Christians? Why, the very reverse of what they intended. The doctrine of Christ was not exterminated. No! for the persecution served only as a wind which scattered the grain of seed of the divine word into far distant lands, and from the blood of martyrs new Christians arose. What was the reason of this astonishing phenomenon? Simply because the same God of old, whom your Majesty ridicules, has kept his word, and protected his church against all her enemies, even against the powers of hell. Where are now the Roman emperors? They have passed away, and their power perished with them; their thrones have crumbled into dust, as have the altars which they dedicated to their pagan deities; the church, however, still exists. Read further in the pages of history: in the Middle Ages also there were kings who offered violence to the popes. Rude assaults were made upon the church and her head, but the divine arm which protects the church has also crushed her enemies. You yourself, sire, imprisoned my predecessor in office, the holy Pope Pius VI.; you allowed him to die in chains. I, too, have suffered bitterly. Death has often seemed about to end my trials, but I still live. Yes, and I will live to see you crushed by the arm of God. Your measure is full; you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church."

The pope sank exhausted into his chair. The emperor stood with folded arms, his looks fixed upon the sublime and venerable pontiff.

The page in the antechamber trembled with excitement; for the holy father appeared to him like a being of a higher sphere, and Napoleon like an angry spirit of the deep.

"Your priestly arrogance has reached its height," he exclaimed furiously. "God crushes fools — not an emperor like me; but let me tell your Holiness that I will crush you yet!" and with these words he left the room in a rage.

During that night Napoleon slept very little. He walked the floor of his bedroom, muttering unintelligibly, but now and then his youthful attendant would distinctly hear the exclamation, "The God of old crush me? Me? Ha, ha! I defy him! I defy the whole history of the past!"

II.

THE IMPRISONED EMPEROR.

Two years later, Napoleon, the former ruler of Europe, was a prisoner on the desert isle of St. Helena. Very few trees are to be seen, but rocks are everywhere visible, together with volcanic ruins, — a frightful prison in mid-ocean.

Near the sea-shore grew a weeping-willow, whose long branches served to protect the emperor from the rays of the sun. There he sits for hours, gazing at the vast expanse of water. Napoleon is to-day unusually gloomy and depressed. General Bertrand, his only confidant, who had, together with the page, Count Joseph of Rethel, voluntarily shared the hard fate of his fallen friend, look with anxiety at the sad countenance of the dethroned monarch, who suddenly addressed the noble youth: —

"Joseph, were you not present in the palace of Fontainebleau when Pius VII. foretold my fate?"

"Yes, your Majesty, I was present."

"Do you remember the interview?"

"Yes, sire; I shall never forget it. The pope did not appear to me like a common man —"

"But?"

"Like the vicar of Christ upon earth."

"You may well say so, Joseph! What I then ridiculed has literally come to pass. God's vicar upon earth!" He paused and his eyes rested upon the ever-changing waves of the ocean. "Do you also remember the pope's words, and what he meant by them?"

"Yes, sire, I can recall them distinctly. The holy father said, 'The God of old still lives.' Thereupon he proved, from the history of the world, how Pagan and Christian princes had persecuted the church and the popes, but how Almighty God had crushed the persecutors of the church, and that the papacy and the church still exists."

"Continue, Joseph, continue!" exclaimed Napoleon, when the young count seemed to hesitate a moment.

"He said, also, that the God of old would crush your Majesty if you did not cease to oppress the church; for the Almighty would keep his promise which he had made to his church and to his vicar upon earth."

"And he told the truth," replied Napoleon, "when he said, 'Your measure is full, you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church.' The pope was no false prophet; not man, but Almighty God alone has wrested the sceptre from my hands. Fool that I was, to be blinded by my success! How clearly, how convincingly, should the history of more than eighteen hundred years have proved to me that the powers of earth are wrecked when they dash themselves against the rock of Peter! Indeed, the God of old still lives to crush all the oppressors of his vicar."

"It cannot be denied, sire," said Bertrand, "that the unheard-of severity of our Russian campaign and the sufferings that befell the army at Moscow were sent by the decree of the Almighty; but Leipzig, nevertheless, decided your fate."

"The arbiter of battles is God, General!" replied Napoleon, with firmness. "This desert island gives me time for reflection. Misfortune has opened my eyes. My defeats, my overthrow, my imprisonment, all are in consequence of my enmity against the Head of the Church. Pius is right. The Almighty Protector of the chair of Peter has hurled me from my throne."

General Bertrand could not answer him, and the emperor relapsed into a gloomy silence. "In Egypt I proclaimed a God who had no Son," he exclaimed, after a long pause; "to-day I believe in the divinity of Christ. A Jew, apparently the son of a poor carpenter, declares himself to be God, the Supreme Being, the Creator of all things. He proves his divinity by many miracles; but to me his successes are a clearer proof of it than are even his miracles. We are astonished at the conquests of Alexander the Great; but what are the conquests of Alexander in comparison to those of Christ? A mere nothing; for although Alexander conquered the world, his triumphs were fleeting and perishable. Christ, however, conquers and endears himself, not to a nation, but to the human race. His conquests extend through a space of eighteen hundred years, and will continue to extend until the end of the world. And what does Christ conquer in every man? That which is most difficult to obtain — the heart. What a good man often asks in vain of a few friends, a father of his children, a husband of his wife, brother of brother, — the heart, love, — that has Christ conquered in millions, for more than eighteen hundred years. Is not this a wonder, surpassing all wonders? Alexander, Cæsar, and Hannibal, with all their genius, never achieved such a victory. They conquered the world, but they could never win the heart of man. And Christ? To him belong the hearts of millions who have died for him, of millions who have willingly assumed his yoke, and suffered, for his sake, the severest mortifications and

trials. Who would not, in this greatest of all the miracles of Christ, recognize the divine Word, who created the world?"

"If we seriously reflect upon it, sire," replied General Bertrand, "the continuance of the church of Christ, which is founded in this world upon suffering and self-denial, is indeed an abiding miracle."

"You know, General," continued Napoleon bitterly, "that I have often roused the enthusiasm of men who have shed their blood for me; but to accomplish this my presence and the sound of my voice were always necessary. I do not possess the secret of ingrafting my name or my love on the hearts of mankind. Here I am, an exile on the island of St. Helena. Where are now my former courtiers? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three have immortalized themselves through their fidelity by sharing my exile. But soon my body shall be returned to the earth from which it came, and it will become food for worms. What an abyss lies between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, who is preached, loved, and worshipped throughout the whole world from century to century! Is that dying? Is it not rather living? This wonderful kingdom of Christ gives evident proof of his divinity; and if Christ is God, then is also his institution, the church, divine. His omnipotent arm will always protect her; the powers of hell shall not prevail against her. Oh, would that my voice could reach all those who govern the world, and I would say to them: Honor the vicar of Christ! never oppress or deprive him of his rights; for if you do, the avenging hand of the Divine Protector of St. Peter's chair will surely crush you!"

The emperor said no more. The wind, as it passed through the willow branches, and the waves of the ocean, as they dashed against the rocks, seemed, as it were, to applaud the words of the dethroned monarch.

Parts III., IV., and V. in our next.

A STORY FOR DRINKING MEN.

A LABORING man, leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair of horses standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer: —

"Whose establishment is that?"

"It is mine," replied the dealer, complacently. "It cost $1,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it."

The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought and looked sad. Then with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by a startling flash, he said: —

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for many years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and that gold-mounted harness, for the silk and laces and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Henceforth my wife and family shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake, and a cure for it."

A WESTERN FARMER ON THE FENCE. A Western farmer giving his experience with fences says: "I tried osage, and it died as fast as I could reset it. I tried willow, and it spread all over my land till it was more of an umbrella to shade corn than a fence to keep stock. I tried pine-board fence, and horses would sit down on it, manufacturing a lumber yard into a wood pile faster than any way I ever saw. Lastly I tried barbed wire; it did not die, and it required no trimming; it did not shade my corn, and when the horses sat down on it — why, they got off."

POOR GARIBALDI!

THE strangest news arrives in England from Italy! And this time it concerns, not the "Queen at Baveno," which in itself is a marvel. Garibaldi, "the Liberator," has arrived at Rome. And yet even that is not the strange event to which I would refer. It is the motive of the journey from Caprera, which they say is destined to astonish the world. Many ideas are afloat concerning this sudden determination on the part of Garibaldi of leaving his sick-bed to undertake the fatigue and labor of the stormy crossing and long railway journey to the Holy City at this particular time of the year, when both are rendered doubly laborious by reason of the weather. And yet it is just at this time, and no other, that the visit to Rome has been insisted upon by Garibaldi himself, and the motive has been whispered amongst the infuriated Republicans for some little time past, and is now spoken of openly in the highest circles of Rome. The poor old man, feeling himself about to die, has dragged himself to Rome to find there the comfort and pardon he has all these years been seeking in vain amongst the emotions of pride and vainglory with which his life has been filled. He has resolved to die within the walls of the Holy City, surrounded by the emblems of that faith he followed when an innocent boy, and renounced when he became a guilty man. Like King Victor Emmanuel, he would love to make his peace before he dies with the gentle Holy Powers he has offended. Rumor declares that his letter to King Humbert was to this effect, and that the young king was moved to tears at the appeal. It is certain that the young sovereign and the old Republican have had more than one interview since the arrival of the latter in Rome.

BLESSED is the woman who won't marry a widower — provided he 's your father.

CATHOLIC NEGROES.

ALREADY there exist large Catholic congregations in Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, and other American cities, East, North, and West. The negroes, naturally of a religious temperament, are readily impressed with the truth of the Catholic Church, and are attracted by the holy spirit of charity which animates her members. They see the precepts taught by the priests enforced by their example. They feel that within the Catholic Church they are indeed on an equality with other men, and that there all human souls are equally precious, no distinctions being made between rich or poor, white or black. The Church may be said to be the most truly democratic institution on earth, within whose fold the poor, oppressed, misused black man feels at last that he too was created for eternal happiness, and that for him too is reserved the priceless heritage of God's infinite love. — *Catholic Advocate.*

WHEN, in composing, Haydn felt his imagination decline, or was stopped by some difficulty which then seemed insurmountable, he rose from the piano-forte and began to say his rosary, and he said he never found this method to fail. "When," said he, "I was employed upon the Creation, I found myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to the instrument, I prayed, through the intercession of His Holy Mother, that God would enable me to praise Him worthily." This masterpiece was the fruit of nine years' toil.

ACCORDING to the "Annals of the Four Masters," the battle of Clontarf was fought in the year 1014. It took place on the Friday before Easter. The only interests depending upon the issue were Irish and Danish, as it could not at the time affect any third party.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON THE STATE OF EUROPE.

II.

THE outlook upon what were once the fervent countries of Christendom is sad and gloomy. Supernatural faith is dying out among nations, as nations. Take our own country: how many of the distinctive truths of Christianity are held as positive certainties by the people of England? How many, even among nominal Christians, hold a positive and distinct belief in the doctrine of the Trinity of God? how many believe that our Saviour Jesus Christ is the God and Creator of the Universe? how many believe in sacraments, in the existence of grace, in the malice of sin, in an absolute and independent moral law, in the eternity of punishment as of reward, in the immortality of the soul? Are any three of these truths held with absolute certainty by one tenth of our thinking and scientific leaders in this country? How few outside the Church, even among those who profess to be Christians, hold these fundamental verities of Christianity with a positive, absolute, divine certainty! Like the pagan philosopher, Cicero, men are confessing that their faith is only, after all, a probability. But what is this but to proclaim the absolute wreck of divine faith?

The growth of unbelief, during the last thirty years, has advanced with a desolating and astonishing rapidity among all classes.

A few years ago the publication of certain "Essays and Reviews" sent a pang of horror through English Christianity. But the doctrines they contained have long since found their place, and he whose free thought goes no further than these is now considered behind the age. Every class of society seems to be equally affected. Men, and not a few women, in what is called the best society, have lost all belief in a revealed religion. They openly avow it; the profession of scepticism has become fashionable. Unbelief with indifference has filtrated down into the lowest classes. Religion has lost her hold on millions of the population. It is certain that a large proportion of the non-Catholic population is not even baptized. Does one fifth regularly frequent any place of religious worship?

The number of persons annually married without any religious rite is a fair test of the growth of religious indifference. The number steadily increases year by year. In 1838 there were only 2,186 persons thus married, in 1876 the number of such persons had increased to 43,418.

We are far from saying that a constant struggle with evil is not perpetually going on, and we gladly recognize that a deep religious instinct still animates the better portion of the English people; but it seems that, except among a comparatively small minority, belief in distinct doctrines of revelation is becoming more and more vague, undefined, and diluted. It is easy to see where this must end. Already the pioneers of open atheism are amongst us. The sappers and miners of Satan's army, composed of the enemies of God and men, are busy among the population. Their blasphemous prints are circulated in millions, and their blasphemous lectures on atheism, delivered in our noblest public halls, are placarded or advertised in our streets and morning papers. There appears to be no public authority in the land able or willing to issue a protest in the name of God and of the people, or to forbid the blasphemous propaganda of atheism.

But can we be surprised at the catastrophe of faith which has come upon us? The Reformation threw away the divine guidance which God had provided in His Church for the intellect and will of man.

The first consequence has been that emancipated reason is abandoned to itself, or a prey to false teachers.

Physical science says, "Believe in nothing but in the laws of nature: there is nothing above me." Materialism says, "Eat and drink, and live as happily as you can while life lasts: there is no other life after this." Scepticism says, "Whatever you think or desire may be true: tolerate equally all opinions; no certainty is attainable by man." The whole atmosphere is charged and heavy with unbelief. You breathe it everywhere. It is carried like a poison into places where it has not been bred. As seed in the thistledown is carried by the winds, so are the seeds of doubt and unbelief blown over the land.

With increasing unbelief, national education necessarily becomes more and more independent of and hostile to faith. How can they who have no firm belief in revelation impose its doctrines on the young? For a time they may do so from regard to prejudice; but how long will prejudice survive the corroding process of unbelief?

The second consequence is, that the will, being emancipated from the laws of faith, is led to trust entirely to its own strength and to reject the idea of divine grace as a dream and delusion. Hence, within a period of fifty years, vice in England has increased sixfold, and this in spite of a prodigious increase in all kinds of human agencies and appliances to diminish it.

The third consequence is, that the intellect and will being emancipated from the control of faith, man's whole idea of progress consists in material civilization, that is to say, in the advance of physical science, and of arts, literature, and mental culture as ministering to pleasure, in the multiplication and development of the material comforts and conveniences of this life, and of whatever wealth and care can obtain towards the gratification of our tastes and inclinations.

The fourth consequence is, ambition of conquest among nations, and covetousness among individuals. These vices breed others, — discontent, envy, hatred, combinations of the weak against the strong, communism, socialism, and the horrors of civil war. But assuredly, if there be no future life, no eternal reward and punishment, no immortality of the soul, no Saviour Jesus Christ, no message from God to man, no personal God, communism and socialism are justified in their war against capital and wealth; and every excess may be applauded, if it be only triumphant.

The last consequence issuing from the above conclusions is hatred of the Catholic Church: for the Catholic Church alone is clear, precise, consistent, and uncompromising in her teaching. She claims divine authority to teach and to command. Men's hatred of the Church and of her August Head is easily understood. In Europe and America associations have been formed for the express purpose of her destruction, and where no such associations exist, there is opposition to her authority, with a positive unwillingness to admit even the most patent instances of her beneficent influence and action upon mankind.

III.

And now looking upon the general condition of Christendom, it is easy to understand why the Holy Father believes that greater calamities are in store for the nations than any that have yet befallen them, unless God hear the prayers of His Church, and wash away our sins and remedy the evils which exist.

He sees that unbelief has sapped the very foundations of the Christian polity. The doctrines of Revelation and of the supernatural order have ceased to be the charter, the strength, and the limit of the public laws and liberties of nations. The world has returned to naturalism, that is, to a belief in the natural order alone. It recognizes no other.

The Head of the Church is there-

fore left in a strange isolation by the governments of the world, which own no obligation to the Vicar of Christ since they own none to Christ himself. In nearly every land the Church is fettered, robbed, and impoverished, or openly persecuted. She is denied the liberty needful for the discharge of her sacred mission. The rights of parents and of the Church alike are usurped by the State, and Cæsar claims to educate their children.

And yet the nations are not happy, but rather miserable, oppressed with taxation, and shaken with fears and apprehensions of what shall come upon them. Millions of men over Europe have been called from their homes, their trades, and the cultivation of the land to live in barracks, camps, and battle-fields. It is a sad and morally a hideous spectacle, unworthy even of Kaffraria or Zululand. But such is now the condition of the whole of Europe.

Our Blessed Lord foretold that in the latter days the apostasy of the nations be general, and that for a time but a remnant would be found faithful and Catholic. After the revolt of the nations against the Church, the Apostle says, "the man of sin." the Antichrist, will appear. He will bend to his use all the physical sciences and material advantages that will be at hand, as weapons against the Church. His coming will be "according to the working of Satan," "in the seduction of iniquity," and "the operation of error." Whether he be yet born we cannot tell; but there is reason to believe that we have already entered upon the predicted period of apostasy from Faith and revolt against the Church, which will precede his advent.

But fear not, dear brethren and children in Jesus Christ, for the Church. The Church is prepared. She has prepared herself for the rough weather, the tempests and darkness of the latter days. No mist obscures the authority of her August Head upon earth, no doubt prevails among her children as to the duty of Christendom to hear and obey his voice All has been defined. That voice is perpetually lifted up, clear as a trumpet, to advise, to warn, and to instruct. Though sovereigns and governments be deaf, the children of the Church hear and obey that voice; the children of the Church, not reigning as they did in Christendom three or four centuries back, but scattered, as in the third and fourth centuries, through the population, in every trade and profession and walk of life.

But while we bid you fear not for the Church, we bid each one to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." The dangers which beset your faith are real and manifold, both on account of the contagion of prevalent opinions, the seduction of free thought, the working of Satan, the smiles and favors of false friends, the frowns of the world, and domestic or social persecution.

IV.

Three things are essential for the preservation of the Catholic faith in England, — good Catholic marriages, good Catholic education, and the continual use of prayer and the sacraments.

1. Catholic marriage is the fountain-head of Catholic domestic life. A mixed marriage is as a poisoned well. Remember that the earliest danger to faith arises from mixed marriages. These marriages are detestable in the eyes of the Church, not only on account of the danger of lukewarmness, compromise, and even of perversion to the Catholic party, but still more on account of the spiritual danger to the children of such marriages. Are the children likely to be uniformly and consistently trained to value the supernatural gift of faith as the greatest of blessings and to entertain a due and proper hatred of heresy, when one of their parents is living (let us suppose inculpably) in heresy?

What certainty is there that the

children will receive a Catholic education, if the Catholic parent be taken away? What certainty that they will not fall under non-Catholic influences, and be brought up at last in an anti-Catholic atmosphere? And then as to promises, what security is there for their observance?

One of the reasons of the falling away of so many Catholic names from the faith, of the reasons of the decline of fervor in faith, is to be found in the number of our mixed marriages. These have increased so much of late years, and the evils resulting from them are so manifest, that we are seriously considering whether we shall not return to the Holy See the faculty granted us to permit mixed marriages upon certain conditions. We never grant these dispensations without a shudder and a pang of fear, unless we are assured that the non-Catholic party has been instructed in the Catholic faith, and is prepared to embrace and practise it.

2. With the blessing of children comes the obligation to educate them. There is no possible substitute for a good Catholic education. In the present day a good Catholic education is absolutely essential as an armor against unbelief and immorality. Now, observe attentively: Catholic education consists not merely in learning the catechism and the doctrines of faith. Education is not confined to knowledge, even though that knowledge comprehend the whole circle of Catholic theology. That knowledge alone will make men good and virtuous is one of the false maxims of the day. Knowledge of the catechism and of the faith must be reduced to practice in order to make children good. The formation of good habits calls for the exercise not of the intellect and memory only, but of the will and of the heart.

The Catholic school, therefore, will have failed in its chief end, if it fail to form habits of virtue in its children. Hence it is that we insist in our schools upon the use of prayer to God in common, upon the frequent offering of the mind and heart to God during the day, upon a regular frequentation of the Sacraments, upon the children hearing Mass together on Sundays and holydays of obligation. Hence, again, it is that we insist upon the diocesan inspectors taking special care to examine whether the children are well instructed in the practice of Confession and Communion, and upon their reporting to us whether, in effect, the children regularly frequent these holy Sacraments of salvation. And finally, hence it is a question hardly admitting of doubt, whether, of all the important functions of the pastoral office which devolve upon the priest, this be not the most vital one of all, — to help and train the young in the regular frequentation of the Sacraments.

Let Catholic parents, if there be any so sunk in wickedness as to neglect the Catholic education of their children, reflect how grievously they sin in sending their children to Board and other non-Catholic schools, to the imminent peril of their Catholic life, when Catholic schools are within their reach. It needs many precautions and a very grave reason indeed — one so grave that we know not whether any of the kind can exist in this diocese — to excuse a parent from sin in sending his child to a non-Catholic school. It is no justification to plead that nothing is taught against the Catholic faith. The absence of the teaching of Catholic doctrines, and still more of Catholic practices, is a deadly evil in itself. Then, again, the companionship of non-Catholic children is a positive danger, to which no parents can needlessly expose their children without sin. Lastly, let the Catholic parent reflect that the very fact that a child knows that his faith has not decided the school to which he has been sent, that his religion has been made secondary to secular considerations, — this very fact must produce in the end the worst possible

impression upon the mind and future conduct of the child. The child will naturally say, "Why should I care more for religion than my parents? Are they not older and better than I am? If religion is little to them, why should it be more to me?"

If such be the vital importance of Catholic education, it must be evident to every Catholic with a voice in the affairs of the country, that it is his duty to use his influence to maintain the present integrity of Catholic education. The pressure of the State upon Catholic schools is already severe: it has interfered with our text-books and limited the time of religious instruction, which it barely tolerates. A little more in the way of restrictive legislation would bring us face to face with an intolerable persecution, and would embroil us in a bitter contest for the preservation of our faith and for the salvation of souls. God grant that this day may be yet far off!

3. Finally, remember that though you are born of Catholic parents and have had a Catholic education, you cannot lead a Catholic life without the habitual use of prayer and the Sacraments. Without these your faith will not save you: nay, your very faith may suffer shipwreck like that of others who have neglected either prayer or the Sacraments. Grace alone is a match for the fiends that beset your path and for the world and for the flesh — grace alone; and divine grace is promised only to prayer and to the Sacraments. Without the use of prayer and the Sacraments you are doomed to eternal damnation. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a doctrine of the Catholic Church. It is not surprising, therefore, if we hold that prayer and the Sacraments form an essential part of Catholic education. They are more necessary to your welfare and happiness than any human science whatsoever.

BLESSED is the poor relation who never looks up at you — for money.

HOW TO PACIFY THE RED MAN.

HERE is another straw, showing the drift of public opinion as to the only successful mode of dealing with the Indian problem. It is found in a Washington despatch to the "Evening Wisconsin," a leading non-Catholic paper of the great Northwest: "In talking with an old voyageur or frontiersman a few days ago, who has spent forty years within the Indian lines, he says there will be no more Indian troubles if the government will give Cardinal McCloskey the appointment of men who represent his Church along the Indian frontier. He says *there has never been an instance* from the days of Père Marquette down to Father De Samet *where the Catholic missionaries have not won and preserved the confidence and affection of the Indians*, and that from the Mexican boundary to the British possessions the Catholic missionary is always sure of a cordial greeting among the Indians. Why? *Because the Catholic missionary never deceives nor robs them.*"

SULPHUR FOR DIPHTHERIA. — Mr. John S. Wiles, a surgeon of Thorncombe, Dorset, England, writes to the London "Times" that after two cases of malignant diphtheria, out of some nine or ten he had been called upon to attend, had proved fatal, the mother of a sick child showed him an extract from an American paper concerning a practitioner who used sulphur to cure the disease. Accordingly he used milk of sulphur for infants, and flour of sulphur for older children and adults, brought to a creamy consistence with glycerine. Dose: a teaspoonful or more, according to age, three or four times a day, swallowed slowly, and application of the same to the nostrils with a sponge. Result: he did not lose a case there or elsewhere, and he succeeded in saving life when the infection had almost blocked the throat.

PROSPERITY.

The proud man in prosperity forgets the Divine Providence to whom he owes everything. In order to satisfy his desires he abuses his wealth. Fool that he is, he applauds himself as if he was the architect of his own fortune. His luxurious pomp ministers to his wickedness and ingratitude towards God, and makes him insolent and harsh to the poor. The true Christian, on the contrary, in prosperity becomes more religious, and kinder to those that suffer.

Those who have been in the enjoyment of long prosperity are called happy by the world. But religion sees hidden shoals beneath this apparent happiness, and the good Christian, far from placing his complacency in prosperity, becomes more vigilant, in order that the secret poison of pride, ingratitude, vanity, ambition, and the other vices which are attendant on this state, would have no part in him. And, entering into the designs of Providence, he believes himself happy in relieving the miserable, and doing good to others. He is not in affliction, nevertheless he is not proud; adversity and sorrow seem never to visit him, but he loves to mortify his will, and to practise penance, that when it pleases Providence to send him his cross, he may receive it with submission. We may add, that in proportion as he gives, he becomes rich, and amasses wealth for himself and posterity. Divine Providence loves to shower on him his choicest blessings, because he has nourished, in a manner, all those whom he had confided to his care. Behold how the friends of God fulfil their days. The tears of the poor are their eulogy after death, and the prophet exclaims, speaking of a disciple of Jesus Christ, "Happy he who fears the Lord, and places his affection in his ordinance."

Blessed is the old maid that don't hate old people and children.

Saving Heat in Houses. — A correspondent of the "Western Farm Journal" some time since said some good things about economy of heat. We quote as follows: "For a number of years the writer has used for warming three rooms a single heating stove, the heat from which passed into two drums. One of these drums is placed in a room adjoining that containing the stove, and the other is up stairs in a room above the second one. For several weeks experiments have been made, by observations with thermometers, which prove that the intermediate drum, or that between the stove and last one, heats the room from six to twelve degrees hotter (according to the wind) than the stove can heat, though both rooms are of the same size, and the drum is somewhat smaller than the stove. The room up stairs, fully thirty-five feet distant from the fire, is made quite comfortable for a sleeping-room throughout the entire winter. These facts are only stated to show what an immense amount of caloric is wasted by our system of heating with stoves, the pipe from which passes into a chimney or directly into the open air. Fuel, and consequently expense, is not only saved by the use of sheet-iron drums, but the house is more completely warmed, not only with less fuel, but with no trouble of making and keeping up fires, carrying in wood or coal, and carrying out ashes, and cleaning up the dirt caused by doing it"

Freolior Black Bean Soup. — One pint of beans; soak over night; in the morning put in a pot with four quarts water, three pounds beets, two onions, two carrots, some parsley and celery tops; cook slowly all day, and let it stand over night; in the morning take off the fat and strain through a colander; then make it hot; put a pinch of cayenne pepper, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, glass of sherry wine, and a lemon cut thin, in the tureen, and pour in the soup.

AN EASTERN ANECDOTE.

A PIOUS pilgrim, losing his way in the burning deserts of Asia, wandered about in search of food. Nearly dead with hunger and thirst, he arrived at a spring of fresh water, which was shaded by a palm-tree. He found near this spring a small sack. The traveller exclaimed, feeling it, "God be praised! Perhaps it contains peas, which will prevent me from dying of hunger." He quickly opened the sack, and, frightened, said, "O my God! these are pearls!" The poor man, almost sinking from exhaustion, although he was in possession of these pearls, which were of great value, prayed most fervently to God, and suddenly the Moor who dropped the sack returned, mounted on a camel, to seek it. Seeing the poor man half dead from hunger, he pitied him, and gave him bread and fruit; he then humanely mounted him on his camel. "You see," said he, "the ways of God are admirable. I thought it a great misfortune to have lost these pearls, whereas it has been a great source of happiness to me, for it has been the occasion of saving your life."

"LIBERAL" CATHOLICS.

Bishop Gilmor.

THE man who talks of softening his faith, or modifying it to suit modern ideas, may continue going to church and calling himself a Catholic, but the germ of heresy is in his mind, and if pressed he would deny his faith for the sake of popularity.

Mark those who have fallen away from the Church. They began by finding fault with the priest. He was not sufficiently polished, his preaching was not up to the standard, he was too dogmatic and uncompromising. They then found fault with the Church, and ended in being Liberal Catholic, that is in being a Catholic *who is willing to deny a part of his faith for the sake of being popular.* These men almost invariably end in denying the faith altogether, or bringing up a family without faith of God in it. A Liberal Catholic is the curse of the congregation he is in. He is a constant grumbler and fault-finder, a disturber of the peace, and a man who never does his fair share for the support of religion. Guard yourselves, dear children, against such a man. He is an enemy within your ranks, and the more dangerous because he still bears the name of Catholic. Stand by your faith, it is the dearest gift God has given to you; teach it to your children, that they may bless you when you are in your graves. Let the world rage and mock, it did the same to Christ. Our reward is not of earth, it is of heaven; we must carry our cross, if we will wear a crown. For nineteen hundred years, the world has raged against the Church; for nineteen hundred years, kings and emperors, powers and states, have warred against her, heresy has risen up against her, but she lives, and will live, like Christ her Author, to the end. She came from God, and like God, she is eternal, immutable, and unchangeable.

ALUM IN BREAD. — Alum is sometimes used by bakers to make a good-looking loaf from an inferior quality of flour The danger of using it freely has often been adverted to, and we notice that an eminent English medical authority says that the general use of alum by bakers is one of the most fertile causes of dyspepsia, liver and bowel complaints in adults, and of debility and rickets in children. Bad teeth and their early decay is another consequence of the daily use of alum in food. It is claimed by physiologists that when there is alum in flour, the bone matter of the bread (phosphate of lime), instead of becoming assimilated by the system, is either wholly or in part converted into a salt of alumina, which is useless and incapable of appropriation.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PAIR OF IRISH "CHIEFS."

Birth and parentage of Lord Norbury. — A paternal death-bed injunction. — Toler becomes Solicitor-General, and obtains a seat in the House of Commons. — Quarrels with Mr. George Ponsonby and Sir Jonah Barrington. — Appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. — *Bon mots* of Lord Norbury. — Retirement in 1827. — Parentage of Standish O'Grady. — Distinguished career in Trinity College. — Lucrative practice at the Bar. — Becomes Attorney-General, and subsequently Chief Baron of the Exchequer. — Anecdotes. — Retirement in 1831.

DURING the first quarter of the present century, two of the Irish courts of justice were presided over by singular men, who resembled each other in some points. Both were fond of administering justice with drollery, and measuring out law and jest in the same breath; but if they rowed in the one boat, it was with very different *sculls*. Chief Justice Lord Norbury aimed at being nothing better than a judicial Joe Miller, while his brother chief, the Right Hon. Standish O'Grady, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards Viscount Guillamore, was a profound lawyer, and his jests were usually pointed; to which his voice, sounding, as Lever would say, like the echo of an Eolian harp on the bog of Allen, gave additional humor, racy of the soil. We feel sure that a short sketch of the sayings and doings of these contemporaries of O'Connell must entertain the reader.

JOHN TOLER was born at Beechwood, Tipperary, on the 3d of December, 1745. He was the second son of Daniel Toler, Esq. His father, when dying, called him to his bedside, and told him that to keep up the credit of the family he had left the estate to his eldest son, but that to him (John) had been secured a sum of fifty pounds; and drawing a pair of silver-mounted pistols from beneath his pillow, he handed them to his weeping son, and bade him "be always ready to sustain the reputation of an Irish gentleman."

Acting on these dying injunctions young John Toler hastened to signalize himself. He studied for the bar; had a bustling, *nisi prius*, bullying manner that got him forward, and he was appointed Solicitor-General in 1789. A seat in the Irish House of Commons was always ready for the law officers of the crown, and the hair-triggers were not forgotten. The great question of the Legislative Union was impending, — a systematic design was fomented to effect that measure by any and every means. The venal opponents were bought, the timid were frightened, the brave were fought. The Solicitor-General was a fighting man, and gave his party to understand he was ready with his weapons. He endeavored to fix a quarrel upon Mr. George Ponsonby, subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and used most offensive expressions towards him; but that high-minded gentleman allowed the ravings of the bully to pass unheeded, and Toler was denied the opportunity he desired. There were, however, plenty of hot-blooded spirits in the House to face the bellicose solicitor. Sir Jonah Barrington was one of these rollicking men, ever ready for a row; and, in allusion to Toler, he described that member as "a man with a hand for everybody but a heart for nobody." Toler being unwilling to submit to this, looks and words which could not be misconstrued soon disturbed the legislative assembly. The Speaker resolved to prevent the hostile meeting, and ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to take the violaters of parliamentary decorum into custody. Barrington was overtaken in Nassau Street, and Toler was made captive before he left the House. His coat-tails had caught in the door, and on his being brought before the Speaker, he cut a comical figure, the skirts being torn quite off. Curran set the house in a roar by declaring, "that for one honorable member to trim another's jacket in

that style within the precincts of the House, nay, almost within sight of the Speaker, was quite unparliamentary."

Both members, having pledged themselves to peace, were released from custody. During the prosecution of the United Irishmen implicated in the rebellion of 1798, John Toler was Attorney-General, and a more fitting tool for the work then in hand could not be found. He soon had his reward. Lord Carleton's retirement in 1800 left the chief seat on the bench of the Common Pleas vacant, and on 22d October in that year John Toler was appointed Lord Chief Justice, with the title of Baron Norbury. His wife, Letitia, daughter of Thomas Otway, Esq., of Castle Otway, county Tipperary, had previously been created Baroness Norwood. Seated on the bench of the Common Pleas, Lord Norbury gave full vent to his punning propensities, and for years the Dublin papers seldom issued from the press without some witticism headed, "Lord Norbury's last." His charges to the jury were most comical, — mixtures of law, facts, quotations from plays, punning allusions to the litigants, the witnesses, or the counsel. Among the numerous *bon mots* attributed to him we find the following:

During a law argument, the court business was delayed, owing to the absence of one of the counsel, Mr Joy. A gentleman named Hope informed their lordships the counsel would soon appear. After waiting some time, Lord Norbury created a laugh by quoting the very appropriate lines by Moore,

> "Hope told a flattering tale,
> That Joy would soon return."

During a trial for breach of contract against a person named Paul, the jury having expressed a desire to see some of the defendant's letters given in evidence, the Chief Justice said, "By all means. Send up to the jury these epistles of Paul."

On Lord Redesdale's appointment as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he gave an entertainment to the judges and law officers, and amused them by describing how much the sport of cock-fighting was countenanced by persons of quality; that ladies in full-dress, with hoops, went to the cock-pit.

"I suppose, my lord," said Lord Norbury, "it was then the term 'cock-a-hoop' was used."

The conversation having turned on skating, Lord Redesdale said, "he believed placing blown bladders under the armpits would be a wise precaution; for, if the ice broke, the buoyancy of the bladders would keep the skater from sinking." Lord Norbury gravely assured him "such was the Irish practice, which here was called '*b adder-em-skate.*'"

Riding one day with Mr. Spear, his lordship observing the high action of his companion's horse, which jolted the rider, inquired, —

"After what great dramatist might your horse be named?" The other professed his ignorance. "Shakespear," returned the witty chief.

His lordship was a great lover of hunting, and observing a neighbor, Mr. Pepper, thrown, asked what he called his horse. "Billy," was the answer.

"I'll give you a better," rejoined his lordship. "Call him 'Peppercaster.'"

While staying in the country during the shooting season, one of the sportsmen boasted "he had shot twenty hares before breakfast."

"I dare say," dryly remarked Lord Norbury; "but then you fired *at a wig.*"

His court was the reverse of a grave court of justice while he presided at *nisi prius*. The scenes which took place when O'Connell, Harry Deane Grady, Tom Goold, Burke Bethell, and the Chief Justice were joking, punning, sometimes squabbling and shouting, were quite antagonistic of law and order. The audience, generally idle and often tumultuous,

flocked thither as to a theatre, and quite enjoyed the jokes of the judge. When the court had been more than usually noisy, and a witness in a case being asked, "What is your business?" replied, "I keep a racket-court," the Chief Justice threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, so do I! so do I!"

His lordship cordially detested every matter that involved trouble and law arguments; nonsuits, therefore, or bills of exceptions were his abomination. Mr. Wallace pressing him to nonsuit the plaintiff in an action, was met by strong determination on the part of his lordship to send the issue to the jury.

"I do not think," said Wallace in despair, "your lordship would have the courage to nonsuit."

This was touching the game bird with the spur.

"What's that you say, Mr. Wallace.—you don't think I'd have courage to nonsuit? Now there's courage to shoot, and courage to non-shoot, and I tell you I have both; but nonsuit for you I will not."

Mr. Wallace having been horse-whipped near Nelson's Pillar in Sackville Street, applied to the court by criminal information against his assailant. "I think," said Lord Norbury, "the court should grant its protection to any one who has bled under the immortal Nelson."

There is a penalty attached to refusal by a judge to sign a bill of exceptions. On one occasion, when O'Connell presented a bill of exceptions to Lord Norbury for signature, the following dialogue is related to have taken place: —

Lord Norbury. — You're surely not in earnest, Mr. O'Connell.

O'Connell. — I never was more in earnest in my life. I hope I know my duty to the court.

Lord Norbury. — No man knows it better, or performs it better. Addressing his registrar, he said, "Jackson, call the next case."

O'Connell. — May I, my lord, without offence, request your signature to this bill of exceptions?

Lord Norbury. — Offence! Offence, Mr. O'Connell! You never offended me in your life; nor anybody else, I do believe; you're too good-natured and good-humored a man, and *you look it.*

O'Connell. — Oh, my lord, let me implore you to spare your compliments.

Lord Norbury. — Truth, truth, Mr. O'Connell; and you know truth's no compliment.

O'Connell. — And now, my lord, I very deferentially ask your signature, or *your refusal.* All I want is a categorical answer.

Lord Norbury. — No doubt, no doubt, you'd be satisfied with a refusal, but I don't refuse you; indeed. I don't think I could refuse you anything, so mind, I don't refuse; but I never do anything in a hurry. Come to me in my chamber when the court rises; your time's valuable, and so it ought — your talents make it so.

O'Connell departed, but obtained the signature in chamber. He was not to be cajoled.

A scion of nobility was tried before him on an indictment for arson. The house was insured, and the insurance company suspected the fire was not quite accidental. The jury gave the prisoner the benefit of a doubt, and he was once more a man about town. While attending a levee at the Castle, Lord Norbury was again face to face with the noble accused, who instead of shrinking from the Chief Justice, accosted him in a jocular tone.

"We shall meet at the drawing-room my lord," said the man from the dock. "I am to present my bride to his Excellency."

"Glad to hear it, sir," responded his lordship; "the Scripture says, *better marry than burn.*"

When he sat a quarter of a century on the bench, Lord Norbury, then in his eightieth year, was very inadequate to the discharge of his judicial func-

tions, and several efforts were made to induce him to resign. The Lord Lieutenant, Marquis Wellesley, sent the under-secretary, Mr. Gregory, to endeavor to procure his lordship's resignation, and it is said the old chief took a most effectual mode to prevent any solicitation on that occasion. He desired Mr. Gregory to be shown into his study, and rushing in at once to greet him, exclaimed, "Gregory, my best and oldest friend, I was just wishing to see you on most important business. Would you believe it? That puppet viceroy — our mock sovereign — has the audacity to wish for my resignation, and I am resolved to challenge the bearer of his impudent message. The pistols, which I have before now used with effect, are ready, and I know I can reckon on you as my friend; but I trust this rumor may not be true."

This put the under-secretary in a regular fix: he had the alternative of disobeying his instructions or of fighting a duel He chose the former, and returned to the Castle, leaving his errand unaccomplished.

When Mr. Canning became Prime Minister in 1827, he determined to remove Lord Norbury. His lordship asked time to consult his friends, but when Canning found that one was in the East Indies, then a voyage of many months, and another at the North Pole, he was aware it was only an attempt to procrastinate. Lord Norbury offered to resign on being made an earl, which was yielded; so he became Earl of Norbury, and was succeeded in June, 1827, by Lord Plunket, as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Standish O'Grady was born in the county of Limerick, about the middle of the last century. His family were possessed of considerable landed property in that county. From his earliest youth Standish showed great abilities, and his career in Trinity College, Dublin, was marked by considerable success. His practice as a barrister was most lucrative, and his talents soon placed him in the foremost rank. He united great natural shrewdness to vast reading, and the Irish government eagerly sought for an opportunity to employ his powers in the service of the State.

The rash and fatal insurrection of 1803 supplied the desired opportunity. The slaughter of the high-minded and estimable Lord Kilwarden having changed William Downes into Lord Chief Justice, with a title, Standish O'Grady became Attorney-General, and proved most efficient in the discharge of his public duty. Further honors were in store for him. Two years later witnessed the resignation of Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore, from the Chief Baronship of the Exchequer, whereupon the Attorney-General, as is usual, got the vacant chief seat, and for the long space of twenty-seven years Chief Baron O'Grady presided in that important court, then possessing an equitable as well as a legal jurisdiction His great learning, dry caustic humor, and powerful language showed him at once an able lawyer and an accomplished man. Several specimens of his peculiar humor occur to our mind, from which we select a few specimens.

During an assizes at Tralee, great noise prevailed in court. The Chief Baron in vain asked for silence, and at last he spied the high sheriff, who, unheeding the din, sat reading. The Chief Baron, turning to him, roared out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Sheriff, let me give you a friendly hint If you let this noise go on much longer you won't be able to finish your novel in quiet."

At the same assizes a large number of persons were indicted for riot. The names of the prisoners and of several of the jury were the same, and the Chief Baron, knowing how extensively linked are the ties of kindred in Kerry, commenced his charge to the jury with, "Gentlemen of the jury, of course you 'll acquit your own relations."

A highway robber having been ac-

quitted on the last day of the assizes, to the great surprise of the learned judge, he wished to give the jury an idea of what he thought of the verdict.

"Mr. Sheriff," said he, "is there any other charge against that man?"

"No, my lord."

"Then be so good as not to let that man go until I'm well out of the town, for I'd like to have half an hour's start of him on any road."

An inexperienced young barrister appearing to defend a man capitally indicted, when the evidence did not sustain the charge, wished to make a display in court, and asked the Chief Baron leave to make some observations.

"I'll listen to you, sir, with pleasure," replied his lordship, "*after* I have taken the verdict of the jury."

A boy was tried for larceny of a pair of trousers. The prisoner called witnesses, who gave him an excellent character. The Chief Baron's charge was pithy, but conclusive. "The prisoner, gentlemen, is an honest boy, but he stole the breeches."

An action for damages was brought by a party who complained of loss incurred by his immediate landlord having been evicted for breach of covenant by the original lessor. The Chief Baron, in giving judgment said: "The plaintiff had entered into possession with a qualified covenant, and should submit to the loss; non-payment of rent had frequently occurred. Solomon was a wise man, and Samson a strong man, but neither could pay rent if they had not the money."

Chief Baron O'Grady was created Lord Guillamore, of Caherguillamore, in the county of Limerick He was succeeeed by Chief Baron Joy in 1831, and died shortly after.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLES WITH THE BENCH.

Present impartiality of the Bench. — Respect paid to judges by the public. — Irish judges in O'Connell's time. — Retort on Baron M'Clelland. — O'Connell and Lord Chancellor Manners. — Mr. Richards. — O'Connell and Lord Norbury. — O'Connell's great practice in 1812. — The case of Mr. Vernon Moore. — The Bar Meeting. — O'Connell's speech on the powers of the Benchers. — Poetical squib by Charles Phillips. — The Bar and the Baron.

In our times, happily, there is no such thing known as a judge entertaining and manifesting undue partiality for any one barrister, or suffering feelings of either a political or private nature to influence his judicial conduct. It is very natural for a judge to listen with greater pleasure to a counsel who is master of his case, whose words convey his meaning clearly, who is free from verbiage and tautology, and does not unnecessarily waste the public time, in preference to one who does, — to one who appears not to have mastered his instructions, who goes floundering into mistakes and misstatements, which, though unintentional, are confusing, and whose manner is dull and language wearisome.

The deference paid to those clothed in ermine ought to be always marked. On their elevation from the ranks of the bar to the high place as presiding ministers of justice, judges are at once separated from their former pursuits and dedicated, so to speak, to their exalted functions. When they mingle in society they are hedged round by somewhat of the divinity which doth mark a king. By the tacit assent of all, they are regarded with peculiar and very significant respect, in order to show reverence for the laws in their person. Thus, no matter how familiar or intimate we may be with the individual, there is always a certain restraint in the presence of a judge; and the judge, on his part, should never forget the position he occupies.

But in O'Connell's time, there were political judges, whose early culture gave a bent to their minds that no sense of propriety, and of what was due to their high office, could wholly remove. With these C'Connell had

many a conflict, and when he stirred up the fires which, though smouldering, are never quenched, there were fiery sparks struck out, and tempers were in a blaze. This boldness on the part of the advocate did him no harm; he did not suffer in pocket as Curran did from the animosity of Lord Clare. O'Connell had a temperament that was not to be broken down, and any attempt to do so was sure to meet with immediate retaliation.

Political dislike prevailed in one court at this time, and personal feeling in another; but O'Connell was not to be beaten, as the following instances demonstrate: —

One day, in the Court of Exchequer, during a new trial motion, a young Kerry attorney was called upon by the opposing counsel either to admit some piece of evidence, or give some undertaking which was not favorable to the attorney's client. O'Connell, though not holding a brief on the motion, was apprised he would have one at the assizes, if a new trial was to take place, which was certain; and he told the attorney not to make the admission required The judge on the bench, Baron M'Clelland, turned sharply on him and asked: —

"Mr. O'Connell, have you a brief in this case?"

"No, my lord," he replied, "I have not; but I will have one when the case goes down to the assizes."

"When I was at the bar," rejoined the Baron haughtily, "it was not my habit to anticipate briefs"

"When you were at the bar," retorted O'Connell, "I never chose you for my model, and now that you are on the bench, I shall not submit to your dictation"

O'Connell's calm, self-possessed, and determined manner often prevailed when others, either from their junior standing at the bar, or greater timidity, were brow-beaten by the bench. This was strongly evinced when he and Mr. (afterwards Baron) Richards were at the same side in a heavy Chancery cause. Several counsel had addressed the court for various parties, and when Mr. Richards proposed to follow, he was met by an intimation from the bench that the Lord Chancellor (Lord Manners) had "made up his mind, and would hear no more arguments." Mr. Richards knew the bias of the Chancellor was against his client, and was very anxious to be allowed to argue the case. The Chancellor got very testy, and declared he would not hear him. "Well, then, my lord," said O'Connell, in his deepest and most emphatic tones, "since your lordship refuses to hear my learned friend, you will be pleased to hear me"; and plunging at once into the intricacies of the case, without waiting for any assent or dissent from the Chancellor, on he went, discussing and distinguishing the cases already cited, quoting others that were quite in point for his client, until he secured the attention of the Chancellor. Every five minutes, as he opened up fresh ground, he prefaced it with "Now, my lord, my learned young friend beside me would have informed your lordship, in a more impressive and lucid manner than I can hope to do" etc. The arguments so nearly lost were successful, and on the following morning the Lord Chancellor gave judgment for O'Connell's client. Mr. Richards always expressed his high estimation of O'Connell's abilities, and treasured up the lesson then taught.*

O'Connell's practice increased rap-

* He afterwards was one of the most uncompromising advocates of the Irish bar, — an excellent judge, and on the introduction of the Incumbered Estates Court, was named Chief Commissioner. Having much responsibility thus imposed upon him he labored, together with his colleagues, Commissioners Longfield and Hargreave, to make the tribunal effective. He filled the offices of Baron of the Exchequer and Chief Commissioners until the year 1859, when he was succeeded on the Exchequer Bench by Baron Hughes, an accomplished lawyer and amiable gentleman. The utility of the Incumbered Estates Court being recognized, it is now continued as the Landed Estates Court, under the able administration of the Judges Dobbs, Longfield, and Hargreave.

idly, and I find it stated by his son, Mr. John O'Connell, that in 1812 his professional income exceeded £4,000 a year He was always foremost in asserting and maintaining the independence of the profession, and attended a bar meeting held on Saturday, May 30th, 1812, called together by the following circumstance: —

A barrister named Verner Moore published in the newspapers a statement, detailing a transaction he asserted to have occurred at the assizes of Omagh. It purported to be the report of a trial which had taken place in the public court-house, and personally related to Mr. Moore. It was addressed to the Irish bar, and for the truth of the st tement Mr. Moore pledged himself. Shortly after, the benchers of the King's Inns held a meeting. They summoned Mr. Moore before them, and demanded if he was the author of the publication in question. He admitted that he was, and further, that the publication of his complaint in a newspaper was improper; but he repeated his solemn assertion that what he published was true, and offered, if required, to prove its accuracy. He was then dismissed; and the benchers, after deliberation in private, came to the decision that Mr. Moore should be censured, and that the censure should be read publicly in all the courts on the first day of the ensuing term.

"Such," said O'Connell, "were the facts. Mr. Moore had published a report of a trial, or part of a trial; if what he stated was true, misconduct of no ordinary kind was attributable to one of the benchers in the exercise of his public duty. The bench, including the personage thus accused, meet; they do not investigate the facts." Mr. O'Connell proceeded to say that he "denied the competency of the benchers to investigate disputed facts; he was ready to admit the respectability of the persons who composed this secret tribunal; it was not against the individuals he complained, it was against the existence of the thing itself. He could not see any, the least necessity for its existence. The Irish bar composed, he was convinced, the first profession in the world; it required no inquisitorial power to keep it within the bounds of the strictest propriety; nay, it possessed the most certain method of repressing misconduct amongst its own members by the moral force of its own high character. The man who conducted himself unbecoming a gentleman would shrink abashed from their society; or, if he haunted the hall, he would be seen to glide through it despised and unnoticed, and solitary in the midst of a crowd; and if greater delinquency should be found, it would meet with exclusion and expulsion from the entire society, who were alone capable to exclude, but who could never conspire against an individual. This inquisitorial power could not be necessary for the protection of the judges; they were armed with sufficient power for their own protection: they could commit to the dock, they could imprison, for the slightest disrespect. When there is added to this the natural effect which the disfavor of the judge must have upon the success of an individual barrister, it would be seen, at once, how unnecessary further securities were. There was even danger of the other extreme; and servility to the bench, to which poor human nature afforded so many temptations, could be guarded against only by the high-mindedness of educated gentlemen, who rather condescended to belong to a profession than to be the slaves of its emoluments. Without the independence produced by this spirit it would be impossible to be honest as an advocate; for that advocate is not honest who, for his own sake, shrinks from the manly assertion of his client's rights, whatever may chance to be the impression of the bench against it. But at the Irish bar, where the very soul of honor was to be found, there was no danger of

any tone being adopted but that which would dignify individuals and exalt a profession." After several other remarks upon the means which the judges had of punishing any contempt against them, and how Mr Moore might have been proceeded against, Mr. O'Connell said, "he investigated every source of information, and satisfied himself that the benchers of the King's Inns had no legitimate authority over the Irish bar. As a legal or corporate body, it was clear, upon their own confession, that they had no existence. In a late case which they had instituted in Chancery against a Mr. Calbeck, an objection was taken to their legal capacity to sue; to this objection they had submitted, and their incapacity to exercise corporate functions was, therefore, matter of record. Prescriptive rights they could claim none; their history was modern and well known; charter at present they had none. About sixteen years ago they obtained one, with an act of Parliament to confirm it: but this act which had passed *sub silentio*, having been discovered, the bar remonstrated and in the ensuing sessions the statute and charter were repealed. It was indeed mentioned in two or more statutes, but merely to qualify it to take land for the purpose of buildings, — statutes that, so far from admitting its general corporate capacity, were direct evidence that none such was in existence."

As for any right by resorting to precedents Mr. O'Connell said "there were only four instances of interference by the benchers with the bar, — four instances in which men had been struck off the barristers' roll upon their recommendation. In the two first — School and Brody — the profession had been disgraced by the commission of the crime, he believed, of perjury. The indignant Irish bar rejoiced at the expulsion of such men, and cared little by whom they were kicked out of the hall. The other two instances were those of Messrs. Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Addis Emmet. These gentlemen had, in the year 1799, been upon a similar recommendation disbarred. But it should be recollected that they first stood convicted, upon their own confession, of being traitors; that they had forfeited their lives to the laws, and had actually, upon an agreement with government, submitted to perpetual banishment. Having abjured the realm, the benchers exercised the superfluous loyalty of getting them excluded from the list of Irish barristers. He contended that an inquiry ought to be instituted, and moved, 'that a committee, consisting of three of the gentlemen of the bar, be appointed, to ascertain the authority of the benchers either to cen ure or disbar a barrister.'" *

This affair produced an amusing result. A poetical squib, supposed to have been written by the late Mr. Charles Philips, entitled

PADDY TO NEDDY — THE BAR AND THE BARON.

As sure as a gun, from the Bann to the Carron,†
They shall hear of the row 'twixt the bar and the baron.
I 've sworn it, Neddy — and can it be treason
To jingle in rhyme what has nothing of reason?
And faith, 't is so comic, 't were surely a pity
To deny it the meed of a fugitive ditty.
The Baron — but he 's been so often in prose
'T were needless to tell you what ev'ry one knows;
Suffice it to say he 's the law's purest pillar,
And though sprung from *a worm*, detests a distiller!
The beginning of winter, his highness quite frisky,
Commenced a campaign 'gainst the sellers of whiskey,
And swore by his valor, he 'd settle his throne
On a seat of a still in renowned Innishow'ne.
Oh, I wish you had seen,
How he ravaged the green,
Down rock and down glen,
With his battle-axe men.

* This committee never made any report. It was expected Plunket and some other influential leaders of the bar would have taken part, but as they abstained from doing so, the matter was not pressed. The rights and functions of the benchers do not appear well defined, either in England or Ireland. Uniformity of practice on all matters wherein the public is so deeply concerned ought to prevail.

† Two rivers in Ulster.

The poteen men
Thought again
He 'd finish'd their job,
And the pot ale
Grew pale
At the sight of his nob.
Full many can tell what a terrible milling
He gave them from Longford all through Enniskillen.
Some blackletter scavan
Tried to stop him at Cavan;
But like fat in the fire,
It inflamed him the higher,
And he seized the diploma
From havoc at Omagh.
You must know that the chief, in the height of his fury,
Campaigns with a life-guard he christens a jury;
And ere he assails the distillers at large
The life-guard is sure to be tried at a *charge*.
At Omagh, when charging, they say that a *Moor*
(No Christian would venture to do it, I 'm sure)
Attempted to give the proud hero a knock,
Who with dignity said, "Faugh! my feelings you shock,
So be off, you spalpeen, or you 'll be in the dock!"

The poem, which is too long to give *in extenso*, then relates how Moore went to the bar mess and stated his complaint, whereupon, there being a difference of opinion as to the mode of seeking redress, —

When the Moor and his friends had thus grievously differed,
The Baron and guards set off charging for Lifford;
But the Moor, well determined that he 'd rule the roast,
Sent the whole of the row to the next "Evening Post,"
So that when they had met in their general hall,
The whole pack were in print, — Baron, jury, and all.

Moore, however, was desirous of having the countenance of the bar, and his endeavors to get up a bar meeting are very pleasantly stated His friend Finlay drew up a requisition for signature.

The first *thing* he went to was Castle-hack Swift,
In the vain expectation of getting a lift;
But Swift, who despises the semblance of grace,
Declared in a moment that he *had a place!*
He went up to another, "Sir, you 'll not reject it,
As you have no place." "But, dear sir, *I expect it!*"
However, one told him "he 'd put his name down
If the thing was set going but by a SILK GOWN."
"Oho! then," said Finlay, "no longer I 'm fooled,
I can get that at once by just going to Goold."

Here he was again foiled. Goold's braggadocio style, his inflated professions, lank performance, and bustling manner are hit off to the life: —

For he had been speeching for hours on the floor
On the injury done to the innocent MOOR.
He 'd a wife and five children in North Merrion Square.
And he 'd sacrifice all — for the good of the bar.
You must know little Tom
At that moment had come
Just out to the hall for a little relief,
From his usual sport
In the Common Pleas court, —
A good-humored row with the *blackletter* chief.
He was vaporing,
And capering,
And looking quite big,
And blinking and sinking,
"But he had some gig."
Finlay went up in the midst of the vapor.
And handed our hero the *unanimous* paper.
"You mean, I suppose, sir," said he, "I should sign it.
Believe me, my friend, I don't mean to decline it;
But take my advice," and he gave him a nudge,
"Try first if you can get it done by a JUDGE."

. . . . .

When Finlay thus saw his poor paper rejected
By men who nor honor or virtue respected,
He went up to one who had made no profession,
And proffered it: "Sir, it 's an act of oppression."
"Why yes, in my mind, it comes under that term,
'T is th' attempt of a baron to trample a worm.
Then give me the paper — I 'll sign it this minute,
'T is so foul that no man can be warranted in it."
God help you, O'Connell, if you 're not a knave,
You 'll never put on the silk badge of a slave.
No longer a notion of office pursue,
The times are not suited to such men as you!
The paper thus sanctioned was soon signed by twenty,
A number which Finlay imagined was plenty.

The father of the bar having refused to call a meeting, several of the bar assembled, and O'Connell made the speech from which I have given extracts.

Moore's interview with the benchers is equally comic: —

One question they asked him, and that you may guess,
Was whether he dared to RESORT TO THE PRESS.

He allowed it, and faith, you 'd think they 'd eat him.
As they thundered aloud 't was SCANDALUM MAGNATUM.
In vain did he urge that his ignorant youth
Might stand his excuse for declaring the truth,
They fairly exclaimed, "Such a foolish confession
Was very unworthy the legal profession."
And the chief, in a manner impressive and clear,
Bade him canter away with a flea in his ear.

To be continued.

BEDS AND BEDROOMS. — Never use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the reason that it keeps in the exhalations from the pores of the sick person, while the blankets allow them to pass through. Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bedclothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever. It is better to sleep in a cool room and dress in one that is well warmed, than the opposite. If it is necessary to heat the bedroom, let it be done by means of an open-grate fire rather than by a register or flue. In view of the fact that most people pass one third of the twenty-four hours in bed, the importance of having only the best bedding needs no argument. There is no wisdom, therefore, in buying cheap or second-class articles for the sleeping-room, but true prudence directs to get the very best bedding that your means will command. A first-class hair mattress will outlast two of inferior quality. The same difference will also be found in respect of feathers, and with the latter, as with hair, the best is always cheapest. Too many young housekeepers neglect to follow this rule, and pursue a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy, when they might just as well have adopted the opposite practice.

THE triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

"A PLACE for everything and everything in its place," is rather a hackneyed saying, but, after all, it perfectly describes the domain of a good housekeeper. As much attention should be given to the kitchen as to any other part of the house. A busy housewife spends a large amount of time in that room, and she should strive to render it a pleasure and not a dread to enter it. A great convenience in the kitchen is a roomy wall-pocket It may be made very nicely of common brown card-board, bound with scarlet braid, having three pockets, — a large one at the bottom, and two smaller ones above. In the larger one may be put dusters, towels, etc.; in the others strings, rags for cuts, and other small articles. Another convenience is a bag for dirty towels and dusters, which may hang in a closet in the kitchen. It saves much time and labor on washing day. Always have a match safe and scraper in the kitchen. It saves much disfigurement of walls. Use tin boxes with tight-fitting lids for yeast cakes, tea, coffee, and spices. They preserve the flavor. A large apron, made of oil-cloth, and bound with braid, is useful when washing clothes or dishes. Squares of zinc or tin are useful in the kitchen for standing saucepans on. If you are without ice in the summer, keep drinking water in unglazed earthenware jars or pitchers. The evaporation and condensation of the water on the outside of the jar will keep its contents cold.

FREDERICK the Great, conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Coslin in the war of 1755. Some time after, at a review, he jocosely asked a soldier who had got a deep cut in his cheek, "Friend, at what alehouse did you get that scratch?" "I got it," said the soldier, "at Coslin, where your Majesty paid the reckoning."

Original.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

By J. O'N. Russell.

THERE was never so complete a proof of the benefit of the small proprietary system of agriculture as that afforded by France after the close of the recent war between that country and Germany. The indemnity levied on France by the brutality of Bismarck was greater than had ever been laid on one nation by another. No one believed that France would have been able to pay the indemnity except after the lapse of many years. A thousand millions of dollars was the amount. It was subscribed in a single day! Not only that, but *ten times* the amount of the loan was covered. Never before had the world seen such a financial triumph. France was known to be a very wealthy country, but no one had any idea that her wealth was so enormous. The questions now are, Where did this wealth come from, and what created it? There are but two answers: It came from the people; and it was the French land system that created it. Nine tenths of the soil of France is owned by the people in farms varying from five to forty acres. Every peasant has more or less money laid by. He has every incentive to be industrious, for he labors for himself alone and not for his landlord, because he has no landlord but the state. It was this small farmer class that subscribed the larger part of the war indemnity. England could not have paid such a tax so easily; for although possessing in the aggregate as great wealth, perhaps, as France, she would have felt the burden infinitely more, because it would have fallen on the shoulders only of the few, whereas in France it was borne by the great mass of the people. In England there is no small-farmer class, the operatives have little or no money laid by; consequently such a burden imposed on England would have to be borne by the capitalists and upper classes alone. Had the land system of France been like that of England, the probabilities are that a German army of occupation would still hold possession of France, for it is certain that many years would have to elapse before the war indemnity could be paid.

It was the Revolution that broke up the great landed estates of France. Previous to it the land systems of France and England were almost identical. There can be no doubt that there was great wrong done to the proprietors by the Revolution, for their land was in most cases confiscated by the revolutionary government, and they got no remuneration except in a few isolated cases. But changes in the tenure of land can be brought about, and a small proprietary class created, without doing violence to any one. Such a change was actually made in parts of Germany about sixty years ago, principally through the instrumentality of Stein and Hardenberg, two well-known Prussian statesmen. As early as the time of Bonaparte, the good results of the new land system of France had become apparent, and the Germans in the Rhine provinces bordering on France began to clamor for the French land system. Germany, and especially Prussia, was wedded to the old feudal system, and it taxed the abilities of the two statesmen mentioned to the utmost to bring about the change for which the peasants of the Rhine provinces clamored. But by dint of perseverance, a bill was passed, by which landlords holding over a certain number of acres were compelled to sell their land to the government. They were paid the full market value for it, and the government sold it on time, in small parcels, to the people. Thus all the benefits of the French Revolution were secured without doing violence to any one, and without shedding a drop of blood. In spite of the happy results by which the change was followed in the Rhine provinces, it is a curious fact that it

was not applied to the rest of Germany. In Brandenburg, Posen, and Silecia, the Junter system still prevails, which is almost identical with that of England.

The great horror that England has always shown to any real change in the system of land tenure in Ireland can be explained only by her hatred at seeing the people increase in numbers. She knows that a populous Ireland would be an everlasting menace to her; consequently every subterfuge is made use of to get the people out of the country, and to prevent their increase. Landlords will not sell their land unless compelled by debt to do so, and things are so managed that when an estate is to be sold, it is always sold in as large quantities as possible, to prevent the poor people from buying it. The conveyancing or transfer of land, or what would be generally called real estate in America, costs more in Great Britain and Ireland than in any other part of the world. If land were to be sold in as small lots in Ireland as it is in France, the cost of transfer would in many cases be greater than the value of the land. All these horrible laws have been framed with one prime, leading idea, and that is to prevent the people from becoming independent and consequently preventing their increase. Human ingenuity seems to have been taxed to the utmost, in everything connected with the British land system, for the main object of keeping the poor always poor, and as dependent as possible on the upper classes. English statesmen seem always to believe that the dangerous classes come from the country, and not from the towns. She will probably find out before long that which the continental nations found out long ago, — that great centres of population are the places whence come the really dangerous classes. England has not as yet experienced this, but sooner or later she must. Heretofore her trouble has been entirely with agricultural populations; first the Irish and then the Highland Scotch. Her dealings with the latter have been quite as horrible as with the Irish. The Highlanders were compelled to emigrate *en masse*. Whole regions were left without a house standing, and in many instances the wretched cabins were burned over the heads of the occupiers. The evictions and persecutions suffered by the Highlanders were caused by political hate, just as the Irish evictions and persecutions were. The rebellion of the Highlanders, in 1745, or to call it by its proper name, their gallant fight to restore their legitimate sovereign, was a very serious affair, and struck real terror into the government of England. Up to that time the greater part of the Highlanders held their lands under the old Celtic system, like that in vogue in Ireland prior to Cromwell. By it the chief had no power of eviction, for he did not own the land: it was owned by the tribe or clan, and the chief was only the manager. After 1745 the feudal system was forcibly introduced. Those Highland chiefs who had not adopted it were compelled to do so, and from being simply managers or stewards of the lands possessed in common by all the clan, they suddenly found themselves sole owners. The change soon worked just as the British government desired it should. Sheep farming was introduced; the clansmen soon became a nuisance to the feudal landlord, their cabins were in the way, their children prevented the increase of grouse and wild animals; English sportsmen would pay more rent to the laird for being allowed to shoot or fish for the season in a certain valley or strath, than the tenants could afford to pay in six years. The consequences were that the people were evicted wholesale, and the Highlands soon became what they are to-day, a prowling wilderness. The editor of the Highlander newspaper has calculated that the population of the Highlands is to-day only about half what it was a hundred years ago. What more awful

exposé could there be of the iniquities of the British land system than the fact that it is brutes and not men that increase and multiply under it?

The decrease of population in some of the very best and most beautiful parts of Ireland, during the last twenty or thirty years, is something positively awful to contemplate. Perhaps no counties in Ireland suffered a greater decrease than Westmeath and Meath, simply because the land in those countries is so generally good. The writer knows places in Westmeath where there are now neither houses nor cultivation, but where, thirty-five years ago, the people could be reckoned by the thousand. Villages containing a hundred or a hundred and fifty inhabitants have been totally swept away; not a trace of them remains. No one but a person who saw such places thirty-five years ago could ever believe that they were once villages. There seems every reason for the belief entertained by many intelligent men, that the population of Ireland was much greater before the time generally known as the famine than appeared from the published census returns of the government. The object of falsifying the census would be very natural; namely, a desire to hide their real strength from the people of Ireland. It is a fact that is borne out by many elderly men, that it is impossible to reconcile the figures of the census with actual observation of the past and present population of localities or counties. Take, for instance, the county Westmeath. According to the census the population has decreased only about eighty per cent since 1841. Now, there cannot exist an intelligent resident of that county, over fifty years of age, who does not know that this is false. A very close guess can be made as to the relative numbers of persons living in the same locality at different periods. For instance, the number of persons attending at churches, markets, etc., furnishes a very close approximation to the actual numbers of the people in the vicinity There is not a market town in Westmeath where a *fourth* of the people are to be seen on market days now as compared with forty years ago. There is not a Catholic chapel in that county, that existed previous to 1846, at which a *fourth* of the people are to be seen as compared with forty years ago. The decrease in the population has been so awful that, if fully realized, it would scandalize, not only England, but humanity. That the published census reports are false, I am as confident of as I could be of almost anything, and that the decrease in the population has been greater than shown by them, I am equally confident.

It must not be thought, however, that all the rural districts of Ireland have decreased in population; and the fact that some have largely increased throws out in clearer and more lurid light the inconceivable horribleness of the English land code; for bogs and mountains, utterly unfit for human beings to live on or cultivate, have in a few instances become thickly peopled, while the fertile places have been turned into pastures. Cattle and sheep occupy the plains, while human beings are compelled to cultivate the mountains. One of the most remarkable instances of this is to be seen in the county Roscommon, near the town of Boyle. On one side of the town is one of the most naturally barren ridges of mountains in Ireland, the Corliews, while on the other side extend the famous plains of Boyle, one of the finest tracts of land in the world. The plains are a vast desolation, while the mountains are so populous that at a distance they look like a town.

Forty years ago the plains contained a large population and the mountains were almost uninhabited. The land of the plains was good, and of course wanted for sheep and cattle, and nine tenths of the people were evicted or forced to leave. Most extraordinary to relate, — for such occurrences are

very rare in Ireland, — the landlord that owned the mountains actually encouraged the poor evicted tenants of the plains to squat on them. There were any quantity of stone, and it was therefore easy to build a house. The squatters, for they were really such, were charged only a very small rent; they might bring as much of the land under cultivation as they chose. The soil was, and probably is the worst in Ireland; but by dint of industry the rugged sides of the Corliews began to be dotted with houses; heath and furze were made to give way to potatoes and oats; and the wild, uninhabited mountain of forty years ago is now one of the most populous districts in Ireland, and contains some of as happy, trim, and comfortable rural homes as the writer has ever seen in any country. The shopkeepers in Boyle all acknowledge that four fifth- of their customers are from the mouns tains, and that but for it they might shut their doors, for there would not be any one to buy their goods.

What has been done on the Corliew Mountains could be done all over Ireland, if the people got encouragement, — every piece of waste land might be made to bloom with cultivation; but most of the men who own the soil of Ireland would rather see it covered by the waters of the Atlantic than see it giving sustenance to a numerous population. The atrocities of the English land system in Ireland are so awful that "they cry to heaven." The system under which cattle are made to occupy the good part of the soil, and under which the people are driven to expatriation or the desert, is worse than the rule of Turk or Tartar; a parallel for it can hardly be found on earth.

William III., who fought and defeated King James, was termed "The Prince of Orange." The Orangemen of Ireland derive their appellation from this title. Orange is a place or principality in France, situated near the river Rhone.

AN ANECDOTE OF MacMAHON.

At a ball at the Elysée Marshal de MacMahon noticed a young lieutenant, who had just graduated at St. Cyr, leaning, pensive and timid, against a door. He went up to him and asked, "Do you not dance?" "Indeed I do not. I have no luck. I asked a lady to dance with me, and she refused point-blank." "Point her out to me." When the Marshal saw who she was, he said, "See here, young man, you must look around and find out people's standing if you don't want to stumble. You must not, unless you are acquainted with them, ask wives of marshals to dance with you. The lady asked is Mme. de MacMahon. She never dances, but for this once I am going to ask her to dance with you." The Marshal went up to her, related this incident, and the next quadrille she danced with the young lieutenant, he blushing like a bride.

The very first words that St. Rose of Viterbo learnt to say were the holy names *Jesus*, *Mary*, and the name of St. John the Baptist whose picture was in the house. When she was only two years old, she used to go to the Church of St. Francis; she would kneel down before Jesus in the blessed sacrament, and adore him. She listened to sermons and instructions, and said them by heart afterwards. When she was seven years old, she used to stop day and night praying in her little room, which was so small that it could hold only a bed and a little altar. She did not go out except to hear holy Mass at the next church, called St. Mary on the Hill.

St. Jerome teaches that during the celebration of a Mass for a soul in purgatory, the fire, otherwise so devouring, suspends its action, and the soul ceases to suffer. The holy doctor affirms that at each Mass which is said, many souls leave purgatory and enter into paradise.

AUNT MAXWELL'S RETURN.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *An elegantly furnished dining-room. The table is laid for breakfast. Doors Right and Left.* MRS. SEYMOUR *is discovered pacing up and down in great excitement. She is dressed in a gay morning dress and cap, and holds an open letter in her hand.*

MRS. SEYMOUR. The most wonderful piece of good news I have heard for a long time! The very thing I have been longing for, craving for, all these years. What matter debts and difficulties now? They are all over — all at an end! But, dear me, why don't those girls come down? I quite long to tell my good news to some one. (*Opens door* R. *and calls.*) Lydia! Julia! Dear me, how tiresome those girls are! (*Sits down at the table.*) But, dear, oh, dear, how nice it will be — how pleasant — how —

(A young girl's voice is heard singing outside, and JULIA SEYMOUR enters the room by door R. She is dressed in walking costume, and carries a bag of books, which she swings about in time to her song.)

MRS. SEYMOUR (*breathless and excited*). Oh, there you are at last, Julia. I —

JULIA (*in astonishment*). Why, what is the matter, mother mine? You don't mean to say you and Lydia have found some new way of doing your hair, or some —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*impatiently*). Julia, Julia! Do you want to drive me wild with your nonsense, child? Do stop for one instant and listen to me. Our fortune is made, — we are all going to be rich, and —

JULIA (*calmly*). Delighted to hear it, I 'm sure, for it 's really quite time I had a new pair of gloves (*holds up an old torn glove*). You and Lydia —

MRS. SEYMOUR. What a child you are, Julia! You weary me. Where is dear Lydia?

JULIA. Snug in bed, mother dear. It 's only ten o'clock, and remember the poor girl is so delicate (*this in an ironical but doleful tone*). But tell me, what is this great fortune. Did the Maharajah of Humble Bumble leave it to you as a slight token of his love and admiration, or —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*smiling*). How silly you are, child! The Maharajah *did* admire me; but this fortune does not come to me alone, but to us all, Julia. Listen! Your Aunt Maxwell, my rich brother's widow, is coming home. We are her only relatives, so of course we shall have everything — in time —

JULIA (*in a disappointed voice*). Oh, bother Aunt Maxwell! I 'm sure she 'll be as cross as an old cat! I hate rich people of any kind; they are always cross and cranky, always longing for something they have n't got and can't have. And as to her leaving us her money, I 'm sure she 'll do nothing of the kind. You 'll see she 'll be founding a home for her dear relations, the cats.

MRS. SEYMOUR. For goodness' sake, go away, Julia! It is quite useless to look for sympathy from you. But if you don't take care and be more polite and ladylike, your aunt may not leave you a farthing.

JULIA (*laughing*). Perhaps she has not a farthing to leave; but I 'm sure if she has I hope she will leave it to Rose Falkland, who really wants it, whilst we — But good by, mother, I see I only vex you. I could not bear to see you bowing down before that old nabob's wealth; so after school hours I shall go home with Katie Pollock, and stay with her for a few days. I 'm sure I should throw something at the old lady's head, and disgrace the family.

MRS. SEYMOUR (*in an angry voice*). You are insolent, miss! Leave the room this moment, and stay away as long as you choose.

JULIA (*coaxingly*). Forgive me, mother! I know I am a dreadful torment; but don't be cross, there 's a darling! (*Kisses her mother and runs off by door* L.)

MRS. SEYMOUR (*alone*). Something must be done with that girl; she grows worse and worse every day. How

she and Lydia ever came to be sisters, I cannot think! Dear, sweet, lady-like Lydia. But, dear me, who is that? (*A gentle knock is heard on door* L.) Not Mrs. Maxwell, surely! Of course not (*laughing*). She will enter with state and pomp, and — But, come in.

(Enter ROSE FALKLAND by door L.)

ROSE (*timidly*). Good morning, aunt.

MRS. SEYMOUR (*carelessly presenting the tips of her fingers*). Is it only you, Rose?

ROSE. I hope I don't disturb you, aunt? Julia told me I should find you quite alone, so I came to —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*severely*). Not begging, I hope. But let me tell you beforehand that it is quite useless. Persons in your position should work —

ROSE (*flushing*). I have never begged of you yet, Aunt Seymour When I do, you can refuse, not before.

MRS. SEYMOUR. Hoity toity, to be sure! Then what is your business, may I inquire?

ROSE. A lady — a Madame le Breton — has written, asking me to go to her as a companion. Some friends told her about me; she —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*in a quick, angry voice*). Madame le Breton! Why that is the rich widow I met at the Peruvian consul's. She was quite taken with me, and begged me to call upon her. But you must not go to her; you must —

ROSE. But why, aunt? Her letter is most kind, most —

MRS. SEYMOUR. You must never go as my niece. She must never know I have such low people belonging to me. Why —

ROSE (*bitterly*). Do not fear; I shall not mention the relationship. I shall simply say that you will give her my character if she wishes it, as you have known me for some years.

MRS. SEYMOUR. Very well; that can do no harm. Ah there 's my sweet Lydia! (*runs to meet* LYDIA, *who enters by door* R.). My dear child, how I have longed for you to come down. I should have gone up to you, but I know how delicate your nerves are. But, my precious pet, I have such news for you. Lydia, my dream of years has at last come true. We are all going to be rich at last.

LYDIA (*starting up from the arm-chair in which she has been lying, fanning herself languidly*). Going to be rich, mamma! Oh, how delicious! But tell me how. What has happened?

ROSE (*aside, in sad, bitter tones*). And yet she has just said that she could not help me in the smallest way!

MRS. SEYMOUR. Well, my darling, your Aunt Maxwell has just written to say she has returned from South America. See, here 's her letter! (*Holds up a letter.*) On such delicious paper, and my dear brother's crest, too! I'm so glad, Lydia! She is sure to come to us immediately, and then —

LYDIA (*sinking back into her chair*) Ah! is that all? I thought some one had died and left us a real fortune.

ROSE (*in a delighted voice*). Aunt Maxwell coming home! Oh, when? Tell me when!

MRS. SEYMOUR (*contemptuously*). I can't see that you need care, Rose. Rich folks, as a rule, do not care for poor struggling girls like you

ROSE (*sadly*). Alas! no. I am sorry she is rich! But who knows, she may perhaps be kind and good!

LYDIA (*in a languid voice*). Is she then so very rich?

MRS. SEYMOUR. My love, she must be wonderfully rich, if the tales we heard of my brother's success be true. Of late years we have heard nothing of him, and indeed it is only a few months since I learnt he was dead, although his death took place a very long time ago

LYDIA. Such tales never are true. I wish you had not disturbed me so early for nothing. Mamma, I feel —

(SUSAN, the maid, runs on in great haste and excitement by door L.)

SUSAN. Please, mem, there 's a person in the 'all wishes to see you very perticular mem. She says she 's Mrs. Maxwell, the young ladies' aunt, come 'ome from furring parts.

MRS. SEYMOUR (*starting up*). Yes, yes, Susan. Show her in at once. Good gracious! what a state the place is in! It is quite late, I declare, and the breakfast things still on the table, and the drawing-room is not ready, I know. But, dear me, it can't be helped; you must show her in here, Susan! Let John take her luggage to the best bedroom; make up a nice fire there, but be quick, girl, be quick.

SUSAN (*grinning*). She ain't got no luggage; leastways, I don't think John will touch it.

MRS. SEYMOUR (*severely*). What do you mean, girl? Show the lady up at once, and do as I tell you. Rose, is my cap straight? Is — But, Lydia, darling, rouse yourself. Do be pleasant and gracious, and try to impress the old lady favorably First impressions, you know, are most important.

(A slight scuffle is heard outside, and then SUSAN throws open door L. and MRS. MAXWELL enters the room.)

SUSAN (*announcing*). Mrs Maxwell. (*Exit* SUSAN, *holding her apron to her mouth.*)

(MRS. SEYMOUR steps forward, smiling, but a change comes over her face as she beholds her visitor. She is arrayed in a long black cloak, poke-bonnet, and blue spectacles. Under one arm she carries a bundle tied up in a colored handkerchief, which she deposits on the nearest chair with a sigh of relief; then turning to MRS. SEYMOUR, with both arms outstretched, exclaims rapturously.)

MRS. MAXWELL. Sure, I 'm right glad to see ye, an' I hope ye 're as glad to welcome a poor exile to your home!

MRS SEYMOUR (*in a doubtful tone of voice*). Yes, yes, of course I am glad to see you; but I am a little flurried; my nerves are so delicate I did not expect you so soon; your letter —

MRS. MAXWELL (*settling herself comfortably in the arm-chair by the fire*). Ah, sure, that 's a way I have. Dropping in when least expected — taking people unawares. Well, you 're uncommon comfortable here (*looking round the room*). Much better than what I expected to find ye, by what my poor husband said. Always in debt and difficulties, livin' up to every penny, wid never a thought of the morrow; but he must have made a mistake, I think.

MRS. SEYMOUR. Ahem! Well, we have had our troubles, of course. (*Aside.*) Disgusting old creature! If she were not rich, I should soon send her about her business. But I must be patient; riches and genius always make people odd, eccentric.

MRS. MAXWELL. Well, don't say a word about troubles to-day. I 'll have time enough to hear all about them, for I 've made up my mind to live with you and your two fine daughters there.

MRS. SEYMOUR (*smiling*). Ah! I am pleased to hear you say so. Lydia, come and tell your aunt how welcome she is.

MRS. MAXWELL. Well now, you 're one of the right sort; but I won't be much trouble or expense either. For that matter, it 's little I eat, and any corner will do me to end my days in. The sight of those two darling daughters of yours does my poor old heart good, and —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*smiling*). Yes, Lydia has a sweet face; my youngest daughter you will see in a few days. This girl is Rose Falkland, my niece.

MRS. MAXWELL. And mine, too. Now, to my mind, she has the bonniest face of the two; but —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*frowning*). But about the house; don't you think you would like a larger establishment? You see this house is hardly good enough for you. We —

MRS. MAXWELL. Now, don't be puttin' yerself out for me. Why, woman, it 's splindid. Livin' with you

will save me rent, an' so long as it does that any place 'll do me.

MRS SEYMOUR (*aside*). Old screw! (*Aloud.*) But for a person of wealth — a rich man's widow — this is hardly suitable — hardly —

MRS. MAXWELL. A person of wealth! Arrah, is it laughin' at me ye are, Mrs. Seymour? If ye call £50 a year pension rich, thin you 're right; but —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*in a tone of horror*). £50 a year! Good gracious! what do you mean?

MRS. MAXWELL. Mean? Why, that that 's the sum total of my fortune.

LYDIA. Dear me, I feel quite ill! I really must go to my room till this dreadful woman leaves the house. (*Exit in a very dignified manner by door* R)

MRS. SEYMOUR. I cannot believe such a thing You are surely trying to make a fool of me. I who thought you rich — I who — But what is the use of talking? What meant your letter? your crested paper? Your —

MRS. MAXWELL. Arrah, then, sure ye need n't be so angry. Sure my letter niver said I was rich; an' the paper was a wee taste, left from what my good man brought out from England with him. An' it 's me (*weeping*) was a good wife to him. An', says he to me, "Darlin'," says he, "when I 'm gone, go to my friends; they 're a bit uppish and grand; but for my sake they 'll take ye in and give ye a home."

MRS. SEYMOUR (*in an angry voice*). Give you a home? Defraud my own children? No, no, I could not do it! You must find a home elsewhere — you must —

MRS. MAXWELL (*sobbing*). Oh, dear, oh, dear! Poor, friendless, lonely crature that I am! Where shall I go? What shall I do?

ROSE (*stepping forward, and laying her hand upon the old woman's shoulder*). I am your niece, too, Aunt Maxwell. I am poor, 't is true, but what I have you shall share it. Come to me; let me be your daughter.

MRS. MAXWELL (*flinging her arms round* ROSE'S *neck*). Oh, then, God bless your bonny face! Sure its only too glad I 'll be to go wid ye (*picking up her bundle and catching* ROSE *by the arm*). Good bye, Mrs. Seymour, and may you and your fine lady daughter niver live to regret the day when ye turned poor Aunt Maxwell from your door. But come on, darlin', come on! (*They go off by door* L , *and* MRS. SEYMOUR *falls exhausted upon the sofa.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *A poor shabby room in lodging-house.* JULIA SEYMOUR *is discovered seated at the table. Beside her is a large bonnet, a wig, and a pair of blue spectacles. She is dressed in a short brown stuff dress and a colored shawl round her shoulders. Doors* R. *and* L.

JULIA. Well, this is really glorious! I have taken them all in; and I, Julia Seymour, aged seventeen, have become my own cousin's old aunt. Oh! what fun it was to see mamma's face when I told her I had only £50 a year. Her dream of years had fled — ha, ha, ha! And Lydia, dear, refined Lydia! how her proud lip curled, how her eye flashed! Oh, dear, it was really splendid! But how am I to get out of it all? Rose, dear soul, has taken such a fancy to me, brogue and all; declares she never was so happy before; had always longed for a mother, or a grandmother, or any other old fossil, I suppose. Bah! I 'm tired of ye, Mrs. Maxwell; Julia Seymour, with all her faults, was far nicer. But hark! some one comes. Good gracious! my wig, my spectacles! I must hide. (*Goes to the window, and hides behind the curtain.*) Just in time, I declare! (*An elegant old lady, richly dressed, enters by door* L., *preceded by* LANDLADY.)

LANDLADY (*dusting a chair and placing it*). Please to take a seat, my lady. Miss Falkland won't be long. Who may I say is here, my lady?

MADAME LE BRETON. I am afraid you will not remember my name, as it

will sound strange to your ears, — Madame le Breton.

LANDLADY. Oh, yes, my lady, I've a sharp ear for names, and always had. Leurbretog, — I'll remember, never fear (*makes a courtesy, and exit by door* L.).

MADAME LE BRETON (*looking round the dingy room*). Poor child! poor child! so this is where she lives! What a miserable hole! How poor she must be! Well, it is easy to see I shall be welcome here. But how shall I try her? Shall I let her know at once that I am her rich aunt returned from abroad?

JULIA (*peeping out from behind the curtain*). Good gracious! the real Aunt Maxwell! What will become of me?

MADAME LE BRETON (*unconscious of* JULIA'S *presence*). No, I think I must not tell her just yet; I shall try her first. But how? I cannot pretend to be poor; no, that would be uncomfortable and awkward. But stay, here she comes.

(Enter ROSE by door L., looking flushed and excited.)

ROSE. Oh, forgive me, madame! I am so sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but I —

MADAME LE BRETON. It did not matter in the least, dear child. (*Aside.*) What a sweet face! How I long to take her to my heart! (*Aloud.*) I came to see what answer you intended giving to my letter. I wrote, you remember, asking you to come as my companion, and —

ROSE. Oh, yes, madame, and your letter did me good; but —

MADAME LE BRETON. Now, there must be no *buts*. I like your face, I am all alone in my great house; so you must come at once

ROSE (*sadly*). Alas! madame, I cannot.

MADAME LE BRETON (*astonished*). You cannot? What is there to prevent you, child? I will give you whatever salary you wish.

ROSE. You are indeed very good, madame, and I would gladly go to you: indeed, two days ago I was longing to hear of such a place, but since then something unexpected has happened, and —

MADAME LE BRETON. Good gracious, child, what can have happened? Are you in some debt or — But do not trouble about that. I shall willingly settle everything for you; so come to me — to-day, to-morrow, as soon as possible.

ROSE (*firmly, but sadly*). Indeed I cannot, madame. Since I received your kind letter yesterday morning, a poor old aunt, helpless and infirm, has returned from America.

JULIA (*from behind the curtain*). That's me! But I won't trouble you long, me darlin'.

MADAME LE BRETON (*in surprise*). An aunt from America? Why, I thought you had only one aunt abroad, and she is certainly not poor. Your father may have —

ROSE. Oh, madame, did you know my father?

MADAME LE BRETON (*in some confusion*). No, no, child, of course not; but I heard — that is, I was told. (*Aside.*) How imprudent! I nearly told her all. (*Aloud.*) But who is this aunt? Why should she come to you? The Seymours must be her relations, too; why should she not go to them? They are rich, and would surely take her in. Oh, you must get rid of her some way, dear child, and come to me, for I want you so much, Rose.

JULIA (*shaking her fist at* MADAME LE BRETON). I'll go to the Seymours, old lady, don't be afraid; but first I'll try you, as I tried my poor mother.

ROSE (*smiling*). The Seymours could not receive my poor Aunt Maxwell, madame. She is old and infirm, poor and helpless. I have promised to take care of her, to be a daughter to her. Indeed, indeed I cannot leave her.

MADAME LE BRETON (*walks aside in an excited and perplexed manner*). Aunt Maxwell! My own name — at

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least the name by which my nephews and nieces knew me. They never heard that we had changed our name, and I did not mention it in my letter to Mrs. Seymour. There is some mystery here! I must see this Mrs. Maxwell.

ROSE (*in an anxious, imploring voice*). Oh, madame, I am so sorry to have vexed you, I am indeed; but you see I cannot leave my poor old aunt.

JULIA. I only wish you would then, deary, and be quick about it, for I'm mortial stiff; and dear, oh dear, the dust of London curtains!

MADAME LE BRETON (*putting her hand on* ROSE'S *shoulder and looking at her affectionately*). My child, I am not vexed with you. On the contrary, I am greatly pleased to find you so good, kind, and charitable. But I am disappointed, bitterly disappointed, Rose, for I wanted to have you to myself. I am lonely, too, my dear child; I, too, want a daughter.

ROSE (*greatly astonished*). Oh, madame, I am so sorry; I —

MADAME LE BRETON. Now I tell you what, Rose, you must come to me. No, don't shake your head, but listen. I am rich; my house is large. Bring that helpless old lady with you, and we shall all live together.

ROSE (*in astonishment and delight*). Oh, how good you are, dear madame (*kisses her hand*). How can I thank you? How can I ever tell you what I feel?

MADAME LE BRETON (*kissing her on the forehead*). Do not thank me at all, dear child, but come and be my daughter, for as such I feel that I can love you. Between us we shall make this old lady quite happy. Good bye, now; I have visits to pay. Remember, I shall expect you and your aged relative very early in the afternoon. Good bye!

(Goes out accompanied by ROSE by door L.)

ROSE (*coming back, calls*). Auntie, auntie, come and hear my good news! (*Opens door* R. *and goes out. Coming back from door* R.) Dear me, what a pity she is not here to learn my good news! I wonder where she can have gone to. She seemed so feeble last night and this morning; her poor old eyes so weak that she could not bear the slightest light. It was foolish of her to venture out alone. I must really be quick and look after her, poor dear old creature! (*Exit by door* L.)

JULIA (*jumping down from behind the curtain and stretching herself*). Thank goodness! they're gone at last. I was afraid of my life I should burst out laughing and spoil my fun. Shall I escape now, and disappear forever? No, I must keep it up a little bit longer. You are very good and charitable, Madame le Breton, but we'll see if you will rejoice at having a vulgar, common old woman for your friend and relation. Poor mamma is very worldly; but it's my opinion she is very little worse than her neighbors. I shall remain here for to-night and to-morrow we'll see. (*Puts on her front cap, and spectacles, and walks slowly towards door* L.) So now for aches and pains, stiff joints and bed. I'll tell Rose that I was fast asleep under the clothes. Ochone, ochone, but I'm the poor, weak ould crature! (*Hobbles out by door* L.)

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT III.

SCENE. — *An elegantly furnished boudoir. Embroidery frame, jardinière, etc. A table* R. H. *with a vase and flowers: doors* R. L. MADAME LE BRETON *is discovered standing by the table arranging the flowers.*

MADAME LE BRETON. Well, I am sure, I hope I have not done wrong in allowing Rose to bring that old woman here. Who she can be I cannot imagine. My husband had, I believed, told me all about his family: his two sisters, Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Falkland, whose death grieved him so; but he never mentioned a brother; and he married and living in South America, too! It is very

strange; but it must surely be all right when Rose and Mrs. Seymour — Well, what is it?

(Enter SERVANT by door L.)

SERVANT. Please, madame, there is an old woman wishes to speak to you for a few moments.

MADAME LE BRETON. How tiresome! What does she want? Tell her I cannot see her. You know I am expecting Miss Falkland and her aunt. No, I cannot see any one. I must not be disturbed! Send her away.

SERVANT. Very well, madame. But, law, madame, here she is. Well I never! (*Exit by door* L.)

(Enter MRS. MAXWELL, bobbing and bowing to MADAME LE BRETON.)

MRS. MAXWELL. Forty thousand pardons, me lady, for makin' so bold as to come into your prisence; but sure I had to come to tell ye I could n't come to live with ye at all, at all.

MADAME LE BRETON (*dropping her flowers in astonishment*). Live with me! My good woman, you must be mad!

MRS. MAXWELL. Not a bit, my lady; but sure I 'm told that you want me dreadful bad, and I 'm sorry to disappoint ye; but sure it can't be helped, for I could n't live with ye at all.

MADAME LE BRETON (*slowly and quietly*). My good woman, I must beg of you to leave my house at once; I am expecting some friends, and I really cannot be disturbed at present.

MRS. MAXWELL (*settling herself comfortably in an arm-chair*). Expectin' friends, did ye say? Arrah, thin, it 's me 'll be glad to see thim. But I 'm thinkin' maybe I 'm one of thim friends. Did n't ye ask me and press me to come to you only last night?

MADAME LE BRETON (*aside*). What shall I do with this creature? How shall I get rid of her quietly? It is evident she is some poor mad woman. But I must be cautious; she may be dangerous if roused. Besides, Rose will soon be here, and I want to have a quiet talk with her and Aunt Maxwell, before the Seymours arrive. (*Aloud.*) Well, now, my good woman, don't you think it would be much better for you to come back to see me to-morrow, as I have not time to talk to you to-day? (*Aside.*) I shall take very good care she does not get in again, however. (*Aloud.*) Come, now, don't you think it will be much better, as we shall be able to have a comfortable chat to-morrow?

MRS. MAXWELL. Not at all, my lady, not at all. I cannot come to-morrow; but I 'll stay for an hour or two to-day, now that I am here.

MADAME LE BRETON (*in an angry voice*). Well, then, if you will not go, I must send for the police. (*Puts her hand to the bell, but starts back as she hears the old woman mutter* ROSE FALKLAND'S *name.*)

MRS. MAXWELL. Poor Rose Falkland! Poor Rose Falkland!

MADAME LE BRETON (*quickly*). And what of her? What do you know of Rose Falkland?

MRS. MAXWELL. Oh, a deal more than you, madame; for am n't I her own favorite Aunt Maxwell, just come home from America?

MADAME LE BRETON (*in astonishment and horror*). *You* Rose Falkland's aunt! *You!* A vulgar old woman like you. Good gracious! Now I see it all. (*Aside.*) Now I know why my poor husband never mentioned his brother; he must have been a scamp, a low fellow, to have married —

MRS. MAXWELL (*in a soothing voice*). Now, don't be fretten so, mem dear; sure it 's me that 's sorry I can't live with ye, and you such a near relation, too —

MADAME LE BRETON (*fiercely*). *You* are no relation of mine, you old —

MRS. MAXWELL. Hush, mem dear. Listen, and I 'll tell you.

(Enter ROSE FALKLAND, preceded by SERVANT by door L.)

SERVANT (*announcing*). Miss Falkland. (*Exit.*)

ROSE (*breathless and excited*). Oh, madame, I am late I know. I waited and waited for Aunt Maxwell to come; she went out some hours ago and has not yet returned. I feel so uneasy; she is old and infirm; she — (*perceives* MRS. MAXWELL). Why, I declare, there she is! Aunt, dear, I'm so glad! *How* did you get here? (*Kisses her affectionately.*)

MRS. MAXWELL (*sobbing*). My darlin', my darlin', I'm only here to say good bye.

ROSE. Why? What nonsense! This is where we are to live, Aunt Maxwell. Oh, speak, madame, reassure her; tell her this is to be her home.

MADAME LE BRETON (*gravely*). I am sorry, Rose, but it cannot be This old woman —

ROSE (*firmly*). Is my aunt, madame. Where I live she lives, and so —

MRS. MAXWELL. Aisy, Rose darlin', aisy! don't offind the lady. I could n't live in this cruel country at all, at all. There 's no place here for Biddy Maxwell.

MADAME LE BRETON (*taking* ROSE *kindly by the hand*). She is right, Rose; this is no place for her. Let her go away; I will give her money, I will —

MRS. MAXWELL. No rash promises, my lady. I'll go away, niver fear. But before I go, look me well in the face. And you, me bonny Rose, feast your eyes for a last time on me sweat old face, for you 'll niver see it again in this world. But don't fret, me darlin'; cheer up, and be happy, for that illigant lady is your real Aunt Maxwell, whilst I —

ROSE (*in surprise*). Why? What? O madame, what does she mean? Is she —

MRS. MAXWELL. Mad, me darlin'? Not a bit of it, but only tired of bein' old. Don't you know me, Rose? (*Pulls off her bonnet, front, and spectacles, and letting her hair fall down about her, runs over and embraces* MADAME LE BRETON.) Welcome to England, Aunt Maxwell or Le Breton, or —

ROSE (*in horror and surprise*). Oh, Julia Seymour! Is it possible? Can it be? How could you do such a thing?

MADAME LE BRETON (*laughing heartily*). You bad, wicked girl! What a trick to play! Dear me, dear me, I see it all now. So you have taken us all in — your mother, Rose, and — Goodness! I ought to scold you, but I really cannot. (*Kisses her affectionately.*) The idea of turning your venerable aunt into ridicule in such a manner. It was really very wrong to do such a thing. And my dear little Rose (*takes* ROSE *by the hand and kisses her*) taking home the horrid old creature to work for her! What a good, kind heart you have, darling! But can you love me, your real aunt, a little, eh?

ROSE (*smiling and blushing*). Oh, yes, aunt dear, I am sure I shall love you dearly. But really —

JULIA (*in a joyful voice*). Now, is n't she a darling, auntie? I 'm so glad she is with you. It will be so nice for her to have a nice, kind, good, rich lady to love and take care of her, instead of that nasty —

ROSE (*reprovingly*). O Julia, Julia, how could you treat your mother so? It was a great shame to—

JULIA (*laughing*). Now, Rose, don't scold me; I'll get quite enough by and by. But I never thought I should have succeeded so well. I was sure you would all have found me out at once.

ROSE. But how on earth did you manage it? Who dressed you? Where did you get all the things?

JULIA (*laughing*). Oh, Susan did it all. Her old mother had come to see her, so I took the loan of her cloak, bonnet, spectacles, and brogue. Then all went so easily that I really could not help myself. Oh, it was such delicious fun!

MADAME LE BRETON. And how

did you know that I was your aunt, Miss Julia?

JULIA. Oh, a little bird told me all that. But now, auntie, Rose, promise me this, — you will, won't you? Do not tell my mother that I have played this trick; she would never forgive me, and —

(Enter MRS. SEYMOUR and LYDIA by door L., preceded by SERVANT.)

SERVANT (*announcing*). Mrs. and Miss Seymour, madame. (*Exit* SERVANT.)

JULIA (*aside*). Let us fly, Rose, and hide the traces of my guilt. (ROSE *and* JULIA *escape by door* R.)

MRS. SEYMOUR. So glad, so very glad to see you, dear Madame le Breton. This is my daughter Lydia, whom you were kind enough to wish to know.

MADAME LE BRETON (*shaking hands with her visitors*). Delighted to see you; so very good of you to call! I — But pray be seated — I am so pleased, I —

(Re-enter ROSE and JULIA by door L. JULIA in her walking dress.)

ROSE (*smiling brightly*). She is gone, aunt dear; gone, never to return.

JULIA (*in pretended astonishment*). You here, mamma? Lydia?

MRS. SEYMOUR (*really surprised*). And you, Julia and Rose? What brings you here? And calling this lady aunt! What does it mean?

JULIA (*seating herself on the arm of* MADAME LE BRETON'S *chair, puts her hand affectionately on her shoulder*). Why, that she is my aunt, the true, real Aunt Maxwell; and that the old creature who went to you yesterday was a humbug, a —

MRS. SEYMOUR (*in a joyful tone*). My dear Madame le Breton, can this be true? Are you, then, my dear sister-in-law? Lydia, embrace your dear aunt. But, then, your name — your —

MADAME LE BRETON (*smiling*). It is very puzzling, I know; but yet it is easily explained. I am your brother's widow, and I shall soon make you understand the change of name when I tell you that just before my husband's death, my uncle left us a valuable property on condition that we should take the name of le Breton.

MRS. SEYMOUR (*rapturously*). Well, I am delighted to welcome you home! (*Kisses her affectionately.*) But this woman of yesterday?

MADAME LE BRETON (*smiling*). Was, as Julia says, a humbug. But I cannot allow a word to be said against her, for she did me a very good service.

MRS. SEYMOUR. Goodness, how? In what possible way? She annoyed and worried me to such a degree, I could never tell you how vexed I felt. I assure you if I could only catch her I should —

MADAME LE BRETON. Oh, she must never be caught. Eh, Julia? She has done me a good service in this way; she has proved that one niece has a heart of pure gold, and that the other is — well, a lovable, though somewhat wild young person. Rose, come here. This dear child is to be my daughter, Mrs. Seymour, and in time my heiress.

ROSE. Oh, no, dear aunt, not your heiress. Your daughter, yes! but oh, you are too good. (*Puts her head on* MADAME LE BRETON'S *shoulder and weeps.*)

JULIA. How jolly! how nice! Just what I longed for! Hurrah!

MRS. SEYMOUR (*aside*). A fortunate young person, truly. (*Aloud.*) Julia, you are unladylike. Your levity is unseemly; your manners —

LYDIA (*aside*). How disgusting! how disagreeable! Our chances are all over.

MADAME LE BRETON. Well, I am truly glad to see you all about me. It is very pleasant to be amongst my dear husband's friends and relations. Julia, my love, you must be a sister to Rose, a second daughter to me.

JULIA. That I will, very gladly, dear aunt.

MADAME LE BRETON (*taking* JULIA'S

hand in her own). You are a good child, and I think there is enough property for two; but we shall see. And now, dear friends (*turning to* Mrs. Seymour *and* Lydia), I hope that you, one and all, may live to bless the day on which you welcomed your strange old aunt to your hearts and home.

Rose. Indeed, I am sure we shall, dear aunt.

Julia. I, for one, shall never forget the happy day of Aunt Maxwell's return.

CURTAIN.

A Polyglot Collection in honor of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. — Messrs. C. Kegan, Paul & Co. are preparing for publication, as a curiosity of literature, an Epigram, recently written by Mr. Charles Kent, and already translated into upwards of forty languages by some of the most illustrious scholars in Christendom. The original words are entitled "On the Accession of Leo XIII.: An Epigram after S. Malachy," especial reference being made therein to the reputed prophecies first laid before the world, three centuries ago, in Wion's "Lignum Vitæ." The collection, which will be entitled "Corona Catholica," will include upwards of seventy versions, representing nearly fifty languages. Conspicuous among the contributions to the volume are versions in Greek, by Professor Paley; in Persian, by Professor Mir Aulad Ali; in Zend, by Professor Darmesteter; in Mandshu, by Professor Gabelentz; in Assyrian, by Professor Sayce; in Icelandic, by Professor Magnusson; in Egyptian, by Professor Le Page Renouf; in Chaldaic, by Professor Noldeke; in Ethiopic, by Professor Dillman; in Romaic, by Professor Psaras; in Sanskirt, by Professsr Max Müller; in Irish, by Canon Bourke; and in Basque, by Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The work will be issued in a quarto volume.

THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the fashion came into vogue of placing the principal joints and pieces of meat at the head of the table, above the salt, in order that the chief guests might regale their eyes with the promise of the good cheer before them, and also be conveniently served to the choicest cuts. This custom involved the necessity of carving the meats after they had reached the table; therefore the ladies were invited to sit at the head of the board, that they might perform the services which before had been delegated to the professional carver. It was thus from no desire to compliment the fair sex that woman, in the beginning, was promoted to the most honorable place at the table. It was for the selfish convenience of her lord, and not for her own dignity, that the position was accorded to her; and as, in mediæval society, she administered to her guests by preparing dishes for their enjoyment, often bearing them to the table herself, so she now, in the capacity of carver, continued in the rank of a servitor. But with the tact which is her distinguishing characteristic, she has gradually converted the carver's stool into a throne of state, and assumed the right to preside, through an office which originally authorized her only to help them to food.

Address of the Continental Congress to the Irish Nation. — We are desirous of the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing you with the true state of our motives and objects, the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy, and to determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality. Your parliament had done us no harm. You had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind; and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that the Irish nation has produced patriots who nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER MATHEW.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Esq.

He had a watery-eyed old butler named John, whose red-tipped nose and general flavor of something more potent than issues from a pump suggested an affection for a strong drop. As was well said, "If he did not drink other than was right, he might fairly bring an action for libel against his nose and recover heavy damages."

One day, when John was attending at dinner, the flavor of the water was, to put it very mildly, very peculiar. There were several of our number whispered their suspicions, and some of the youngsters laughed outright. Our worthy host smelt the contents of the telltale jug, and addressing the butler, said, "John, this water has the smell of whiskey. Had you any spirits in the jug?" John's face crimsoned at the notion, but he was quite equal to the occasion. Instead of a sneaking denial, which, under the circumstances, would have availed nothing, he boldly replied, —

"Yes, your riverence, now I remember. I wanted a drop of spirits to clean the tins. Whiskey is the best for brightening them up, and as I had the jug in my hand, I must have put the whiskey in it.

"Oh! that accounts for it. Please rinse the jug well, John, another time," was the only rebuke of his kind master.

It was not merely in his efforts to stay the progress of intemperance that Father Mathew signalized himself. True, therein he gained his world-wide fame, and thousands might repeat the words of one who did not practice what he preached,—*

Curtain the lamp and bury the bowl!
The ban is on drinking.
Reason should reign the queen of the soul
When the spirits are sinking.
Chained be the demon that smote with blight
Men's morals and laurels.
Then here 's to health, and a long good-night
To old wine and new quarrels!

Night shall descend and the taverns ring
With the roar of our revels.
Morning shall dawn and none of them bring
White lips and blue devils.
Riot and frenzy sleep with remorse
In the obsolete potion,
And mind grows calm like a ship on her course
O'er the level of ocean.

During the time when the cholera raged in Cork and struck down thousands in a day, no one labored more actively in the cholera hospital to administer the consolations of religion to the dying penitents than Father Mathew. He saved the life of a patient in a very singular manner. He had been reading some prayers by the bedside of a young man, who, he thought, might possibly recover from the dreadful malady, when he was suddenly called to another ward of the hospital to prepare a dying man for death. Having administered Extreme Unction to the dying penitent, he returned to the penitent he had lately left, but only to find the bed tenantless.

"Nurse," he inquired, "where is the young man who occupied this bed?"

"Dead, sir."

"Dead? Impossible! Where is he?"

"Taken with the other corpse to the dead-house."

"I cannot believe he is dead," persisted Father Mathew. "I thought him better when I left him. I must see to this."

Away went Father Mathew, who must have possessed strong nerves to encounter all he saw in the charnel-house. I cannot describe the sickening details; suffice it to say he recognized the body of the young man, which two men, especially paid for the purpose, were about wrapping in tarred sheets preparatory for interment.

"Stop, stop! Surely that man cannot be dead," cried Father Mathew.

"Troth he is, God be merciful to his sowl," piously prayed one of the men of the dead-house.

"I cannot believe he is. I was speaking to him a short time ago. Let me feel his pulse," he said.

* James Clarence Mangan.

"An' welcome, your honor."

Father Mathew knelt beside the prostrate body, and studied the rigid face as he felt the pulse. It was a scene for a painter, — the apparently lifeless body, the quaint and grim men ready to cover the remains with the cerements of the tomb, the anxious priest feeling for some indication that life was not extinct. After a brief pause the countenance of Father Mathew wore an inspiriting aspect.

"The man is alive!" he shouted triumphantly. "I feel his pulse! Thank God! Thank God!"

It was true. The vital spark was not quenched; restoration had due effect, and the supposed corpse was brought from the dead-house to be treated in the hospital. Before many days passed, the man was able to thank his generous preserver for his life.

From 1838 to 1845 the number who became pledged teetotalers was about a million and a half. He administered the pledge in England, and I understand the late pious and honored Duke of Norfolk, — then Earl of Arundel, — ever ready to lead the van where religion and morality needed his support, set the example and took the pledge.

THE NEGRO STAMPEDE.

N. O. Star and Catholic Messenger.

As we have heretofore remarked, this unaccountable movement of the negro population ought to be considered at the South as an incalculable blessing. The presence of the negro element in our population is probably the chief cause of the evident reluctance which white immigration shows for what may be called the negro States. It cannot be a question of health or temperature, for Texas is neither cooler nor more healthy than Mississippi or Georgia, yet foreign immigration pours steadily into its bosom. The reason is clear: it is a State comparatively free of negro labor.

We are quite aware that planters will disagree with us. Poor and shiftless and irresponsible and unreliable as they know negro labor to be, they think it is better than none, and they would not risk the chance of filling its vacant place with something better. But Providence often does for a man what he has not courage to try for himself, and that may be a blessed experience in store for the South on the labor question. There would be a good deal of poetical justice, too, in such a consummation. The North has set the negro free: let it take him home to itself.

In saying this, however, we are not actuated by the slightest ill will to this unfortunate people. On the contrary, our warmest sympathies are with the poor negro, and the more earnestly so just now, that we see in this strange movement fresh evidence of his helplessness. The negro race among us seems to be as much as ever the creature of superstition and folly. Their credulity is played upon by a set of designing scoundrels, called preachers, under the pay, perhaps, of railroad companies or political tricksters, and they are easily made to swallow the most improbable stories of ease and affluence in a cold, inclement, comparatively barren region. Without a second thought, they set out on a career of destitution, suffering, and disappointment.

And what does all this come from? Undoubtedly from ignorance. We do not blame the negro, or criticise him for the enthusiasm and simplicity which God has given him On the contrary, we most heartily desire to see him instructed, enlightened, and delivered from that mental darkness which makes him so easy a victim to wicked machinations. It is clear to any observer among us that colored people who can read with some facility are intelligent enough; they have achieved a comparative emancipation from the thraldom of all that brood of superstitious folly which springs from the absolute ignorance of ordinary facts; they are far more accessible

to actual truth and far more correct in their estimate of current events.

It must be admitted that the negro forms no exception to the general rule of intelligence, which is that the more intelligent a man is the worse he is, unless his moral education has been made to keep pace with his intellectual development. If we except the colored people of old free families, who have been educated under Catholic influences, the "smartest niggers" are, as a general thing, the greatest rascals.

All this goes to show that emancipation was too sudden. There was no sufficient preparation for so mighty a change, and its evil fruits are now seen in the present wonderful phenomenon of weakness and delusion. But such as the negroes are, the church must accept them, and we rejoice that she is taking steps to provide for that intellectual emancipation which ought to have been concurrent with their political freedom. This is a grand work, and though now in its infancy, is no doubt destined to assume vast proportions. The negro population will eventually find that the Catholic Church is their only true friend, the only disinterested protector, that does not cast them aside when not found available for political service.

THE VIRTUE OF ASSASSINATION.

N. O. Star and Catholic Messenger.

THERE is forming in Europe a frightful school, — the school of assassination. Its headquarters seems to be in Russia, but it has affiliations everywhere. This school of philosophy teaches that assassination can be a virtue. We say it is frightful, because it supposes not only the absence of all religious belief, but the actual suppression of all natural conscience. Nature itself teaches that assassination is an awful crime, and points at the murderer a spectral finger that drives him to desperation, unless he has become callous to all the nobler, loftier impulses of his being. A man that can hold assassination to be a virtue is a monster, yet we find not only men, but women, and plenty of them, active apostles of that doctrine, — men and women not only of desperate fortunes, but of the noblest rank and the most exalted intelligence.

Can we be surprised at a conspiracy of this sort in Russia? Surely not. Assassination is a lesson taught that people from throne and from the sanctuary. When the monarch is in the way of an aspiring heir-apparent, history shows that no scruples of conscience prevent a recourse to prompt measures. An opportunity is easily found, a willing agent still more easily; then the tomb receives a victim and the throne a successor. That successor is hailed with unquestionable loyalty as not only emperor but *high-priest*. The bells ring, the artillery salutes, the people grow hoarse with huzzas, and then they go home with the great national doctrine sunk still more deeply into their hearts, — the doctrine of assassination. If their High Pontiff is an assassin, what can be the harm of it? If the Czar has not scrupled to remove an obstacle in this expeditious manner, why should not the prince or the peasant do the same thing?

It cannot be denied that the doctrine is a very convenient one in some respects. What an easy way of righting wrongs! A tyrant afflicts the country; no revolution at all is necessary to get rid of him, except the revolutions naturally communicated to the movement of a rifle-ball by the spiral groove of the barrel. A rich old wretch makes a whole neighborhood uncomfortable by selling out widows, swindling orphans, and driving starving families from their cabins to perish of exposure on the highway. The old fellow is too mean to hire a regiment for his body-guard, and a good stout cudgel falling on his skull puts an end to the ruin. A murderous bully keeps a whole community in alarm by his threats; he has killed

several men and does n't care whom he kills next. Suddenly it is known that somebody has poured a little melted lead into his ear while he was in a drunken sleep, and every one feels greatly relieved. There would thus be an immediate end to all tyranny, all injustice, all crime, because capital punishment would be the sharp, swift, unerring retribution in every case. This would be millennium.

Unhappily, there are inconveniences in the way. It is true that God has given to nations the power of life and death, but he never gave it to the individual On the contrary, he said to him, "Thou shalt not kill." Then it is to be feared that an assassin, with the very best of intentions, might make a mistake; his judgment might be mastered by prejudice or bigotry or hatred or some great excitement. In so serious a matter as the death sentence, it has been thought well to guard against mistakes by all the usual forms of justice and all the usual coolness of investigation. Then it is quite certain that the power of life and death in the hand of every individual would put an end, not only to all government, but to all society. Every man, in order to avoid unpleasant accident, arising from a mistaken sense of assassination justice, would have to provide himself with a gun and take to the woods.

But what can one expect of schism and heresy? Protestant heresy is young in comparison with Greek schism. Three centuries of Protestant fermentation has resulted in Socialism, but twelve centuries of schism has distilled the far more subtle poison of virtuous assassination.

THE titles borne by the Prince of Wales are, Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Saxony, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Chester, and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles. He is also knight of several orders.

BALFE, THE COMPOSER.

A MEMORIAL window, in memory of Balfe, has been placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, through the efforts of Sir Robert Stewart, whose lectures — the profits of which went for that purpose — appeared in our magazine The window was unveiled on the 12th of April, in presence of her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, and of a large and fashionable attendance. Sir Robert played a short air on the organ, and at the proper moment the curtain dropped, and the window revealed its beauties It represents Erin, with a very pensive expression of countenance, lamenting over her son, and placing on his brow a chaplet of laurel. Erin's other hand rests on an Irish harp, which is an accurate copy of the so-called harp of Brian Boroihme, which is preserved in Trinity College. The artist is Mr. Ballantine, of Edinburgh, who has also rendered some of the beautiful windows in Glasgow Cathedral, the east window of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and the stained glass in the Findlater Church, Rutland Square. The inscription on the window states that Balfe was born in Dublin in 1808, and that he died in Romney Abbey, in 1870. It adds that he was the most celebrated, genial, and beloved of Irish musicians. He was born in Pitt Street, as Mr. W. Logan's marble tablet on the house records. The lower lines of the inscription mention that the window is erected by "R. P. Stewart, Knt., one of the Vicars Choral of the Cathedral."

We append a brief biographical sketch of the eminent composer: —

Michael William Balfe, a musician and a composer, born at 10 Pitt Street, Dublin, May 15, 1808, was one of the first Irishmen of modern times whose talent as a composer has been widely acknowledged, and whose works have been performed throughout the Continent. When he was seven years of age, the master of a military band at Wexford, where his

father was then residing, was attracted by his aptitude, and gave him lessons on the violin. After six months' tuition, Balfe wrote a polacca for his instructor's band. Receiving further tuition under O'Rourke, in Dublin, he appeared as a violinist in a concert at the Exchange, in May, 1816, and became a small celebrity as a composer, singer, and violinist. At sixteen his father died, and he removed to London, supporting himself by performing in the orchestra at Drury Lane, and continuing his musical studies. In 1825 a Russian count, Mezzara, was so charmed with his talents and touched with his likeness to a deceased son, that he took Balfe to Italy at his own expense, to continue his studies. This lasted about a year, at the expiration of which he was thrown on his own resources. In 1828 he appeared as "Balfi," in Paris, in the "Barbiere di Seviglia," and did himself much credit by some compositions. For the next seven years he continued his career in Italy, composing "I Rivali," and other operas, singing with Malibran at the Scala in Milan, and falling in love with and marrying a German singer, Mlle. Rosen. In the spring of 1835, returning to London, he was soon established as a popular composer. "The Light of Other Days," from his "Maid of Artois," was at one time among the most favorite songs in the language. His success may now be said to have been complete, and he delighted the public by the constant production of new works. In 1843 his best known opera, "The Bohemian Girl," since arranged for performance in almost every European language, was brought out at Drury Lane. From 1845 to 1852 he occupied the post of conductor in her Majesty's Theatre, London. In this last year he visited St. Petersburg, where he was fêted, and made large sums of money. He then travelled to other parts of the Continent, and in 1856 returned to England, and introduced his daughter as a singer at the Royal Italian Opera, at London. Balfe wrote altogether about thirty operas. Perhaps "Il Talismano" is the best The latter part of his life was spent at Rowney Abbey, Herts. There he died of congestion of the lungs, on the 20th of October, 1870, aged sixty-two. He possessed "in a high degree the qualifications that make a natural musician, viz., quickness of ear, readiness of memory, executive faculty, almost unlimited and ceaseless fluency of invention, with a felicitous power of producing striking melodies"; but there was "a want of conscientiousness, which made him contented with the first idea that presented itself, regardless of dramatic truth, and considerate of momentary effect rather than artistic excellence." Balfe's second daughter, Victoria, after a short artistic career, married Sir John Crampton, British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and after procuring a divorce from him, the Duke de Frias, a Spanish nobleman.

It is related in the "New York Graphic" that the other evening at a little dinner party, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason, because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well—oh, gentry are those who never do any work themselves and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah!" exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry, we call them tramps." A laugh went around the table, and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

Blessed is the old bachelor that don't hate cats and pincushions.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER X.

THE FUNERAL.

It was a sharp, crisp morning. There had been a slight fall of snow; after this had come a frost; and now the frozen snow crackled under the heavy-shod feet of the peasants as they wended their way to Mass. Heavy, indeed, their "brogues" may have been, but light were their hearts, as over field and hill, along the road, or by unfrequented lane or path, they hastened on, with healthful cheeks and buoyant, vigorous steps, to the little parish chapel.

The parish priest said the early Mass. Father Mac was a kind-hearted, agreeable little man, that interested himself a good deal in the temporal, without neglecting the spiritual, well-being of his flock. At the commencement of the Holy Sacrifice he asked the prayers of the congregation for the repose of the soul of one that had gone from among them: "Poor Betty Marron, may she rest in heaven!" And the people fervently answered, "Amen!"

As they moved quietly home, the woman that was dead became an almost universal subject of conversation, and anxious were the questions regarding the wake. The women asked whether she was a nice "corpse"; and some of the young lads, that would have been there if they could, asked whether there was good fun, and if there was good "pittin round" (putting round of refreshments); and the old "collyas" (old gossips) asked if she was "lumber" (limber), or was it likely any one else would follow.

When last Mass that day was said, the people began to gather near the house of Julia Marron for the funeral; and it was noticed by more than one that there was a "mighty lot of strangers." These were Andy M'Kenna's seaside acquaintances.

Many diversions were got up among the young persons to pass away the time; they took three jumps, or they cast a heavy stone, or they ran races. The elders leant against the fences where the sun shone, and talked over the weather, the prices of hay or provisions, and the prospect of hard or genial weather. The younger females kept walking on the roads; and the very old and intimate friends of the deceased were indoors.

Andy M'Kenna took an early opportunity of distributing among his acquaintances from the country a jar of whiskey that had been sent for that morning, as a surety that they would not be *run out*. Men were sent here and there through the crowd with jugs of the national beverage, as the day was hard; but seeing Father Bryan riding down the hill, they beat a hasty retreat with the jugs and the drink. They knew very well the reason themselves, and had got, perhaps, good cause to know it.

On the approach of the priest the corpse was taken from the inner room, amidst much wailing of the women, and amidst the sighs and the tears of the poor, unhappy daughter. The men brought it outside the door, the crowd knelt, and an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary" were said for the deceased. After that the *De Profundis* was recited as they stood up.

At that moment a person came and whispered into Father Bryan's ear that there was a very urgent sick call. Father Bryan expressed aloud his regret that he was not able to go with the funeral, and thereby show his respect to the dead woman and her poor daughter, as he was called away on duty.

He waited one or two minutes till the funeral had moved off. Up to this no sounds had come from the bereaved daughter, only low, stifled groans; not even a tear was shed from her eye, as the corpse was raised on the men's shoulders and borne off;

but an unearthly paleness was visible on her cheek, and, ere she stirred from the door, against which she had been leaning, looking after the receding procession, she swooned away. Father Bryan noticed the varying expression of her face, and caught her before she fell. He then resigned her over to the care of two or three elderly females, and, having ordered them to sprinkle cold water on her face, he got on his horse and hastened to the sick call.

A ride of a couple of miles brought him to the house. Evidently he was not expected so soon. He passed in through the door, reciting to himself, as a priest always does when on a sick call, "*Pax huic domui et omnibus habitantibus in ea*" (May peace be on this house and all dwelling in it). He saw at a glance there was only one apartment beside the little kitchen. There was no sick person in the kitchen; naturally, therefore, she must be in the room that lay at his right hand. He turned to the door, and there stood. On the bed was an old woman sitting up. She held in her left hand a plate of cabbage and meat, cut up small, and with the fingers of the right hand she supplied herself pretty liberally. This was the woman he was told was complaining of an inward pain. For a while he could not help watching the woman's movements, and admiring how dexterously she did her work. The daughter, however, in a minute or two came in, and called out from behind the clergyman's back (for he stood in the doorway of the little room), "O mother, don't you see the priest? Here 's the priest — Father Bryan, himself — come to see you."

The woman had taken the full of her hand, and was in the act of raising it to her mouth. She stopped it midway in its course, and, turning round to the priest, she said, "Ah, your reverence, I 'm very *donny*" (sickly and weak).

"Work on, work on, my dear; you can't be too badly off," was the reply of the priest; and he turned round and left her to finish her task. The reader must understand that this was a *ruse* on the part of the person giving the call, in order to tempt away the priest from the funeral, for what purpose this chapter will disclose. The poor woman was, indeed, unwell, but certainly in no need of the priest, and did not send for him; but thinking that one of her "little boys" (as she called her sons who were verging on thirty) had asked the priest to come, she did n't wish but to appear somewhat unwell.

Now we follow the funeral. Four strong men put their shoulders to the bearer on which the coffin rested, and the procession had moved off. When they proceeded about twenty yards from the house they laid down the bearer till it touched the road. If this be to allow, as it were, the dead to take a final farewell of the old neighborhood, it is a beautiful and a touching custom; but if it be for superstitious purposes, as is to be feared, then it is to be reprehended. There was a short pause for this, and then they moved away again. In turns, two and two, they waited for the bier, and took their part in bearing the remains for a short distance. This was done at regular intervals, so that it did not press heavy on any parties.

All went on smoothly till they came to where a short cut through the fields debouched on the high road. At this spot a crowd of men were gathered, evidently awaiting the funeral that was coming along the road. This was a crowd of the "forties."* A little farther on the road was another gathering, and these were the reserves. The place where they stood was not distant more than a quarter of a mile from the graveyard.

It was a calm Sunday, with a bra-

* The farmers who had leagued together not to set potato-ground under forty shillings a rood were called "forties"; those who demanded that the tax should be thirty shillings were called the "thirties."

cing frosty air, and about three o'clock in the day. The sun was shining brightly. Two or three little sparrows were busy chattering over an ear of oaten-straw that had fallen upon the road, and a lonely robin was sunning himself on a bough of whitethorn, and striving to warble some old, forgotten lay.

The funeral approached. Two men went out from the crowd, and presented themselves as if they intended to take the bearer for a turn. There was a voice from behind — "Don't let them in under the decent woman!" and there was a rush up from behind. A rude repulse was given to the two men. It was answered by a blow. The coffin and bearer were laid down on the road. There was a hurrying up of young men from behind. A yell, a crash, a blow! The crowd that stood at the entrance to the lane dashed into the *melee*. A man put his fingers to his lips; he whistled, and there was a charge forward from the men around the turn. Old men and young men leaped into the fray. Sticks rose and fell. There were blows and blows. Men stood upright struggling, and the next moment they were lying on the road bleeding, and some insensible

"Strike them! Strike them! Down with the forties!"

"Will yous? Will yous? We gave *yous* something last night, and we'll give *yous* the same now." And the battering and beating and bloodshed went on. There were loud cries from the women, and clapping of hands, and wild fright and terror and despair. Men yelled fierce and angry. Sticks were seen breaking on the heads of many. A man was seen turning round to meet an assailant that had struck him from behind, and that moment a stroke came with terrible force along the side of his head and temple, and he was felled to the ground. Even the women could not look and see their brothers and husbands "struck" and not take part. Some of the boldest took stones from the roadside and hurled them among the "forties." And then went on the struggle of living men,— men fighting and yelling and striking, and beating with merciless cruelty, while all the while, still and silent and peaceful, lay the remains of the dead woman on the ground in their midst.

At length one of the brothers (of those who had been attacked the previous night), forcing his way through the crowd to Andy M'Kenna (who, had he not been in the front of the crowd, had been saved by the speed of his heels), set on him. Andy had taken too much of the tempting drop. At any time he was never equal to his assailant, and least of all now. He was struck, and he fell upon his mother-in-law's coffin, awaking from the boards thereof a noise that was heard all through the funeral.

There was an instantaneous pause, as if till that moment they did not see the revolting inhumanity of their work. Each party, beholding the man cast insensible on the bier of his wife's mother, stood still; and in the interval of calm, Father Bryan rode up. From a distance he had seen there was a halt in the funeral, and, suspecting something of the kind, he had ridden at all speed. Andy M'Kenna was raised from the coffin. The priest gave orders to have him washed and cleansed, and having seen the other wounded men removed, he himself proceeded with the corpse to the grave, and got it interred.

When he returned Andy M'Kenna was still insensible. The man was bleeding with a cut on the head. A cart was got; and as if Julia Marron's trials were not heavy and sorrowful enough, her husband, was brought home to her, just as night was falling, something almost as dead as the corpse that only some few hours before had been raised from her door and borne away. He was put on the bed, and the doctor sent for. In the mean time, Father Bryan waited by the bedside, watching every symptom of the sick man, and trying to console

his poor wife. The doctor came. The wounds on the head he pronounced to be not serious, but that his shoulder was dislocated, and it was the pain of that, together with the amount of liquor he had taken, that brought on insensibility. The hand was then drawn to its proper socket, was bandaged up and tied, and he was left to sleep out the effects of whiskey and Ribbonism, while his poor wife, pale and worn, took her place by the bedside to watch him.

CHAPTER XI.

TAKEN AND TRANSPORTED.

THREE weeks Andy M'Kenna lay on his bed. During these three weeks he did scarcely anything else but drink. The remains of the funeral whiskey were there, and he thought it as well not to leave that a burden on the house. So he set to drink.

It was finished. The last bottle was hardly finished when he saw "ghosts and shapes of hell." They were at his head, and they were at the foot of his bed, and they were at his sides, and they were at his ears, and they were cutting all sorts of capers on the bedclothes; and one, the ugliest little fellow of all, was grinning at him through the window. He raised himself on the bed, wet his lips with the last drain from the unoffending bottle, and then flung it fair at the hideous pookha peering through the window, and succeeded in making a larger aperture for the grinning ghost.

The man began to shout, "Water! water! holy water! For God's sake, holy water! Ha — look at the ould imp! Give me the hatchet! Oh, look at the little d——s! Will none of yous drive them away from me? They 're nipping me. Water! holy water! Oh, for all sakes, holy water! She 'll kill me. Will none of yous bring me holy water? Let me up, and I 'll have her life with the hatchet"

Julia took her three children in her arms. Her hair was hanging loosely behind her. She drew the door out after her, and rushed to her next-door neighbor.

Again the man in the room started up, but Mrs. Marron's ghost stood between him and the door. He saw her there. "Let me out, you ould ——, or I 'll brain you with this hatchet. Look at her standing there with the saw. Oh! oh! She 'll have my life!" And he dropped down in the bed, and cowered beneath the blankets. Again he was burning. The little devils had, every one of them, a coal of fire in their hands, and they were burning him, and the ugly demon with the horrible face was grinning at him through the broken pane.

Two old men from the next house came to give help. They opened the door cautiously. One bore a spade for defence, and the other a pitchfork. By great courage they entered the little kitchen. Then the parlor door was opened as cautiously as the outer one.

There were mutterings heard from the inner room, and one peeped through the keyhole, and saw Andy busy brushing away the little devils. At that moment he raised his head and cried, "Water, water! Will none of yous bring me a drop of holy water? Oh, look at the old hag with the saw going to cut me in two! Give me the hatchet, Barney," he shouted; and then, lowering down with each word, he ended in a whisper, "Barney, give me, give me, give me."

"'Tis the *delairyum*, Paddy," said the man at the keyhole, rising up and addressing his companion.

"The *delairyum*, Kudy?" said the other.

"Yes, by the powers," said the former. "How at all will we manage him?"

"The only way, Kudy, is to humor him. If he wants to kill a man, just give in to him."

"The Lord betune us all and harm! What, if it was the blessed sickness? I'm mortal afeared, myself, since the eve of 'come Lammas next a two

year' when I got three falls near the fort."

"Husht your tongue, you pisth-rogue, you."

"See, see the way he's gettin' on. Ayther the man is daft, or — the Lord preserve us — "

"Water, holy water!" shouted the man on the bed. "Will none of yous take 'em away from me? Look at the little d——s. Oh, oh!" and he crouched himself up. "Give me a hatchet and I'll make short work of her." And he sprang out on the floor.

The two men took to their heels. There was a crowd of women at the kitchen door. As soon as they saw the men appearing, with terror on their features, they too fled. And the dog, Shepherd, jumping up out of his rest near the ashpit, was just in time to meet the hurrying legs of Kudy, who had in the race been the later of the two, and who was now flung with considerable violence against the door of the kitchen. The poor woman cried a thousand murders, that the madman had killed him; and poor Julia, with her little children still clinging to her arms, and crying, was ready to faint with shame and terror.

Some young men had by this time gathered. They raised the prostrate man, who was, of course, more frightened than hurt. They entered the bedroom of the drunken man, hunted the dreadful goblin, exorcised Mrs. Marron's ghost, gave him holy water, handed him a hatchet (which was nothing more than a piece of a stick). With this Andy M'Kenna killed Mrs. Marron a dozen times or more, and brushed her blood from himself, from his hatchet, and from all the bystanders, but particularly from Kudy's brogues (which, according to him, had got an abundant sprinkling); went through a wonderful amount of knight-errantry, and at last was set to sleep by the help of some opium that had, in the mean time, been brought from the dispensary. And so Mr. Andrew M'Kenna put his first attack of *delirium tremens* over him.

In the parish of the Seven Hotels was a nice little Protestant church, in a cosey, picturesque nook. The number of persons attending the service on a Sunday was very small indeed. The rector was a reverend baronet, who thought that wider fields would be more suitable to his talents and ability. He was a stirring, active man, and had some ambition. He figured a good deal in controversial sermons and tracts, not through any hatred of Popery, but through the hope (vain as it turned out) of obtaining a mitre: for he lived and died "the Rev. Sir ———." His time was spent far away from his parish; but he had a *locum-tenens*, to whom the whole duty and guardianship of the parish and the congregation were intrusted. The rector visited the place twice a year or so; and that again, less for love of his flock than for a season of fowling or a few weeks' hunting. Birds were there to be shot at. Powder was made for "blazing." And, as in everything else, he was no way niggardly about either. Every bird that rose was sure to be saluted; but the feathers generally carried the bones. His house — a very large one, being tenanted only by his curate — stood at times in need of repairing. The fowling season was coming on, and Andy M'Kenna was engaged to make some repairs.

Andy M'Kenna worked at his business in the interior of this house, and, to be sure, he was too busily occupied to notice the case of arms that had been sent down for the season.

At the very first meeting of the Ribbonmen, Andy M'Kenna disclosed the secret of the case of arms in the rector's room, and also a thought he had in his mind regarding it. It was high time that the potatoes should be removed from the fields (where they were allowed to dig and pit them, but refused permission to remove them). Arms might be wanting just to intimidate.

Andy M'Kenna thought he was laying his plans well. He knew that

the servants of the rector were always allowed plenty of whiskey, or, at least, were seldom to be found sober. No. 1, thought Andy M'Kenna. He knew, moreover, that the reverend baronet was a kind, compassionate, humane man, and that, even should he be detected, it was likely that through the baronet's influence the matter would be hushed up. That was No. 2. "Cheaply bought, on the whole," thought Andy. "A lucky windfall." And he chuckled over his future prospects.

In the neighboring estate was an agent who particularly interested himself in ploughing-matches, and also in the peace of the country. He was a J. P., — an important position in a country district, an office or position which, if sometimes it be useful in the hands of a land-agent, is oftentimes dangerous, and not unfrequently detrimental to the sacred rights of justice. Mithaun Duffy had a brother, who was always a successful competitor at these matches. His name was Shane Ruadh (Red John). It does n't appear that Shane's ploughing was much better, if anything better, than others, and yet he was invariably awarded the prize. The secret of the matter was, Shane used to give private information of what was going on in the country to "his honor" the land-agent; and this information the land-agent would have bought almost with his blood. Of course the project of stealing the arms from the clergyman's house was too good a one to be allowed to pass over unnoticed. Two days before the ploughing-match came off, Shane had a close conversation with the agent, and Shane, to be sure, got the prizes, without a moment's hesitation.

Unfortunately, the agent had been, a few weeks previously, over in England, either travelling for pleasure or on business; and while there, had been taunted with his inability to put down these things; and he a magistrate! and was not a magistrate, to all intents and purposes, omnipotent in Ireland? He knew, besides, that he was no favorite with the people. But he 'd give them an example, that would be to friend and foe alike a specimen and proof of his watchfulness and power.

All this while Andy M'Kenna was rubbing his hands with glee, and "taking to the drop a little," but in no affectionate way; for, as yet, he had not forgotten the lesson the bottle gave him; and persons after getting *delirium tremens* are, for a time, very much afraid of their old friend. His wife could not but see there was something in the wind, and she feared it would lead to no good.

One morning Andy M'Kenna had sat down to breakfast, and Julia Marron, laying her youngest baby in the cradle, at some distance from her, set herself to pour out the tea. She wore a long, dark dress, and a white collar at the neck. She threw back, over her right shoulder, the end of a small shawl that she had put on, as the morning was chill; and so, with a grave face, she poured out the morning beverage. Her graceful, sylph-like figure was soft and pensive.

"I hope your arm is not paining you," said Julia, who had a secret, and yet did not know how to speak it.

"Not much," was the reply. And it may be as well told that Andy's hand was so easily got in and out now of its socket, that his friends looked on it as a bit of sport to draw it in and out when he would get drunk.

"Do you feel it cold?"

"No."

Julia Marron put her hand to the cradle of her baby and rocked it, though it did not need rocking.

"Andy, I fear something terrible is going to happen us."

Andy M'Kenna looked startled. "Why do you say that?"

"I dreamt last night — "

"Oh, if that be all," he said, rather uneasily; for in truth he was just weighing with himself the chances of the adventure, and he was not one

of a very courageous temperament. Her words, at the instant, struck in on his timorousness. Finding, however, that her fears or forebodings proceeded from no more real cause than a dream, he relapsed into silence, scarcely pretending to hear what she was saying, yet drinking it all in.

"And what way did he appear to you last night?"

"I thought I was going some very long journey, and that I had little Jemmy in my arms. The skirt of my coat was over my head, and I was barefoot. He asked me where was I going. I told him to the poorhouse. He asked me where were you. I told him I did not know. 'Poor child!' he said. And I thought he put out his arms — I thought he stretched them out very wide — and I could see the moonlight shining plainly through the palms of his hands, when he raised them up. He put his arms around the child and me; my father kissed me; and, with the death coldness of his lips, I awoke."

"Were you glad to be rid of me?" said her husband.

"Oh, God forbid anything would happen to you, Andy. Maybe 't is me that 's to go."

"Well, time will tell which of us." And the man rose from his chair, seemingly indifferent, but by no means easy in his mind.

All day long the winds were howling and cheerless, and wail answered wail as the blast hurried and moaned around the house, and through the chinks and crannies of the walls. Julia Marron sat at her lace, and her fluttering heart was sad and restless, as if in unison with the winds outside. Evil forebodings were weighing upon her. She knew that she was wrong in giving ear to dreams, and she did her best to drive the heavy thoughts away. But all to no avail. They returned and returned, and, unconsciously, her trembling heart would be harboring them. Thus the day wore on. Andy M'Kenna fidgeted about, and did nothing.

About an hour after dark, Andy went out to make a *caillé*. It was usual for him to spend the evenings out; but this time it went to Julia Marron's heart to see him leave her sight.

The evening passed, and Andy M'Kenna did not return.

Again and again the howling blast moaned, and the murky clouds shed bitter drops of rain. It had an effect on the watching woman. It left her lonely and depressed. She bent down, without knowing well what she was doing, and kissed the child that slept in her arms. At that moment her full heart opened, and a gush of tears burst from her eyes, and dropped like the sprinkling of a priest's *asperges*, on the face of her infant. The child held up its hand, as if annoyed in its sleep. The mother folded it in her arms, and pressed it — oh! so full of lonely, yearning love — to her heart. She rested her elbow on the desk beside her, and the poor thing actually fell asleep.

The tallow candle was giving its last flicker when she awoke out of a horrid dream. During her sleep the watery clouds had lowered, and now it teemed rain as if it had not rained for years before. With one hand she kept her baby linked to her breast, and with the other she stirred up the slumbering fire. Her other two children were sleeping away in their cradle. She went to the door, and from that to the bedroom — perhaps Andy M'Kenna had come home. No Andy M'Kenna was there. She cast the remnant of the smoking candle into the fire, put on some more turf, and then drew near the heat.

The heavy rain had ceased, and the stars began to show a feeble light. Julia Marron was awakened from her half-conscious slumber by the sound of knocking at the door. "This is he, at last," she said, and she started from her chair. Shepherd, the dog, shouldered himself in the corner. He seemed loath to leave his station; yet unwilling to relinquish duty, he re-

mained for a time undecided, satisfying his conscience by giving a growl.

With a fluttering heart she opened the door, and looked out into the darkness. Men were there, three men. Andy M'Kenna was not with them. They were *the police*.

The sergeant, a man somewhat past the middle age of life, but who possessed, as yet, all the vigor and strength of youth, and who was "a man of action, not of words," said, "Pardon, ma'am. Pardon, Mrs. M'Kenna. Sorry to disturb you so late. Your husband is with us in the barrack, safe and sound, — a little foolish, and all to that, and all to that. You would have no objection that we search your house, and all to that?"

"For God's sake," cried Julia, "tell me what is the matter; what has happened Andy?"

"Not much, — a little foolish, and all to that, and all to that." And then, as he saw her overcome with fear, "Oh, not worth that, Mrs. M'Kenna, not worth that," and he filliped his finger and thumb. "Only a little foolish — at his old trade, and all to that — drink, and everything like that." Still he good-naturedly wanted to hide the truth from her.

"And will he be home in the morning?"

"Oh, yes, after seeing a magistrate, and all to that. But we came, Mrs. M'Kenna, to search for arms. Hope we don't disturb you, or anything like that."

"You and your men are quite welcome," said Julia. "The only thing ye 'll find is an old rusty sword that belonged to my grandfather."

They searched the house, — not, indeed, closely or unnecessarily sharp, — and all they found was, as she had said, the old sword. They held a consultation among themselves whether this was to be taken or left; and at last it was decided that it should be brought with them.

Andy M'Kenna was taken before a magistrate, and sent to the bridewell of the neighboring town, awaiting the day of petty sessions. Before this day came round, Julia had gone to the rector. She at once interested his noble, manly heart in her cause. He remained away from a grand stag-hunt that was taking place that day in his very neighborhood, in order to go in person, and offer to bail the unfortunate man. In spite of all the rector could do, the prisoner was remanded to the assizes, chiefly through the malignity of the agent, he representing the case as one of great importance and magnitude, — house-breaking and seizure of arms, and proclaiming that unless such were put down, the country would become too dangerous for any gentleman zealous for the public welfare to live in it. The assizes came. The case was called. It was one in which the greater part of the community took an interest. An unknown hand (but the unknown was no other than the reverend baronet) brought down special counsel from Dublin to defend the case. The rector sent his pony and cart to convey poor Julia to the county town where the assizes were being held, and paid for her board and lodgings while there.

It was the hard, wild weather of March. The case lasted the livelong day. The jury could not but return a verdict of guilty on the evidence, and the judge sentenced the prisoner to five years' transportation. That evening, as the grand jury were breaking up, and as they were discussing the affairs of the day, some congratulating themselves that the country was rid of another villain, and others criticising the judge and the counsel who prosecuted, there was, all at once, a sudden pause. A man from their midst, one of themselves, had dropped down on the floor. They looked. They raised the prostrate man, but the agent-magistrate was dead, had died of heart-disease. And that night, before ten o'clock, the wild winds of March fanned a bonfire on every hillside throughout the county.

To be continued.

THE PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

THE Archbishop of Cashel, the most Rev. Dr. Croke, is a tall, well-knit man, still in the prime of life and strength. His dark hair clusters with almost youthful crispness around his forehead and adown his neck. The poet might sing of him, as of the Scottish king,—

> "On his bold visage middle age
> Has slightly pressed his signet sage."

His Irish gray eye conceals not the intellectual fire that glows within, his nervous hand seems, when he gesticulates, which he does with a frequency that is almost foreign, like that of one who might wield a falchion as fitly as a crosier. He is, in fine, the beau-ideal of a prelate who is not afraid to boast that he owes his blood to gallant Tipperary. Thomas W. Croke is a young archbishop, but a man of great experience, as well as natural vigor, ability, and studiousness. While yet priest in the fine diocesan College of Fermoy, which owes so much to the fostering care of the late Most Rev. Dr. Keane, the sainted Bishop of Cloyne, he won golden opinions from those placed above him as well as from those who were intrusted to his care. When selected by Cardinal Cullen to fill the bishopric of Auckland, in distant New Zealand, Father Croke accepted the onerous charge with the spirit of a Christian missionary. He has travelled in America, where any one who knows him will not be surprised to hear him tell of the cordial reception which he met with, as well as on the European continent and in the distant, sea-girt lands of wide-spread Oceanica. A man of splendid talents, of untiring energy and industry, of great attainments, of winning manners and fine presence, is it any wonder that, placed on the archiepiscopal throne of Cashel of the Kings, he should soon make himself, both at home and abroad, one of the most popular and powerful of Irish prelates? His tongue is, of a verity, touched with the divine fire of oratory. With one spring he vaulted into the highest rank of preachers, and those who heard His Grace on the memorable occasion of the O'Connell centenary celebration in the pro-cathedral, Marlborough Street, or on Sunday in St. Patrick's, Belfast, will understand the feelings of the English correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," accustomed to the read discourses of the Protestant pulpits, who could do nothing but wonder at the flow and the polish, the learning and the rhetoric, of the Archbishop of Munster. The sermon of Sunday can only be described as a tornado of eloquence, sweeping all before it, giving no time to question or to weigh, demanding unconditional surrender, and making the hesitating reasoner rejoice in his captivity and subjection. This power is all the more astonishing when we come to criticise the orator analytically. It may not be the proper disposition with which to enter a church, but it would be affectation to disguise the fact that interest in and curiosity regarding the archiepiscopal orator largely leavened the motives of many in the church on Sunday. If they did not go to criticise, at least, being there, they were prepared to canvass and compare the preacher's merits. In the beginning, it was disappointment. The archbishop labors under a similar disadvantage to that with which, like His Grace, the great lay orator Shiel contended, and successfully. He has not a good voice. It is not round and full toned. It is sharp and thin. There is none of that sonorousness to which the Galway Dominican has attuned us. His Grace's accent has rather the shrillness of West Kerry. But hear on! Your sympathy soon becomes awakened. The orator is stealing on your heart; he is preparing for the rush with which he will storm your stronghold in a twinkling, and sure as ever issues forth that whirlwind of sparkling sentences, in which ally the music of the polished period, the riches of the mind full of scriptural and historical illustration, the keenness of the finished

logician, the word-painting of the imagination of the South, and all the dulcet aptness of the honeyed Southern tongue, down you go before the never-faltering, never-hesitating, overwhelming avalanche, and, carried away, you are soon yourself part and parcel of the enthusiasm which has been gathering from all sides and every quarter in the onward and triumphant course of the enchanting conqueror. Even in the unstudied gesture there is the grace begotten of earnestness which art cannot equal; and as we look upon this young archbishop, standing upon that altar-step in Belfast, and inspiring the vast congregation before him with his own fervor, we cannot help but think, what could not that man do with a populace, whither could he not lead the ardent Celt, and how could he not sway the passions of a multitude, now touching the finest chords and anon sweeping his hand across the human heart-strings, awaking them to the boldest measure that harpist ever struck or poet sung.

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The battle of the Boyne, fought on the 1st of July, 1690, as an affair of actual blows, was a bagatelle. A modern war correspondent would dismiss the affair in an obscure paragraph. More blood has been shed in celebrating the battle than was ever shed in winning it. The victors lost not quite four hundred men. King William, with his 40,000 veterans, the best disciplined in Europe, lay behind a long range of hills, a few hundred yards from the river on its northern bank, where he was perfectly secure from the fire or the observation of the enemy. His battery of twelve guns upon those heights completely dominated the Jacobite positions around Oldbridge, at the opposite side of the river. The night before the battle he detached a full third of his army to the bridge of Slane, five miles up the river. By some insane neglect, James had left the bridge all but undefended. It was easily carried, and before a blow was struck at Oldbridge, the Irish army found that a powerful enemy was establishing himself in their rear to seize the pass of Duleek, and cut off their retreat to Dublin. In his alarm James detached the flower of his troops, the French auxiliaries and the Irish cavalry, to protect his left. With them they carried the only eight pieces of artillery in his army. The centre and right of his position were left to the defence of regiments of ill-disciplined and ill-armed peasants, opposed to double their number of the choicest troops in Europe. The fate of the battle was already sealed before a Williamite dashed into the river. When he already knew that the Irish left was outflanked, King William, at the head of his regiments, suddenly emerged through a glen, which protected his advance to within a hundred yards of the river, and spurred boldly across the shallows. His regiments of Huguenots and Danes crossed lower down. Boots it to tell the tale of what followed? An obelisk marks the spot where the king crossed. Lower down Schomberg was shot in the water, still lower down Bishop Walker, the defender of Derry. They point out also the spot where King William was wounded in the arm by a shot from the Irish lines on the evening before the battle.

The Rev. K. Vaughan, an English priest, has undertaken to circulate 50,000 copies of Scio's Spanish New Testament, with notes, translated from the Douay (English) version in the Spanish-speaking countries of South America. He began his work in the Argentine Republic, and at latest accounts was in Brazil.

The bodies of the brothers Sheares are preserved in St. Michan's Church, Dublin. They have never decayed or corrupted, being merely dried and darkened by time.

TWO LIVING PICTURES.

APPALLING distress and destitution among the mechanics and laborers of Sheffield. Hundreds exist in tenements, without clothing or furniture, all having been sold or pawned to procure food. They are without fuel, and dependent upon the charity of the neighbors.

In writing of the poor of England, Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh, says: "There are 70,000 souls in the east end of London, who must emigrate speedily or perish. In the vast hives of industry in Lancashire, there are a greater number, who must also emigrate or die." Now look on this picture: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Here they are also: —

	Per Year.
The Archbishop of Canterbury's salary is	$76,000
Archbishop of York	56,000
Bishop of London	50,000
Bishop of Durham	40 000
Bishop of Winchester	35,000
Bishop of Ely	27,000
Six bishops have each	25,000
Eight have each	22,500
Eight others each	21,010
Twenty-nine deans each	7,700
One hundred and twenty-eight canons, each	5,000

In the whole United Kingdom eight persons own more than 220,000 acres each, and no less than forty-one persons own more than 100,000 acres each. The number of acres held by a few of the largest owners are as follows: —

	Acres.
Duke of Sutherland	1,358,425
Duke of Bucclengh and Queensbury,	459,260
Sir James Matheson	406,070
Earl of Breadaldane	372,620
Earl of Seafield	305,781
Duke of Richmond	286,407
Earl of Fife	257,662
Alexander Matheson	220,433
Duke of Athol	194,640
Duke of Devonshire	193,121
Duke of Northumberland	185,515
Duke of Argyle	175,114

Whole districts have been nearly depopulated to make room for game parks, and where millions of sheep were once raised to feed and clothe humanity, only deer are kept to gratify the sporting propensities of an idle aristocracy.

Ruskin says, "Though England is deafened with spinning wheels, her people have not clothes; though she is black with digging coal, her people have not fuel, and they die of cold; and though she has sold her soul for grain, they die of hunger."

A FRENCH gentleman, who had but a small fortune and a single little servant-maid, was solicited by the latter one morning to advance her a crown. "I dreamed last night, sir," said she, "that 2,222 would gain the hundred thousand franc prize, and as they have only just begun the sale of tickets, they will be soon down to that number, and I can get it without difficulty." He could not refuse her the crown piece, and she went out, returning in an hour or two, singing as gayly as a lark. Not wishing to make too free, the master asked no further questions, but was quite pleased to think the little woman had got what she wished. What was his surprise to see, some time after that, that No. 2,222 gained the grand prize. He admired the girl, for she was comely, and liked her luck, and thought it would not be a bad thing to marry her. Of course he wished her to believe it was all for love. So the ceremony was hurried on without the master saying a word about the ticket. But the day after the marriage, in a careless manner he said, "By the way, my little dear, where is that lottery ticket of yours?" "What ticket?" "No. 2,222 that I gave you the crown piece to buy." "La, la!" said she, "I changed my mind when I went out, and bought a nice cap for my five francs!"

BLESSED is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of the "dear departed" for No. 2 to emulate.

ÓG LAOCH NA RANN.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Do thriall chum cath' óg laoch na rann
  Lár namhaid Eireann ársaighe,
Lann athar fáisgthe air go teann,
  Ann aonfhacht le n-a chlairsigh.
A thír na n-dán, deir an laoch-cheol grinn,
  Dá m-beidheadh an saoghal do d'dhaoradh,
Tá aon chruit amháin le do mholadh go binn,
  'S aon lann amháin le do shaoradh!

Do thuit an bárd, acht má thuit go fóil,
  Bhí a chridhe neamh-eaglach, treunmhar,
A's raob se teuda cláirsighe an cheoil
  Do scuab se an trá bhí seunmhar.
A' s dubhairt, "Ní mhillfidh cuing do ghuth,
  A chruit chaoin na feath saora,
A' s ní chluinfear go h-eug do lán bhinn sruth
  Lár bruide a 's bróin na tíre!"

Translation.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone;
  In the ranks of death you 'll find him:
His father's sword he has girded on,
  And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
  "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
  One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
  Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
  For he tore its cords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
  Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
  They shall never sound in slavery."

THE AGE OF POLISHED STONE.

W Boyd Dawkins, M. A., F. R. S., F. G. S., Professor of Geology, Owens College, Manchester.

Professor Dawkins said he proposed to give an outline of what might be termed a new method of treating the history of mankind. Formerly it had been bounded by written records, but within the last thirty years the archæologist had come to the front with discoveries made almost everywhere, which had enlarged their views far and away beyond the written records. When the written history of the British Islands began, its civilization belonged to the age of iron implements. Iron was then in comparatively common use for weapons of war and implements of daily life, and the civilization was comparatively high, so that the Romans found foes in every respect worthy of their steel. Far behind that was a totally different civilization, in which only bronze weapons and ornaments were used; and still more remotely back was a civilization characterized by the absence of any knowledge whatever of metals and by the use of weapons and implements of polished stone. In that and the next lecture he would deal with the civilization before the Iron Age, selecting for that afternoon the age of polished stone in Ireland and Great Britain, or the neolithic age. In a great many places in that country and England were found little depressions that were the sites of the huts in which the people of that age lived. These were roofed with sticks and mud, and were sometimes sunk to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet. In the county of Donegal had been found proofs of the existence of another form of hut, about twelve feet square, and divided into two stories of about four and a half feet high. In and around these sites had been found the bones of sheep, goats, and short-horned oxen, like the present Scotch and Welsh oxen, hogs, and horses. The people not only rode upon the horse but ate its flesh. Horses were used in the sacrifices of the Scandinavian nations, and an edict of the Christian Church was promulgated against the use of horseflesh as food; and but for that circumstance horseflesh would now probably be eaten. Large dogs were kept by the races of the period in question. The bones of fish, and of the stag and other wild animals had also been found near these habitations. Stone saws and gouges were used in cutting wood, and skins were prepared with a circular flint instrument. Fire was obtained by the striking of flint against iron pyrites They had left very good specimens of pottery. They grew and prepared corn. It would seem also that there were in those prehistoric times dressmakers and tailors, for well-shaped bone needles had been found, which they used in sewing skins together. They appeared to have been acquainted with weaving, and then ear-rings, and possibly nose-rings, of bone and stone had also been found. In war they used spears and axes of stone, and were acquainted with the bow and arrow Innumerable arrow-heads had been found in England and Ireland. The remains of their camps existed in many places, and the way in which these were located showed that the tribes who used them must have been constantly at war with each other. They made mining excavations for their stone and flint. They were not without religious ideas. Tumuli, or cairns, existed in many places in this country, which had evidently been used as family sepulchres. The skeletons had been found in them in a curled-up or crouching posture, and it was inferred that the individuals had died sitting up, and not lying in beds, and that they had been buried in that posture. Large numbers of polished stone axes and other things had been found in those sepulchral chambers, as if placed there for the use of the deceased in the spirit world; although Sir John Lubbock thought they had only been placed there as tokens of

individual affection. The remains of the temples in which they worshipped the Great Unknown had also been found. A very large one, formed in concentric circles, existed at Ebury in Wiltshire. At the present hour certain savage races used exactly similar structures as places of worship. Remains of neolithic civilization, exactly similar to those he had described, had been found all over Europe, from Scandinavia to Italy and Greece From the researches of Huxley and others, it appeared that the race of men to whom that civilization belonged were on an average about five feet five inches in height, and had long, oval heads with the forehead projecting a little. They were a small, dark race, and were spread all over Europe, and the opinion of Brocca, of Paris, Huxley, Virchow, and others was that they were now represented by the Basques, inhabiting the western part of the Pyrenees. The Basques were the Iberians who inhabited the western part of Spain, and were described by Tacitus as a people of small stature, with dark hair and eyes. From that Iberian stock were a large percentage of French and Spaniards, and the description of Tacitus obtained from Agricola identified them with the Silures of Wales. In the Highlands of Scotland also were small, dark men, who were easily distinguishable from the taller Scandinavian and Celt. In Ireland, west of the Shannon, men of similar stature and appearance were to be found, as Sir William Wilde long ago pointed out. This race was subsequently displaced in Europe by the Aryan invaders, and it was believed that their original language had almost entirely disappeared, although their physical characteristics remained. It was also held to be proved that the race was not indigenous to Europe, but had come from Central Asia, bringing with them domestic animals and cereals which still existed here. They were subsequently invaded in France and Spain by the Celts. The British Islands were at first protected by the sea from that invasion, but it afterwards took place, and he would give an account of it in his next lecture. They ought to look on the small, dark race he had been describing with respect and veneration. They introduced the rudiments of the civilization that was enjoyed at the present time, and laid the basis on which was founded that high culture which was afterwards built up by the labors of a long series of ages. (*Applause.*)

IRELAND IN PARIS.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at the Irish College. Viscount O'Neill gave translations from Moore and Davis, and read a short poem, by Count Nugent.

LES LACS DE KILLARNEY.

Au bords de tes limpides eaux
Killarney, que mon cœur renaisse
Prete moi sous tes verts berceaux
Un abri que Dieu seul connaisse.

Au deux murmure de tes flots
On sent se calmer la tristesse
Et la pensee avec ivresse
S'égare au sein de tes ilots.

Là des sanctuaires d'Irlande,
Les ruines, ont pour guirlande
Un gazon de fleurs etoilé.

Là, pas un vallon sans legende,
Et pas un foyer qui n'attende
Le retour d'un fils exilé.

Translation.

Beside thy pure and lovely wave,
Killarney! let my heart revive,
And thou renew what Heaven gave, —
The soul to feel, the hope to live.

Thy murmuring waters charm the care
Of world-worn minds that list thy voice;
Our thoughts, amidst thine islets fair,
Flash like thy sunbeams and rejoice.

These ruins crowned by flow'rs, caressed,
By verdure — Ireland's fanes — attest
Her faithful past, her future state.

Here, legend-loved is every vale,
By every hearth they tell her tale,
And for an exile's coming wait.

There were, among the Irishmen present, worthy descendants and contemporaries of Marshal Thomond, and Marshals Clarke and M'Mahon, Abbé M'Geoghan, Abbé M'Carthy, Dillon, the great engineer, etc., etc.

THE FAIRIES.

Chambers's Journal.

WHERE are the wonderful elves, and the fairy creatures bright?
Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale moonlight, —
Danced in a magic ring, and fluttered in robes of white,
Like motes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in the forest hoar?
Hark to the sound of the sea, and the cry of the waves on the shore!

Where are the dusky gnomes who toiled in the golden ground?
So that the miners trembled hearing their hammers' sound,
Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness bound,
A thousand tapping hammers, beneath them hammering.
Hark to the muttered thunder, the voice of the hidden spring!

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green,
Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen,
Sought for by timid maidens on sainted Hallowe'en?
The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they.
Hark to the hum of the bee in the scented blooms of May!

Where are the household fairies, who loved the embers' glow,
Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro,
But left no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow,
And filled up the little slippers the children left behind?
Hark to the howl of the tempest, the moan of the stormy wind!

The elves are waiting, waiting, for the golden days to come,
When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be dumb,
Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.
Ah yes, they are waiting, waiting, till grief shall be no more.
Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore!

LE glain-lerigh na gaelaighe,
(Repeated twice)
As na picidhe beith le cheile,
Le glain-lerigh na gealaighe.

The English of the foregoing goes this way: —

At the rising of the moon,
(Repeated twice)
For our pikes must be together
At the rising of the moon.

THE GREAT FIRE AT NOTRE DAME.

We briefly announced in our last the total destruction of the University of Notre Dame by fire.

The following appeal has been issued to the friends of the institution throughout the country: —

J. M. J.

Notre Dame,
Second Sunday after Easter, 1879.

A few words to our Friends: — Last Monday, less than a week ago, I left our beautiful home in a prosperous condition. I had never seen its beloved inmates, religious and students, in such glowing and promising dispositions. I was in duty bound to part with them in obedience to the Holy See calling me to our Mother-house in Paris; and they were all determined, as I had never seen them before, to secure for the end of June a Commencement such as our friends and patrons had never seen at Notre Dame. I left all, for the eighteenth time, in the hands and under the eyes of our Blessed Mother's towering statue on the lofty dome of the university. I left, fully sharing in the joyous anticipations of all, of a rich treat for the exhibition so near at hand.

Alas! what a sad and unexpected change was to come and disturb our happy dreams! Forty-six hours had scarcely passed, and our dear and noble *Alma Mater* saw doomed to lie a vast, smouldering mass of ruins; and this morning, having returned in all speed from Montreal, I find a crowd of visitors looking with amazement upon the heart-sickening scene of the complete annihilation of thirty-seven years' hard labor, an immense bed of ashes and *debris*, burying, as they say, a quarter of a million dollars, with a multitude of treasures which gold itself can never replace.

My return home among my precious little flock had always before filled my soul with such delight! But to-day — the Good Shepherd's Sunday — my beloved lambs, with a few exceptions, are gone, and my desolate sheep meet me in silence and in tears! Fortunately I have not come to add to their affliction, but to console them, if I can, knowing, as I do, how purely accidental this dire calamity has been, and how heroically every one present, from within and without, tried for hours to save the buildings and their contents from the destructive element. My first and greatest consolation is derived from the fact that no blame attaches to any one, that no life has been lost, and no personal injury received, though the many daring acts of devotedness from our own inmates and neighbors, and the citizens of South Bend, often inspired the most serious alarm.

But is there no ray of light and of hope in this dark hour of trial? From a human point of view, I confess, the trial is terrible. As ever one knows, since a few years the country has passed through an unprecedented crisis; literary institutions have felt it more severely than any other, and our own here has been no exception to the rule. Our first resource is the insurance money, $45,000. All I can command myself, from personal resources, is $1,000, which I cheerfully offer as the first donation on the list now open among my old and devoted parishioners of Notre Dame, — a feeble tribute indeed, but God knows it is all I or the community can find available.

But again, is there no other means, no grounded hope of meeting this sudden calamity? There is, thank God; there is, I dare say, more than enough to fill my soul with a perfect confidence, that before four months have elapsed, this dreadful affliction will be changed into a blessing and a joy: "in the evening weeping, and in the morning gladness." The testimonies already received from the episcopacy and clergy, from the press, from friends and acquaintances, leave no room for despondency. No calamity could be met, and possibly was never met, with such gratifying assurances of substantial assistance. No words can express the boundless gratitude with which we receive such consoling evidences of the esteem and affection in which Notre Dame was held in this Union. Our loss is immense; but it has revealed our numerous friends much more clearly than our successes had ever done.

Hence I may assure them already that Notre Dame will be rebuilt at once, and more beautifully and more splendidly than ever. From the 1st of May to the 1st of September, we have all the time we need to complete the work. Such is my confidence that I feel perfectly justified in inviting our friends, patrons, and benefactors to assist at the next opening of our classes, on the usual Tuesday in September, which we promise to make a memorable epoch, the most solemn ever witnessed at Notre Dame.

From all appearances, the new Notre Dame will far exceed the first in beauty of design, as well as in capacity and convenience, without speaking of the additional recent improvements of the day. Our friends may well rest assured that nothing will be spared to justify among them a natural feeling of gratification for any share they may have taken in raising again, *from smouldering ruins*, such a monument to science and Christian morality, on the beloved domain of the Mother of God.

I need not add here that a magnificent tableau, recording every benefactor's name and denotion, will transmit both, gloriously, to a grateful and admiring posterity. But it will not be amiss to mention, for the sake of those who love our sacred faith, that as *benefactors* they will all share in the benefit of *a daily Mass to be offered here forever*.

One word more and I close. Many gentlemen of the press, of all creeds and parties, have, with a kindness I will never forget, made a strong appeal to the public at large, to come to our help and raise again our far-famed university from its burning ruins; most of them have expressed not only their best wishes for its glorious and speedy resurrection, but also their firm conviction that within a few months Notre Dame would reappear more magnificent than ever. To such gratifying assurances I joyously and confidently subscribe. But I must be clearly understood. I make no appeal whatever to any

one. It will soon be forty years I am here before the public. Long before I came I loved America and her institutions. I never regretted having left my beautiful native land. I always felt more at home here, and made no secret of it. How far I have been successful since my first arrival in 1841 is not for me to say. Thank God I did not remain exactly idle : forty-one houses founded since, in this New World, speak more clearly than any words on this subject. Our Blessed Lord Himself authorizes me to use a simple and irrefutable argument. "If you believe not My words," He said to the Jews, "believe My works." It is with a blush I dare repeat the same words ; but instead of appealing to any one, I beg to say for all, that our works, not our words, must plead in our behalf. If our cause, if our exertions to serve it, create any claim to public sympathy, then let our friends follow the impulse of their hearts, otherwise we ask nothing.

Some may feel indifferent ; but I know too well the universal affection of the thousands of noble young men who once called Notre Dame their *Alma Mater*, and take a pride in her fair name, to even doubt for a moment the generous part they will take in rebuilding her scientific halls. It is not longer a local interest, to be discussed among a few. Notre Dame has now a legion of friends throughout the States ; they will not suffer her to remain in ashes. On the 1st of May, D. *v.*, I will bless the corner-stone of the new university building.

E. Sorin, C. S. C., *Superior General.*

Note. — I am kindly informed of the danger to which our well-wishers may be exposed from impostors claiming to be sent from here. No agents should be admitted without proper credentials.

A PHYSICIAN'S RULES OF HEALTH FOR THE HEATED TERM.

Rise early ; the morning air is pure and cool. Take a hand bath, going over the whole person with water at its natural temperature ; any one can do this who can command the use of a basin and one or two quarts of water. Use nothing but the hand ; once or twice a week put a few drops of ammonia in the water to cleanse the skin, or use white castile soap, — avoid all others. Do this all the year round, no matter what the temperature of the weather is ; beginning now, the skin will become accustomed to it, and cold will not affect, but tone up the system, bringing the blood to the surface, and preventing colds from sudden changes ; besides not half the clothing will be needed. At this season do not discard flannels altogether, but wear thin ones without sleeves ; the best are made from white bunting, which is not heating, and yet absorbs the perspiration, and will last forever if properly shrunk before being made up. On rising, if faint feeling and loss of appetite, take a teaspoonful of charcoal, stirred in a little water, and repeat the same at bedtime ; it must be the fine willow charcoal, and to be found (with twenty-five cents) at all apothecaries. This absorbs the gas from undigested food, and sweetens the stomach and prepares it for food, and should be taken at any time when there is any unpleasant fulness in the stomach before eating. Avoid ice water, except one or two swallows ; the habitual use lowers the temperature of the stomach, and prevents digestion. Soda water, in immoderate quantities, should also be avoided, certainly not more than a single glass per day. Let the diet be a generous one, but avoid mixtures ; never more than two or three dishes at each meal. Pastry, of all kinds, should be especially avoided in hot weather. Plain yeast-bread, a day old, with good butter, sparingly, and in hot weather with milk, when fresh, well salted ; all kinds of fruit and vegetables, in their season, well cooked and salted, — salt allays thirst when taken fresh upon food. Go slow about your business or work. Never try to do two men's work in one day ; there is nothing gained by it. Keep on the shady side of the street, if there is one, if not, carry an umbrella, if you can ; if not, your handkerchief in the top of your hat ; if in the country, green leaves. Never get in a passion, as it shortens life. Finally, make haste slowly to get rich ; remember that without health riches are of no account.

Keep a carriage? No, sir ; we can't afford it. We pay a hundred cents on the dollar. It's the fellow that "settles," "compromises," etc., that affords luxuries of that kind.

Blessed are the married people that don't wish they were single.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHARLES E. SPRAGUE ON THE ALPHABETS TO BE USED IN THE STUDY OF IRISH.

THE assertion was recently made by me that the letters known as "Irish" were derived from the Roman. A gentleman replies that —

"Any man who makes, in good faith, such an assertion, has no knowledge of the history of Ireland."

Well, then, he must contend that, —

1. Dr. John O'Donovan, author of the celebrated grammar, "had no knowledge of the history of Ireland."
2. Rev. Ulick Bourke, President of St. Jarleth's College, 'has no knowledge of the history of Ireland."
3. Eugene O'Curry, Professor of Irish History in the Catholic University of Ireland, "has no knowledge of the history of Ireland."

And many others are equally ignorant.

If these men are ignorant, where shall we find wisdom?

I give a few brief citations and might give more. Mind, I do not say there were no letters in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity, but I do credit the opinion of the learned Irishmen mentioned, that the letters now called "Irish" are but a modified form of the Latin alphabet.

From O'Donovan, page xxvii, introduction: —

"But it must be confessed that the oldest inscriptions found in Ireland (except the Ogham) are in the Roman alphabet of the fifth century, and it is well known that this, more or less modified, prevailed all over Europe till the introduction of the Gothic style of writing."

Page lii, introduction: —

"The oldest Irish manuscript extant in Ireland is the 'Book of Armagh'; the characters are clearly a slight modification of the Roman alphabet." Speaking of the "Books of Durrow and Kells," they "are in the uncial character common in Europe at the period." "This, though evidently not so ancient," says O'Donovan, of the *Liber Hymnorum*, "nor so exquisitely beautiful as those already mentioned, is in the same character, and sufficiently proves that the Irish letters are immediately derived from the Roman alphabet."

Father Bourke, in his edition of the "Sermons of Dr. Gallagher," discards the so-called Irish letters, and uses Roman type. Of persons who do that, the Boston Philo-Celtic Society says: —

"It shall be our duty to treat them as Anglicised enemies of the Irish language, hardened into West Britons by the contaminating atmosphere of Dublin Castle."

Father Bourke of Tuam, an "Anglicised enemy of the Irish language"!

Next for Eugene O'Curry. There are three passages bearing on the question in his "Manuscript Materials for Irish History" I will quote but one to show that, in the opinion of Mr. Sullivan (not mine), the Professor of Irish History and Archæology in the Catholic University "has no knowledge of the history of Ireland." He says, respecting the Ogham: —

"Whether the books of Erinn were in this alphabet is quite a different question. My own opinion is that they probably were not, but that they were written *in the popular Roman characters of the time, modified perhaps as at present.*" (Page 472.)

And I have quoted only Irishmen, — O'Donovan, O'Curry, and Bourke, and I might have added Charles O'Connor, against Parsons, Huddlestone, Smith, and Lhuyd, the Welsh author. But even if these latter authorities were unquestionable, they very probably refer to the Ogham or some still older form.

I might have quoted further from Dr Zeuss in the *Grammatica Celtica* (who calls the letters in question, "*Litteræ Hibernicæ quæ aliás dicunter etiam Anglo-saxonicæ.*" "The Irish letters, also called Anglo-Saxon, and who uses Roman type"), from Astle's "Origin and Progress of Alphabetic Writing." I might have referred readers to the "American Cyclopædia," where they can see specimens from Lombardic and Saxon manuscripts having all the peculiarities of the so-called "Irish" alphabet. But I have confined myself to three most learned and patriotic Irishmen.

Mr. Sullivan's principal claim for the so-called Irish letters is, that they are "distinctively Irish." O'Dono-

van, Bourke, O'Curry, and Russell do not agree with him in this.

The Boston society was not satisfied with expressing their love for the alphabet in question, but attacked and assailed those who should dare to use the nineteenth-century Roman letters instead of the fifth-century Roman letters. This seems to me very unwise. I am an American, and my little, very little knowledge of Irish has been gained by hard study, and in spite of the derision of some of my own countrymen, do not justify the taunting prophecy of some of my American acquaintances, who have said, "Oh, this movement will all end in a row!" I am happy to say that nothing could surpass the kindliness and courtesy with which I have been received and assisted by my Irish fellow-learners in New York; the friendships I have made among them would alone richly repay me for all my labor; and I fully believe that our Boston friends are just as well disposed at heart and are thoroughly good fellows, whose bark is far worse than their bite.

With best wishes for the progress of the Irish language in any and all kinds of character, from Ogham to phonography, and for the welfare of the Irish race, on which my country's future so greatly depends,

I am very truly yours,

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE.

PLUCKING A FOWL FOR PENANCE.

A LADY presented herself one day to St. Philip Neri, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the saint. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said the saint, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater. For your penance do as follows: Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me." Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance; but silencing all human reasoning, she replied, "I will obey, father; I will obey." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered.

In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular.

"Ah!" said the saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my order; now to the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions: how can I now recover them?"

"Well, my child," replied the saint, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go, and sin no more." History does not tell if the lady was converted, but it is probable. It required a saint to give the lesson, one should be a fool not to profit by it.

TEACH your children to make an act of faith in the real presence of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament, whenever they enter the church, in Mass at the Elevation and Communion; at Benediction, and whenever their eyes rest on their Sacramental Lord. It should be *very short*, and might be made in these words: "My Jesus, I believe that Thou art really present in the Most Blessed Sacrament."

Useful Knowledge.

Gum camphor wrapped in paper and laid around sugar barrels will disperse ants.

A little kerosene added to stove-polish improves the lustre. Apply while the iron is warm.

To clean matting, wash with a solution of one pint of salt to four gallons of water, and wipe dry immediately.

A little spirits of turpentine added to the water with which floors are washed, will prevent the ravages of moths.

To remove spots from furniture, take four ounces of vinegar, two of sweet oil, and one of turpentine; mix and apply with a flannel cloth.

One pound of copperas dissolved in one quart of boiling water will destroy foul smells. Powdered borax scattered in their haunts will disperse cockroaches.

Soot falling on the carpet from open chimneys, or from carelessly handled stove-pipes, if covered thickly with salt, can be brushed up without damage to the carpet.

To clean oilcloths, wash always with warm milk. Once in six months scrub with hot soapsuds, dry thoroughly, and apply a coat of varnish. They will last as long again.

When carpets are well cleaned, sprinkle with salt and fold; when laid, strew with slightly moistened bran before sweeping; this, with the salt, will freshen them wonderfully.

Plaster of Paris mixed with gum-arabic water makes an excellent white cement, but must be used immediately, as it hardens quickly. A mixture of five parts gelatine to one of acid chromate of lime, applied to broken edges, which should be pressed together and exposed to the sunlight, makes an insoluble cement.

To repair a Damaged Mirror.— Pour upon a sheet of tin-foil about three drachms of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon a flat table, face downwards; place the foil upon the damaged portions of the glass, lay a sheet of paper over the foil, and place upon it a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfectly flat surface, put upon it sufficient weight to press it down tight; let it remain in this position a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

To whiten walls, scrape off all old whitewash, and wash the walls with a solution of two ounces of white vitriol to four gallons of water. Soak a quarter of a pound of white glue in water for twelve hours, drain and place in a tin pail; cover with fresh water, and set the pail in a kettle of boiling water. When melted, stir into the glue eight pounds of whiting, and water enough to make a mixture as thick as common whitewash. Apply evenly with a good brush; if the walls are very yellow, blue the water slightly by squeezing in it a flannel bag containing some powdered blue.

Advice to Students.— Sit up to the table when you read; easy-chairs abolish memory. Do not go on reading the same book for too long at one sitting. If you are really weary of one subject change it for another. Read steadily for three hours a day for five days in the week; the use of wet towels and strong coffee betrays ignorance how to read. Check the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order as soon as you have learnt them. Never read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercise or digestion; and lastly, if you can, keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart — *Medical Examiner.*

The Humorist.

A MAN was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle labelled 'Sardines.'"

A DANDY, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed, "Make them cover the calf" "Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished artist, surveying his customer from head to foot. "I have n't leather enough."

A DOCTOR went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he had n't killed anything. "That 's because you did n't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

THE following was recently sent to a schoolmistress in Birmingham, England: "Miss X., can you allow our Henrietta Georgiana to come home and nurse Claudius Alfred while our Louise Anne Victoria goes to dancing-school?"

A MAN saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight. The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, deciding to investigate, poked at it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mud-hole. Moral: Never poke an umbrella at a large white mule when its back is turned.

A GENTLEMAN who was staying at a seaside hotel during the summer expressed his dissatisfaction to his landlady at the heavy charges in his bill. "Well, you see," she said, "our season is so very short that we are obliged to make hay while the sun shines." "That may be all very true, my good woman," replied the visitor, "but though I know all flesh is grass, I decidedly object to being made hay of."

ON the evening of the day that the news was announced that Tilden was to be our next President, and before any contradictory reports had come to disturb the peace of mind of those who supposed they belonged to the successful party, an Irishman, who had either been treated or treated himself to an overdose of liquor, was seen staggering along, evidently trying to accomplish the feat of walking on both sides of the street at once, much to the annoyance of a disappointed Yankee who was making unsuccessful attempts to pass him. Just as Pat gave a lurch and came near falling on the irritated politician, he sang out at the top of his voice, "Hooray for ould Ireland! Hooray for ould Ireland!" "Hurrah for h—l!" said the disgusted Yankee, attempting to dodge him. "All right," exclaimed Pat, "*ivery man for his own counthry!*"

THE blue-glass mania has reached its climax in the sad case of a Chicago man. He went into an optician's and bought a pair of blue goggles to wear on his eyes. He dropped into a hat store and ordered a little round piece of blue glass put in the top of his hat in place of the usual tin ventilator. He then partook of a dinner of bluefish at a restaurant with a blue skylight, dipped his fingers into a blue glass finger-bowl, and refused to drink anything until the waiter hunted him up a mug with a blue glass bottom. The day was now spent, and going home in a blue-light street-car, the blue-glass man, meeting his children at the door, refused to kiss any but those having blue eyes, sat down in a blue chair to read a copy of the blue laws of Connecticut, and got into such a fit of the blues that he took some blue ink, and, writing in his will that at his death the glass in his coffin should be blue glass and his monument be made of blue granite, he grabbed a revolver and blew out his brains. Query. Did n't "blue grass" have something to do with this?

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE present styles are almost perfect. Thus far the panier has been adopted rather as a graceful drapery which does away with all appearance of scantiness, than as the exaggerated innovation which it was feared would destroy the beautiful outlines of form, that have for several seasons pleased the artistic eye. Unfortunately, there is too great a tendency to exaggerate, and it hardly needs the eye of a prophet to discern in the near future the reinstatement of bustles and hoops. However, the majority predict for them an ephemeral success. Short basques are again revived on account of the panier drapery of the overskirt, which must be very near the belt. Basques are also much worn with belts that pass all around or are confined merely to the front. Separate vests are not so much used as those sewed in with the basque and seen only at the top and bottom.

A fancy in new polonaises is that of cutting off the two middle back forms to make a point just below the waist, and gathering the full skirt to the pointed waist. Others have sash drapery beginning in the side seams and drooping low on the tournure. The Marquise polonaise is a favorite design for thin dresses. This rounds in front and forms panier folds on the hips; the edges are trimmed with lace, fringe, or frills. Notwithstanding the prevalence of trimmed skirts, some of the richest and most elegant walking costumes have perfectly plain skirts. There is no effort to conceal these plain skirts by long over-dresses; on the contrary, they are worn with polonaises that have scarcely any front below the belt. A simple but stylish design, suitable for cloth or flannel travelling suits, has a plain, round skirt with a short apron overskirt that is held high on the sides by a buttoned strap of the cloth, and has two panier drapings of clustered plaitings behind. The edges of the overskirt are simply stitched; the short, single-breasted basque is sloped open sharply below the waist line. Another severely plain model has a corduroy plain, round skirt, over which is worn a straight paletot or redingote of camel's hair or cloth. These plain skirts are as yet only worn by the leaders of fashion. Plaited skirts are the universal fashion. The preference is for large, loose-looking kilt plaits suspended from a deep yoke, without being mounted on a plain, round skirt; tapes pass around the skirt at intervals, holding the plaits in place. The religieuse plaiting of small, fine plaits the whole length of the front is also much used. Kilt skirts have a border of the trimming three inches wide placed near the bottom. There is a fancy for a pyramid of narrow plaits from the knee down in the middle of the front breadth; the fronts of the over-dress are draped each side of this pyramid. Skirts with three side-plaited flounces in the back are also fashionable; the over-dress is then almost confined to the front of the skirt. This is sometimes reversed and the flounces are in front only. Bunting suits trimmed with polka-dotted satin are greatly in favor with young ladies and misses. Kilt skirts and very full apron over-skirts, caught high on the sides with lengthwise shirring, is a favorite style for making. Others have the apron made like a scarf with the selvage across the bottom turned up and hemmed by blind stitches. White bunting suits have gay plaid trimmings. White flannel suits to be worn in the summer at the seaside have the kilt plaits bordered near the bottom with gay bandana plaid, cut in a bias band.

The short, scarf-like apron, with long, draped back, is also bordered with plaid. The basque is caught up to give full panier effect on the hips, and handkerchief pieces of the plaid are arranged like a sash bow in the back and around the neck. Quaint dresses for both ladies and little girls are made of unbleached muslin named cheese-cloth. These are trimmed with red and yellow plaids in the handkerchief pattern or with rows of woollen skirt braid.

Pretty sailor dresses for little girls are made of blue, black, or gray flannel, and are called Pinafore suits. The skirts are either plain, gored, or kilt, with two rows of wide braid down the front. They have the sailor blouse waist with rubber in the belt. Those of blue or black flannel are trimmed with white braid, and those of gray flannel with blue braid. Girls up to sixteen years wear Pinafore jackets of navy blue cloth trimmed with two rows of gilt braid and gilt buttons. They are cut with English coat backs and double-breasted fronts. Some have sailor collars.

Dresses for small girls are still made all in one piece, but they are fuller than last season. Instead of giving the princess effect, they look like long, cutaway coats, with the deep Franklin vests. What appears to be a kilt skirt is merely a deep, kilt-plaited flounce, sewed underneath the coat. Grave colors are much used for children, but it is a popular fashion to use bright contrasts for trimming them. Wash dresses for school-girls and for smaller girls are simply made with a kilt skirt and plaited waist, worn with a belt, and extending half-way down the skirt. The belted waist has a yoke in the back, to which the fullness is gathered, and three box plaits in front. Dressy slips for small children are made of Swiss muslin with tiny pinhead dots, trimmed with lace, and worn over blue or pink slips of silesia or silk. More substantial dresses are of cambric, and trimmed with Hamburg embroidery. A touch of color is given to some of these small white dresses by using Hamburg work that is scalloped and dotted with blue or red. Pretty prints, percales, and linen lawns with pin dots or hair-stripes of color on white ground, are made with three box-plaits down the front and back, and a gathered Spanish flounce.

Small boys and girls are dressed alike until about two and a half years old; then boys are put in kilt suits, sailor suits, or box-plaited princess coats, until they are five or six years old, when they put on trousers. For nice wear, the kilt suit is the favorite. Thin woollen suits are found to be almost as cool as linen, and are worn through the greater part, if not all of the summer. Light cassimeres and corduroys, ladies' cloth, and flannels are the materials most employed. The colors are drab, gray, navy blue, dark green, brown, and blue-black. Kilt suits are also made of piqué, duck, linen, twilled drillings, and small checked ginghams. Kilt skirts are most stylish when made in large plaits and quite short. The fronts are widely lapped to look like large box-plaits, and are buttoned down on the right side with four or six buttons. Sometimes there is a corresponding row on the left. Twelve side-plaits back of this are enough. The bottom is hemmed in blind stitches. The jackets to such suits are cut with English coat backs. The fronts, either cut away and double-breasted, or single-breasted, buttoned straight down from the neck to the end. The neck either has a large round collar, or may be merely bound, the shirt waist underneath having a deep round or square sailor collar. A bow of ribbon or bias-figured satin is used for a cravat bow. Square, large pockets are on the sides of all such jackets. Flat buttons of ivory or pearl, with eyes in the centre, are most used. Flat braid, half an inch wide, is used for trimming. For everyday wear, sailor suits are much used. The kilt skirt is made as that just described. The

sailor blouse is made high at the throat, no white being shown but the broad shirt collar

Simpler suits are blouses made with a yoke, to which are attached three wide box-plaits in front and three behind; a belt confines the back. This is a good design for wash goods. The princess coat may be used for boys or girls of three years of age. The long, plain sacque-fronts button down the middle; three box-plaits at the back are held to the waist by a belt buttoned on the under-arm seams. Large, square pockets at the sides.

Boys' hats are rough straws of mixed colors in sailor shape, or else small Derby hats with high, square crowns. Girls' Pinafore hats are the same as boys' sailor hats, and are worn far back on the head. Long, dark-colored stockings are worn by children. Their boots, buttoned at the side, are cut high, and have very low heels.

Ladies carry on their arms small bags made of the dress material. Fancy little bags of leather, ornamented with nickel trimmings, are attached to belts that match, and are universally used

Polka-dotted and fancy striped parasols are fashionable. Light wooden handles are in great favor.

Dressy bonnets have very long scarfs of fine muslin, edged with lace. Shot or changeable ribbons are the latest novelty in millinery.

Undressed kid gloves are more fashionable than at any previous season. Silk gloves are made with kid finish in appearance and fit. Long lisle-thread gloves, with clocked wrists, are furnished with elastic, that passes around the arm, and holds the long cuff in shape.

Lace mitts have become firmly established in favor. Regular mitts, those with half fingers or whole fingers, are shown, though the preference is for the first named. Net gloves are economical and comfortable for summer wear, and are chosen in linen shades for young ladies and little girls.

Summary of Recent Events.

DEATH OF GEN. JAMES SHIELDS.—The veteran soldier, patriot, and statesman died at Ottomwa, Indiana, on the night of the 1st of June, where he had been lecturing. In our next we will give a portrait of the distinguished deceased, with a biography of his life and labors.

THE MOORE CENTENARY was celebrated in all the principal cities of the world, by poems, orations, the singing of his melodies, etc., etc.

THE new leader of the Irish Home Rulers, Mr. Shaw, M. P. for Bandon, County Cork, was originally a Protestant clergyman, but was out of orders for some years. He has been a stanch Home Ruler since he entered public life.

AT the close of last year, the Sisters of Charity in the United States had 106 establishments, served by 1,179 Sisters, and in which they care for 3,576 orphans, 1,780 infants, 125 widows, 10,839 patients, 1,095 insane persons, and 7,333 school children. In all parts of the world there are 25,030 Sisters of Charity employed in works of charity.

THE foundation-stone of a cathedral was recently laid in Dunedin, New Zealand, by the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Lord Bishop of Dunedin, in the presence of the Lord Bishop of Wellington and close on 10,000 people. The new cathedral will afford ample sitting-room to a congregation numbering 2,600. On the day on which the foundation was laid the magnificent sum of £2,700 was collected, £874 of which was laid on the stone. Bishop Moran was presented with a hammer and a silver trowel of exquisite workmanship.

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians of the United States assembled in convention at Cincinnati, May 13. There were about eighty delegates, representing twenty-four States, present. They attended in a body at the Cathedral, where Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, after which he addressed the delegates. The press account states that he thanked God that the A. O. H., though during the past year abused, slandered, and reviled, had proved themselves to be true men, good and faithful members of society, as well as law-abiding citizens. The Archbishop said he had an abiding faith in the society, and was glad to see that other prominent ecclesiastics in the country were now of the same opinion. On Thursday Wm. H. Cook, of Boston, was elected chairman. Addresses were made by Very Rev. Father Gallagher, Administrator of the Diocese of Columbus, and Father Murray, of Chillicothe, O.

We understand that the A. O. H. are to join in the great movement to pay the debts of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

BEAGÁN NIOS MÓ A D-TIMCHIOLL NA SEAN-GAEDHLIGE.

Is cosamhuil gur chuala morán de dhaoinibh a leigheas an chuairt seo, trachd air Leabhar Laigheann. 'Se an leabhar is mó eidir na sean leabharaibh Eireann. Do cumadh a mainisdir Cilldair e ann aimsir Dhiarmid mhic Mhurrachda, an righ deighneach Cuige Laigheann; acht tá an chuid is mo de 'n sgribhin atá ann, morán nios sinne 'na aimsir an righ sin; óir ni'l se acht 'na mhac-leabhar de sean sgribhinibh a bhi ann Eirinn ó'n allód. Ni'l cineadh eile ann Eorip ag a bh-fuil sean leabhar cho luachmhar leis, agus dá m-beidheadh leabhar mar e le na Saesanaibh nó na Gearmanaibh, is doigh nach g-cluinfinn riamh deire trachdtha air; acht de bhrigh gur leabhar Eironnach e, agus gurab ag cineadh atá curtha fá smachd e, ni'l meas ag an domhan air. Ni'l morán de'n leabhar mór so aistrighthe fós a m-Bearla; tá se chó mór leis an Biobla, agus tá dochas againn go m-beidh se aistrighthe go h-aithgeárr no a m-Bearla no a nGaedhlig choitchionn. So rann as leabhar nios sinne 'na Leabhar Laigheann, a thaisbeanfas nach sár deacar e le tuigsint.

"O dearad an pobal go gein Fiadat Feidil*
Coig cet is noi m-bliadna octmogat co deimin;
O Adam go geineamain oen mic Maire mine
It dá bliadhain caeget noi cet is tri mile."

* Sean ainm do Dhia.

Literal Translation.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THE OLD IRISH.

It is possible that many persons who read this periodical have heard an account of the Book of Leinster. It is the largest amongst the old books of Ireland. It was compiled in the monastery of Kildare, in the time of Dermot Mac Murrough, the last king of the province of Leinster; but the greater part of the writing that is in it is much older than the time of that king, for it is only a copy of old writings that were in Ireland from ancient times. There is not another nation in Europe that possesses a book so valuable, and if the English or the Germans possessed a book like it, probably we should never hear an end of treating about it; but because it is an Irish book, and belongs to a conquered nation, the world has no esteem for it. There is not much of this great book translated yet into English; it is as big as the Bible, and we hope that it will be translated soon, either into English or modern Irish. Here is a verse from an older book than the Book of Leinster, which shows that it is not very difficult to understand.

"From the bondage of the people to the birth of the Divinity,
Five hundred and eighty-nine years indeed;
From Adam to the incarnation of the only son of gentle Mary
Is three thousand nine hundred and fifty-two years."

So rod atá sár chúirtalta as Leabhar Laigheann nocn dhearabhas a aois. Tá se sgriobtha air imiol an leabhair.

"A Muire is mór an gnim do ringned in h-Erin andiu. Diarmait mac Donnchada mic Murchada righ Laigen agus Gall do innarba do feraib h-Ereand tar in muir sair! Uch, uch a Comdiu, cid do gen!"

Is féidir linn a rádh go bh-fuil teanga an dá shampla so go direach ionnan leis an teanga labharthar ann Eirinn aniu. Ni'l si eagsamhal acht ann aon chor, iodhan, a bheith gan punc os cionn consoineadha eigen, no an litir *h* 'na n-diaigh. Cuir na puinc os cionn na litir, no cuir *h* 'na n-diaigh, mar do dheanamaoid aniu, agus beidh se 'na dhroch sgolaire Gaedhlig nach bh-feudfadh léigheadh gan deacrachd an dá shampla so do thóg sinn as sean Leabharaibh Eireann.

Tá siad ag deanadh mac-leabhair go beachd de na leabharaibh móra so dá d-trachdamar cheana. Tá Leabhar na h-Uidhre agus Leabhar Breac ullamh anois; dioltar air tri punt an ceann iad; acht de bhrigh go bh-fuil Leabhar Laigheann cho mór sin, ni diolfar e nios lúgha 'na sé punt.

Acht ni chóir a smuainedh go bh-fuil an t-sean Gaedhlig go léir chó urus le na samplaibh a thugamar shuas. Tá cuid dí an-deacar mar a taisbeanfar leis an rann so as Leabhar Dimma. 'Si seo an phriomh-sgribhin is sinne a nGaedhlig; do mheas an Saoi O Comharadh gur sgriobhadh i timchio'l na bliadhna 620 d'aois ar d-Tighearna.

"Sirim dom hilluag mo saethir
A lenmain alt cen dichill,
Cin neimnitnecht nacrad,
Acus atrab inn richith."

'Si seo an t-iomlán Gaedhlige atá a Leabhar Dimma; tá 'n chuid eile dhí go h-uile a Laidion; agus sgriobhthar Gaedhlig agus Laidion a g-cómhnuidhe a litiribh cheadna 'sna sean leabharibh; nidh a thaisbeanas go solléir gurab ionnan na litreacha Eireannacha agus Laidion.

Here is something that is very curious out of the Book of Leinster, that proves its age. It is written on the margin of the book: —

"O Virgin! it is a great deed that is done in Ireland to-day. Dermott, the son of Donchada, the son of Murrough, King of Leinster and of the Danes to be banished over the Eastern sea by the men of Ireland. Uch, uch, O God, what shall I do!"

We can say that the language of these two extracts is the same as that spoken to-day in Ireland. It is different only in one way, namely, in being without the dot over certain consonants, or the letter *h* after them. Put the dots over the letters, or put an *h* after them, as we do at present, and he will be a bad Irish scholar that would not be able to read, without difficulty, these two extracts that we have taken from the old books of Ireland.

They are making exact copies of these great books of which we have already treated. The Book of the Dun Cow and the Speckled Book are now ready; they are sold at three pounds; but because the Book of Leinster is so large, it will not be sold less than six pounds.

But it is not correct to think that all the old Irish is as easy as the extracts we have given above. Some of it is very difficult, as this verse, taken from the Book of Dimma, will show. It is the oldest original writing in the Irish language; Professor O'Curry believed it was written about the year of our Lord 620.

"I beseech for me the price of my labor,
In the following chapters without mistake,
That I be not venomously criticised,
And the residence of the heavens."

This is the whole of the Irish that is in the Book of Dimma; the rest of it is entirely in Latin, and Irish and Latin are always written in the same letters in the old books, — a thing that shows clearly that the Irish and Latin letters are the same.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

84.

LIPOGRAM.

Nw srly y mst ll cnfss,
Ths lttl pzzl y shld gss;
Ts nt s vry hrd ndd,
Th vwls wll spply yr nd

85.

CHARADES.

The weary traveller, for precious ease,
Struggles to pull off my first,
But without success; then in a rage,
Calls on my second to bring my whole.

86.

My first in the kitchen solemnly stands,
And warns me to my second,
And the neighbors oft declare I am
As regular as my whole.

87.

My first is a vegetable, my second is a domestic fowl, my whole is a handsome bird.

88.

My first is a vehicle, my second is a preposition, my whole is part of a ship.

89.

My first is a grain, my second is part of a house, my whole is an English county.

90.

My first is a game, my second is what we use our eyes for, my whole is one of the United States.

91.

ACROSTIC.

A longing desire; a province of Russia; a rich wine; a precious stone; a town in France.

The initials and finals give the names of two German musicians.

92.

ANAGRAMS.

Flowers.

Waste them, Willie.
Catherine's hat.
Cannot hear it.
Ha! love ti l ye fly.

93.

European Towns.

Ten marches.
Mad retort.
A noble car.
Sell a miser.

94.

ENIGMA.

Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain;
Scattered, dispersed, yet gathered up again;
Withered though young, though dying yet perfumed,
Laid up with care, but kept to be consumed.

95.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the figure nine like a peacock?

96.

CHARADES.

My first is a fruit, my second is a fruit, my whole is a fruit.

97.

My first is used in driving, my second is needy, my third is a boy's name, and my whole is a bird.

98.

See how the arena's thronged, the glorious sport to see,
With Spain's fair daughters and proud chivalry;
And "vivas" loud mix with the din of trumpets and of drums,
The gates fly wide, and, with a roar, my noble primal comes;
And yet of every one that's there, my next the lead doth take,
Which, tho' 't was never yet in fault, owns to a great mistake.
Far from the ken of grasping man, my useful third is found,
Yet to obtain it, fathoms deep he excavates the ground.
Join these right carefully, and you my whole may use
As an account official of the public news.

99.

x x u r,
x x u b;
i c u r,
x x 4 me.

100.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of six letters:
My 4, 5, 2, 3 is warmth;
My 4, 5, 6 is a pronoun;
My 1, 2, 3 is a greasy substance;
My whole is a near relation.

101.

BEHEADINGS.

I dwell within the briny deep,
Where gold and pearls do lie;
Behead me, and I wander with
The eagle in the sky.

102.

Shun me if a home you would find
In heaven, that place of rest;
Behead me now, and I furnish sport,
The healthiest, coldest, and best.

103.

Whole I am a name, behead me I am a bird, behead me again and I am a boat.

104.

ENIGMA.

Once in a minute you'll find me,
Twice in a moment your ears
May detect me, and yet I'm not seen
Even once in a thousand years.

105.

I am composed of nine letters:
My 7, 1, 2, 5 is not sweet;
My 4, 8, 6, 9 is a fruit;
My 3 is a vowel;
My whole is a philosopher of ancient Greece.

106.

DECAPITATION.

Whole, I am loose and quivering; behead me, and I am a space intercepted between two lines; once more behead me, and transpose me, and I become a valley.

107.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters:
My first is in turtle, but not in dove;
My second is in hate, but not in love;
My third is in gold, but not in brass;
My fourth is in maple, but not in bass;
My fifth is in bake, but not in boil;
My sixth is in grease, but not in oil;
My seventh is in more, but not in less;
My eighth is in coat, but not in dress;
My ninth is in corn, but not in wheat;
My tenth is in bread, but not in meat;
My eleventh is in head, but not in hand;
My whole is a great poet of Ireland.

108.

PUZZLE.

My first is a verb in the present tense,
My next the same verb in the past;
My whole is a pretty play, and hence
Some puzzler will guess it at last.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

59, Charles Dickens; 60, Scrape, crape, rape, ape, pea, scrap, scar, car, rap; 61, Tell-i-cherry; 62, Caligula, Vespasian, Domitian, Antoninus Pius, Tiberius; 63, Sir Henry Havelock; 64, Luck-now; 65, Stonewall Jackson; 66, Fredericksburg; 67, Chart, hart, art, char; 68, Cigar, Image, Games, Agents, Rests; 69, Shamrock; 70, Rail, Acre, Iron, Lent; 71, Lace, Alas, Carp, Espy; 72, P-earl; 73, Nurse, ruse, use, us; 74, Richard Brinsley Sheridan; 75, Mire, ire; 76, Tulip, Pansy — ToP, UnA, LawN, IsiS, PoseY; 77, Flash, lash, ash; 78, Because he could a tale (tail) unfold; 79, Blue, Lint, Unit, Etty; 80, Mine, wine, mane, mile, mint; 81, Rose, hose, rise, rope, ross; 82, Wasp, gasp, wisp, warp, wash; 83, The Vicar of Wakefield, The Last of the Mohicans, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Barnaby Rudge.

Of the April puzzles Aggie Hoolehan answers 7.

Of the May puzzles Lizzie Murphy answers 14; Lizzie Dundon, 12; M. M. B., 12; H. Robinson, 16; Aloysius, 8; Uncle Bradly, 14; Daisy Cheviot, 6; Mollie, 13; Charlie Ross, 13.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

OUR MAGAZINE can be furnished to all new subscribers from the beginning of the year.

MAJOR GEN. JOHN A. DIX died in New York, recently, aged eighty-one years He was author of the famous command, "If any man attempts to pull down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

A LARGE number of our friends get their magazines from the newspaper dealers throughout the country. We will send them also our elegant picture, ERIN'S HOME TREASURES, on receipt of expense for mailing, — ten cents.

THE "Irish Standard" is the name of a new paper recently started in Philadelphia. The editor wields the shillalah (the pen we mean) right and left against the enemies of our race. We wish our vigorous friend every success.

THE Irish-American Council of Chicago, Ill., composed of forty-five Irish and Catholic societies, have undertaken to pay off the debt upon the orphan asylum's new building, to be called the Bishop Foley Memorial.

The Irish-American Societies of Boston could pay off the debt on the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in this city, if they would undertake the job.

THANKS. — To Patrick Donahoe, Esq., of Boston, Mass., the veteran editor of "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE," for a fine 20 x 26 engraving entitled "Erin's Home Treasures," which is given away to all yearly subscribers to his magazine. The picture is a large one and ornaments our sanctum, besides reminding us of those happy days of childhood, when Erin, the ever faithful isle, was yet our home. We would recommend our readers to subscribe for "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE." It is an excellent and cheap monthly, only $2 a year, gives the reader a heap of valuable information and entertaining reading; the premium, "Erin's Home Treasures," is alone worth the money. Address, Patrick Donahoe, 23 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. — *The Albuquerque Review, New Mexico.*

IT is reported that within a few months eighteen ex-priests of the Catholic Church have been received into the English Episcopal Church. — *Boston Traveller.*

We have not been able to learn of so great a defection from the Church. But if so, it shows that "the Pope has been weeding his garden."

WILLIAM O'SHEA, electric printer, Boston, has issued a little pamphlet entitled "Patrick's Armour," which will be interesting to philologists from the fact of its being the prayer, or "Armour," of St. Patrick and his companions while on their way to overcome Druidism. It is published in Irish characters for the first time in New England, and contains, besides the original poem, an English translation.

LONDON, OHIO.

MR. P. DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — I have been getting your excellent magazine since its first issue appeared. I say to each number, "Caedh mille failte." Enclosed, please find my subscription till January, 1880. I also take pleasure in forwarding the name of a *new subscriber*, together with his subscription till May, 1880, James McCarthy, Esq., London, Madison County, Ohio.

Yours very respectfully,

JAMES A. BURNS,
St. Patrick's Church.

THE retirement of Col. Wm. Moore from the Emerson Piano Company places the chief management of that time-honored establishment in the hands of our old friend, Mr. PATRICK H. POWERS, so long and favorably known from his connection with the musical interests of Boston, and especially from his membership of the Old Cathedral and Immaculate Conception choirs. The new firm are fortunate in succeeding to a business so well established, and to the manufacture of an instrument so universally popular as the EMERSON PIANO, and we wish them every success, and bespeak for them the patronage of our friends everywhere.

Do all the children of Mary subscribe for the "Ave Maria"? If not, they ought to.

Many good people believe that the body of St. Joseph ascended to heaven with his spirit.

The May number of this much-prized new publication is at hand. Every page abounds with interest. There is not an article in the number but will well repay the reader for its perusal. — *Pittsburgh Catholic.*

Donahoe's Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 6.—The June number of this magazine completes the first volume, and is a worthy ending to the work so well begun. There is plenty of reading matter for men and boys, women and girls. Success to Donahoe, and may he issue many another volume of his American-Irish Catholic periodical! — *Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

A University for Ireland.— The O'Conor Don has introduced a new bill into Parliament for the establishment of St. Patrick's University. It has received some attention in the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor admitting that it was desirable to provide for the extension of the university system to Ireland. It is thought that it will pass the present Parliament.

St. Vincent's Home, Warren Street,
New York, May 7, 1879.

Dear Friend, — Enclosed find $2, one year's subscription to your Magazine. Your serial is always welcome here. It is replete with choice reading and sound literary matter. I trust its success will become more assured as time goes by.

You have done wonders for Faith and Fatherland, and the "sea-divided Gael" should rally round you in tens of thousands.

Wishing you every success,

I am yours sincerely in Christ,

Rev. John C. Drumgoole.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.

Boston Beef Packing Company. — An extensive inquiry and observations have taught us that not only the poor but the people in good circumstances feel the desirableness of a palatable, nutritious article of beef at a reasonable price; and it became requisite to find a way to preserve meat in hermetically sealed packages without the use of antiseptics; and also to use the herds of cattle of Texas for this purpose, which again involved an economical treatment and sale of hides and tallow and residuals to enable the use of the meats at a price within the reach of the poorest.

This has been accomplished by the Boston Beef Packing Company, whose advertisement appeared in our June number. The facts presented by the company show how six and one third pounds of dressed beef become two pounds of nutritious, healthy, and toothsome meat, etc.

Ask your neighbor to take Donahoe's Magazine.

Our magazine is sent free of postage to all parts of the world.

Rev. Father John Vertin, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Negaunee, Mich., has been appointed Bishop of Marquette and Sault-Sainte-Marie, same State.

The "New York Catholic" is now under the exclusive management of Eliot Ryder, Esq. We wish it continued success. Donahoe's Magazine and the Catholic for $3.00 a year.

Boston College, under the fostering care of good Father Fulton, was never in a more flourishing condition. The coming Commencement will show great progress in every department.

His Holiness the Pope addressed a few days ago to Cardinals Manning and Howard the following words: "In conferring the sacred purple on Dr. Newman, I wish to honor his great virtues and learning, to do an act pleasing to the Catholics of England, and to England which I so much esteem."

Lowell, May 10, 1879.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq.:

Dear Sir, — Some weeks since I became a subscriber to your magazine and had well-nigh forgotten it, but to-day was reminded of the fact by the receipt of five numbers of it, and judging from a hasty glance of its contents, I should say that it is just what our people need, and will be great service to them. Please to find enclosed one year's subscription, and allow me to express my heartfelt wish that your magazine may be a financial success to yourself, as it will be, as other publications of yours have been, an honor and a credit to our people.

Very respectfully,

Jeremiah Crowley.

In the libel suit brought by the Rev. Charles D. Lothrop against the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican," for the publication of an article accusing Lothrop of cruelly treating his children, the jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing damages in the sum of $1,000 together with costs.

It is about time the mendacious, lying "Republican" received a check. At the time of Mr. Donahoe's misfortunes, it outrageously libelled him. The then editor has gone to his account, where all slanderers meet with their deserts.

We rejoice that Mr. Lothrop has been vindicated by a jury of his countrymen.

A LARGE emigration is expected from Ireland the present season.

JULY is the month of the glorious Fourth. Let us rejoice and be glad.

REV. Dr. LOGUE, of Maynooth, has been appointed Bishop of Raphoe, Ireland.

THE O'Gorman Mahon has been returned to the British Parliament from historic Clare.

WE are gratified to learn that the office of the "Ave Maria" escaped destruction by the great fire at Notre Dame.

VERY REV. LAWRENCE S. McMAHON, Pastor of New Bedford, Mass , has been elected to the vacant See of Hartford, Conn.

MR. DONAHOE was vice-president of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston in 1848, 1849, and 1850, and president in 1851 and 1854.

A CONVENT school in Illinois, through the exertions of a good sister, have sent us an order for fifty copies a month of our magazine.

TWENTY-ONE years ago next Aug. 15th, on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady Immaculate, in the year 1858, Archbishop Hughes laid the corner-stone of the grand Cathedral recently dedicated in New York.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY is rapidly rising from its ashes. The frontage will be three hundred feet and the depth one hundred and fifty-six. It is thought it will be ready for occupancy by September.

DANIEL FITZGERALD GOBBETT has been returned to Parliament, for Limerick, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Mr. Butt. The "Dublin Freeman" says it would "be hard to find one more suitable." He is a Home Ruler.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The June number of this excellent magazine is fully equal in merit to those that have preceded it. The various articles have been judiciously selected. Especially suitable at this time are those on Thomas Moore, among which is an excellent, though short, biography of the poet by Alfred Webb. We are glad to see an increase in the number of original articles. The story of "Julia Marron" is continued, and its interest increases as it progresses. Mr. Donahoe has always deserved well of the public, and they should not fail to patronize him, especially as he gives them so much useful and entertaining reading at a marvellously low price. — *Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

THOSE who come late to Mass are bound to hear another on the same Sunday. — *Catholic Columbian.*

We fear very few do this.

AUNT MAXWELL'S RETURN. We give in this number a very pretty drama in three acts. Our young folks will, we are sure, appreciate it. The characters are females. It will answer in parlor, school, or other places. We shall occasionally give short plays as they come within our notice. We shall be pleased to hear of its being performed by our young ladies, and how they like it.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 16, 1879

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE :

The moment I received the first number of your very admirable magazine I became a subscriber in intention. I now become one in fact, and tender an apology for the delay. Your monthly is truly a *magazine* full of good things, and is a proof that, though a veteran, your head and pen are as vigorous as ever. You need no appeal to your long and faithful services in the cause of religion and country to make your magazine popular: it deserves it on its own merits, and needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

Enclosed please find $2.00 for my subscription.

JOS. P. O'CONNELL, D.D.,
Pastor of St. Michael's, Brooklyn, L. I.

A LONG, delightful day of sunshine and pleasure is the earnest desire of afflicted mortals. But without health there is neither rest, comfort, nor happiness. Riches and glory are worthless without it. Disease makes life cheerless, and even home gloomy. Relief is more precious than gold. In all cases of headache, pains in the back, side and chest, nervousness, kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, diseases of the genital organs, impure blood, depressed spirits, and all female troubles, Sandaline is a certain and prompt cure. Powerful, though gentle, in its action, it directly reaches the seat of disease, cleanses the system of all impurities, and completely restores it to health and vigor. It is an unequalled diuretic, having no alcoholic properties, but possesses incomparable sanative virtues. In severe cases it should be alternated with Sandaline Elixir. Will do just as recommended, used as directed, or money refunded. Price $1. Ask your druggust for it. Thousands of testimonials attest its worth. "Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 11, 1878. Dr. Gounod. 5 West 14th Street, New York. I am perfectly willing to certify that Sandaline and Sandaline Elixir, as prescribed by you, entirely cured me in a very short time of mercurial poisoning, which I had contracted in my former business of a mirror manufacturer. My bones were as much affected as my skin. In fact, my whole system was in a state of disease. C. H. Stamford." Dr. Gounod's great medical work, full of interest, over two hundred and fifty pages. Price $1. Send for it.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

VERY REV. P. V. MEADTHE, O. P., died in Drogheda, Ireland.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Thomas Mac Enirey, P. P., Efflin, Ireland.

THE Very Rev. Patrick J. Fennelly, P. P., V. F., Murroe, Ireland, died recently.

AT St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, Cal., on the 26th April, Rev. Thomas Gibney.

THE death is announced of the Very Rev. Father John Macdonald, Vicar General of the diocese of Kingston, Ontario.

THE REV. PATRICK MCCAULEY, C. C., died at Cappagh, Ireland, April 29. He was brother of Rev. Charles McCauley, parish priest of Cappagh.

THE death of Rev. Father Leonard, of Kingston, Canada, took place at Rochester, N. Y., whither he had gone in the hope of recruiting his health, which had for some time been very poor.

REV. JORDAN F. CALDWELL, O. P., died in San Francisco, on the 17th of April. Father Caldwell was born near the historic and sacred hill of Tara, county Meath, Ireland, in 1836. He was a Dominican twenty years.

THE death of the Rev. D. B. Sheridan, C. C., of St. Michan's Church, Dublin, took place on Saturday evening, April 12. Father Sheridan was educated in Navan, Carlow, and Maynooth, and in 1860 ordained for this Archdiocese.

REV. FATHER PATRICK FAY, pastor of Colchester, Conn., died in that town on the 28th of April. Father Fay was born in the parish of Mullaharan, Diocese of Ardagh, county of Cavan, Ireland, in June, 1843; had he lived till next June he would have been forty-six years old.

THE death of the Very Rev. Patrick O'Meally, P. P., V. G., is announced. He was one of the curates in Birr, Ireland, over fifty years ago at the time of the Crotty schism; he was subsequently parish priest of Scariff, of Shinrone, in which latter parish he was the successor of the Rev. J. O'Meara, P. P.

THE REV. FATHER P. A. MURPHY, pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, New Haven, Conn., died in that city May 19. Father Murphy was born in Ireland in 1845. He was ordained in 1868. He was sent to Norwalk, and remained there four years. He was then assigned to St. Mary's parish, one of the largest in the State. It was thought at one time that he would be called to the vacant bishopric at Hartford.

SISTERS.

MOTHER MARY VINCENT RUSSELL died lately in Drogheda. The deceased was related to the Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth College.

THE death is announced of Sister M. Dennin, of St. Elizabeth Convent, Madison, N. Y.; also, of Sister Zita, of the Immaculate Conception Convent, Baltimore, Md.

SISTER ANN LOUISE O'CONNELL, one of the Sisters of the community at Providence Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., died in that place recently. Deceased was a native of Ireland, sixty years old, and entered the Order forty-nine years ago. During the late war, she had charge of the Louisiana Hospital in Richmond, Va.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Cornelia Connolly, who, thirty-two years ago, in co-operation with Miss Emily Bowles, founded the teaching community of the Holy Child in England. The first scene of their labors was Derby, where they were introduced by Dr. Wiseman, at that time Coadjutor Bishop in the midland district. Upon Dr. Wiseman's removal to London he transferred the Sisters of the Holy Child from Derby to St. Leonard's on Sea, where they still conduct a flourishing school. Mrs. Connolly was by birth an American, and the wife of an Episcopalian minister.

DEATH OF BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS. — "L'Univers" announces the death at Nevers of Bernadette Soubirous, otherwise Sister Marie Bernard, who, in 1858, had the glorious privilege accorded to her of beholding above the Holy Grotto at Lourdes the heavenly apparition again and again of the Most Blessed Mother of God, who announced herself by the title of "The Immaculate Conception." Sister Marie Bernard has for years lived a holy life in the cloistered seclusion of Nevers. May she rest in peace.

Events of the Month.

Not a single Catholic sits as Member of Parliament for an English constituency.

By a recent decree of the Congregation of Rites in Rome it is forbidden to use gas on the altar.

An imposing manifestation took place at Roubaix, France, when Mass was said at the Church of the Sacre-Cœur for the repose of Napoleon III. Upwards of four thousand persons were present, whereas four years ago scarcely a dozen persons attended the solemnity.

In the city government of Hartford, Conn., the Irish-American element is pretty well represented this year by Mr. John E. Higgins, City Clerk; Aldermen Patrick McGovern, Thomas Monaghan, James Donahoe, and John P. Harbison; Councilmen John F. Cunningham, Thomas H. Butler, John McManus, Peter Donahoe, James Sullivan, John A. Mannix, and Richard McCloud

The Metropolitan-Archbishop Miran Roman, of Hermannstadt, in Siebenburgen, whilst taking his afternoon stroll in his garden, was attracted by cries for help from a child who had fallen into the canal, the waters of which run at a great pace. Without more ado his Grace cast hat, cloak, and staff away, and plunging into the current reappeared with the child in his arms, and swam with it to shore.

Easter Monday was the half-yearly Presbyterian Fast Day in Aberdeen, and crowds of people went to Cove Village, four miles distant, to spend the day. In the afternoon the principal hotel was taken possession of by a lawless mob, who completely wrecked the house. Whiskey was stolen, furniture smashed, and twenty dozen glasses broken. The rioting lasted till dusk. No apprehensions could be made, as the police, few in number, were set at defiance.

The following nationalities live under the sceptre of the Czar of Russia: Great Russians, Little Russians, White Russians, Poles, Finns, Estons, Samoyeds, Laplanders, Ostiaks, Tunguz, Yakuts, Kamstchadales, Tartars, Bashkirs, Kirguiz, Kalmuks, Tcherkossi, Ossettini, Lesguini, Armenians, Lithuanians, Tchavashi, Ugalenzi, Coloshen, Tchukchi, Grusini, Koriaki, Eskimos, Yucagniri, Loprai, Truchman, Korels, Vaguls, Tchapogiri, Tchechenzi, Gypsies, Hebrews, and Menonites. Each of these speaks its own language, which is foreign to all the others.

France and O'Connell.—The President of the French Catholic Association, M. Chesnelong, one of the most eloquent men in France, recently took the opportunity of paying a graceful compliment to Ireland. He proposed Ireland to France as her model in the great educational struggle in which her Catholic children are now engaged, and in which Ireland's example would be seen to be most encouraging. He proceeded to recall the gigantic labors of the illustrious author of that legal and constitutional agitation which resulted in the Emancipation, both religious and political, of Ireland, and when he mentioned O'Connell's name, the whole audience rose to their feet, and hailed it with three rounds of the heartiest and most enthusiastic applause.

Appalling spread of Scepticism in Germany.—Amongst its many other pernicious results, the appalling spread of scepticism in Germany has had the effect of vastly diminishing the number of aspirants to the Protestant clerical profession in that empire. In confirmation of this statement we may instance the case of the Grand Duchy of Hesse. In the province of Upper Hesse, out of 196 places for Protestant clerical aspirants, 36 are vacant; in Rhenish Hesse, out of 88 places, 12 are vacant; and in the province of Starkenberg, out of 132 places, 12 are vacant. There are 33 out of 93 curacies vacant, and it is impossible to find candidates for them. In the University of Grissen there are at present only seven Protestant Divinity students, so that the future looks no brighter than the present.

The Prince Imperial of France.—It is related by the "Paris Temps" that when Prince Louis Bonaparte landed at Cape Town, Lady Frere hastily issued invitations for a reception the same evening, but those printed at the "Cape Argus" office bore, on close examination, instead of the Royal arms, a miniature portrait of the Duke of Wellington, a mistake of the compositor, as the "Cape Argus" alleges. Another paper published a letter reviving episodes in Napoleon III.'s history, which raised a warm controversy. About one thousand persons collected next day on the jetty when the Prince left for Natal, and gave him three cheers, though few hats were raised. He looked pale and tired, and on apparently overhearing an uncomplimentary remark in French, stopped, looked in the direction of the utterer, and appeared embarrassed.

Another Attempt on the Life of the Emperor of Russia.—A desperate attempt was made at St. Petersburg to assassinate the Emperor Alexander Towards eight o'clock in the evening the Czar, according to his wont, was walking near the Winter Palace, when a respectably dressed man, who wore a regimental cap, drawing his right hand from his bosom, fired in rapid succession at his Majesty four shots from a revolver. Happily, the Emperor was quite untouched. The assassin was at once seized by the bystanders. Intelligence of the event spread with wonderful swiftness through the capital, exciting a mingled sentiment of joy at the Czar's providential escape, and of horror at the act of the would-be murderer. Preparations were made upon the instant, by a common impulse, throughout the capital, to offer a magnificent testimony to the Czar of the loyal devotion of his people. The present is the fourth time that the Emperor has escaped attempts at his assassination.

P. J. CARROLL, Esq., died in Dundalk, Ireland, on the 5th May. He was engaged in the manufacture of tobacco for the past half-century.

MR. MARTIN JOSEPH M'DONNELL, of Dunmore, county Galway, died in the hospital May 11, from the effects of injuries sustained the night previous by falling off a car in D'Olier Street, Dublin. Deceased was a son of Mr M. J. M'Donnell, of Dunmore, county Galway, one of the wealthiest gentlemen in Connaught.

THE dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 25th of May, was the most imposing of any Catholic celebration that has taken place on this continent.

THE great race on the Tyne was won by Edward Hanlan, of Toronto. Hanlan is of Irish descent, born in Toronto in 1859. His competitor, John Hawdon, is of English birth, and is twenty-three years of age. The race was witnessed by thousands. Great interest was centred in the contest, which was won easily by the victor by six lengths.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society, New York.

Grants of Land and Gifts of Money to Catholic and Non-Catholic Institutions in New York Compared. Which Church does the State and City Support?

A Gentle Remonstrance. A letter addressed to Rev. F. C. Ewer, S. T. D., on the subject of ritualism, being a review of Dr. Emer's lectures at Newark. By Aloysius Joshua Dodgson Bradley, B. A., Pemb. Coll., Oxford: Missionary Coadjutor at the pro-Cathedral of Liverpool, formerly Rector of the P. E. Chapel of the Sacrament, New York City.

A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church. By Rev. John O'Brien, A. M., Professor of Sacred Liturgy in Mount St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg, Md.

It contains a full account of all the Oriental rites, schismatic as well as Catholic, and gives the literal and mystical meaning of everything that is done in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Price, $1.25. Postage, 12c.

P. O'Shea, New York.

The Inner Life of the Very Rev. Pere Lacordaire, O. P. Translated from the French of the Rev. Père Chocarne, O. P., by the author of "Knights of St. John, St. Dominic and the Dominicans," etc., with preface by the Rev. Father Aylward, Prior Provincial of England.

A remarkable book, which no library should be without. Most invaluable to students and men of letters.

The Spirit of St. Francis of Sales. Translated from the French of the Bishop of Belley by the late Rev. J. M. Finetti.

Mr. O'Shea has issued a new edition of this admirable work. We recommend it to all devout Christians. Price, $2.00.

Once every Week: A Treatise on Weekly Communion. By Monseigneur Ségur.

The translator of this little book (fifteen French editions of which appeared in twelve months) unites with its author in begging of pious readers to circulate it as widely as possible, especially amongst young persons and people who possess little leisure.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

We have received Nos. 7 and 8 of the "Life of Christ." Such is its popularity, that we learn one thousand copies have been ordered from England. The author, Father Brannan, has been complimented by a flattering expression of appreciation as a writer, by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., who sends him, through Very Rev. Dr. Hostlot, Rector of the American College, Rome, the following message: "His Holiness accepted your 'Life of Pius IX.' with pleasure, and requests me to inform you that he sends you his apostolic benediction for yourself and your works, and hopes that you will continue to do all you can in the noble undertaking of saving and enlightening souls."

Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore.

Life of Mrs Eliza A. Seton, foundress and first superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States of America, with copious extracts from her writings, and a historical sketch of the sisterhood from the foundation to the time of her death. By Charles E. White, D. D. To which is added an appendix containing a summary of the history of the Sisters of Charity to year 1879.

The above title is sufficiently expressive of the value and contents of one of the most interesting books ever issued from the Catholic press of the country. It is embellished with a portrait of the sainted Mother Seton. This is the third edition, with many additional interesting facts not contained in former editions. Price $1.00. For sale in Boston by Messrs. Noonan & Co.

The Dublin Review, April, 1879. Contents: Catholicism and W. H. Mallock; Free Will, by Dr W. G. Ward; Thomas Moore; An Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Psychology, by Prof. St. George Mivart; The Christians of the East, by Prof. Laury, of Lovain; Catholics and the School Boards, Alcohol: its Action and Uses, by Dr. Gasquet; The Map of British India; The Eighteenth Century, by W. S. Lilly; Church and School in France; Note to the article, "Parental Authority in Matters of Religion"; The Encyclical of Leo XIII.; Science Notices; Books of Travel; Notices of Catholic Continental Periodicals; Notices of Books.

All the articles ably written. We thoroughly recommend the "Review" to the Catholics of America. It is furnished for the low price of $5.50 per annum, by Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore, and Noonan & Co., Boston.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

Catholicity in the Carolinas and Georgia. Leaves of its History, A. D. 1820–1878. By the Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connell, O. S. B.

We have not seen this book, but if it is from the pen of Father O'Connell, of Columbia, S. C., it must be good.

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

Irish Fireside Stories, Tales, and Legends.

There are forty of these tales and legends, many of them illustrated. Price $1.00. The cheapest book we have seen, there being over four hundred pages, neatly bound, good paper, etc. For sale by Noonan & Co., Boston.

G. B. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Secret of Success; or, How to Get on in the World. With Some Remarks upon True and False Success, and the Art of Making the Best Use of Life. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "English Party Leaders," "The Bird World," "Memorable Battles in English History," etc. American edition edited by P. G. H. "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well."—*H. W. Longfellow.*

A very interesting and instructive book, and one which we recommend to all who seek how to get on in the world.

G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

The Two Brides. A Tale. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L. D., author of "Heroic Women of the Bible," etc.

A story of chaste and devoted love, abounding in thrilling and highly dramatic incidents, and painting charmingly the life of the true American girl and mother, with all the graces and accomplishments that adorn our homes, and all the practical virtues which make American women so useful in the outside world.

The author has enjoyed the best opportunities of observation, both here and in Europe. He is most favorably known as a writer on both sides of the Atlantic. Within the last two years upwards of 100,000 volumes of his works have been sold. And it is not too much to say that the "Two Brides" is in every way worthy of the hand that wrote "The Mirror of True Womanhood," and "True Men as We Need Them."

No one can read the new book without admitting that it is a work of rare worth and beauty. Price, $1.50.

G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. This dictionary, with the recent improvements, is now the dictionary of the English language. We notice that the Catholic press warmly commends the new edition. One of our contemporaries says: "If we were reduced to one secular book, we should surely stand by 'Webster's Unabridged' and constitute it our sole library." We refer to the advertisements in our advertising pages.

McGee's Illustrated Weekly, devoted to Catholic art, literature, and education. This publication began its sixth volume on the 24th ult. It is the only illustrated Catholic paper that has succeeded in this country. The enterprising proprietor, J. A. McGee, Esq., is determined to add greatly to its already well-illustrateed pages. The new volume is printed entirely from new type; arrangements have also been made to give each week, in future, an original cartoon on the first page. In making these improvements, it is the proprietor's aim to bring the paper up to the standard of the best illustrated journals in the country.

"The Illustrated" and "Donahoe's Magazine" given for $4 a year.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The fifth and last volume of Mr. Foley's "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus" is nearly ready. It carries on the history of the province after 1678, and contains a full account of Titus Oates's plot, from documents hitherto unpublished, and of the revolution of 1688. As Mr. Foley has drawn much of his information from the private letters and notices of the Jesuits, he ought to be able to furnish something novel and interesting about the period of which he treats.

The Restoration of the True Gregorian Chant, according to the "Monde," is about to be effected by the publication of official editions of plain chant music, prepared under the supervision of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. This work, which has been in hand now nearly twelve years, had for object, and will have for result, at a more or less distant day, to re-establish in the Church the unity of plain chant as a complement to liturgical unity restored by Pius IX.

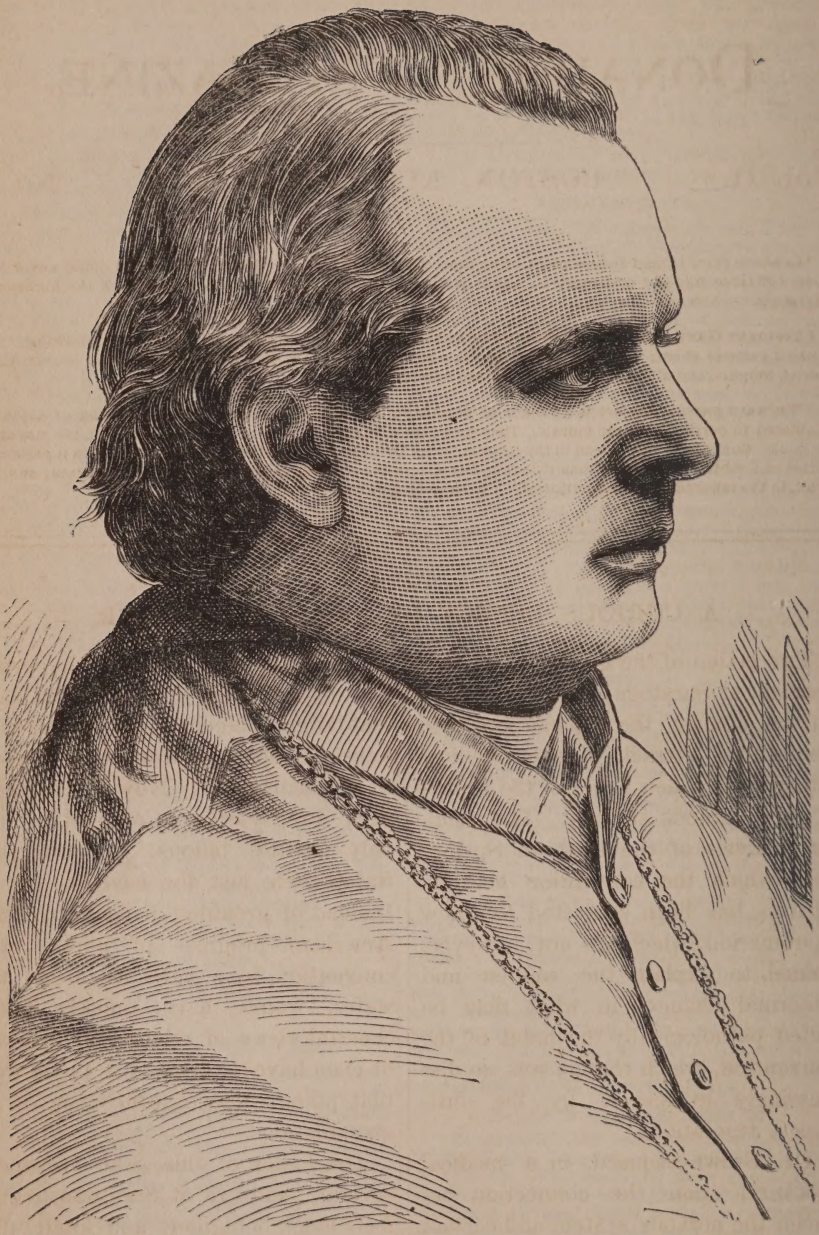
MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

"La Gondola," barcarolle for piano, by T. P. Ryder; a pretty and pleasing composition. "The Kerry Dance," words and music by J. J. Molloy. This song is a gem and may well be placed among the "Bouquet of English Songs." "True Remembrance," for piano, by Gustav Lange, is a charming melody which should be in every pianist's collection. "The Lion Hunt," for piano, by C. Kolling, a bright and sparkling galop, sure to please. "Reaper's Song" and "Sicilian Melody," by Robert Schumann, two beautiful little melodies for piano. "Celestial Dreams," by Geo. Fox, is a very pretty and graceful piano piece. "Curfew Bells," by Alfred W. Sweet, a very attractive composition. "A Cure for Sorrow," waltzes by Carl Faust. A very fine set of waltzes. "Lutheran Hymn," transcription for piano, by Edward Hoffman, is a fine set of variations on this familiar hymn.

Balmer & Weber, St. Louis, Mo.

"Centennial Ode to Thos. Moore," also "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," by M. A. Gilsinn. The music of these two compositions is very fine throughout, and is a fine specimen of the author's ability. Musical organizations desirous of new music should procure these compositions, which will well repay study, being very melodious and graceful, and at the same time of moderate difficulty. They are published in one book at the low price of fifty cents per copy



RT. REV. PATRICK J. RYAN,

Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis. (*See page* 104.)

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1879. No. 2.

"LABOR is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT GREVY, being asked recently to write something in a lady's album, indited the following: "Life s like a game of chess: each one holds its rank according to its quality; but when the game is over, kings, queens, knights, and all the rest are thrown into one common box."

"WE warn parents against the danger of permitting in their houses unwholesome reading of any kind, calculated to corrupt faith or morals. They must, therefore, watch the newspaper, the novel, the magazine, the book. Sometimes the poison in the newspaper lurks in the unsuspected advertisement; then it permeates stories of doubtful character; then it is found in sneers and slurs against religion and its ministers; and, last of all, in the labored article or editorial."—BISHOP MCQUAID.

Original.

A CURIOUS EFFECT OF SARATOGA WATER.

THE action of the Presbyterian convention, at Saratoga, in passing resolutions against the Roman Catholic Church, is attracting wide medical attention to a new effect of the waters of those famous springs. The chemical analysis of the Hathorn Spring, near which the convention held its sittings, has been subjected to a new examination, which has not, however, tended to explain the sudden and abnormal change, in what may be called pathologically the habit of the convention, which change was so distressingly evidenced by the anti-popery resolutions.

Dr. Brown-Séquard, in a medical *brochure*, upon the connection between the nervous system and certain religious fanaticisms, particularly those known in history as the "Convulsionaires de St. Médard," instances John Calvin as a victim of hypertrophy of the liver, though Audin says that the great Genevan reformer died of a disease which even medicine prefers to keep concealed. Now, if the Saratoga Presbyterian Convention was only a little bilious, the Congress waters were just the medicine for it. Instead of groaning dismally over the American progress of popery, the convention, by a judicious use of the water, would have quickly taken cheerful views of religion in general, or even have expressed a pious wish that popery may reform some of its abominations.

The writer of this, who has spent several summers at Saratoga, never feels more benignant and kindly disposed toward all the world, than when imbibing the salubrious Hathorn or Congress. So far from indulging in

gloomy reflections over the general decay of religion, and the horrible advance of popery against our free institutions, the frightful malignancy of the Roman beast with seven horns, and the wily machinations of the Jesuits, he rather likes to see Catholic priests at the springs, nor do these reverend gentlemen strike him as particularly ferocious, or apparently disposed "to drag down to the dust the palladium of our liberties."

We would respectfully suggest a medico-theological explanation of the anti-popery action of the Saratoga Convention. Everybody knows that some of the springs are largely impregnated with salt. The convention claimed, of course, to be the salt of the earth, in a Scriptural sense. Would it be admissible to say, that the spiritual salt, reacting upon the merely chemical saline ingredients of the springs, disagreed with the reverend body? Or suppose the convention was not the (spiritual) salt of the earth. — but alas! both medicine and theology must here admit the failure of any general explanation so far submitted.

Saratoga itself is gravely compromised by this extraordinary effect of the waters. Why, just suppose any convention there assembling with the risk of cutting so ridiculous a figure as the late Presbyterian one, all resulting from some hitherto unexplained quality of the springs. Imagine a Democratic convention nominating Grant, and talking about the sapping of the foundation of the republic, and the consequent necessity of a "strong man" at the head of the government. Would not the country have strong reason to suspect even the insanity-producing nature of the Saratoga springs? Suppose a Catholic council there met, and said that Protestantism is on the increase in this country, what would the people say? The medical profession owes it to its reputation gravely to deliberate over the late Presbyterian Convention's denunciations of popery, and relieve the public mind from its anxious inquiry if, in view of this fact, Congress water may not contain some subtile ingredient which, acting upon a Presbyterian liver, has the effect of completely deranging the usually cold, hard judgment of the descendants of the Covenanters.

In Calvin's "Institutes," we read that while it is the duty of every good Presbyterian to oppose the spread of the devilish superstition of Rome (*mendacium papale et diabolicum*), still, such laudable opposition and repression must be carried on chiefly by the aid of the civil power as the nursing parent of the church. Stern old John, even when he deliberated whether to drown or to burn Servetus, never thought of Saratoga water as a powerful agent against popery. We hope that some of our readers who are chemical analysts will give their attention to this question before the "season" at the watering-place reaches its height.

We fear, however, that as all the waters in great Neptune's ocean could not wash the blood from Macbeth's hand, so all the springs at Saratoga cannot cleanse Presbyterianism from its anti-Catholic gall. Of all the reformed churches, it is the only one that is bound to persecute by the very force of its own tenets. Now, in most Protestant churches, persecution was only a transient condition, or the result of certain ignorant passions. Luther, as Hallam says, bellowed away in bad Latin against his opponents, but he deprecated fire and sword. He burnt the Pope's bull in the public square of Wittenberg, but he did not burn any human being. Zwingle was a soldier-parson, who died fighting at the head of his troops, but he did not organize any settled code of persecution; and the thousand and one branches of the upas-tree of the Reformation inflicted moral rather than physical death upon society.

Not so Calvinism, which was a rabid persecutor from the very day when John Calvin, or Cauvin, felt himself

called to become a reformer. Obliged to flee from France for a shameful crime, which not all the learning and ingenuity of his biographers can satisfactorily explain away as a Romish calumny, his career is a curious illustration of the peculiar religious conditions of his day, and the natural ascendency which his gloomy and despotic, but eminently gifted mind attained over the people of Geneva, which became first his refuge as a criminal, and next his capital as a religious monarch. His system of theology, as embodied in his "Institutes," exercised a great influence upon the minds of those Protestants who were tired of the half-measures of Luther, weary of the tyranny of Henry the Eighth (who was more despotic and unreasonable than the Pope), and sick of the doctrinal vagueness which, of course, was one of the consequences of a departure from the ancient Church.

Calvin quickly settled the whole theological question that was dividing Protestantism into endless sects, by laying down one great principle, which, shocking and unchristian as it is, remains the vital principle of Presbyterianism to this day. That principle is that God, of his own free grace and election, has ordained Presbyterians to everlasting happiness, and has appointed the rest of the race to eternal damnation. It was a quick way of deciding disputes. Calvin himself believed in irremissible grace, or the impossibility of any of the elect falling from grace, no matter how grievous might be the sin. The elect, by whom he meant himself and those that followed him, were just as absolutely sure of salvation as those outside the fold were sure of damnation.

Had he remained content with this theory, people in time might have forgotten it as another of those strange opinions which the Reformation was continually spawning, but the trouble was, he began to apply this theory to practical life. The saints, as he called them, had a right to the property of the reprobate, to the sole government of the state, and to the exclusive possession of all offices of trust, education, preaching, and political emolument. The fanaticism was suppressed in England, except in the time of Cromwell, as also in Holland and Germany, Protestant countries, which refused to recognize the infallibility of Calvin. But whenever the "saints" had a chance, they persecuted other Protestants without stint, and, of course, hated Catholics with a fierceness equal to that of a Satanic gentleman's dislike of holy water. Butler, in "Hudibras," has many a witty fling at the spirit of the conventicle, and Dean Swift poured out the fierce vials of his satirical wrath upon the canting dissenter, who, under the name of John, figures in the "Tale of a Tub." The reader is referred for historical facts and illustrations to the discussion between the late Archbishop Hughes and Rev. Mr. Breckinridge, upon the persecuting spirit always manifested by the Presbyterian Church against all other forms of religious belief, but particularly the Catholic faith.

So, after all, we may be wrong in blaming the Saratoga water for the recent ebullition of Presbyterian wrath against the Church. It is the same old spirit of hatred which will never die out until the principle that animates Calvinism expires. If a man believes that he is sure of heaven, and that you are sure of hell, he naturally will have no respect for you, as one under the doom and seal of the everlasting curse. You are hateful in his eyes, worse than Sodom or Gomorrah; a Philistine fit only to be made a slave of the saint. If you are a Catholic, you are marked with the sign of the beast, and have no right to any possessions, either heavenly or earthly. If you do not believe in free grace and election, you should be slain, as of old the unbeliever was put to death in Geneva, amid the plaudits and nasal singing of

psalms; and if you aspire to rule the city or country, you should be stricken hip and thigh, unless you are a sweet smell before the Lord, and a nursing father of the glorious church of John Calvin.

It is the Presbyterians, particularly those of the lower and ignorant classes of Scotch, English, and Irish society (vulgarly called Orangemen), that keep up and maintain an antagonism to the Church, in the shape of lodges, societies, and leagues. The United States does not encourage such organizations, to the great disgust of their members, who are continually howling about popery and the danger to our liberties. Luckily, the great majority of the American people have sense enough not to heed this ridiculous cry, and it is a good sign of the times that the secular press throughout the country either kept silent about the Saratoga anti-popery exhibition, or gave it a manly rebuke. The world has grown either too enlightened or too busy to take much interest in the undignified squabble of a religious convention determined to insult the Catholic Church; and it may also be observed, that church herself gives little attention to "resolutions" which breathe the malignant spirit of John Calvin, without his autocratical power or intellectual force.

V.

NA COGAIRIDHE AMHÁIN AINM.

(BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.)

Na cogairidh amháin ainm acht codladh se faoi sgàth
'San g-cré úr ann ar cuireadh e go h-uaigeneach ann a bhláth;
Agus trom tuirseach tiugh beidheadh deoruidhe ar súl
Mar drucht na h-oidhche thuiteas as neultaibh na d-dúl.

Acht an drucht úr do thuiteas go cúin agus go fras
Congbhaigheann se an uaigh ann a g-codlann se saor glas;
Agus deoruidhe do saoiltear ann uaigneas na h-oidhche
Cumh dóchaidh siad a chúmhadh ùr ann ar g-croidhe!

Translation

O, BREATHE not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

CART-GREASE AND OTHER SUBSTANCES SOLD FOR BUTTER.

Lady Correspondent London Telegraph.

A CERTAIN Mr. Gascoigne, of Brompton, England, is detected by the inspector in retailing a substance which is neither butter nor suet nor horse-fat, but simply a disguised description of cart-grease, at one shilling a pound, under the title of "Best Normandy Butter," the announcement being accompanied with the request, conveyed in large black letters on a white ground, to "Come, and try it," which request was, as a matter of course, acceded to with alacrity by a number of those frugal housewives and fathers "of seven hungry boys" who are continually complaining in the newspapers about the high price of provisions and the small quantity obtainable for a large amount of cash. The defence was logical in the extreme. The butterman contended that no reasonable person could expect that good butter could be sold at one shilling a pound, and he was the only person in court who appeared neither disgusted nor surprised on hearing that the analyst had discovered the so-called butter to contain eighty per cent of tallow, and the rest composed of the refuse of glycerine. The second part of our friend's defence was, however, less admissible. He said that wherever cheap butter is sold, this is the stuff that is disseminated, and that "*none but the poor ever purchase it.*" This confession of manifest intent to cheat the poor, and the poor only, met with no sympathy on the part of the magistrate, who immediately found the vendor guilty of adulteration of food and sentenced him to 40*s.* fine, with cost of the analysis. London tradesmen nowadays find dishonesty the best policy, and absolutely coin gold out of the copper halfpence of their poorer customers. The great Napoleon — who was small enough in most things — called us a nation of shopkeepers; and as shopkeepers and thieves seem to have become synonymous, Prince Bismarck is right in denominating us as a nation of thieves. The first, however, proved the accusation by pointing to the schemes of gigantic commerce with which we seek to cover our perpetual thirst of conquest, the latter to the ceaseless greed of conquest with which we seek to cover our greed of gain. But neither of them could ever dream of the paltry felonies which are daily committed in respect of our daily meat and drink, and the mean, disgraceful manner in which the poor man is poisoned, so that the rich trader may grow richer still By the inquiry instituted in the case of the man Gascoigne, we are informed that the traffic in horse-fat and tallow manufactured abroad has become so enormous that the wholesome native butters are being gradually driven out of the market, and the reason given for the dearness of fresh butter is not that the English and Irish meadows fail in their supply, for they still could produce butter enough for the whole population, but that the butter-merchants find the sale of cart-grease more profitable than that of the real, sweet, wholesome substance which comes from the Irish dairies. We are already subject to foreigners for the supply of eggs and poultry, with which Ireland alone could furnish us were the commerce properly directed. To France we pay more than a million sterling every year for farm produce, and it is only of late that Ireland has come to the rescue by sending over eggs as well as butter to our markets. There would, however, be the making of many a splendid fortune amongst the Irish farmers were this branch of farming to be more wisely attended to. It is said that the sanitary inspectors intend keeping a watchful eye on the butter-men, and that every particle of "bosh" is destined to disappear before long. Now, then, is the time for the Irish dairymen to take the place of the tallow and glycerine manufacturers from Holland and Belgium.

THE RIGHT REV. PATRICK JOHN RYAN, BISHOP OF TRICOMIA AND COADJUTOR TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS.

McGee's Illustrated Weekly.

THE dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral — the solemn opening of the noblest church yet reared by Catholic zeal in this country — was to be honored by the presence of an array of Archbishops and Bishops, from the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, consecrated nearly half a century since, to some just raised from the ranks of the clergy to the Episcopate by the voice of the successor of St. Peter.

There was general satisfaction when it was announced that his Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, as though swayed by this general will, invited the Coadjutor of St. Louis to preach the first sermon within the walls yet dripping with the holy water and wreathed with the incense of dedication.

Patrick John Ryan is a native of the island which Saint Patrick hallowed by a holy captivity and a life-long apostolate. He was born in the year 1831, at Thurles, in Tipperary. Blessed with a devout mother, he was imbued from infancy with piety, love for God, and zeal to serve Him with a prompt and willing heart. The bent thus given remained, and after attending school for some years in Dublin, he entered Carlow College, aspiring already in heart to a place in the sanctuary of God, in that institution of learning and ecclesiastical science which claims among its alumni Cardinal Cullen, Bishop Doyle, of Kildare, and Bishop England, of Charleston.

Before receiving holy orders he resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry in this land, which the Northmen called *Greater Ireland*, and which seemed to offer a wider field for his zeal. On his arrival in 1852, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, Dr. Kenrick, welcomed him gladly and stationed him at St. Patrick's Church, and by a singular exception invited him, not yet a priest, to preach in his cathedral. He was next appointed Professor of English Literature and Elocution in the Theological Seminary at Carondelet; but on his ordination in 1853 became assistant pastor at the cathedral, where for more than six years he aroused the tepid and encouraged the pious by his eloquence, and by his untiring efforts sought to save all. In 1860 he built the Church of the Annunciation at St. Louis, rearing at the same time a fine schoolhouse beside it. During the civil war he devoted himself to the care of the prisoners confined in Gratiot Street Military Prison, receiving a commission in the United States Army. The physical sufferings of these men awakened his warmest sympathy, but their spiritual destitution filled his heart with divine compassion. What his influence in the hospitals and prison was may be judged by the fact that he baptized six hundred persons during the war. He was subsequently appointed pastor of the Church of Saint John the Evangelist, and having accompanied his Archbishop to the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866, preached before the assembled Fathers. He also attended Archbishop Kenrick when he went to Rome to attend the Centenary of St. Peter, and received from the great Pope Pius IX. the singular honor of being invited to preach the Lenten Sermons in the Holy City.

On his return to St. Louis he was appointed Vicar-General, and in that capacity adminstered the diocese while the Archbishop attended the Ecumenical Council. During his stay at Rome the venerable Archbishop solicited the appointment of a coadjutor; his choice, and that of the suffragans, falling unanimously on the Rev. Mr. Ryan.

The new Bishop was consecrated April 14, 1872, and, continuing his residence at St. John's, won the affection and respect of the clergy and laity of the whole diocese, as he had

that of the city. He is active in all good works, and universally respected by every class of citizens, who regard him as one of the ablest men in St. Louis. He takes a prominent part in the work of the Missouri Historical Society, and in similar associations his learning, general knowledge, and high appreciation of literature and art, command respect. The Legislature of the State some years since acknowledged the merit of the citizen, the Bishop, and the man, when they invited him to deliver a lecture before them on the "Arts and Sciences."

His great sermon on the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, heard by thousands, will be read far and wide by tens of thousands whom his eloquent voice could not reach.

From the Catholic Review.

LAYING aside mitre and cope and appearing in purple manteletta and rochet, a tall, graceful prelate advances and kneels before the altar. He rises and bows to the Cardinal and the prelates at either side. Preceded by a master of ceremonies he ascends the pulpit, the preacher of the day, Monsignor Patrick John Ryan, bishop of Tricomia, *i. p. i.*, and coadjutor of the Archbishop of St. Louis. There is expectation in every eye, for every one has heard his fame, as that of the greatest preacher of the American Church, and there is hope that, on this great day he will be worthy of his fame and the work intrusted to him. Did this graceful, full, yet lithe figure, this dignity of manner united to and not suppressing native energy; did these fervid periods and closely reasoned arguments; did they disappoint the mere sensation seeker, who, like the Gentile of old, listened to Paul and promised to think later; did they effect what the preacher desired and declared was his desire, — set the men and the nations of the age thinking, disturb their souls for their souls' sake, and point them the way to light, to grace, to peace?

Here, in inanimate type, are the burning words, which, lit from an Eastern flame, were poured forth for two hours in a flood of light by the Missourian Celt, son of that Patrick who, on Tara's heights, burned such another disturbing fire.

BISHOP RYAN'S SERMON.

I rejoiced at the things that were said to me; we shall go into the house of the Lord. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth; they have conducted me and brought me to Thy holy hill and into Thy tabernacle. — *Psalm* cxxi. 42.

JOY, holy and exultant, fills our hearts to-day, as we go into this glorious house of the Lord. This joy is universal. You, Most Eminent Cardinal Archbishop, rejoice because you behold this your great work accomplished, crowned by the magnificent ceremony of this morning. Your heart is glad as that of Israel's King on the day that he dedicated to God the temple which he had built and adorned for His Divine Majesty. Like him, too, you are filled with wondering gratitude because the Being whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain will condescend to dwell in this house which you have built. And you, Most Reverend, Right Reverend, and Reverend Brothers of the episcopacy and the clergy, you rejoice, for you behold in the magnitude and majesty of this temple the evidence that the spirit of the "ages of faith" still lives; that the spirit that planned and erected the vast cathedrals of the old world survives in the men of this new world, and here are found heads to conceive, and hands to execute, and hearts to love the glorious monuments that shall tell posterity that in the utilitarian nineteenth century, Catholic faith retained all its vitality and all its beauty. The men of this age have said to us that we could possess no more cathedrals like those of past ages, because the faith that built them was dying or dead. Behold the splendid refutation of this charge! And also you, my dear brethren of the laity, I well know what a flood of joy and gratitude to God inundates your hearts to-day, as you behold this

offspring of your piety and generosity consecrated to your good God. You, the rich Catholics of this metropolis, have nobly done what was at once your duty and your highest pleasure, in giving abundantly of your means to erect this temple, and you are justly proud of it. And what shall I say to you, the children of toil, who have given so generously and so constantly of your scanty means, at the call of your devoted pastors? I know and feel how happy you are this morning under this roof of your Father's house. I know how you glory in what has been said, as if in reproach, "that the great cathedral of New York was built chiefly by the pennies of the poor!" "The pennies of the poor!" Most sacred and appropriate offering to him whose first temple on earth — the first spot where his Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity were tabernacled — was the poor stable of Bethlehem; to him who there brought wealth, even royal wealth, to his feet of poverty in the offering of the Magi; to him whose first beatitude was a benediction on the poor, who deified poverty by uniting divinity to it, and who died in the arms of poverty, thirsting and naked on the cross! It is appropriate that the poor whom he so honored should aid to build his house, which is also their house and home. We accept, then, the imagined reproach as an honor; and we ask in turn, Where in this great city have the thousands of the bondholders erected a temple like this temple, built up and adorned by the pennies of the poor? Peerless and alone it stands above all churches here, as the faith which inspired its erection is superior to all creeds. It shows what poverty with faith can do, and that the Church has the mark of Christ upon it. "The poor ye have always with you." I am satisfied, too, beloved brethren, that the liberal non-Catholics of New York rejoice in the consummation of this great work. They behold the greatest church edifice of the new world, the ornament of their city, the temple of religious art, and the powerful means of preserving morality amongst those who shall worship within its walls. And even the strong anti-Catholic, whom only curiosity has led to this ceremony to-day, even he who has come perhaps to condemn, may remain to admire, and like the Gentile prophet of old, touched by the harmonious beauty around him, he may feel constrained to cry out, "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel! . . . as tabernacles which the Lord hath planted." And not only the living, but I believe the holy dead do also rejoice at the scene of to-day. In the vision of Judas Maccabæus, as we read in Scripture, this great leader of God's people beheld Onias, who had been high-priest, and Jeremias, who had been prophet, but then long dead, still praying for the people and taking deep interest in their success. And now, in the perfected communion of saints of the new dispensation, why should not the spirit of that great archbishop who some twenty years ago laid the foundation of this sacred edifice, why should it not rejoice in our joy and unite in our prayers?

The time also, so opportunely selected for this ceremony, is suggestive of holy joy. During the eight days, commencing with Thursday last, we celebrate the ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven, and his opening the portals of the eternal house of God to the children of men. He comes from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful One in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength, his crown of thorns blossoming into flowers of immortality, his garment of mockery changed into the royal mantle of the King of kings, and his reed of derision transformed into the sceptre of empire? With that sceptre he strikes the portals of heaven, and orders them to be opened by the key of David which he has borne. He, the great bishop of our souls, enters to-day his heavenly cathedral, where his throne is established forever, and the great procession of the just souls

follow him, chanting as they enter, "We rejoice at the things that were said to us; we shall go into the house of the Lord. Send forth thy light and thy truth; they have conducted us and led us to thy holy hill and into thy tabernacles." For two reasons, beloved brethren, we are glad to-day: the first, because God shall dwell in this place; and the second, because here he shall speak through his constituted ministry. From this place, as from the gates of the east, shall go forth light and truth, to illumine the dark valleys of sin and error, — that light and that truth which produced Christian civilization, and which now, in this hour of supreme danger to its existence from universal immorality, constitute the only power to save it. Thus shall this church prove at once the temple of civilization as of religion.

First, then, it is to be the dwelling-place of God, as really as is his heaven beyond the stars. This is the key to all the splendor of our churches and their ceremonies. No wonder that without correct knowledge of our doctrines on this and other points our separated brethren, no matter how well disposed towards us, cannot fully appreciate our churches and their ceremonies. To them they must sometimes appear as these beautiful stained glass windows would seem to one looking at them from outside the cathedral. He sees but confused ornamentation, inharmonious lines, and leaden seams. But to the Catholic, or to one who views the church as it is, with all its doctrines and ceremonies, to him they appear as these windows to us to-day, with heaven's glorious sunshine streaming through them all. Well the Catholic knows that the many-colored rays that stream through storied scenes and varied saints were contained in the one pure white ray that came from the eternal sun, and are resolved, as by a prism, into many colors, only to give additional glory to God, for from him comes the glory of his saints, and returns to him again as to its source. I do not, however, by these observations mean to deny that there are non-Catholics who are far superior to many of us in cultivated æsthetic tastes, by which they can appreciate the beautful in our churches. Still, it must be confessed that they often see and feel this beauty but with an abstract, poetic admiration, such as they might experience even in classic pagan temples. To be consistent with their faith they must, whilst they admire the beautiful, condemn the doctrine that created it. We love the doctrine and the beauty it creates. Who, for instance, Catholic or non-Catholic, can restrain his admiration on viewing the Cathedral of Milan? The non-Catholic beholds in the sunlight the glorious statues that adorn its exterior, but he must feel, if he knows not our doctrine, that they are the offspring of image worship and tend to perpetuate it. The Catholic looks on the great church itself, with its outstretched arms, symbolizing Christ upon the cross, as a prayer to God on high, through the intercession of those saints whose statues crown its myriad glittering pinnacles! To him it is a palace where architecture, sculpture, painting, and music honor the God who inspired them, present under the sacramental species, on its glorious altar. It is not here my purpose to examine the grounds for this faith. Suffice it to say that for nearly nineteen centuries it has been the deep, firm, unfaltering belief of the entire Catholic world; that for fifteen centuries it was the belief of all Christendom; and only one third of the Christians of the world, and that for only three centuries, that is, one third in numbers for one sixth in time, question it; that so repeated, emphatic, and convincing are the declarations of Jesus Christ in this regard, that many, like the advanced Episcopalians, are daily returning to a belief in this most ancient, most holy, and most consoling doctrine. The idea of the temple of God and his special

presence we find in the history of our race to be correlative. God did sometimes appear in the Jewish temple under the shadow of the cloud, hence its sanctity. The second temple of Jerusalem was to be "greater than the first," not, indeed, in magnitude and external splendor, for in these it was far inferior, but by reason of the more manifest presence of God, for to this second temple, "the Angel of the Covenant," Jesus Christ himself, did come and was offered to his Father. Now there should be a relation between the religion and the temple of that religion and if Christianity be superior to Judaism, the Christian temple should be more holy than the Jewish, and it is in the permanent Eucharistic presence that this greater sanctity is to be sought. This being, then, the palace of God, in these his earthly dominions, it is just that the architect should design it as superior to the palaces of the royal subjects of this King of kings. Let the Christian Besaleel carve its glorious tabernacle; let the sculptor place in its niches his all but breathing statues; let the painter hang on its walls the pictures that represent the triumphs of the King and those warrior-saints, his followers, who fought for the right against the wrong, the true against the false. It is the palace of God: let the singer sing his sweetest song of praise and love within its consecrated walls. To the Catholic believer in God's presence here, how glorious and touching is that song! Listen to it to-day. After some minutes the Cardinal celebrant at the altar, holding the place of Jesus Christ, shall pronounce over the bread and wine the most sacred and most solemn words of consecration: "This is my body." "This is the chalice of my blood, of the new and eternal testament, the mystery of faith, which shall be poured out for you and for all men for the remission of sins," and kneeling he adores the present God, and all the people then adore. Instantly peals from the choir, as an echo from the heart of the people, the joyous welcome, "Benedictus qui venit." (Blessed is he who comes.) Blessed, — for here "he hath made a memorial of all his wonderful things," of all his comings and benedictions. "Benedictus qui venit" — behold he cometh "leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills," rising above all obstacles to unite himself to human souls. "Benedictus qui venit." It is he who "when all things were in quiet silence and the night in the midst of her course, he, the Omnipotent Word, leapt down from the royal throne, a fierce conqueror, into the land of destruction," to rescue man. He comes from heaven to Bethlehem; came to Jerusalem when the people, waving the palm branches, cried aloud, "Benedictus qui venit!" He came from Jerusalem to Calvary, from Calvary to Olivet, and then back to the heights of heaven to the glory which he had before the world was made. In some of the great musical masses, notably in the "Messa Regia" of Haydn, we hear in the glorious eloquence of music a description of his last coming to judge the world. Nine times the organ trumpets peal forth the angelic summons. As lightning appeareth in the east and disappeareth in the west, so is the coming of the Son of man. Out from the dark heavens gleams the mighty light, "the light of light." He comes as he foretold to Caiphas the high-priest, "in the clouds of heaven, with great power and majesty, and all his angels with him." Creation rings with their song, "Benedictus qui venit!" "Then all eyes shall see him, and they also that pierced him. Look up, ye to whom he said, Ye shall not see Me henceforth until ye cry, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!'" Then the chorus in the valley below, the just souls who, expecting him, look up for their redemption is at hand, — they cry out, "Benedictus qui venit!" The judgment over, the judge and his army of saints return to heaven, and upward the tide of melody sweeps un-

til it breaks upon the shores of eternity, in that sublime Hosannah in Excelsis. There is repetition in canticle. Why not? "Enough is given to him that understands," says the pious and philosophic author of the "Imitation," "but to him that loves, it is delightful to repeat it often." O glorious Church of God, that thus gives celestial ideals and holiest themes to the children of genius, and uses them to glorify thy heavenly spouse! To this art worship of God let no narrow limits be assigned. Let it be in accordance with our conception of God. Though Gothic architecture be the most deeply religious, let the Christian architect reject not the strong and graceful Corinthian and Ionic columns, because, forsooth, they upheld pagan temples. These very temples contained much of truth and beauty mixed with error, and the truth and the beauty came from God. In like manner, though Gregorian music be the most reverential and appropriate, do not therefore reject the music of the classic composer, when it is the legitimate expression of religious thought and feeling, and written for the Church, though the same composer may have written other songs that we approve not. All that is truly beautiful and orderly comes from God. It was he inspired the genius of Phidias as of Michael Angelo, and touched the hearts of Mozart and Haydn, as of Gregory and Ambrose. He who dwells here is God of the natural as of the supernatural. He inspired holy men to write his Scriptures, and he with finger of light did write and adorn the illuminated manuscript of the skies. Therefore should all this that is glorious in nature and art and revelation be employed to honor him, really present on our altars.

But, brethren, God is not only here to be worshipped suitably, he also speaks here through his ministry. With architecture, sculpture, painting, and music comes also glorious eloquence. Eloquence that appeared on the Athenian Bema and roused young Greece to deeds of renown, that transfixed the conscript fathers in the Roman Senate, that shone in the natural inspiration of pagan orators, and in the supernatural inspirations of Isaias and Job, of Jeremias and of David, now, kneeling at the throne of God, receives the golden stole and the fruitful benediction and the sublime commission. Hear this commission of Jesus Christ to his apostles and their successors: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Behold here, beloved brethren, four universalities, — a universality of power, "all power," "go ye *therefore*"; a universality of hearers, "all nations"; a universality of doctrines, "all things whatsoever I have commanded you," therefore restraint of passion and all justice and sanctity; and a universality of time, and therefore extending to their successors, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." It was this authoritative teaching of Christianity that effected the moral revolution in this world known as Christian civilization. No man had a right to reject these doctrines. Go *teach* all nations. "He who hears you hears me, and he who despises you despises me, and despises him that sent me." This teaching affords the motives that restrain human passion, the love and fear of God, and hence the great change. Now when this teaching in its authoritative, dogmatic form seems to be losing its hold on the intellects and hearts of many men, we are evidently drifting backwards to the paganism from which it rescued us. Some one may say that it is utter folly to suppose that we shall bend the knee before the shrine of Jupiter or Venus or Mars in this enlightened nineteenth century!

But names matter little. Principles will sooner or later act themselves out into institutions, substantially the same, though the nomenclature may be different. When the revolution of France abolished Christianity, they would have smiled if some one had told them that they would soon become paganized. Yet very soon these men, too enlightened to be Christians, were seen bowing before the young girl of Paris, enthroned on the grand altar of Notre Dame as the goddess of reason. Suppose some one had said to them, This is all very appropriate and beautiful, but there is a power stronger than reason, it is love, — all-conquering love. Why not a goddess of love? But call her not Venus; for that is pagan, call her "the goddess of humanity." And then there is honor, — French honor, often stronger than reason or love, and now that you have abolished the degrading humility and weak forgiveness of Christianity, why not have a god of honor, that honor that instantly resents the insult, personal or national, and avenges it, if necessary, in the life-blood of the insulter and the insulted. But call not the god Mars the avenger, for this is pagan. It matters little, therefore, what form or name our paganism assumes; the religion of humanity, unrestrained, will be substantially the same. Already the new tendency begins to manifest itself in a desire to abolish the paternal forms and symbolism of Christianity, as was the case in the French Revolution. I remember walking one evening in Rome through the Coliseum, and being surprised and pleased by hearing the distant music of an approaching religious procession. It was the festival of St. Ignatius the martyr, Feb. 1, 1868, and the Dominicans of St. Clements were translating the relics of the saint from one part of the church to another, and appropriately resolved that their procession should pass through the great amphitheatre. On that day, 1761 years before, Ignatius stood in that Coliseum before his pagan persecutors. He was well known as a representative Christian bishop, the friend of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the disciple of the blessed John. Then 80,000 voices cried out, "Ignatius to the lions!" and these fierce beasts sprang upon him, and left but the bones, that now, enshrined in scarlet and gold, are borne aloft. How great the change! The cross of Christ now stood in the midst of the amphitheatre, the "stations of the cross" were erected around it, the echoes that rang wildly with the cry for blood were now sanctified by the prayer of the Church, — "Omnes sancti martyres, orate pro nobis," — all ye holy martyrs, pray for us. But since 1868 all is changed there: the cross and stations are stricken down, the sacred earth removed, until they have found the original pagan soil. In the lower tier of the Coliseum, they have discovered the dens for the wild beasts, and they are daily discovering the wild beasts for the dens, — those fierce incarnations of human passions, the men that may bound again on the followers of Christ, but first, in order to fully liberate themselves, may devour their present royal keepers. Fortunately, however, they cannot remove all the soil, that drank in the blood of the martyrs, nor crush out the buried vitality of this seed of the Church. But what is the present state of society, and to what are we rapidly and surely hastening? The present Sovereign Pontiff, in two admirable pastorals on "The Church and Civilization," addressed to his flock in the Lents of 1877 and 1878, — pastorals that clearly show how thoroughly he understands the age, — thus answers the question, and also sharply defines what is meant by true Christian civilization: —

> What, then, are the fruits that public morals have reaped, and what advantages have mutual relations derived from this fatal contest, undertaken under the specious pretext of leading civilization to a higher and nobler destiny? We can point to nothing but the vast ruins that smoke before our eyes; but the mere mention of this is enough to tell the whole story. Morality torn from the arms of

the Church, and stripped by treachery of its religious foundations, has continued to be blown about by every wind; it has ceased to be the authorized rule of action; it has become the sport and the vile instrument of all appetites. A code of morals has been invented for every age and for every clime, and men have even been permitted to violate it according to their own whims.

These are the fruits brought forth by the great rebellion born in this world. These fruits do not promise us, as you will readily perceive, desirable advancements of civilization, but create terrors, awakened by the approach of that worse species of barbarism that springs from a corrupted civilization. These fatal results should be a warning to imprudent men, and deter them from following perverse masters, by uniting them to the Church by close and indissoluble bonds.

But the Catholic Church, by the mouth of her Head, has declared that there can be no peace with the civilization of our times. (Syllabus, Prop. LXXX.) This is the war-cry that is sent up against us from the enemy's camp, and the reason made use of to justify the struggle that has been inaugurated.

WHAT IS MODERN CIVILIZATION?

But, dearly beloved, what is this modern civilization that the Church condemns, and with which her august Head, the Infallible Master of the faithful, declares that there can be nothing in common? It is not, most assuredly, that civilization under which man perfects himself in the threefold relation we have indicated; no, it is not that one, but it is a civilization that *seeks to supplant Christianity*, and with it, to destroy every blessing it has brought upon us.

If those who so artfully use the Syllabus, and set it up as a bugbear before the world, had reflected that it is not enough to be artful, but that they must also, and above all, be honest, they would not have rested satisfied with having held up to the hatred of the world a proposition detached from a long discourse; but they would have endeavored to give it its true meaning, according to the connection of the documents to which it belongs and which was opportunely pointed out. By acting in this way, they could easily have convinced themselves that it is not that true civilization, that springs up like a flower and a fruit from the roots of Christianity, that has been condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff, but that bastard thing that has only the name of civilization, and which is the perfidious and implacable enemy of the genuine.

I have said that we are hastening backwards to pagan principles. I should have said more. Paganism had two great conservative elements, the belief in a Supreme Being, and in the existence of future rewards and punishments. Modern infidelity would sweep even these away, and leave us without restraint. The terrible effects on society may not at once appear. The public opinion which Christianity has created, and the silent influence of her doctrines, even on minds that have rejected their truth, may retard the great revolution. As the flower retains its odor for a while after being plucked from the stem, and water continues to boil for a few moments after being removed from the fire, so great truths influence men after they have lost their hold on the intellect. But the great change must certainly come, if not now prevented. And what is to avert this terrible evil? I insist on it, that our only hope is to be found in the authoritative teaching of the great truths that underlie Christian civilization, that restrain passion and give motive to virtue. Not mere speculations, not mere beautiful morality, but doctrines that support it. They must be taught with authority and certainty, for in proportion to that certainty will be their effect upon morality. I have repeatedly in the last few years insisted on this as the only hope for our century, and when honored by your Cardinal Archbishop's invitation to address you on this remarkable occasion, I instantly resolved that, in the first sermon preached within these walls, preached to the largest audience I have ever addressed, I should show forth this evil and its remedy. It is sad indeed that even the friends of Christianity and its morality outside the Catholic Church, though they see the danger, yet seem to agree with the popular, illogical, and most dangerous notion that religion can be divorced from theology, and morality from doctrines, — the very doctrines that gave it life and motive and permanence. They seem to have passed from justification by faith alone to justification by works alone. The popular and plausible error may be expressed somewhat after this fashion: We love the ethics of Christianity. Its morality is sublime. We love the Sermon on the Mount and the preacher. But why not confine ourselves to this morality? Why preach

up mere doctrines which serve but to divide and to degrade? They give motives to morality, you assert. Yes, but motives that degrade humanity. Why not do right for right's own sake? Be not slaves, serving God from fear, because there is a hell. Be not mercenaries, serving him for reward, because there is a heaven. Only act out your own nature, learn self-respect, and you will be glorious indeed. Look at the peoples that have clung to mere dogmatic religions. Look at the Jews under the old law and the church-loving Irish under the new, and learn how narrow and degrading is dogmatic ecclesiasticism. How false and pernicious is this reasoning, and yet how popular? You cannot have the beautiful ethics of Christianity without the doctrines alluded to. As well expect that this cathedral could stand without these strong and graceful columns. As the throne of Solomon, formed of ivory and purest gold, was supported by twelve massive figures of lions on both sides, so the purity and sanctity of Christian morality are upheld by those great, strong, dogmatic truths. A few refined exceptional natures may love the right for the right's own sake; but will the vast majority of our race make the sacrifices necessary to overcome the cravings of strong human passions, from an abstract love of right for its own sake? Try them. Let the new evangel be preached to the world. It is beneath the dignity of humanity that vile punishment should be inflicted on her children here. Let them do right for the right's own sake. Strike down the scaffolds. Fling open the gates of jails and penitentiaries. Liberate the murderers and robbers from degrading thraldom. Teach our youth that there shall be no punishment for evil-doing in the future, but that they must do right for the right's own sake. Who will be the preacher of this new gospel? No one, my brethren. Fear and hope are mighty powers of our nature, and God and man appeal to them to influence us. Now, fear is founded on doctrines. God's justice, the existence of hell, the truth that God acts according to his infinite nature, creating like a God, rewarding like a God, and when forced by our wickedness and his sanctity to strike, striking like a God! Deny the doctrine and you take away the motive. Behold that young man struggling with some master passion that threatens destruction. Tell him, God sees him, that there is a heaven of reward if he is loyal, and a hell of punishment if he proves a traitor; add these motives to the higher but not stronger ones of the beauty of virtue and gratitude to God, and do you not see what a vast power you give him over human passions? Tell the homeless, friendless, broken-hearted wanderer through the dark passes of this valley of tears that it is a certain truth that God takes cognizance of every sigh and tear of suffering, that he who sits in heaven at the right hand of the Father said, and still says, "Come to me all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will refresh you," and the poor wretch is consoled; but tell him that this doctrine is but a poetic fiction, then friends and home and hope and God himself are lost. "Why," the poor outcast asks, "should I remain?" The next morning the newspapers tell with indifference, if not with levity, that another suicide has been committed. Tell the Christian men and women who devote their days and nights to works of beneficence, because they believe in the doctrine of identification of the Lord they love with the poor and the suffering of our race, — tell them that this is only a beautiful fiction, and instantly you rob suffering humanity of 25,000 Sisters of Charity and those innumerable other sisterhoods equally devoted; you disperse at least 100,000 faithful lovers of Christ, and the sufferers for Christ's sake, by striking down one doctrinal point. Truly a Christain poet has said: "Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love! Highest morality is love of Thee." Take a few more in-

stances of the dependence of society on doctrines. Life, property, and character depend on the sanctity of an oath. A perjurer can deprive you of all these. Now, on what does the sanctity of an oath depend? On doctrine of God's omnipresence and perfect cognizance of his punitive justice. Whisper to the man about to swear, This is false doctrine. God is not a witness to be summoned at will into every police court. Philosophy has relegated Him to the dominions of the unknowable, if not of the impossible. How weak you leave the swearer, who knows that by a few false words he may enrich himself and ruin you! So if you examine the grounds of the sanctity of marriage, and the rights of authority and of property, you will find them founded on great doctrines which, rejected, the whole fabric must fall to ruins. Self-respect is a power to preserve man, but self-respect is mainly founded on the doctrines of man's origin from God, and man's immortality with God. What self-respect can he have who believes himself the descendant of the beasts of the field, and destined to die and be buried and forgotten like these beasts? Nor is it true, beloved brethren, that nations like the Jewish and Irish, who clung with greatest tenacity to positive religious dogmas, were inferior on that account to other peoples in true civilization. Of all ancient peoples, I believe the Jews to have been the most moral, and, therefore, the most civilized.

The Bible contains the record of their shortcomings; it contains, as it were, the general confession of sins of the whole people. But what were the pagan nations in these days? What do their own writers say of them? What does St. Paul say of them? People "without affection, without fidelity, without mercy." If the Jews erred, they did so against the teaching of their civilizing law. The Jews had and have a high moral law, and let the Christian and Catholic nations of Europe who are now forgetting their Christianity, let them beware lest this same Jewish race will not soon be found their superiors in true civilization, if they but follow Moses and the prophets. The Irish people have clung with martyr-like devotion to the dogmatic teaching of the Church, and it is this fidelity that has preserved them from lapsing into utter barbarism. Take any non-Catholic people on earth, and subject them to the persecutions which the Irish race has endured, and they would lose their civilization. In the fidelity of that people to principles which they believed sacred, we behold the highest triumph of Christianity. There is a civilization higher than that of riches and popular education. Had they yielded these principles, had they abandoned the old faith and become Protestant with England and Scotland, they might be prosperous and educated to-day; but because they would not, because they preferred that every hill in the island should redden into a Calvary, and every laughing valley become as a Roman amphitheatre, where their children were martyred for the old faith, therefore in worldly prosperity they are inferior to other nations, but in their sublime standard of morality, which is after all the true criterion of civilization, they are inferior to none. If they err, they do not attempt to defend the error on a principle, but confess it as a wrong. Whilst a people has faith and a morality built upon it, that people possesses a recuperative power. It is said of Michael Angelo, that passing a rough block of marble, he remarked to his companion, "There is an angel imprisoned in that block, and I will liberate the angel"; and he worked with his wonderful chisel, until from out the rough block the white angel seemed to spring. So in these apparently rough Irish hearts there is the imprisoned angel of faith and consequent Christian civilization. Their mission is to propagate both. To-day the eyes and hearts of that devoted race in every part of the world are

turned to this scene. Here they behold the greatest temple of the new world dedicated to God under the invocation of their national saint, and forevermore it shall be known as St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York. Noble, suffering, faithful people, you deserve the exalted compliment!

Therefore, beloved brethren, because this is the house of the Lord, where His Majesty dwells to be worshipped, because here he speaks through his constituted ministry as clearly and as authoritatively as if he spoke directly, speaks those great conservative truths that originated and now guard and can alone perpetuate our civilization, therefore do we rejoice to-day.

And, oh! do Thou, Eternal and Most Sacred God, look down upon us assembled for the first time in this Thy sanctuary. Oh! hear our first prayer. Have mercy on this age! Enlighten its intellect to see the necessary connection of faith and morality, and touch its heart that it may fear Thee, hope in Thee, love Thee. Oh! send forth Thy light and Thy truth, to conduct us and lead us to Thy holy hill and unto Thy everlasting tabernacles. Amen.

To dye Cotton or Silk Scarlet. — Three gallons warm water, add one ounce cream of tartar, one ounce powdered cochineal, two ounces solution of tin; wet the goods in warm water, and when the dye boils put in the goods and boil one hour, frequently stirring them; then take out the goods and rinse in cold water.

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a rich man accosted a farmer of the neighborhood and said to him, "You have had a great loss?" "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh, ay," said the farmer, "he is dead, but, ah, no doubt t' wife will carry on t' business, and make it as profitable as ever it was."

WE MUST REMEMBER THAT OUR GIFTS TO THE CHURCH ARE SIMPLY JUSTICE.

Catholic Columbian.

One of the risks of trying to support churches, schools, and other religious enterprises, by picnics and fairs, is that of giving to Catholics themselves the false impression that they are being *generous* when they support religion. The fact is, in this country, there is more danger to Catholics of being less than just than of being over-generous. The old impiety of thinking that there is no need of God, until the judgment comes, has a new force amongst us. When a man succeeds in his undertakings he does not thank God, but lauds himself. When he fails, he does not seek relief in the Divine assistance, but tries to explain matters on pagan principles. When there is sickness in the family the priest is not sent for until the physician says his work is done. When all are healthy, there is congratulation over the regulation of diet and exercise. When some one dies, there is a funeral as showy as can be made, and after that forgetfulness. Even the Jews gave to God the tenth part of all their gains. The early Christian gave all, as do the religious to this day. In fact, what is the use of having means, but to benefit our souls? What good is there in losing the nerveless grasp on vast possessions, when one has to go alone and naked into eternity?

How few Catholics, in their troubles, trials, and grief, think of offering up certain devotions, such as rosaries, novenas, and communions, that they be relieved or assisted to bear these difficulties with patience! "Come to me all ye that are burdened and heavy laden and I will refresh you," is an invitation ever open for acceptance. The greater our troubles, the more fervent should be our prayers.

FINOLA.*

Some short time since we were favored with a perusal of the manuscript of the pretty little opera libretto whose title we have given above. The author had not then appended his name to it, and there were not many who knew the modest pen from which it came. We are glad that the veil has been removed, and that we can now announce the writer to be our active and popular fellow-citizen, Mr. Charles Dawson. The work has been to him, as he tells us, a work of love, and has been for a long time in process of formation in his mind. The thought of it sprang from his perception of the humiliating fact that "operatic airs and London music-hall songs were oftener in the mouths of the Irish people than the sweet airs of Ireland, or Thomas Moore's exquisite words." The world-wide celebrity of "The last rose of summer," mainly attained by its introduction into Flotow's opera of "Martha," suggested to the writer "the idea of weaving Moore's Melodies into an opera." This was the particular task which Mr. Dawson set himself to accomplish, and to our thinking, he has admirably accomplished it in his libretto of *Finola*. At the time already referred to, we wrote a full account of the story which Mr Dawson has moulded out of historic and interesting materials for his opera, and there is no need that we should recapitulate the incidents and the scenes, many of them highly dramatic, which constitute his little story. We prefer to devote the space at our disposal on this occasion to Mr. Dawson himself, and thus affording him an opportunity of showing his capacity for his work. Scene the fourth of Act First brings us to the palace at Tara. Prince Niall is serenading the Princess Finola, and in the light of a silvery moon is gazing on the apartment in which he knows his loved one is resting, with the following recitative. "The young May moon" is introduced as a duet between him and Finola. Niall sings, —

What rapture now my soul is filling,
While love through all my veins is thrilling,
To know Finola thou art here,
And feel the hour of bliss so near!
So wildly beats this throbbing heart
I cannot from thy casement part,
But fain would touch my faithful lyre
And softly breathe my soul's desire.
Chaste moon, inspire my lay!

The duet closes thus, —

Niall, —

Dear love, here in the moon's pale light
To thee my constant faith I plight,
And first shall fade that silv'ry ray
Ere from its shrine my soul will stray.

Finola, —

Sweet minstrel, all admire the grace
Of structures fresh from artist's care;
But when corroding years deface,
Ah! who shall then find beauty there?
As from yon ruin'd court you'd fly,
When mould'ring years have brought decay,
So wouldst thou leave me here to die
When youth's bright blush hath passed away.

Niall, —

Nay, say not so, sweet love; for

and then he proceeds to sing "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." Act the Second opens with the preparations for the marriage of Finola and Niall, but as the festivities are beginning, word is brought to the palace that the Danes have rushed in upon the plain and are getting ready for battle. Some of his comrades press upon Niall that he should not abandon the marriage hall, but he spurns their cowardly counsel, and sings, —

And think you, then, because I loved
The Muse's tuneful strains,
And through the groves of Tara roved
While peace was o'er her plains,
That when the stranger comes to waste
Those plains and blast this lyre,
I will not to the battle haste,
And save them from his ire?

And think you that because I love
Finola's form divine,
I will not in the battle prove
What swear I at the shrine?

* Finola: An Opera, chiefly composed of Moore's Irish Melodies. By Charles Dawson. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Upper Sackville Street.

That though I see in her bright eyes
Fair Erin's daughter's light,
Her sons' proud fame I cease to prize
And rival in the fight?

Finola approves his heroic resolve, and sings, "Go where glory waits thee." Scene third is a messroom in the castle, and here we have some stirring music such as "Quick, we have but a second," and "To-morrow, comrades, we." Scene fourth presents to us the deserted hall of the palace, and a bard comes in to sing to a few old retainers "The Minstrel Boy." As he sings, word is brought that the Danes have triumphed and that Niall has fallen, whereon the exultant tones of the bard are hushed, but in a moment he recovers himself, and proudly sings, "The Minstrel fell." Act the Third brings us in view of Finola, wearily straying about under the belief that Niall is dead. A Danish chieftain dares to woo her with "Come o'er the sea," but she scornfully bids him back, and sings, —

E'en were not this heart forever bound
To one beyond the grave,
Not all the wealth in thy galleys found
Could make me e'er thy slave:
For thou and thine accursed race
Did all my dreams of joy efface.

Go! urge no more thy useless prayer,
But seek thy northern shore;
Find some cold maid and woo her there,
But touch this land no more,
If thou wouldst 'scape the direful fate
Which thee and all thy band await.

Niall comes back to Finola, and the lovers are happy together. He tells her of the spot where the future of their lives is to be passed, and he sings to her "That there is not in this wide world a valley so sweet" as the spot where thereafter they are to live. When he has ended his glowing picture, Finola, full of joy and happiness, sings, —

As the waters which mingle so peacefully there
May have foamed further on through the cold rocks which rear
Their huge heads, like the ills which in this life oppose
Its wayfarers, ere they can sink to repose,
Thus the tumult of sorrow and grief having past
Like those waters will peacefully mingle at last;
Our hearts as unmoved, by life's troubles gone by,
As the pebbles which under the golden waves lie.

We have already exceeded the limits we had proposed to ourselves, and have untouched much that we would willingly have culled from Mr. Dawson's timely and graceful tribute to the minstrel of the Melodies. We have, however, given enough to indicate the character of the little work, and the skill with which it is so harmoniously linked together in all its details. We wish it the wide circulation it deserves, and those who buy it will not be sorry for the trifling outlay. We should be glad to hear that there was a likelihood of its being put upon the stage. It ought to be a success, both theatrically and financially. It is beautifully printed, and free from all blemishes.

Viscount Poli, once a soldier in the army of Pius IX., relates the following: "There was serving in the ranks of my regiment a Protestant named Jecker, from Luzerne, Switzerland, a man as brave as a lion. He was struck one day by a cannon ball, and mortally wounded. When near his death he expressed a wish to see the Pope. That same evening Pius IX. went to visit the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital, and came to the bedside of this brave man. "Holy Father," he gasped, "I am proud and happy to die in your defence." "Thanks, my son," replied the Pope. "But, Holy Father, I am a Protestant." "I am aware of that, my son." "I know I am going to die, but I feel happy and safe since you are near me." The Pope raised his hand and gave his blessing. Instantaneously, although he had not mentioned it before, the wounded soldier declared that he wished to die in the ancient faith. He was baptized, and expired a few minutes later.

GIOTTO AND HIS SCHOOL.

Dr. John Todhunter, Dublin.

THE second of the series of eight Saturday lectures on the art of the Italian Renaissance was delivered in the Museum buildings, Trinity College, by Dr. John Todhunter. The lecture was devoted to a consideration of the influence of Giotto and his school in re-establishing the authority of nature in painting. The advance which Cimabue initiated was perfected by his greater pupil, Giotto, who not merely suggested the course which the new art of painting should take, but re-created this art. Giotto not merely taught men to go to nature for instructions, but how to utilize the lessons taught on her; not merely how to imitate, but how to idealize. In his hands composition, drawing, and color developed naturally and simultaneously, the intensity of his vision guiding him gently and surely to the realization of his ideal. To the immense capacity for taking pains which some have considered the essential characteristic of genius, he superadded an immense capacity for seeing the right direction in which to aim his painstaking, which may perhaps be considered as at least equally characteristic of genius. His art had something of the simple directness of his friend Dante's poetry. Just as in the *Divina Commedia* the most commonplace phrases acquire a dignity and intensity from the manner in which they were uttered, from the lofty and sonorous rhythm of the verse and the earnest gravity of the style, in the pictures of Giotto the severe grace of his composition and the tender charm of his color fill even trivial incidents and rude figures with poetry. Beyond this, however, there was little resemblance to Dante. Giotto's art was innocent, happy, healthy. It had none of the mediæval gloom, the morbid rage of political hatred, the white heat of mystical passion of the *Divina Commedia*. It was, if not more human, at least less inhuman; if not so intense and sublime, more peaceful. In the one or two instances in which, under Dante's inspiration, he painted the Day of Judgment and Inferno, he was evidently out of his element, and defiled the wall with ugly representations of torments, which, divorced from Dante's ethical verse, were merely barren horrors. The lives of the two friends were indeed as different as their imaginations: Dante, a citizen of Florence, a homeless exile when outside her gates, nurtured on the very bitterest milk of party politics, himself a man of mark among the Ghibellines, and a savage combatant in deed as in word; Giotto, a child of the country, a good-humored citizen of the world a hard-working craftsman, ready to do a good day's work for his employer, be he prince or churchman, Guelf or Ghibelline, loved and honored by all Italy; Dante, full of the prophetic fury of the reformer, the scourge of sinners, whether laymen or clerics; Giotto, with something of the easy-going Bohemianism of the artist, smiling with good-humored Chaucerian satire at the shortcomings of his patrons, but accepting the Church as the Church and its ministers as its ministers, with frank, light-hearted reverence; Dante, steeping all the real world in the lurid lights and shadows of mediæval mysticism; Giotto, harmonizing the Christian history and legends by bringing them into the fine sunshine of everyday life. Giotto was born in a hamlet about fourteen miles from Florence, in the year 1276. His father was a plain husbandman. The legend is that he was out minding his father's sheep, when it so happened that Cimabue, passing that way, found him hard at work trying to draw one of his sheep on a flat rock with a piece of sharp stone. Seeing some evidence of genius in his rude sketch, the great painter on the spot secured a pupil who soon far surpassed his master. The frescos on the walls of the Upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi contain the record of Giotto's marvellous

apprenticeship of eight years. The frescos on the Lower Church, which are supposed to have been painted on his second visit to Assisi, when little more than twenty years old, display his full power and color as fresco painter. The subjects of the allegories with which the walls of the Lower Church are covered are Obedience, Poverty, and Chastity, the apotheosis or glory of St. Francis filling up a fourth compartment of the ceiling. The lecturer gave an interesting description in detail of those compositions in which we have the main elements of Giotto's greatness already in full process of development. If ever there was a mind, of which the characteristic qualities were sweetness and light, that mind was Giotto's. He is the true morning star of Italian art; the peaceful solemnity of such a dawn as that in which the Gospel angels spoke peace and good-will to the shepherds, seems to breathe from every inch of his pure and lovely work. In genial humanity, not without its shrewd touches of humor, and full of dramatic power, he reminds us of Chaucer, who had himself absorbed the southern sunshine of the French and Italian poets, and who had his moments of that sweet solemnity which pervades Giotto's style like an atmosphere; but even Chaucer himself seems a little coarse, unbalanced, and wing-clogged beside the perfect harmony of Giotto. Having praised Giotto's power of graphic story-telling, and clear and simple mode of composition, so grand without sternness or hauteur, contrasting him with Raphael, the lecturer said in Giotto there was no sophistication. His religion was one of faith in things to be lived by, not a pretty mythos to serve pagan princes as a subject, to eke out the artistic upholstery of their palaces. Possibly he did not feel much drawn to the rule of St. Francis, as his own shrewd lines on poverty would seem to show. Possibly, also, he found, as Chaucer did, that most men, whether lay or clerical, fall far short of their own idea, but in him the spirit of humanity was in no violent discordance with that of religion. Reference was next made to his greatest works, his design for the celebrated mosaic of the Navicella, now in the porch of St. Peter's; the series of frescos in the Arena Chapel at Padua; and the splendid frescos in Santa Croce at Florence. He gave a particular account of those in the Arena Chapel, illustrating his observations by a magnificent series of photographs. Mr. Ruskin describes the series as "a continuous meditative poem on the mysteries of the incarnation, the acts of redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that redemption, and their final judgment." He confessed that Giotto's designs were sometimes cold and crude, his figures usually a little clumsy in proportion and stiff in action, and his buildings out of perspective. What is to be looked for in his works is what artists call intention and feeling. In him we have the fresh naturalism without the paganism of the Renaissance; and if painting had developed simply in the direction indicated by Giotto, the balance between spirituality and sensuous beauty might have been maintained. Even a Puritan might find edification in these early representations of the Christian story. It seemed to the lecturer that there was more of the spirit of pure, practical Christianity as opposed to ecclesiastical asceticism, on the one hand, and sensuous paganism on the other, in the art of Giotto, than in that of any other man until we come to Bach and Handel. The school of Giotto, which included all the Florentine painters of the fourteenth century, carried on the Giottesque tradition as regards subject, method, and composition, and even form and color, without Giotto's genius, though with a slight advance in technical skill. Having given notices of Taddeo Gaddi, Francesco da Volterra, Orcagna, and others of this school, the lecturer contrasted with their style the influence of the in-

dependent art of the Siennese school, derived from Guido and Duccio. The art of Giotto, thus modified and recreated, produced in the fifteenth century two such opposite types as the exquisite ecclesiastical idealist, Fra Angelico, and the rude and powerful secular realist, Masaccio. The art of Fra Angelico is essentially the art of the cloister, the tender flower of a spiritualist kept from the storms of the troublous world. The life of this gentle friar was a dream of heaven, or rather heaven was the reality of his life, and this world a strange dream, tranquilly endured because he knew it to be a dream. Vasari, after relating with astonishment how he refused the archbishopric of Florence when it was offered him by the pope, adds, "But of a truth so extraordinary and sublime a gift as that possessed by Fra Giovanni should scarcely be conferred on any but a man of most holy life, since it is certain that all who take upon them to meddle with sacred and ecclesiastical subjects should be men of holy and spiritual minds, for we have seen that when such works are attempted by men of little faith and who do but lightly esteem religion, they frequently cause light thoughts and unworthy inclinations to awaken in the beholder." Fra Angelico was a man of the utmost simplicity of intention, and was most holy in every act of his life. His beautiful and saintlike character is apparent in everything that he has painted. He walks among painters with an aureole round his head and a song of praise in his mouth, his art as angelical as his name. The dove of divine peace seems to brood over him continually, and in all the multitude of his works there is not a touch of anything unclean. The tender grace of his drawing seems to warrant his own belief in its inspiration, and his color, so unapproachably bright and pure, shines with the serene radiance of Paradise. His angels are gentle ministers of divine love and grace, and in the faces of his saints the rest of perfect faith abides forever. Photographs of two beautiful specimens of his art — the Deposition, in the Florence Academy, and the Resurrection, in the Convent of San Marco — were exhibited. In Fra Angelico the school of Giotto may be said to end. The lecturer now glanced at the contemporary school of Sienna, for which Duccio did something at least of what Giotto did for that of Florence. With this he took leave of the earliest masters of Italian art, of that simple and sincere religious art which had in it no taint of paganism, whatever be its defects on the side of ecclesiastical narrowness and imperfect technical skill. The art of Giotto, while perfectly human, is perfectly religious; not ecclesiastical, but Christian. He is not ashamed of his mirth though all the saints in heaven may have their eyes on him, and one feels that he would soon have been as much at home with a "sociable archangel" as he was with all other creatures. In the Siennese masters we find more of the gloom and savagery of the Middle Ages. The horrors of death and the judgment and the blessedness of the ascetic life appeal to us from the walls of the Campo Santo. The Spanish chapel celebrates the sanctity of the author of "The Inquisition" and of sacerdotal education. In Fra Angelico religious art has become a thing of the cloister, not, as in Giotto, of the open world, — a thing remote, dreamy, celestial. Fra Angelico's art, if not very robust and somewhat fanciful, is the art of a man deeply and earnestly religious, — as pure and beautiful a soul as is to be met with in the whole range of art. The next lecture will treat of the full Renaissance.

FULLER'S earth, mixed to a stiff paste with cold water, spread on the carpet, and covered with brown paper, will in a day or two remove grease spots; a second application may be necessary.

BLESSED are the single people that are content to remain so

A NOTED CELEBRATION.

The congregation of old St. Mary's, Charlestown, Mass., have had a grand three days' celebration of the semi-centenary of their church. The services commenced on Saturday, May 10, at 7.30 o'clock, by Mass, after which Archbishop Williams confirmed two hundred and fifty children.

On the following day, Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the presence of a large congregation and many of the Rev. Clergy. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, preached on the occasion. In the afternoon, the Archbishop visited the Sunday school, and addressed the children. The Archbishop afterwards met the various sodalities and representative members of the congregation. Dr. McDonald delivered an address, on behalf of the parish, when the mortgage deed, cancelling the debt of the church, was presented to the Archbishop, to which he made a suitable response.

The Monday following, Mass was celebrated by the venerable James Fitton, pastor of the Church of Most Holy Redeemer, East Boston, who was the first to celebrate Mass in the church fifty years ago. There was a large attendance of the clergy and laity. Rev. R. J. Barry, pastor of St. Theresa's Church, West Roxbury, delivered one of his forcible and eloquent discourses. A banquet was given to the Archbishop, the Rev. Clergy, and several prominent laymen. In the evening, the exercises closed, on the part of the laity, with music, singing, speeches, etc. Throughout, the services were grand and imposing, the first of the kind celebrated in New England.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

On the road from the Mount of Olives to Bethany the remains of a Crusaders' church have recently been discovered. In his official report, which appears in the "Athenæum," Lieutenant Kitchener states that tradition has long pointed out this spot as the place where the Saviour mounted the ass for his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. In the chapel, which dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century, there is an almost square block of masonry covered with paintings, which are well executed but badly disfigured. On the south side is represented the raising of Lazarus; on the north are the disciples fetching the ass; on the west there is a niche covered by an arch, which was probably supported by two small columns; below the niche is a portion of an inscription still remaining. This square block is supposed to be either an altar, a shrine, or a portion of the rock cut out and ornamented. The walls of the small chamber to the south are also painted with a design of squares containing circles, and the walls of the church are painted in a common pattern. The shield of Hamseh has been taken down from the mosque by the pacha, and is now in the Serail. It appears to have been the cover of a baptismal font, or of some vessel, and is made of bronze, containing a great deal of silver. The work appears to be Italian of the twelfth century, and is very beautiful.

It is singular that nearly every British Ministry of recent times has furnished a recruit to the Catholic Church. Lord Palmerston's government gave us William Monsell, now Lord Emly; Lord Derby's government supplied Lord Robert Montagu, brother of the Duke of Manchester; Mr. Gladstone's government presented the Marquis of Ripon, K. G., ex-Grand Master of the Freemasons; and now Lord Beaconsfield hands over Viscount Bury, eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle. Thus, in this respect, at least, the Conservatives behave as handsomely as the Liberals; and each premier in turn, however averse he may be to Catholicity, does homage through a subordinate to the cause of the Church.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER X.

CROWN PROSECUTION OF WALTER COX. — MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HON. LOUIS PERRIN AND ROBERT HOLMES.

Walter Cox prosecuted. — O'Connell's speech in mitigation of punishment. — Memoir of the Right Hon. Louis Perrin. — His proud title of "Honest." — Obtains scholarship in Trinity College, Dublin. — His friendship with Robert Emmet. — Call to the bar in 1806. — Legal acquirements. — Defends Walter Cox. — Obtains the friendship of Robert Holmes. — Elected M. P. for Dublin in 1831. — Appointed Attorney-General in 1835. — His Parliamentary career. — Succeeds Judge Vandeleur as one of the judges of the King's Bench. — Judicial fitness. — Retires from the bench in 18 0. — Robert Holmes. — Rivalry with Bushe in college. — His professional skill. — Defence of John Mitchel. — Tribute of admiration by Chief Justice Pennefather. — Pamphlets composed by Mr. Holmes. — His reply to the address presented by the Northeast Bar on his retiring from circuit. — His granddaughter, Viscountess Doneraile.

In 1811, Walter Cox, proprietor and publisher of a small scurrilous periodical called "Cox's Magazine," published in Anglesea Street, Dublin, was prosecuted by the government for libel. O'Connell, Isaac Burke Bethel, and Mr. Louis Perrin were counsel for Cox. O'Connell was engaged elsewhere, and the defence was mainly undertaken by Mr. Perrin, whose capacity was unquestioned. No amount of talent or ability could save Watty; he was found guilty, and all that could then be attempted was to induce the judges to pass a sentence as light as possible. O'Connell addressed the following powerful reasons to the Court of King's Bench, to obtain a mitigated sentence. "My lords, I am compelled to entreat your attention to a few observations by the particular request of my unfortunate client. My lords, attempts have been made to blacken his character by describing him as a systematic and common libeller. I trust that such insinuations will have no weight with this court, or diminish the claim of my client to its mercy. It is, of course, the present duty of the court to dismiss from their minds every other blamable publication, and confine their attention to that immediately before them. This publication is written in a manner which must greatly circumscribe the range of its mischief, absurd and unintelligible, extremely vulgar, but extremely obscure, level to the language of the common people by its expressions, but entirely hid from their understandings by its incongruity. Thus, it is unintelligible to those on whom the mischief could operate, and it carries its own antidote to those who have the ingenuity to extricate meaning from the mass of absurdity. My lords, as to punishment by considerable fine, strictly speaking punishment of any kind cannot affect him in a pecuniary way. His poverty protects him. Punishment by fine in his case cannot operate against income, but may against industry. It cannot reduce competence to poverty, but may reduce poverty to want. His family are fed by his labor, and you will punish the children for the crime of the father, and decree that the innocent shall suffer for the guilty. I shall no longer detain your lordship's attention; I commit my client to the clemency of the court, in the confident hope that you will feel it to be your constitutional duty not to punish incidental licentiousness so much as to preserve the existence of a free press."

Cox, however, was sentenced to stand in the pillory, and to suffer imprisonment. His punishment, as often happens, made him be regarded as a martyr, and the sale of his magazine considerably increased. We have mentioned Mr. Perrin in this case. As a distinguished contemporary of O'Connell, and having lately died, we think a brief memoir of him may be properly given here.

It is a matter of just pride to be distinguished in virtue, and Aristides never won the applause of the Athenians and the title of "Just" more creditably than did Louis Perrin the epithet of "Honest" from the natives

of Ireland. His father was of French descent; his mother of Irish birth. Her family name was Daly, and she was described to us as a lady possessed of considerable ability and great amiability of disposition. Mr. and Mrs. Perrin had a very numerous family, and their means were rather limited, until a brother of Mrs. Perrin's died in the East Indies, leaving a fortune of over £30,000. The interest arising from this sum was bequeathed to Mrs. Perrin, and on her death the children were to have the principal in equal shares. It would appear the family sojourned in the north before they came to Dublin. Louis Perrin having received the benefits of a classical education at the diocesan seminary of Armagh, entered Trinity College as a pensioner in 1796, and obtained a scholarship in 1799, a good proof of the extent of his learning. He was a member of the famous historical society. When the fatal attempt at insurrection, in 1803, brought the unhappy Robert Emmet to an untimely end, among the spectators at the trial, when the dread sentence of death was about being pronounced upon him, were two of the friends of his youth, who, undeterred by the dread of injurious consequences, rushed forward to the dock, and gave their friend a farewell embrace. Of these, one subsequently became a Protestant bishop, the other was afterwards Judge Perrin. He devoted himself to the study of the law, a profession suited to his tastes, for he was a plodding student. He never indulged in those flights of fancy which dazzle the many; he had no power of declamation — no bursts of oratory. The tone of his mind preferred the labor of severe toil — the discussion of knotty points of law in company with a few painstaking students like himself. He avoided society, and was reluctant to mix in these festive reunions which almost all young men desire to share. With a mind steeped in legal lore, he was called to the Irish bar in Hilary term, 1806, and was then competent to argue on most legal subjects. But competency is one thing and business another, and Mr. Perrin had to bide his time. The revolution of fortune's wheel brought him practice at last. He was not depressed by the delay, but improved the time he had to wait by making himself well acquainted with mercantile law, — a range of jurisprudence extensively cultivated in England, but not so much in Ireland; though we have improved very considerably in this respect, as the mercantile practice of many of the bar, especially of Mr. Kernan, Q. C., and Mr. Heron, Q. C., in the Irish Court of Bankruptcy and Insolvency, prove. He had a great knowledge of pleading, and was familiar with the leading authorities on every branch of common law. About five years after his call to the bar, he was junior counsel for the traverser in the prosecution for libel we have just mentioned as having been brought against Watty Cox. O'Connell was absent during the case, and Bethel not being prepared to argue the intricate questions that arose, Perrin had to encounter the accomplished Solicitor-General (Bushe); and from the ability he displayed on that trial gained the warm approval of that generous adversary, as also of the presiding judge. This case gained Mr. Perrin considerable practice. He had great legal attainments; his learning was well digested and arranged — ever ready for use. The celebrated Irish barrister, Mr. Holmes, soon formed a friendship for the rising junior; probably Mr. Perrin's affection for Robert Emmet, Mr. Holmes's brother-in-law, may have led to it; but whatever the cause, it was of great importance to Mr. Perrin. From Mr. Holmes he learned that homely but energetic mode of argument that fixed the attention and informed the mind of the court far better than the employment of more ornate language. Previous to this intimacy, the north-east bar passed a resolution which had the effect of excluding Mr. Holmes

from his circuit, viz., "that no barrister would be permitted to remain a member of their bar without enrolment in a corps of yeomanry," which Mr. Holmes declined to do, not approving of certain practices in these military bodies. His friends determined to have this resolution rescinded. The motion to effect this object was moved by Mr. Charles Ball, seconded by Mr. Perrin, and passed. Mr. Perrin had very lucrative practice for years. He was in great request in revenue trials, and in every commercial case was sure to hold a brief. He was a liberal in politics, and a personal friend of O'Connell, besides being on all occasions his legal adviser. He was elected in 1831, in conjunction with Alderman Sir Robert Harty, as member for Dublin. They were strenuously opposed, and a petition having been presented against their return, they were unseated. Shortly after, Mr. Perrin was returned for Monaghan, and when he became Attorney-General in 1835, he sat for the borough of Cashel.

If he was not an eloquent member of Parliament, he was a most useful one, and his speeches in the House of Commons were distinguished by the plain diction which placed his arguments in the most clear and distinct light. On one occasion, when Mr. Perrin was making a most able speech on an Irish question, one of his Cashel constituents,* who had obtained the Speaker's order to the body of the House, was drinking in with delighted ears his countryman's speech. He was accosted by a plain looking visitor to the house who sat near with,—

"Pray, sir, can you tell me who is now speaking?"

"Oh, by all means," replied the Cashel elector; "that's our member."

"Well, I am not acquainted with the place he represents, unfortunately," replied the other, smiling; "so I must ask you to be a little more explicit."

"Certainly," said the Cashel man; "he's the Attorney-General for Ireland."

"Well, I'm afraid I must trouble you yet more," returned the inquirer; "but I have to learn who the Attorney-General for Ireland is."

"Mr. Perrin."

"Honest Louis Perrin, the Catholic Emancipator!"

"Yes."

"I am glad to have heard and seen him," was the reply; and a conversation ensued, which ended by the inquisitive gentleman asking his and our informant to take some wine with him at Bellamy's. This being declined, the stranger shook hands with the Irish gentleman, and wished him "good evening." It was now the turn of the Cashel man to ask information, and seeing an official near, he inquired "who the stranger was." The reply was, "the Duke of Norfolk."

Short as was his tenure of office, Mr. Perrin effected vast public good. He did much to lessen grand jury jobbing. His report on the Irish corporations was a very able document, and his speech introducing the bill for their reform worthy the description of an eminent statesman, who called it "a most solid and convincing piece of ratiocinative eloquence." He perilled his popularity by the introduction of a bill to close the public houses at eleven o'clock at night, but strong in his purpose of good, he persevered. On the death of Judge Vandeleur, the second seat on the King's Bench was offered to Mr. Perrin, and it was a proud day for his friends when this honest man was elevated to the judicial tribunal. Here the sterling qualities of his mind shone forth. He was an able expounder of the laws, a constitutional administrator of the sentences of justice. He showed great diligence, and to any argument that fairly bore on the case evinced the most patient attention, but if the learned counsel strayed from the real subject of debate, or indulged in any speculation not warranted by the facts and opposed to the law, he was quickly re-

* The late Michael Doheny.

minded by a short cough; and if he persevered, was soon to be recalled by some pertinent question. As he had been a strictly constitutional lawyer, so he was a strictly independent judge. In his hands the scales of justice were held firmly and steadily; all the blandishments of power, all the corruptions of intrigue could effect no alteration in the balance. He early inculcated the doctrine that all men are equal before the law, and through his life he practised this precept.*

Among the eminent Irish barristers who were contemporaries of O'Connell, not one was more distinguished as a patriot, a lawyer, or a man, than Robert Holmes. He was venerable when we were enrolled in 1838, but, like the oak of the forest, he was full of vigor. The snows of eighty winters, while they whitened his head, never chilled his heart, and it beat as fervidly then in the cause of Irish nationality as in the days of his youth. His appearance was singularly interesting. The features indicated great beauty, and the clear hazel eye, though somewhat shaded by the drooping lid, shone bright and full. His nose was long, and the mouth, that thoroughbred indicator, had a pleasing smile. He wore the stuff gown of the outer bar, and his wig had lost its caudal appendages years before. There was power in that handsome face, and a stranger needed only to hear him argue a cause to be aware he stood in the presence of an accomplished lawyer. His parents were northern, natives of the county Antrim, but he was born in Dublin, in the year 1765.

During his career in Trinity College, he was often a competitor with Charles Kendal Bushe, and while that elegant scholar carried off the premiums in classics, those of science invariably fell to the lot of the hard-headed northern Holmes. He married the sister of the Emmets, and declining to belong to a corps of yeomanry in which the other members of the northeast bar served, the circumstance led to the unpleasantness related in the notice of Mr. Perrin. When Mr. Holmes rejoined his circuit, he at once secured great practice, and we shall see later on the regard which every member of the northeast bar entertained towards him.

Mr. Holmes's qualifications for legal practice were of a very high order. His propositions, simple in their form, clear in their language, and logical in their shape, showed at once the lucidity of his mind. His language, usually plain and unpretending, whenever the occasion demanded was raised to a lofty and ornate pitch. We have abundant proof of his power of declamation in his noble defence of John Mitchel, which was a sight worth seeing, as well as a speech worth hearing. There he stood, with the Lord Chief Justice Pennefather presiding, a formidable crown bar prosecuting, the old man eloquently encountering them all, — the Spartan in the Pass of Thermopylæ. Every sentence was an oration, every word was full of meaning, and the delivery was admirable. When he spoke of Ireland — her nationality, the importance of freedom, the sad history of her wrongs — there was a tremor on the lips, a tear in the eye, a pathos in the tones of the voice, that found their way to every heart. We gladly give a few specimens of this masterly oration.

"A free state and its members are one — the rulers and the ruled have no contrasted interests — the public and the private energies are intimately connected; a sense of national glory,

* For a period close upon a quarter of a century, this great constitutional judge administered the law from the bench. Blessed with a robust constitution, he usually enjoyed excellent health; but family bereavements fell heavy upon the veteran judge. We sat for some time with him during the summer of 1859, and found him lethargic and infirm. He was obliged to give up going circuit, and having resigned his seat as one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, in 1860, was succeeded by the then Attorney-General, the Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald. He lived in retirement at his seat near Rush, county Dublin, where he died on the 7th of December, 1864.

of high national character; a love of the common weal, the fruitful source of generous sentiments and noble deeds, inspire animate, and dignify the individual, exalt the social above the selfish affections, develop the powers of the understanding, give birth and vigor to lofty thoughts; and if they sometimes arouse the ambitious and destructive, they more uniformly call forth and exercise the benevolent and the useful passions of the human heart. But when this common invigorating principle is wanting, when a people is subservient to the will, worked by the guile, ruled by the caprice, the prejudice, the passions, and the interests of another state, the character and the conduct of that people will inevitably betray the vileness of its condition. National independence does not necessarily lead to national virtue and happiness; but reason and experience demonstrate that public spirit and general happiness are looked for in vain under the withering influence of a provincial subjection . . . In Ireland we have labor — hard labor — incessant labor; but we have not in Ireland industry; we have industrial resources, but we have not industry itself. Can you wonder? The industry of man arises not from the mere impulse of instinct; the industry of man arises from the impulse of his instinct and his reason, from his wants and his aspirations, from a sense of duty and a love of fame; the industry of man embraces the material and the intellectual world — is impelled by the sordid, and animated by the generous affections — is connected with everything mean and everything noble in the human breast; with the miser and the slave it grovels on the earth, — with philosophy and liberty it mounts to heaven. The gross portion of its nature may exist in any clime where the animal can breathe, but every celestial particle will perish where the mind is not conscious of freedom, where the heart is not confident in the protection and enjoyment of independent legislation and equal rights and equal laws. The soil of Attica is still visited by the same sun which warmed the genius of Pericles, and shone upon the works of Phidias; but then his beams no longer illumine a land of liberty, whose alchemic power purifies and transmutes whatever it touches into gold. The republic of Athens is no more; and the genius, and the spirit, and the virtue, which once covered that scanty and rugged soil with glory, now only live in the records of her fame. . . . In the history of provincial servitude no instance can be found so striking, so afflicting, and so humiliating as Ireland of the influence of moral causes in counteracting the physical aptitudes of nature, and producing weakness and want, and ignorance and wretchedness, where all the outlines of creation seemed formed for power and happiness. . . . For many a long century, a deep and blighting gloom had covered this fair and fertile land, on which the benignant gifts of heaven seem to have been poured forth in vain. A light once shone across that gloom; bright and glorious was that light, but short and transient, serving but to show the darkness which had gone before, and the deeper darkness that followed after. Yes, a light once shone across that gloom; that light was extinguished by the foulest means that ever fraud or injustice practised; and now, it seems, that every attempt to rekindle that light is to be crushed as sedition, and the sentence of dependence and degradation pronounced against Ireland is to be confirmed and made perpetual. Against this sentence my client has raised his voice, and I, not on his behalf alone, but on behalf of an injured and an insulted people, raise my voice; and I call upon you, gentlemen of the jury, by your verdict of acquittal this day to aid in averting that sentence. If the spirit of freedom dwells within you, if it warms your breasts and illumines your intellects, I call upon you by your verdict of acquittal this day to avert that sentence. By every generous senti-

ment which can actuate the noble, by every principle of right which can animate the just, I call upon you by your verdict of acquittal this day to avert that sentence. I ask for your verdict of acquittal, not as a boon of mercy, not as the safety-valve of doubt, but as the clear, unequivocal, decisive expression of your regard for the rights of nature, and the welfare and honor of your native land. I ask for your verdict of acquittal in the cause of country, — that cause in which 'Wallace fought and Hampden bled,' and our own Boroihme conquered; that cause ever dear to the bravest, the wisest, and the best, unfelt and abandoned only by the recreant and the vile. Did I now address the recreant and the vile, I should indeed despair; but addressing, as I do, the high-minded and the just, I feel the buoyancy of hope and the confidence of right. I have done. I have appealed to your unprejudiced understandings; I have appealed to the honest, to the manly feelings of your hearts; and unless the strength of the cause has been lost in the weakness of the advocate, I have not appealed in vain."

Words cannot describe the scene which ensued when, exhausted by the effort and the intensity of his feelings, Mr. Holmes fell back into his seat after concluding his magnificent harangue. Cheer followed cheer in the court, which officials were more tempted to join in than repress, and fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before the grave and sonorous tones of the Chief Justice were heard, as he said: —

"Gentlemen of the jury, we have a most important duty to discharge; and perhaps the most difficult, and certainly the most important part of the solemn obligation you are under to assist in the administration of justice, is to dismiss from your minds, as far as possible, the impression that must have been made on them by the signal and eloquent address from the traverser's counsel, — an address that has never been surpassed in a court of justice."

The eloquence, however, did not avail. Mitchel was convicted, and sentenced to transportation.

Besides his voice, Mr. Holmes gave his country the services of his pen. He wrote, in 1799, a satirical pamphlet, entitled "A Demonstration of the Necessity of Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland," in which all the arguments usually advanced by the supporters of the measure were ridiculed. The second was "An Address to the Yeomanry of Ireland, demonstrating the necessity of their declaring their opinions upon Political Subjects," and the third, also political, was "The case of Ireland stated." This went through six editions, the last published in 1847.*

This distinguished Irishman died a few years ago. He left a daughter married to George Lenox Conyngham, Esq., whose daughter married in 1861 the present Viscount Doneraile.

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*On Mr. Holmes retiring from the practice of the profession, a farewell address from the northeast bar was presented, to which he made the following reply: —

"I have received your address, occasioned by my retirement from the circuit. Be assured that I appreciate most highly the value of this very kind expression of your esteem. I leave circuit at the warning of a faithful monitor — time; but I leave it with the regret of parting with scenes of social intercourse which frequent repetition could not deprive of still renewed interest and pleasure. Yes, my friends, on circuit we have passed together many happy hours of social intercourse, unalloyed by any bitterness of personal jealousy or petty or sectarian division; an intercourse quite compatible with generous emulation, ardent competition, unshackled freedom of thought, and decided difference of opinion. To these hours of cheerfulness and concord, while memory can add to present good by the recollection of past enjoyment, I must ever look back with satisfaction and pride. And to you, my friends, I sincerely and warmly wish all the happiness which actual possession, the revivals of memory, and the anticipations of hope, can supply. With respect to the distinction which you propose to confer upon me, by setting my bust in the place you mention, I am conscious that I merit such a distinction only by the anxious desire with which I have been influenced to uphold the true interest and honor of our common profession. But under this consciousness I may, perhaps, without presumption, say, that I feel much gratified by this further testimony of your approbation and regard."

To be continued.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE "IRISH ARTICLES" IN THE MAGAZINE.

THE ARTICLE IN THE MAY NUMBER TAKEN FOR AN EXAMPLE.

BOSTON, May 31, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, — In your very popular magazine, of which I am a reader, I find articles in the Irish language, prefaced in your first number (January last) by a paragraph calling the attention of your readers to the "Irish Department" started therein, and which contains the following: "We hope to be able to give a page or so in Irish every month, and will be careful that the language be correct as well as simple, in order that students may have as little difficulty as possible in reading it." "Correct" and "simple"! According to the general acceptation of these terms, you have not fulfilled your promise. Your articles contain numerous grammatical errors, samples of which I am prepared to lay before you, and prove by authority; consequently they are not "correct." They are, in many instances, unidiomatic; so rough and harsh, that they grate on the ears of an Irish-speaking person; many sentences have been constructed according to the genius of the English, and, therefore, the beauty and expressiveness of the ancient language materially injured; consequently the language is not "simple." Seeing this, and being interested in the revival and cultivation of the Irish language in its purity, I feel it a duty incumbent on me to expose such spurious productions. Now that the June number is issued, and having no correction of the errors in the May number, I am come to the conclusion that the article in the May number is considered "correct," at least by the author. Let us see. "Ni aitheantar" commencing the article, and the same commencing the second sentence, although not the proper expressions to use in that sense, yet I will not stop to discuss them here, as there are more glaring errors ahead. "Taobh amuigh," in the phrase, "go bh-fuil morán diobh 'taobh amuigh' de h-Eirinn," neither is a very appropriate expression, in the sense in which it is used, and *h* before "Eirinn" should not be used. The simple prepositions "de" and "do" never cause the intervention of an *h* before nouns whose initial letters are vowels, provided that no possessive pronoun intervenes the preposition and noun. It should be "d' Eirinn"

"Is teirce go bh-fuil sean baile air feadh Fraince, Germaine, Eadalla, agus na Tiortha Isiola ann nach bh-fuil," etc. "Is teirce go-bh-fuil," commencing this quotation, is not very clear. "Teirce" may be either the comparative or superlative form of the adjective "tearc," and where is the sense in using any of these two forms here? "Fraince" and "Germaine" should have the article "na" before them, its genitive form feminine, singular number, according to rule the third, of Irish syntax, which says, "Besides the common use of the article as a definitive, to limit the signification of substantives, it is applied in Irish in the following instances, which may be regarded as idiomatic." One is this: "Before the names of some countries and places," as "an Spain," Spain; "an Fhrainge," France; "an Ghearmain," Germany. Again, "Tiortha Isiola," in the quotation, should be "d-Tiortha Isle," being governed by the compound preposition "air feadh," understood, which always requires the genitive form after it. The quotation should be written thus: "Is tearc sean bhaile air feadh na Fraince, na Gearmaine, Eadalla, agus na d-Tiortha Isle ann nach bh-fuil," etc. "Oir do bhi morán sean leabhair Gaedhilge ann a thir féin aige." Here "leabhair" has the form of the genitive singular, or nominative plural, when it should have that of the genitive plural, "leabhar." "Rugadh na leabhair so do'n Mhór-thir na h-Eorpa," etc. Here is a violation of rule the second of syntax (I take as authority Dr. O'Donovan's grammar). "When

two substantives come together, one governing the other in the genitive case, the article is never used before the former, in the modern language." (*b*, Rule 2, Syntax.) "Air feadh na seachtmhadh, ochtmhadh agus naomhadh ceud-bliadhana." In this quotation, "bliadhana" should terminate in the genitive plural "bliadhan," being governed by the compound preposition, "air feadh." "Compound prepositions require the genitive." (Rule L, Syntax.) "Agus do b'fhéider go sgriobhadh morán diobh san aitibh ann a bh-fuilid fós." "Go sgriobhadh," in this quotation, is wrong, the conjunction "go," when before a verb of the simple past tense, becomes "gor" or "gur," which is a union of "go," and "ro," the sign of the past tense. See gram., page 322, under "go." "San aitibh," in the quotation, is a violation of rule first, of Syntax, using a singular article with a plural noun; also, the "s" should be preceded by an apostrophe, and separated from the article, to show that it was part of a preposition. The quotation in full should be written thus: "Agus do b'fheidir gur sgriobhadh móran diobh 's na h-áitibh ann a bhfuilid fós." "Leabhar Laighean Leabhar Baile Muta, Leabhar Lecan, agus Leabhar Liosmhóir." The names of places here, after "Leabhar," should be in the genitive case, and not one of them is. They should be written thus: "Leabhar Laighin, Leabhar Bhaile an Mhota, Leabhar Leacáin, and Leabhar Leasamóir."

"Do reir an t-Ollaimh Ui Chomhairigh." In this quotation, the compound preposition, "Do reir," requires the genitive form after it, changing "ollaimh" into "ollamhan," and dispenses with the intervening "t." See "Of the Article," Etymology, Part II, Gram. And the influence of the compound preposition does not reach "Ui Chomhairigh," the noun in apposition, and consequently should be written Ua, or "O'Camhraigh." The quotation, then, should read thus: "Do reir an ollamhan, O'Comhraigh." "Anala na ceithire Suadh 'mar' aisdrighthe le Seághn O'Donabháin." ("Annals of the Four Masters," *as* translated by John O'Donovan.) "Mar" is superfluous, and unidiomatic in this quotation; it only proves positively that the writer was thinking in English when writing the article; he inserted "mar" in the Irish so as to correspond with the conjunction *as*, in the English. This is how our language is suffering at present, owing to the ostentatious pedantry of incompetent scribes. "Oir tá mile leabhar eile ann Ath Cliath 'taobh amuigh' na leabhar dá labharamar cheana." "Taobh amuigh," in this quotation, is ridiculous, and because in some instances it means "beside" or "besides," it was inserted here for the same word, which is another strong proof that the writer was thinking in English at the time. An Irish-speaking person would heartily laugh at the unidiomatic and nonsensical construction of this phrase. "Eaghmais," or "iongnais," should take the place of "taobh amuigh," in the phrase, "dá labharamar cheana." The latter part of the above quotation is also wrong: "dá" should be "dár" (contracted of "de," of "a" which, and "ro," sign of the past tense), because the verb following it is of the simple past tense. "Go laghdochadís a luach, an uair a m-beidh siad aisdrighthe." The latter part of this quotation is very mystical, and according to the translation should be "da m-beidheadh siad," or "dá m-beidis le bhith aistrighthe" (if they were to be translated). "Iomadamhuil a's atá na sean leabhair Gaedhilige." Here is another phrase, exactly framed according to the genius of the English language, "a's," is inserted to represent the conjunction *as*, in the translation, when "gidh" or "gidheadh," should be used either after or before. "Iomadamhuil," and "a's," to which there is no sense in this phrase, omitted. "Sailtair Teamhrach, Sailtair Caiseal agus morán eile mórleabhair do bhi faoi mheas ann Eirinn anallóid." In this quotation there are

different mistakes. "Sailtair," in both cases, should be "Saltar," and "Caiseal" should be in the genitive case, and its initial consonant aspirated, as well as that of "Teambrach." "When in the absence of the article, the latter of two substantives in the genitive case is the proper name of a man, woman, or *place*, its initial is aspirated." (Rule XVII., Syntax.) And "mor-leabhair," in the quotation, is in the genitive plural, and should be "mor-leabhar." The whole quotation, therefore, should be, "Saltar Theambrach, Saltar Chaisil, agus mórán eile mor-leabhar," etc. "Agus ba h-i obair mhaith dar leo." In this quotation "h-i" should not be used, as the adjective (maith), qualifying the noun which it (h-i) represents, has only the positive form, but, as in many other cases throughout the article, it is done according to the idiom of the English language, which has the pronoun expressed in the translation thus: "And they thought 'it' a good work." "Leaghmoid ann iomad aitibh is na h-analaibh Eireann gur *bhathadaois* leabhair na mainisdireadh." "Is na h-analaibh Eireann," should be, "a n-Análaibh na h-Eireann," or use either of the prepositions, "i" or "ann," in place of "a." (Rule II., Syntax.) "Gur," before *bhathad ois*, is entirely wrong in the above quotation, because the verb *bhathadaois* following it is in the consuetudinal or habitual past tense, which admits only of the conjunction "go." See grammar, page 322, under "go." "Go" causes the *b* to be eclipsed by "m," and the termination of the verb, in which the personal pronoun is incorporated, is "aidis," not "adaois" as in the quotation; and "leabhair na mainisdireadh," should be, "leabharir na mainisdreach," the latter word being in the genitive case plural. This winds up the article in the May number.

Now, the motives which have actuated me to expose this imposition on the public are twofold. First, my desire to preserve the ancient language of our forefathers in its grammatical purity; to preserve that harmonious flexible idiom, for which the language is remarkable. Secondly, this Irish article is appearing in your magazine every month, with no name to it, and as a natural consequence, your readers will take it for granted that it is written by some member of the Boston Irish schools; and such of your readers as are able to judge, what will they say to the writer of such articles, with so many errors? They will certainly say that the man who undertook such must be possessed of an almighty amount of presumption, knowing his inability for such an undertaking. But these articles, be it understood, are not written by any of the members of the Boston Irish schools, nor do I boast of their ability to do justice to an original piece in the language, because they are tyros in the study thereof; but I am proud to say that there are more than one connected with our schools, who can correct these articles, and whose abilities to do so far exceed mine; yet that does not deter me from doing what I think is my duty regarding the cause which I have so dear at heart, and in vindication of my fellow members, lest it would be supposed that any of them was the writer of these incorrect articles. Neither do I blame the writer of the articles for his inability, but I everlastingly blame him for undertaking such an arduous task, thereby corrupting the language and leading its students, who do not understand the difference, astray from its sweet mellifluent tone, into the harsh and rough path of corruption. I fear also that we of the present generation, who are interested in this laudable movement, would be *cursed* by posterity for allowing such corruption in the language to be handed down to them. It may be said that it would be better to have it so, than not to have it at all. I will answer this thus: There is plenty of literature, — the productions of eminent authors, — both po-

etry and prose, extant in the language, and why not give the students of the Irish language samples of this in the magazine, until, through it, they 'll become perfectly acquainted with its idiomatic construction? If such were done, the contributor would deserve credit; but your present contributor, for the course he has pursued, deserves the severest censure of all interested in the revival of the old language in its grammatical purity.

Yours, etc.,

P. J. O'Daly,
Sec'y Philo-Celtic Society,
Boston.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

Jennie June.

She has nothing else to do, poor girl, but dress. It takes two thirds of her time. The rest is devoted to shopping, sleep, and company. There 's not a trace of wear or neglect about her from the tips of her heels to the end of that last new ostrich feather. It 's all spick and span new, glossy, bright, and just out of the bandboxes. It costs pa a good round sum yearly. There is n't an hour of the day but some portion of that dress demands her attention. Monday, she was looking at spring materials; Tuesday, the same; Wednesday was the day of final selection; Thursday she hunted for the trimmings; Friday she bought them, and the day's mission for Saturday was with the dressmaker. There are two days more of trying on and fitting, at least. Recollect this is but one article of that fearful, wonderful, and admirable make-up. There are shoes, corsets, bonnets, hats, and gloves all the time on the stocks or being looked after as built by contract.

Be Courteous. — Boys, when you are at play try not to annoy older people by your noise, or by throwing things about; if you are playing ball, and a lady or little girl passes by, do not throw till she is out of the way; if you are about to meet any person, turn out of the path with your cart or velocipede, instead of dashing recklessly along in the middle of the walk, yelling like wild Indians, and unheeding what damage you may do. Girls, if you are walking three or four abreast, remember that every person you meet has a right to half the passageway, and do not march straight ahead in solid phalanx, thereby compelling the other to step off the walk. Would you like it? Or would you like to see your mother so treated? If a schoolmate or acquaintance cannot dress as well as you, never let her see that you know it. Remember her brains may be even of a better quality than yours, and in this country the day may easily come, when you will be glad and proud to point to her as the great artiste or authoress who was "my dearest school-friend." If your mother call on you to help her, go at once, and graciously. It will sweeten her thoughts by day and her dreams by night, to feel that her daughter is glad to lighten her cares, and will save you from the bitterest of all self-reproach when she has worn herself out for her family and found in the cold grave the rest you would not help her find in life.

Greed of Riches. — Let us consider what is virtue and what is vice, with regard to the acquisition, the administration, and the use of property, for ourselves and for others. "The heaven of heaven is the Lord's, but the earth he hath given to the children of men," to make use of its riches according to the dictates of their reason, with a view to their last end, the glory of God and their salvation. And indeed, from the beginning of the world the children of Adam have been daily busy in acquiring and expending the goods of this world; practising in this point, as well as in all others, either virtue or vice. All excess and all defect in the care for riches is vicious; virtue stands in the middle between them, as is the case with all moral virtues.

CHRUIT ANSA MO THIRE.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Chruit ansa mo thíre a n-dorchadas bhi sínte,
Bhi fuar-chuing na tos-da ort báisgthe go teann;
Do thoig me as geibheal d'éis do chuibhreach bheibh sgaoilte,
Air do theudaibh sgeith gaethe a's soluis saor-rann.
Bhi fuaim sundach featha do b'aeraighe 's budh bhinne
Ag dusacht do thenda bhi suanmhar chum ceoil;
Acht bhidhis chó neamh-eolgach air shuarchas 's air luinne
Go m-briseann an brón tri do shugaighil go fóill.

Slán agus beannacht air do bhinn-gaethibh, chruit chroim;
So an dlaoigh déighneach dánta do dhéanfam, a dhealbh;
Téidh, a's codail faoi sgáil lonnraigh gairthe air do shuan-throm
Go bh-faghaid meura nios stuama air do theudaibh chiún', sealth.
Má bhi croidhe gaisgigh treunmhar tír-grádhaigh no saoro-shaoi
'G a g-corrughadh ag sisdeacht le seinnim ar n-dán,
Ni raibh ionnam-sa acht oiteog neamh-bhrighmhar na luath gaoith',
Agus uait-se do tháinie an fhuaim bhinn ramháin.

Translation.

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers;
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

THE NAPOLEONS AND THE POPES; OR, THE FALL OF THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

III.

NAPOLEON III. THE ENEMY OF THE POPE.

In the year 1864, Count Joseph, of Rethel, sat in a room of his palace at Paris, and read a letter. The handsome youth had become a venerable gentleman. Louis Napoleon, then emperor of France, entertained the highest regard for the count for the reason that he had been the attached friend of his uncle, and had shared his exile. He was always a welcome guest of the imperial family, and his words were listened to with respect; but no persuasion could induce him to accept a public office. The most brilliant and desirable marks of honor were refused by him; he lived a quiet life with his family; his time was devoted to study, and he never participated in the extravagant follies of the gayest city in the world.

"France is again moving on an inclined plane," he would often say to the emperor. "The press is lawless, hostile to religion, and demoralizing; the people have become infidel. Your great uncle, from prudential motives alone, would never have permitted things to go so far."

During the summer months the count resided at his country-seat, and had only revisited Paris for the purpose of inspecting a celebrated painting, which was on exhibition, and which he desired to purchase.

On the second day of his stay in the city, the count received a letter, whose contents excited him greatly. His hands trembled, he became pale, and gazed upon the missive with an expression of horror. He then threw it aside, and seating himself, remained immovable for a long time.

"Can it be possible? No; it cannot be!" he at length exclaimed. Again he perused the letter, and ringing the bell, he ordered his carriage to be immediately prepared.

The count made a hasty toilet, and drove at once to the imperial residence Arriving there he passed through vast corridors, through brilliant saloons and antechambers, and finally entered the cabinet of Napoleon III.

Behind a table there sat writing a corpulent man of middle stature. The expression of his face was impassive, and his complexion sallow. A thick mustache covered his lips, as though anxious to conceal something that was not attractive. The eyes were small and dull, although not devoid of cunning, and were often entirely hidden beneath the heavy lids. This man was the emperor, Napoleon III., then at the height of his power. He had humbled Russia, conquered Austria, founded the kingdom of Italy upon the ruins of other princely thrones; he had occupied Rome, and had inaugurated and accomplished the spoliation of the Papal States. All Europe seemed to be at the disposal of the powerful emperor, whose word alone was sufficient to affect the value of property.

"Why, my dear Count Rethel, you in Paris? What a surprise!" exclaimed Napoleon to the count, as he entered, but whose unusual agitation at once attracted his attention.

"I am here by mere chance, your majesty, or rather am sent by Divine Providence."

Napoleon's small eyes rested inquiringly upon Rethel, who, in obedience to a motion of the imperial hand, took a chair.

"You seem to be excited, dear count; I hope that no calamity has befallen you."

"None personally, sire, but terrible misfortunes threaten you, your family, and the whole of France."

The immobile countenance of Napoleon gave evident signs of astonishment, as he asked for an explanation of the count's words.

"Pardon me, sire, if fidelity and attachment compel me to utter words which are contrary to all the forms of courtly etiquette."

"No excuse is necessary, Count

Rethel. I know how to value your zeal and fidelity. Your past history gives you a claim to my confidence. Tell me what alarms you."

"My fear is that your majesty will abandon the pope, and surrender him to his enemies."

Napoleon remained silent, and the fixedness of his attitude made him resemble a marble statue.

"What has led you to form such a conclusion?"

"The letter of a friend, who informed me of the threatening danger."

"What is the name of this friend?"

"I cannot reveal it to your majesty, and thus let him incur your displeasure."

"The question was merely dictated by curiosity," replied Napoleon. "I cannot think it possible that any friend of Count Rethel's could merit my displeasure. But I will tell you a secret, which, however, will soon be proclaimed to the world. A treaty has been concluded between Italy and France, in which it is stipulated that the French troops shall be withdrawn from Italy in two years; but no one has a right to infer therefrom that I intend to deliver the pope up to his enemies."

"I conjure your majesty not to sign this treaty," implored the count. "You know the hatred of the secret societies of Italy against the head of the Church The withdrawal of our soldiers from Rome will be the signal for all the enemies of the Papal States to attack the defenceless Pius IX."

Napoleon, himself a member of the Italian secret societies, knew well that Rethel had told the simple truth, and yet he made a pretence of being amazed.

"I do not understand you, count. Our troops cannot protect the pope forever. Does not the occupation of Rome by France awaken the jealousy of other European powers? This state of things must come to an end. The holiness of his office and his venerable person will protect him as surely against his enemies as will our bayonets."

"Pardon me, sire, but the enemies of the Catholic faith do not recognize the holiness of the papal office. If you recall your troops from Rome, Pius IX. will become a prisoner, perhaps a martyr, and you will bring down ruin, not only upon yourself and upon your family, but upon the whole of France."

"A very bold assertion, count! But why have you formed such an opinion? How can the fate of the papacy affect either France or my family?"

"In this way sire: if your great uncle had not imprisoned the pope, and oppressed the Church, he would not have died in exile."

"Dear count, your manner of speech is altogether unintelligible to me," replied Napoleon. "Do you believe that the powers of Europe made war upon my uncle in order to free an imprisoned pope?"

"No, sire, I do not believe that. No earthly power effected the downfall of your uncle; it was the hand of Almighty God, who has promised to protect His Church and His vicar. The allied princes of Europe were only the instruments of the Divine judgment."

The emperor looked fixedly at the count, whose sanity he seemed to doubt.

"My assertion may appear strange to you, sire, but I have proofs."

"May I hear them?"

"With pleasure, your Majesty!" And the count related the remarkable conversation that had transpired between Pius VII. and Napoleon I. in the palace of Fontainebleau. The narrative seemed to interest the emperor very much.

"After Pius VII. had proved from history," concluded Rethel, "that Almighty God had overthrown and destroyed all the oppressors of the papacy, he admonished your uncle in strong and touching language. I shall never forget his words. The

sublime form of the Holy Father is ever present to me. 'The God of old still lives,' he said to the emperor. 'I shall yet see you crushed by the hand of God. Your measure is full, you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the Church.' Thus spoke Pius VII., and his prophecy was fulfilled before the end of two years."

"It is certainly strange," said Napoleon, "that chance should have given some semblance of reality to the threats of the pope!"

"Not chance alone, sire! If the history of the past gives such striking testimony that Almighty God is the Protector of His vicar upon earth, we should cease to doubt."

"Unfortunately I cannot share your firm belief, my dear count."

"Your uncle also refused to believe at Fontainebleau; but on St. Helena he acknowledged his error. Shall I tell you how he expressed himself when in exile?"

"Proceed; for you know how I venerate every word of the immortal emperor," answered Louis Napoleon.

"He would often say, 'If my voice could reach the rulers of this earth, I would cry out to them, Honor the vicar of Christ! Do not oppress or persecute the pope, or else the avenging arm of the Almighty, who upholds the chair of St. Peter, will crush you!' Thus spoke the emperor when an exile on St. Helena. And I repeat them to your majesty, for I see that dangers threaten you on every side."

"His sufferings, while in exile, probably weakened his strength of mind," replied Napoleon.

"But your uncle, sire, declared that misfortune had even sharpened his intellect," answered Rethel.

"And yet the present state of affairs in Europe contradicts the opinions he formed," said the emperor. "Russia has for many years oppressed the Church and the pope; but in what way is she punished by the hand of God?"

"Pardon me, sire! Russia has never driven the pope into exile, nor imprisoned and delivered him up to his enemies. And then, please consider the extraordinary difference between semi-barbarian, schismatic Russia, and intelligent, Catholic France. Russia does not acknowledge the supremacy of the pope; she is not called upon to protect the Church; but France, whose intelligence is of a higher order, and whose obligations are greater, has also a greater responsibility. Besides, it cannot have escaped your observation that the judgment which has been suspended over Russia, and which will soon befall her, is in consequence of her stubborn resistance to the truth, and because of the hostility she displays against the supreme teacher of nations."

"I shall not dispute with you about that, dear count," said Louis Napoleon.

"And not only your immortal uncle, but another wise prince of modern times has declared all hostility to the Church, or persecution of the pope, to be dangerous for the State," continued the zealous Rethel. "I mean the celebrated Frederic, King of Prussia, whom many called 'the Great.' You are aware, sire, that Frederic, in his last will and testament, admonishes posterity not to persecute the Jesuits, who have always suffered from the tyranny of kings, and to let the parish priests exercise their sacred ministry in peace. He concludes in a solemn warning to all rulers to refrain from oppressing or warring against the pope, for, by doing so, they will incur the wrath of God."

"The testament of the King of Prussia is no standard for us to go by," replied Napoleon, coldly; "but nevertheless, I thank you for the evidence of your good-will."

"I beseech your majesty not to misunderstand the importance of the situation!" exclaimed the count, in great agitation. "The proposed treaty, which delivers the pope up

to his enemies, will again bring ruin upon France. I am firmly convinced of the truth of that which Pius VII. uttered at Fontainebleau, and which your uncle afterwards himself acknowledged. France, by the invasion of the allied forces, was severely punished for its crime against the chair of Peter. Almighty God is immutable, and a similar crime will have a like punishment. If France permits Pius IX. to be robbed, forsaken, left without defence, imprisoned, and even put to death, all of which cannot come to pass without the sanction of your majesty, then shall — "

He paused, and was silent.

"Well, what then?" asked the emperor.

"Foreign nations again invade and pillage France, and your majesty will share the fate of your uncle."

The face of Napoleon became as impassive as a block of marble.

"It appears that you do not realize the situation of affairs, Count Rethel!" replied Napoleon. "France is the mistress and ruler of Europe!"

"Sire, do not forget that the affairs of this life are always changing, and that God alone is the arbiter of our fate."

"I have heard enough! As I have said before, I thank you!"

"O sire, even at the risk of losing your favor, I renew my petition. Do not give the Holy Father up to his enemies! The God of old still lives! Remember the words of your uncle; neither grieve nor oppress the pope; for if you do, the avenging hand of the Almighty Protector will crush you!"

The emperor rose, and, with an angry motion of his hand, dismissed the count.

"The old fool!" said he to himself. "If, by the combination of circumstances, my uncle was unsuccessful in the great work he undertook, shall I therefore fail? Why need I support the tottering chair of Peter, and thus injure my prospects? No; we live in a progressive age: the most venerable relics of the past are crumbling into pieces, and no prudent man would resuscitate that which is at its last gasp."

He sat for a while reflecting, and then began to write.

IV.

NAPOLEON III. OVERTHROWN AND IMPRISONED.

Five years later, Count Rethel was sojourning with his friend Ditmour, at his Villa of Bellevue, not far from Sedan.

Napoleon had declared war against Germany.

The majority of the French people firmly believed that they would be victorious in the approaching contest, but the aged count shook his head mistrustfully.

"We will not conquer — it is impossible!" said he, sorrowfully. "France and her emperor have loaded themselves with grievous crimes, and the avenging justice of God will overtake them."

"I do not understand you, dear Rethel," replied Ditmour. "Our soldiers rush with enthusiasm into battle; they expect, in a few weeks, to cross the Rhine, march in triumph towards Berlin; and yet you prophesy misfortune and defeat!"

"I have my reasons, dear Bernhard, for doing so. Napoleon will share the fate of all princes who oppress, persecute, and despoil the vicar of Christ upon earth."

"Ah! you again recur to that conversation between Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon I. at Fontainebleau, which made such a deep impression upon you when a youth," exclaimed the lively, good-humored lord of the villa. "I do not deny that Almighty God broke the sceptre of the first Napoleon because he kept the pope imprisoned, and desired to use the Church as a political agent; but does it necessarily follow that Louis Napoleon will meet with a similar fate?

You have become morbid on the subject."

"The God of old still lives, Ditmour!" earnestly replied the count; "and as surely as the Most High is immutable in His essence, as surely as God is the Supreme Protector of St. Peter's chair, so surely also will His arm crush the crafty enemy and oppressor of the Holy See."

"Judgment should then fall first upon Italy and her king."

"No, my friend! Italy will perish miserably, and her king with her; they will reap what they have sown. Victor Emmanuel, however, is not the instigator of the revolutions in Italy, of the spoliations of the patrimony of St. Peter, but Louis Napoleon, emperor of France."

"According to my opinion, Louis Napoleon has not sinned as much against the pope as did his uncle," said Ditmour. "The present emperor has even protected the pope; will he be punished for having done so?"

"Protected! Good heavens, do you allow yourself to be deceived by the outward appearance of things?" exclaimed the painfully agitated count. "Louis Napoleon has done more injury to the Papal See than did Napoleon I., who, it is true, imprisoned the holy father, but he used open force. Napoleon III., however, acts in a cunning, artful, and intriguing manner. His deceitful course is the real cause of the father of Christendom being deprived of his dominions. Question your memory! Has not the official organ of Napoleon maintained for years the impossibility of the continuance of the temporal power of the pope? Has not the emperor himself written a work in which he advocates the restriction of the papal possessions to a large garden and a palace? Has he not, with the strong arm of France, given aid to the conspirators against the liberty of the pope? Hence Louis Napoleon is nothing less than the abbettor and upholder of the robber-king of Italy, the despoiler of churches, and it is he who has deprived the pope of his freedom. On account of this crime he has incurred the wrath of God, and all France with him."

"You are not altogether wrong!" replied Ditmour, after some reflection; "for since Louis Napoleon signed the treaty with Italy, which withdrew from Pius IX. the protection of France, the star of the empire has been on the wane."

"I assure you, Ditmour, that I besought his majesty, at that very time, not to make the treaty," said Rethel, "but all in vain! The emperor does not believe that Almighty God is the Protector of the Church; but it will soon be made manifest to him, that unbroken in power, and full of wrath against the oppressors of His Church, the God of old still lives!"

"Suppose that Louis Napoleon does deserve punishment; how can an All-Just God make a whole country responsible for the sin of its emperor?" asked Ditmour.

"A nation often resembles its ruler," answered Count Rethel. "France, if she had chosen, could have forced the emperor to govern in a Christian manner; but France has permitted all manner of injustice. A small portion only of the empire protested in vain against religious degeneration; but who, by his actions, was the chief promoter of infidelity and immorality? who, but Louis Napoleon? He allowed every license to a press which is just as impious and wicked as was the press of the self-styled philosophers of the first Revolution. And is he not responsible for the demoralized condition of the army? For, according to the present system in vogue, no officer who publicly fulfils his religious duties receives promotion. In the army there exists a spirit of absolute infidelity, and almost paganism. In short, Louis Napoleon has degraded and ruined France. Is this not a virtual persecution of the Church? It has long been evident to me that

open, cruel persecution does less injury to religion than does secret, artful intrigue, and Louis Napoleon's government has given me a striking proof of it. France has fallen very low; she has gone astray from the paths of religion, and for doing so she will be punished, for the God of old still lives!"

"As you have three sons in the army, your belief in the coming disasters must make you doubly unhappy," said Ditmour; "but have courage, have confidence in the bravery of our soldiers, and in the skill of our generals."

"Bravery and skill are unavailing when the Most High rises in judgment," sorrowfully replied the count. "If Germany would send into the field an army of boys against us, we would be defeated. You smile! But wait and see!"

The gloomy forebodings of the count were fulfilled; the Germans achieved brilliant victories at Weissenburg, Woerth, and Saarbruecken, and bloody battles were fought and won near Metz. The German armies were then concentrated around Sedan. A furious contest began. The thunder of many cannons rent the air, and made the earth tremble. The Villa of Bellevue, being in the vicinity, was exposed to imminent danger, and its owner became greatly alarmed. Count Rethel, however, did not seem terrified, but was very sad and resigned.

"The will of God be done!" said he. "I place my dear sons under His powerful protection, and may He awaken my poor country to new life!"

On the morning of the 2d of September, Ditmour was surprised by the entrance of a French officer, who announced to him that the Emperor Louis Napoleon had decided to meet the King of Prussia at the Villa of Bellevue.

"His majesty will be here at ten o'clock," said the messenger; and, mounting his horse, he rode off at full gallop.

Ditmour rushed into the apartment of Count Rethel. "What do you think has happened?" he exclaimed, in the greatest consternation "The emperor has notified me that he intends to have an interview here with the King of Prussia. What shall I do? I am not prepared to receive such guests. The soldiers have consumed all my provisions, the last bottle of champagne is gone. Dear friend, give me your advice!"

The count remained quiet; the startling news did not rouse him from his dejection.

"Dear Bernhard, whom do you wish to entertain? For whom make preparations?" he asked, calmly. "For the emperor? Believe me, an emperor has no wants in the hour which puts a seal to his downfall and imprisonment."

Ditmour seemed petrified with astonishment. "O my God, my God, here in my house!" he cried, wringing his hands. "Shall the Emperor of France surrender his sword to the proud conqueror? What a disgrace, what a misfortune!" And covering his face with both hands, he wept bitterly.

"Be composed, dear Bernhard!" said Count Rethel. "It has been so decreed; the event which is soon to take place is not only remarkable, but it is even supernatural; for a judgment of God is about to be executed. Yes, the God of old, the Protector of St. Peter's chair, is still living!"

A carriage was now seen approaching the villa, surrounded by a staff of richly dressed officers. Leaning upon the arm of a general, Napoleon alighted from the carriage. He wore the uniform of a marshal, and appeared to be suffering and depressed; he had really grown old in one night. Ditmour received his distinguished visitor, and bade him welcome. Napoleon thanked him with a scarcely perceptible nod of the head. Broken down in body and soul, he was about to retire to his apartment, when he

suddenly stopped at the sight of a tall and venerable form.

"Is it really you, Count Rethel?" asked the Emperor, with unusual animation.

"It is I, sire!"

"You followed my uncle into exile, and even to prison" And pressing his hand to his forehead, he was silent.

"Oh, your majesty!" exclaimed the count, carried away by the excitement of the moment, "I am overwhelmed by the truth of those scriptural words: 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'"

"It is so, count; you do right to remind me of them, for you never concealed the truth from me, however bitter, even when I was at the height of my power. It is so — it is indisputable! If I had listened to your intercessions in behalf of the pope, I would not now be here. The warning of my uncle is fulfilled: 'If you grieve or oppress the pope, the avenging arm of the Almighty Protector of St. Peter's chair shall crush you!' My sad fate is a new evidence of this truth!"

These last words were spoken by the emperor, as if to himself; he stood awhile and proceeded towards an inner chamber, where he awaited the arrival of the conqueror.

A few of the officers of the imperial household were assembled in the court-yard, and their countenances betokened their inward depression. Louis Napoleon would sometimes appear at the window, his face giving evident signs of the disturbed condition of his soul.

The hour appointed for the interview had passed. Can it be that the conqueror will not come? Four hours had elapsed, and to the emperor they seemed like a painful eternity, when, precisely as the clock struck two, hussars wearing the uniform of the Prussian army were seen approaching Music was heard in the distance; and, amid the hurrahs of a vast concourse, the royal visitor appeared, accompanied by a brilliant suite of princes and gentlemen.

Louis Napoleon left his apartment for the purpose of receiving the king. Both monarchs shook hands, and in silence entered the villa, about which lay the quiet of death, albeit surrounded by a body of armed men. All were impressed by the solemnity of the scene. Even the face of the stern Count Bismarck showed signs of emotion; for all felt that a powerful ruler had been suddenly overthrown and imprisoned, the influence of whose policy had misled Europe for years.

With a low, sad sound the wind rustled through the fir-trees of the park, and the presence of God's judgment was felt by many much more vividly than they chose to acknowledge.

After some time the door of the room opened, and the king of Prussia crossed the threshold. The defeated emperor accompanied the king to the steps; there he stopped, and it could be plainly seen that he had been weeping.

Mounting his horse, the victorious William of Prussia soon disappeared from sight, and Louis Napoleon shortly after took his departure.

"I wish that the whole world could have seen this spectacle!" exclaimed Rethel, as he stood at the window, "for they would now behold the once powerful Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon, a prisoner, overthrown and crushed by the avenging hand of God!"

V.

THE PROPHECY OF COUNT RETHEL.

PEACE was concluded between Germany and France, and an exchange of prisoners had been agreed upon.

Count Rethel inhabited a villa a few miles from Paris. On every side there were evidences of terrible devastation; fields that had at one time

been highly cultivated, were now trampled under foot, and the ruin of houses made the scene still more desolate. The chateaus and villas of the wealthy Parisians were now a sad spectacle. Luxury, vanity, love of display, and refined sensuality had once filled their homes with everything that could satisfy the taste and passions of a degenerate people. Sins were committed there which cried out for a punishment as severe as befell Sodom and Gomorrah, and the judgment of God overtook them, not in the form of a rain of fire, but in the curse of war. All gayety had ceased, the majority of the citizens of Paris had fled to foreign lands, while others were starving in the streets of the once beautiful city, or else obliged to eat the flesh of dogs, horses, and rats. The German soldiers, who had taken up their quarters in the chateaus, were at first astonished at the splendor that everywhere prevailed; but they were compelled, by the severity of the winter, to use as fuel the most costly and elegant furniture; they stretched their wearied limbs upon soft cushions, turned the gilded saloons into stables for their horses, and laughed aloud when they saw the amazement of the animals as they looked at themselves in the lofty mirrors. The modern Sodom was almost a barren waste; and not only did the shells of the victorious Germans fall upon the doomed city, but the projectiles, also, of the French insurgents; until at last the fiendish mob, in a spirit of mad frenzy, sought to destroy the city by fire.

In all this abomination of desolation, Count Rethel recognized the avenging hand of God.

"The Lord never changes!" said Rethel. "He who banished our first parents from Paradise, who cursed the earth on account of sin, who destroyed a wicked world by the deluge. He who overthrows kingdoms, and scatters whole nations by the breath of His nostrils, has also admonished France that He is still living. He permitted the Philistines to overrun Israel, and He has allowed the Germans to conquer France. O France, my beautiful country, wilt thou turn a deaf ear to the warning? Wilt thou not see the finger of God in thy chastisement, and return to the Lord?"

In such terms would the count often give vent to his grief; for of the three sons who had fought for the honor of France, only one had returned from the battle-field. The awful calamities that had fallen upon his native land had sorely afflicted him, and, in proportion to his anguish, was also his hatred against the Prussian soldiers, whom the French papers described as barbarians, incendiaries, and as ruthless murderers and tyrants. The new German Empire also awakened his dislike, for to him it appeared like a constant threat against the independence of France; he became melancholy, and a smile seldom or never lighted up his aged features.

Suddenly a change came over him. The journals contained news from Germany, which seemed to rejoice him greatly. He read of a new religious body, who had rejected the doctrine of the infallibility of the pope, and who styled themselves the "Old Catholics." They were regarded with favor by the government of Germany, which had already suppressed Catholic journals in Lorraine and Alsace, because they had protested against any injury being done to Catholic interests.

One day he requested his son Charles to accompany him to Tivoli, a place of resort which was regularly frequented by German officers.

"To Tivoli, father?" asked his son, in astonishment. "You forget that the Germans meet there every afternoon."

"For that very reason I wish to go," replied Count Rethel. "I desire to learn with certainty something of the highest importance."

Arrived at Tivoli, they sat down before a table in the garden where several German officers were holding

a spirited discussion. The old count, who spoke German perfectly, took part in the conversation, but he prudently concealed his real sentiments and soon introduced the subject of the new German Empire, as opposed to the Catholic Church.

"There is no question of the fact," asserted a colonel, "that in high government circles it has been proposed to establish a new German National Church. The pernicious influence of Rome must be crushed."

"I agree with you!" replied a major. "Romanism has been the curse of Germany. In the Middle Ages, the German emperors were constantly waging war against despotic popes. In the new empire, these disputes will be stopped simply by Germany renouncing Rome."

"How can this be possible?" asked the count, in surprise. "In Germany there are many millions of Catholics; will they allow themselves to be separated from the head of their Church?"

"The Catholics must obey," sternly answered the colonel. "A strong government can do everything, and the German Empire is strong enough to establish a Church, and I hope that it will do so."

"Count Bismarck is a far-seeing, prudent statesman," said the count, laughingly. "In all combats with the Catholic Church the most powerful rulers have been defeated, without exception, for the last eighteen hundred years. Bismarck will not commit such a grievous political error as to war against the Church."

The officers smiled incredulously.

"I do not know what are the intentions of the Imperial Chancellor," replied a captain of cavalry, "but religious skirmishes have already commenced in the new German Empire. The government protects the ecclesiastical professors who were excommunicated by the bishops. These excommunicated professors continue to teach the Catholic youth, despite the prohibition of the bishops and pope, whose infallibility they deny. The government pays regular salaries to these suspended priests who have denounced the pope. I regard this as more than a declaration of war; it is already an assault on the outposts."

"It certainly is!" exclaimed the count. "But are these reports correct?"

"You can depend upon them," replied the colonel. "All the German newspapers mention the fact."

"Here is one that I have just received," said the major. "There is no doubt," he exclaimed, "that in some of the states of Germany the combat against the Church has already begun. What will be the end?"

"The victory of Germanism over Romanism!" answered the colonel. "The papal power in Germany will be overthrown and uprooted. In ten years the Emperor will be the head of our national Church, just as the Czar is in Russia. Hypocrites and papists have had their day; they can emigrate or be converted, and the German National Church will satisfy all religious wants, which will be very few among the intelligent class of the present age."

"If I am not mistaken, Napoleon I. cherished the same idea," said the count. "He also desired to separate France from Rome, and establish a National Church. But an accident prevented the execution of the imperial plan. Napoleon was overthrown and died in exile. Thus it happens, gentlemen, that at this very moment there are bishops, priests, and Catholics in France, and a pope in Rome."

"In the time of the first Napoleon, affairs were different from what they are now," said the colonel. "In our day, however, things are much more favorable for the execution of the design in Germany. On all sides there is felt the need of a religion which will keep pace with the present advanced state of civilization. Hence it is that Germany protests against

papal usurpation, and the Pope of Rome declaring himself infallible, who thus strives to tyrannize over the conscience of every Catholic. The revolt is general, and the hour suitable for Germany to separate herself from Rome"

"All this is new to me, and highly interesting!" said the old count. "What idea have the Germans concerning the infallible teachings of the pope?"

"A perfectly correct one!" answered the major. "The infallible pope can make as many new dogmas as he pleases; he can issue the most ridiculous mandates, and insist upon their being received as divine truths. and by means of anathemas and excommunications he can compel all Catholics to believe every absurdity."

"Don't forget the pretensions of the pope to depose princes who do not govern according to his wish, and who refuse to obey his commands," added the colonel. "If it pleases the pope to declare war upon any Protestant nation, every Catholic soldier must join the papal army."

"And then the Peter-pence that poor Catholics have to pay, and which the pope extorts from them," said the captain of cavalry. "No one is allowed to refuse these papal exactions, for every order of the infallible must be fulfilled as though it were a conscientious duty."

The count heard with astonishment these explanations of papal infallibility, and he could hardly suppress his laughter.

"I find the hatred of the good Germans very natural, if what they say of him is only true," said he.

"And I do not understand how this old Romish priest can, in the face of the present advanced state of civilization and enlightenment, presume to lay claim to such power," exclaimed the colonel. "He does not consider himself bound to respect the rights of any government or people; he acts like a new God."

"Do you believe, sir, that the State is to be worshipped as though *it* were a new God?" asked the count.

"With the idea of 'God' I by no means wish to unite all manner of religious superstition," replied the colonel. "Every school-boy knows that there is no such God. I only maintain that the State alone possesses the highest power in all things, and that it has, therefore, the right to establish a new religion, which will correspond with the exigencies of the time; and that is a national Church."

"Agreed, sir," said Rethel. "When the old God is deposed in Germany, it follows necessarily that the religion of this old God must be abolished. But if the State-power becomes the new god of the German Empire, it will have also the right to found any State religion it pleases, exactly in accordance with the taste and wants of the good Germans. Gentlemen, I never dreamt that such progress had been made in Germany!"

The officers felt very much flattered, for they did not understand the keen satire contained in the reply of the count.

"The victory of Germanism is complete!" proudly exclaimed the major. "German strength and German intellect triumphs everywhere, not only on the battle-field, but in all other matters."

"How is it then, gentlemen, that the German soldiers in the late war gave such open proofs of their religious belief?" asked the count. "On many occasions their piety was remarkable. Their astonishing successes, their brilliant victories, were always ascribed to their moral and religious qualifications. It was said that our army was defeated because the men were impious, demoralized, and infidel, and the German army were victorious because it was God-fearing."

"That is a mistake," said the colonel. "Religion had nothing to do with our victories. I will not deny, however, that the lower classes in

Germany are yet very strongly tinctured with superstition; but the National Church of the future will, no doubt, eradicate the disease from their ignorant minds."

"That is to say, if the ignorant people, as you style them, will consent to exchange the religion of the old God for that of the new State-god," retorted the count, good-humoredly. "But I fear that the great Bismarck himself will not be able to drive the majority of the people into a National Church. Hence it would be a useless expenditure of labor and money; for an intelligent people, according to your doctrine, are not in need of any church, and the faithful people will remain true to the old God. But, gentlemen," he continued seriously, "you surely do not imagine that the old God will suffer a rival? His lightnings will strike the National Church to the ground, and His frown will bring destruction upon the kingdom that rebels against His sovereignty."

The officers seemed very much perplexed and amazed at the remarks of the aged count, who now rose and entered his carriage.

The count's son had not understood a word of the conversation, which had been held in German. He was astonished at the animated discussion between his father and the German officers, and his surprise attained its height when he heard his father speak even with cheerfulness.

"I do not understand, father," said he, "how you can rejoice at the persecution of the Church."

"I grieve that the Church should be persecuted, dear Charles," replied Count Rethel, "but I rejoice for this reason: if the German newspapers contain the truth,— if the officers have a correct idea of the spirit that actuates the Emperor and his ministers,— then the new German Empire will declare war against the Almighty Protector of the Catholic Church and the Papal See, and the same hand which has destroyed all the enemies of the pope, and the assailants of the Church, will crush the mighty German Empire. The fools! Do they perhaps think that the Most High will make an exception in favor of the German Empire? They imagine that they can effect what for eighteen hundred years the most powerful rulers have failed to accomplish,— the destruction of the Church of God, and of His vicar upon earth! The old God is still living! Go on, proud Germany, go on! Assault the rock of Peter, oppress the Church, and the decree of thy ruin is pronounced! God will keep the promise which he has made, to protect the pope and the Church. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The carriage halted at the count's villa. The intense excitement under which he had labored was very injurious to a man of his age, for he was now seventy-three years old. On the following morning he felt ill, and lost no time in sending for the priest, after which he summoned his family to his bedside, and requested Charles to read the conversation which had taken place between Pius VII. and Napoleon I. at Fontainebleau, and which he had written down, word by word. The dying man listened attentively.

"My children," said he, in a faint voice, "labor with your whole strength for the spiritual and religious regeneration of France. Bow down in obedience to the commandments of God; never forget that the old God still lives,— the only Lord of creation, who holds in His hands the fate, not only of individuals, but also of whole nations. Serve Him with fear and trembling, whose throne is heaven, and whose footstool the earth"

His white head fell back upon the pillow. Count Joseph Rethel was dead.

BLESSED is the woman that don't scold when the stove-pipe falls down on the dinner-table; and — blessed is the man that can fix it up without swearing.

A SKETCH OF LEO XIII.

The reigning Pontiff, his Holiness Pope Leo the Thirteenth, has been recently sketched in an attractive volume by the Abbé Vidieu, the Vicar of Saint Roch, whose work, entitled "Le Pape Leon XIII., Sa vie, Son Avenement, Ses Ecrits," is published by Plon, of Paris. The Holy Father is described as tall and thin, and with a grand patrician air. He is spoken of as having a magnificent head crowned with white hair, strongly marked features, bearing about him the aspect of an ascetic, with something statuesque in the general appearance of his figure. His countenance is lighted by a piercing look, while his amiable and paternal smile goes straight to the heart of those he addresses. His voice is sonorous and captivating, but less mellow and at the same time more powerful than that of Pius IX. Pope Leo has "the double eloquence of the head and of the heart." Though he is moderate, he does not lack firmness. The day after his election, says the Abbé Vidieu, "Why," asked a new Cardinal of the new Pope, "have you taken the name of Leo?" "Because," said his Holiness, "Leo XIII. was the benefactor of my family, and also because Leo signifies lion, and the virtue which seems to me the most necessary of all is the force of the lion." The Roman people are well aware of the meaning which the Holy Father attaches to the name he has taken. A sturdy Triesteverian was heard to exclaim in an energetic and almost menacing voice, "The Liberals ask what will be the programme of the new Pope. He calls himself Leo; that tells them all. Like Leo XIII., he will be a lion, and he will have sharp claws and a powerful jaw." As illustrative of the same characteristic of the Pontiff, this anecdote also is related: "A rich American amateur, desiring to possess a bust of Leo XIII., engaged the services of the celebrated sculptor Tadolini. The latter, not content with a simple portrait of the Holy Father, went to the Vatican and asked permission of Leo XIII. to produce his features from the original. The Pope consented. The work finished, Leo XIII. congratulated the artist, who asked him to have the goodness to trace a word on the still fresh clay. His Holiness took the pen that the sculptor handed to him and wrote with a smile, 'Leo de tribu Judæ!'" Although in anything but robust health, his Holiness works hard, very hard indeed. He disdains the pleasures of the table. "I have never eaten so badly as at this table," a well-known Perugian once remarked. "He offered you for breakfast a tough mutton chop and a miserable yike, with an occasional glass of a white wine from the borders of Lake Thrashmene, followed by a cup of black coffee. It is true that the worthy man himself drank only water and ate his boiled meat left from the night before. But no one complained of his frugal table; on the contrary every one was delighted to sit at it." All Perugia knew, however, where the revenues of the prelate went; the poor, especially, on that point were not ignorant.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

No better words can be spoken than those which the Vicar General of Orleans addresses to the faithful in France: "If I were a man of the world I should wish to have against all my sins, as a shield over my head and the head of my children, a priest who owes to me his education and his priesthood, and who, standing every morning at the altar, would be to me as a lightning conductor. Our forefathers, to expiate their faults, used to found a perpetual lamp before the Blessed Sacrament. Found a priest. That will be a better lamp, which will give to God more glory, and to the world more light."

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking what she is going to do with it.

A STORY FOR MASS-SERVERS.

Some time ago there lived a little boy named Theodule Gritt. He was so good that his conduct became a lesson not only to other little boys, but to men of mature years. When Theodule entered a church, the thought of the divine majesty that dwells therein at once took hold of his mind, and made him compose his face. After having taken holy water, without casting his eyes on one side or the other, he saluted the Blessed Sacrament with great respect, and placed himself where he could see the altar, and yet be as little as possible distracted by the crowd. Being one festival day in the cathedral, a canon, a very zealous priest, crossing it to go to the choir, and seeing on one side Theodule praying with angelic modesty, and on another three gentlemen standing and chatting together, he approached them, and, pointing to Theodule, said to them, "Gentlemen, behold that child; you are at least twenty-five years older than he, and he teaches you by his example how you ought to conduct yourselves in the holy place." The gentlemen blushed and remained silent, but some persons who were near them, as they left the church, heard one of them say to the others, "You could not have foreseen, gentlemen, that a child would have been given you as an example"

On another occasion, assisting at Holy Mass with the other scholars, ranged according to class as usual, one of those who knelt beside him wanted to whisper some light jest into his ears, but he answered with a serious air, "It is not the professor we have to fear here, it is Jesus Christ, who is in the tabernacle, and who hears you though you speak low." He was desirous of serving the priest at the altar during Mass, and he did so to the edification of all present and to the great profit of his soul, for precious indulgences are attached to that holy exercise. His attention and respect in the answers, the modesty of his manner, everything about him was a lesson for the bystanders. A very pious Christian being near the altar while Theodule served Mass, was so touched by his devotion that, speaking afterwards to a lady of his acquaintance, he told her, "You may tell Madame Gritt for me that her youngest child humbled me this morning, and made me ashamed of myself." "How so?" inquired the lady. "I assisted," he replied, "at the Holy Mass that boy served; whenever I happened to glance towards him, I saw him so pious and so recollected, that I said to myself, 'Unhappy being that I am! There is a child who is like an angel before the altar, wrapt in devotion, whilst I allow my mind to wander, and my heart is not touched by the presence of God.'" Thus this little boy lived, shedding around him the good odor of his virtues, and accumulating, at every step, merits for heaven.

Home must be made more attractive to the young. Girls must be taught, under the mother's eye, habits of industry; boys must be made to love home for its home comforts and fireside pleasures. There is too little homeness in modern American society. The old-fashioned hearth; the family circle; the tale; the story; the evening romp; the wise and sobered thoughts of the aged, and the evening industry of all, is now a thing of the past, and only remembered by the old, as one of the happy memories of childhood. For all this is substituted, for boys, the street, and for girls, the secret company-keeping. Make home pleasant. Let the children romp and play, let them have books and healthy reading, and thus keep them from the streets and from the dangers of bad company. — *Bishop Gilmore.*

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

THE WORLD IS SICK FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

At the opening of St. Mary's Church, Chelsea, his Eminence Cardinal Manning, fresh from Rome, delivered the following address: —

"They, therefore, that were dispersed went about preaching the Word of God." When Stephen was stoned, there broke out a persecution against the disciples of Jesus Christ. At the first sight of blood men grew wild, and Saul, not content with holding the garments of those who stoned Stephen, went into the houses and dragged men forth before the tribunal. And all this was done to extinguish the Word of God. But those who were thus scattered carried the Word with them to distant nations. And so it has always been. Three hundred years of persecution and ten successive outbursts of the hatred of the world against the disciples of Christ spread the Word widely and rapidly. And so the bloody persecution which, under the name of the Revolution, scattered the priests of France on foreign shores, laid the first seeds of this flock, and, he might say, of this church, which they had met that day to offer to the Divine Majesty. It always has been so, and it always will be. It is good for us from time to time to take a survey of the state of the Church of God Let us see how it stands at the present day, for by seeing its present state we may judge what may be its future. If we look over the face of the Catholic Church at this moment, it would seem that the world has the ascendency over it. The whole East, once full of the light of the Incarnation, is now full of desolation, heresy, and schism; and the Christianity of the Eastern world is so full of corruptions that at this moment the great churches of the East exist only in name Look at the Church of Africa. Where are the churches of S. Cyprian, S. Athanasius, S. Optatus, and S Augustine? Look at the North of Europe, — Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and, he might add, Scotland and England. Where is Catholic unity to be found in them? Where is the presence of Jesus Christ on the altar to be found? Desolation reigns in the old sanctuaries of Christendom in Northern Europe. The apostles and their successors gathered the nations of the world into the unity of one faith under the Good Shepherd. What nation now remains true to its teaching? Is there a government, a prince, or a legislature, which acknowledges the authority of the vicar of Jesus Christ? More than this, having extinguished the old law of nations, by which Christianity bound them together, they have established a new law of nations, by which the vicar of Jesus Christ is despoiled of the civil princedom with which his Master invested him. Christian Europe has consented to the spoliation, and the world is sick from head to foot. Well, let them now look on the other side of the picture. It is a law of human nature always to feel keenly the evils of the present moment, and not to foresee what the future may be. The most glorious days in the Church were believed at the time to be days of deep disaster. So it is at this moment. Men think the condition of the Church at present full of fear. The other day an unbeliever in a foreign land said that the world had drawn its net so tightly round the Church that if it escaped this time, he would then believe in it. Let them look at the Church in the light of faith. Was there ever a moment in the eighteen centuries of its existence when it was so widely spread as now? Its imperial sway was more extended at this hour than at any period of its history. It began in the upper guest-chamber. It spread from Jerusalem to Antioch, the See of Peter, the head and centre of a Gentile Church; from Antioch to Rome, where the See of Peter became the head and centre of a spiritual empire wider than the Empire of Rome had ever been. And

when she lost by schism the nations of the north, she gained new worlds, — North and South America. Australia, Polynesia, and Africa opened their gates to the Word of Truth. Never was there a time when the imperial sway of the vicar of Christ was so wide, and there is no sign of her going back, or of yielding a foot-print of the frontiers of the Church of God. Never since the Holy Ghost came upon the apostles in the upper chamber and filled them with one faith, one will, one charity, has the Church been so compact in the unity of her bishops. In other ages, by schism, corruption, and egotism, bishops were often disunited. Not so now. The whole Catholic episcopate was united with compactness and solidity, and not only united among themselves, but with their Head. Such things as national churches and royal supremacies were now at an end. And when bishops were united to their head, priests were united to their bishops and people with their pastors. Never since the apostolic age was the Catholic Church throughout the world so united within and without as at this day. The whole Pontificate of Pius IX. shows this truth, and when Leo XIII. was elected as his successor, one acclamation of faith and joy pervaded the whole Catholic world from east to west. Was there ever a time when the power and authority of error was so weak? Where were our antagonists? Where were the Eastern heresies? Their names are matter of history. Turn to the west and ask where are the Lutherans, the Calvinists, the Zwinglians? They are also extinct. The consequences of their old errors still exist, but they are new forms of ever-changing error. Our old antagonists are dissolved or changed into political societies, which are uprooting states and kingdoms. Men were now convinced more and more that there was only one alternative, — either to be disciples of a divine teacher or critics who form their own belief. There can be nothing intermediate. Men must either believe in a divine voice teaching the Word of God, or be guided by human voices or by their own criticism. The world was never more conscious of its own disorders than it is at this day. Look first at the state of religion. See the contradictions among its teachers; hence, loss of all authority over the human intellect. And as it is in faith, so it is in philosophy. The truths even of the natural order are rejected. So, also, in the political world. Revolution and the uprising of the human will against all authority is spread over the whole face of Christian Europe. There is no country which is not pervaded by conspiracies, more or less concealed, whose aim is not only the subversion of religion, but of all civil and political authority. Human will deifies itself, and denies all authority except that which comes from itself We live in times in which thrones are overturned and the lives of sovereigns threatened. Are not France, Germany, Italy, and Russia trembling on the brink of an outbreak of anti-Christian revolution such as the world never saw before? The struggle of Christ and Antichrist is drawing near. On the one side is the Church of Christ in unity, solidity, and power, expanding continually and steadily; on the other hand, the shaken authorities of the world, which laid hands on the prerogatives of Christ, trembling on the verge of its own chastisement. The Church of God stands imperishable, indissoluble, immutable, full of light in the midst of all the confusions and disorders of the world — one supreme authority, gladly obeyed by millions and millions of disciples of Jesus Christ. His Eminence then proceeded to point out the threatened aspect of affairs in the times of Gregory I. and Clement VII., and showed how the Church emerged from those trials with redoubled power. So, said his Eminence, will the Pontificates of Pius IX. and Leo XIII. be deemed glorious times by our successors.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGES IN GREEN COTTAGE.

It was a sunny day in autumn. William Reeves was getting in his corn. Poor Bob! gay and lively Bob, was in the house confined to his room. He had opened a little volume of poems. The book opened up at a favorite piece — "The Stream." The poet addresses the stream that flows by his childhood's home. He tells how his infant steps came there to pluck the violet and wild flower upon its brink. Farther on he remembers the time when

> "Oft he sought its banks, and tried
> His first rude numbers by its side."

Then the zenith of life comes on, with its labors and bustle and matter-of-fact calculations: —

> "I've searched the world, and find no more
> The coloring of romance it wore."

Then he pictures himself as an old man strolling feebly, and, in a way, sorrowfully alongs its margin, while it bubbles away and dances on its course as light-hearted and as young as it did sixty years ago, when he was a child. Indeed, the whole piece is a moral on the shortness of man's life, interspersed with sweet, touching thoughts.

This little piece of Cullen Bryant's was a favorite one with Bob Reeves. He read the poem through, he laid down the book, and began to think.

Anne was down stairs seeing to get William his dinner, and seeing also that Mary the housemaid would not forget the laborers. When all was over, and it took an hour or two, she hastened to her brother's room. Bob turned as she entered, and said, —

"See, Anne!" and the poor fellow smiled bashfully, "see what I have scribbled here on father's envelope."

His sister took the paper, and the instant she looked at it she cried, —

"At your old trade."

"Ah, now, Anne! if I thought you'd have said that, I would not have shown it to you at all."

Anne stood up from her chair. She walked over to where her brother was sitting, kissed him on the brow, and then she said, "There now! there now!"

Bob smiled, and a tear gushed to his eye.

"You might remember, Anne," he went on to say, as she was going to read the piece, — "you might remember, Anne, meeting in the canticle of Ezechias this verse, 'My eyes are weakened looking up to heaven.'* Come read: —

> Upward long my eyes have looked,
> Scarce my struggling soul has brooked
> The long delay.
>
> To that land I long to go,
> Where the milk and honey flow,
> So far away.
>
> There is a summer all the year,
> There the amber brooks run clear
> Along the way.
>
> There no evil yet hath been,
> There no sorrow's trace is seen
> Through all the day.
>
> 'T is our Father's blessed home —
> Exiled here, how long we roam
> Sighing for the day —
>
> When to our true home we go,
> Where the milk and honey flow,
> So far away.

"It is a happy, delightful day," said Bob; "I would like to go out and see the men, Anne, putting in the corn. Do you think I would be able to go out? It is so pleasant a day; and there is no time so romantic as when the yellow hue is on the stubbles, and the corn and hay are bringing into the haggard. It looks like a reflection of the golden sunshine of heaven. It is so clear, so peaceful, so happy. It reminds me of passages in Longfellow's beautiful 'Evangeline."

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* Canticle of Ezechias, in Isaias xxxviii, 14.

> Then followed that beautiful season,
> Called by the pious Arcadian peasants the "Summer of all Saints!"
> Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light: and the landscape
> Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
> Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
> Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended;
> Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
> Whirr of wings in the drowsy air and the cooing of pigeons —
> All were subdued and low, as the murmurs of love; and the great sun
> Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him.

And again: —

> Day, with its burden and heat, had departed, and twilight descending,
> Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead;
> Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
> And with their nostrils distended, inhaling the freshness of evening,
> Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
> Proud of her snow-white hide and the riband that waved from her collar,
> Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
> . . . . . .
> Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
> Unto the milkmaids' hands; whilst in loud and regular cadence
> Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
> Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
> Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness:
> Heavily closed with a jarring sound the valves of the barn-doors;
> Rattled the wooden bars — and all for a season was silent.

"Anne, how beautiful; how exceedingly beautiful! These things," he said, regaining his breath, "make me love autumn beyond all the seasons of the year; and do you know, if one was going to die or had the selection of his time, I think, Anne, autumn ought to be the time; for then he would be going away with all the beautiful things, — with the golden sun, and the flower, and the rose and the crimson leaf 'T is the time *they* die. But," he continued, "what do you think of my proposition of going out and see them at the work? Surely, Anne, it must be as warm with that sunshine outside by the shelter of the hayrick as within here in the room."

Anne was not skilled enough to give an answer. She feared it might injure him, and yet she saw no reason why it should do so; and at the same time she did not wish to refuse her brother any indulgence, that could lawfully be granted to him and wisely.

The haymakers welcomed him out among them. They were sorry to see him so low, but they hoped God would bring him round yet. Bob shook his head and smiled.

Anne left them for a moment, and soon Mary the housemaid and herself appeared, bringing a dozen and a half of porter, as a treat to the men. They sat down on the hay, and one by one, as the corks were drawn, they pledged the poor invalid's health; and one little rosy-cheeked fellow, who used to drive them to Mass, brought over his tumbler and asked Bob just to touch it with his lips. The latter did so, and then the little fellow, proud and gratified, said, "May God bless you, Master Bob; and I pray for you every night and morning that I go on my knees."

Bob remained an hour or something longer looking on at the work. The day was hot, and Anne stood by, peering at her brother from under the shade of her large summer sunbonnet. She watched the varying color of his features, and the cough, — the hard, hard cough. More than once she had to turn around, and secretly wipe away the tears from her eyes. As he was leaving the haggard he snatched up a handful of hay, and inhaled its odor with evident pleasure. "That's well saved, Tom," he said, "Master William took that in right time; the strengthening saccharine matter has not been dried out of that."

A few short weeks rolled by. The

leaves were falling thick, and there came a silent day in Green Cottage. In a room up stairs is a curtained apartment, and on the bed is a pale, white corpse, — "poor Master Bob, that used to be so gay," — silent and lonely now! The hands are joined together; there 's a rigid stillness on the face; the white sheets are over him; the drapery overhead is white; a crucifix is resting between his hands. And then a day or two afterwards the apartment up stairs was emptied of its tenant. Poor Bob's room was vacant He had gone out from that room of his, — from his books, from his sister and his brother, from all that he twined around his heart, and never more to return to them. They laid him down beside his mother, — her last beloved child.

The new year had come round before a smile was seen on the face of either brother or sister. On New Year's day, Father Bryan dined with them at Green Cottage. Bob's favorite priest was Father Bryan. Indeed, ever since Bob went away, it was noticed that Father Bryan used to pay them many a visit, and stay longer than was his wont. After Bob, that went away, he was the sunshine of their home; and so, at their dinner that New Year's day, they did laugh through their tears and make merry somewhat. A year or two passed, and William Reeves took Kate Reid to wife. It was a great "turn-out entirely"; and, to be sure, Edward William Jones and the pony figured thereat. And what was an odd thing, the old man, "Master Sam," was crying like any child. Why? Was it with joy? Indeed no; it was with very sorrow. Kate was his pet daughter; and Master Sam declared that the house would no longer be a home without her. She knew his way so well; and was so like him in everything; so affectionate and attentive to him, — it was only by the greatest persuasion of Father Bryan and the entreaty of Anne Reeves that he was induced to give his consent at all.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "BREAKING OF THE MAY."

JULIA MARRON had returned to her desolate home. Alone and friendless, she had now to face new trials. The means of the little family had been squandered through the intemperate habits of her husband, and soon the worst hardships of poverty began to be realized.

One evening as she sat by the fire, stirring her infant's cradle listlessly with her foot, her two eldest children, seizing on some potatoes that had been "going loose" about the house after the dinner, warmed them on the hearthstone.

"Here 's a poppy, ma!" said the eldest. The word drew the mother's mind from the host of conflicting thoughts that had occupied it during her revery. She patted the child on the head, gently refused its offer, and then rose from her chair and built up a bright little fire. She took down a dipped rush from a square piece of board hard by the mantle-piece, and lit it at the fire. She then brought from an inner room her husband's vest, and taking off the coat of her eldest child, which needed mending, she replaced it with the father's garment. The boy looked at his size within it, and recognizing the article of dress, he said, with a smile on his upturned features: "Da's toat, ma! Ma, da's toat!"

"'T is, Patrick!" said the mother; and as the child began to admire himself again, she added, "God help you, poor child; you little know where your da is!"

The latch of her little door was raised and Father Bryan entered. Julia rose and courtesied; he kindly reached out his hand. The good man was not above doing so Julia put her hand in his. She then hastened to get a chair, and having brushed the seat of it with her apron, because no more convenient duster was at hand, she bade him be seated He laid on the table a large parcel which he

had brought with him, folded up in a newspaper. He then took a seat at some distance from the cheerful fire, and having set the eldest boy to stand beside his knee, he stroked down the child's curly hair with his hand, while he said, "I stepped in, Julia, to see how you were doing — poor thing!"

"I am very thankful; and may God bless you, sir," was the earnest reply of the woman.

"Well, my little man," he said, turning his discourse to the child standing beside him, "will you be a big man yet? oh, you will so!" he continued, as he raised the little child a little off the ground with his hands. "Ah, but you will be a stout big fellow when you grow that tall." The child was delighted to be played with, and he laughed; the second little fellow was resting against his mother's knee, intent on the play, and he laughed, too, and even a smile crept over the sad brow of the affectionate mother. Again the priest raised the child, and it chuckled with joy, and kicked out a pair of chubby legs as it was raised in the air. The second little lad was tempted from his refuge and his rest, and stretching forward his little hands, he cried, "Me too! me, jaunt! Phil jaunt too!" So Father Bryan took him, and (contrary to all the advice and remonstrances of the mother) "jaunted" him too. Then he set the two with their backs to the wall beside the fireplace, and there he scraped on the wall with a bit of timber their respective heights, told them to eat plenty of bread, and they 'd grow big, and very big, soon.

"Look at these fine little fellows, Julia; look at them now, child, and say, has God been unkind to you? I am not going to flatter you; but I will say they are the finest little fellows I see in my walks through the parish. There is many a rich person who would be proud to have such fine, healthy, rosy l ds." A mother's affection is a welling spring The tears came to Julia Marron's eyes. "Now, Julia dear, did God give you these little treasures only that they may starve on your hands? Oh, dear child, don't think so ungenerously of our loving and merciful God. Doth he not clothe the lilies of the field? They labor not, neither do they spin, and yet not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of them. Behold, too, the birds of the air. They do not sow, nor do they reap, neither do they gather into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. How much more you, O thou of little faith! There now — there now," he said, as he looked in her face and saw the tears trickling down — for while he had been speaking his eyes were modestly averted from the woman's features; "there now — there now, don't cry. God is good, Julia; God is good, Julia," he repeated more impressively, as he rose from his seat and grasped her hand to wish her good by. "May the angels watch you, child! Good by now, Julia, and good night, and I will call to see you from time to time." He turned as he put his hand to the latch, "That parcel on the table is for you, Julia"; and then under his lips he piously murmured, "May God and his good angels keep you company, poor lone one!" He gave a step out into the darkness, and shut the door of the little cottage behind him.

Through her tears, she opened the newspaper parcel. Her two children were beside her, with their hands grasping the outer edge of the table to prop themselves, and standing on their toes and opening out big their eyes and mouth that nothing might escape their curiosity.

"Bread, ma! bread, ma!" said one.

"A bun, ma! me bun, ma! bun for Phil, ma!"

The mother knelt down on her knees, and the children looked on in wonder.

"May God Almighty bless *him*. Oh, from my heart, from the very depths of my heart, I pray may God Almighty bless you here and hereafter.

'T is you are the kind, good man, and one that has a heart for the poor."

She unfolded the rest of the newspaper. It contained some bread, some tea and sugar (these he had brought under cover of the night from "the neighbors"), a little crumpled paper, in which ten shillings were folded, and a book. Having given some of the bread to the children, and after setting aside the remainder of the little things, and again and again offering a warm, sincere prayer for her benefactor, she opened the book. It contained a slip of paper, near the fly-sheet, on which she read, "This book belonged to Bob Reeves. It is a good, moral tale, in which you may perhaps be interested; when a leisure hour comes it may be well to have it. If at times it brings you a comforting thought, as I hope it will, you will say a prayer for two friends of yours, Bob Reeves and Father Bryan."

Next day brought a letter from a nun. That nun was Anne Reeves. Kindly Anne! It was kindly done of you, noble-hearted girl, as we have more than once before found you, to remember poor Julia. In the following week Mrs. William Reeves, that is to say, our former friend, Kate Reid, sent her some linen to sew and some shirting to make. Perhaps a visit Father Bryan paid to Green Cottage had something to do with that.

It was a poor home, but it was her own home. There is one, however, that can make that little home (which, though a poor home, was a loved home, because it was her own home) no longer hers. The landlord or his agent saw that Julia Marron could not possibly pay the next gale of rent; and so the bailiff came on "Holy Eve" and made Julia Marron a present of a "Notice to quit." Now was sorrow engraved in her heart. Now was her face buried in her hands, and many a stifled sigh and many a silent tear escaped her. The neighbors were poor about her, and few of them could give her a helping hand. What they could do, they did. Her old rich friends did not desert her; but, unfortunately, like our Irish poor, Julia was high-minded, and therefore shrouded herself up in her misery and in her want rather than be a burden to others. But what one, rich or poor, could stay the landlord's or agent's mandate? Julia Marron knew well the power of the landlord. She knew that she should "walk it"; and she only drew her shawl more closely around her and her little ones, as if she thought she were already going, and asked God to guard her outside in the wide, cold world, when she would be forced to go out upon it. Presently the notice to quit had no effect, but it would before next May.

It was Christmas eve, — a lonely Christmas eve for Julia Marron! There was a bright moonlight sky, and the air was sharp and penetrating. The children of the rural hamlets were in great joy, for along with the customary big cake and plenty of currants and raisins, they would have a fine time of it sliding.

It was about an hour or two after nightfall when an old man came into Julia Marron's house. He was much stooped. His clothes seemed greatly worn; he carried an old bag slung on his back, in which seemed to be his gathering of potatoes during the day. Having come inside the door, he lifted the hat from his head, the hair of which was long, and white as snow, and then in low, feeble tones he asked leave to be allowed a night's shelter under her roof.

"I am a lone woman, sir," said the mistress of the house; "there is no one here now but myself and these little children. I don't leave persons within; but *as it is this night* — the night on which our merciful Saviour came down and was refused the shelter of a house — I will not refuse you. Come in, in God's name, and sit down. Patrick, leave that," she continued, addressing her eldest child, "leave that, and give the poor man a seat."

"Blessings on your young golden head," said the old man, and he laid his hand reverently on the head of the child. "May I ask, mistress, with submission, if it is the way you buried the man of the house?"

"'Deed no!" she answered mournfully; "but he is not at home, and we don't expect him home soon either." The latter part of the reply was spoken as if in a revery, with her eyes fixed on the little fire.

"'T is a long time now, ma'am, since I was in these parts afore."

"And were you here? I don't remember to have seen your face, sir," said Julia.

"Oh, I was. I remember you but a slip of a gersha. Troth, it 's many a year ago now; and there was life then and heart in that big house yon there."

Julia looked at him surprised, but he seemed not to notice. Since he laid his hand on Patrick's head, the child became bold upon him. He sat near him, and laid his hand on the old man's knee. The latter took the child's hand, and playing with the fingers, one after another, said: "This little pig went to the market, and this little pig went to the fair," and so on to the end. Seeing that the child was following him with his lips, he continued: —

I saw a ship go out to sea — out to sea — out to sea;
I saw a ship go out to sea of a fine Christmas morning.

The sailors gayly sang aloft — sang aloft — sang aloft;
The sailors gayly sang aloft that fine Christmas morning!

Mrs Reeves's servant-girl entered. She stood in the middle of the floor and said, "I want to speak to you, ma'am. Mrs. Reeves sent me down to you." Julia stood up, and taking the candle from the table, led the way to the little parlor. The girl held the corners of her apron in a fold by one hand, and turning aside the ends of her shawl with the other, she displayed, first, a large bowl of butter; next, a paper parcel of raisins, currants, and rice; then a large cake of home-made bread; and finally a respectable piece of home-cured bacon. The girl was asked to sit down, but she had not time. Every moment she stood there she felt ashamed, — ashamed that she should have the appearance of bestowing a favor on Julia Marron, and ashamed, for fear Julia might be in the least ashamed. Our country people are sensitive in their own way. So, abruptly stretching out her hand, the good-natured girl wished Julia Marron a happy Christmas.

"I wish you the same, Mary, and a happier one, and more numerous ones than I can expect. I am thankful to you, Mary dear, for your trouble; and may God bless that good woman, Mrs. Reeves."

"Good night, ma'am."

"Good night, Mary, and good by, and may God bless you and your kind mistress."

When the girl was gone the old man continued: —

A little maiden too was there — too was there — too was there;
A little maiden too was there, the captain's only daughter.

The winds blew loud and rushed along — rushed along — rushed along;
The winds blew loud and rushed along like demons o'er the water!

The ocean yawned and opened wide — opened wide — opened wide;
The ocean yawned and opened wide, like graves within the water!

Mountains high the waves rolled o'er — the waves rolled o'er — the waves rolled o'er;
Mountains high the waves rolled o'er the captain and his daughter.

The eyes of Julia Marron were fixed inquiringly on the old man. There are rhymes and scraps of verses, it oftentimes happens, which we learnt in childhood, and which never leave our memory till we go to the grave. Such a one was the little rhyme given above. Indeed, from experience, we can testify that the above simple rhyme is calculated to make a deep impression upon the fancy of little children. It haunted

Julia Marron's memory. It was taught her by her brother long ago when they were children. It had come up many times to her mind in the loneliness of her home; and when the little children would be chanting that or some other ditty like it, she would remember the time long ago, when she grieved for the captain's only daughter.

"Is your mother long dead, mistress, might I ask?" inquired the stranger.

"Only two or three years."

"And your father?"

"Something about six years."

"God be good to them. 'T is a long time since I saw them in this house together, and a happy couple they were then."

"You had one brother, I think?"

"Yes," she said; "Sylvester was his name."

"Syl, I remember, ye used to call him. And your mother was very fond of him. A good boy he was, but passionate. Now, what became of him? or did ye ever hear from him?"

"Never!" she said, and shook her head.

"That was very ungrateful of him. Ye don't know whether he 's dead or alive?"

"No. All we heard was that he was in America, and that he had gone to the gold diggings. It was reported that he had been wealthy, but that he was killed many years ago by the Indians."

Julia Marron looked at him. There was a something in his voice that struck her, but in the state she was, melting with remembrances of the past, she did n't know what to think. She rose from her chair with the purpose of going for the Christmas candle to light it. While she went alone into her little parlor, the old man resumed amusing the children.

After a time she returned. A large turnip that had been trimmed at both ends stood flat on the table. The old man stood up, but his white hair was gone. He walked towards the table, and there was no feebleness in his gait. He said, "Allow me, Mrs. M'Kenna. I 'll prepare that for you, as I often did before." Julia stood still in astonishment, mingled with fear. He drew a penknife from his pocket, and opening the large blade, he scooped a hole in the turnip, large enough for the candle, and thus improvised a candlestick; for none that Julia Marron possessed was large enough to hold the Christmas candle. He then set it in its fitting, and having applied a smaller candle he lit the larger one. As the light fell on his features Julia remarked the trace of a short scar above the corner of the left eye. He had just moved back one step from the table, and stood looking at the candle to see that all was right, when rushing towards him, she flung out her arms, and cried, "It is Syl! It is my own brother!"

"It is, Julia darling!" he said, as he bent down his head modestly, and laid his hand on his sister's shoulder; "we were a long time parted, but I trust in God we will never be so again."

He let his sister hang on his neck for some time, and kiss him on the cheek; and the tears of brother and sister long parted, and now all alone in the world, mingled and rolled down together as they stood in their father's little home that holy Christmas eve. Syl Marron flung off all his disguise. He was not an old man, but, on the contrary, a young active man, in the prime of life. He was a rich man too. He caught the end of the old wallet, and drew from it a small portmanteau, in which was stored plenty of treasures. They sat down by the old fireside. To all the world they may have changed outwardly. They may have grown tall, they may have grown older and more sedate; but as they sat there that night, to each other there was no change, — they were simply the little brother and sister of long ago.

They were not sitting long when

the brother rose up. "Where is the holly, Julia? See how forgetful I am! Bring holy water, and we will bless the candle, as father used to do, and by its holy light we will kneel and pray for our parents' rest." The holly was brought, and it was twined around the candle. The holy water was shaken upon it, and then sprinkled through the little kitchen all about; and after that they knelt again, and prayed for their father and mother that were dead.

Julia Marron put another back to the smouldering fire, and made it blaze up brightly. What Julia Marron had to tell her brother the reader already knows; what Syl had to tell we will give in a few words.

After spending some time in England, he crossed over to America. Work was scarce, and he was glad to begin life in the great western continent by wheeling a barrow in the streets of Philadelphia. He was economical, not given to liquor, and so he put a little money together. But the wild whim was still in him; and when a party clubbed to go and visit California, about whose gold mines there were then circulated almost incredible reports, he formed one of the number. This was the time before there was any talk of railways; and so from one shore of the vast continent to the other they travelled it on foot. To cross rivers and lakes they had to carry their boats on their backs, or to scoop them out of fallen trees. They passed through deep woods where a white man's foot had never before trodden; they met with wild animals whose names were hardly to be met with in the books of naturalists. Serpents lay in their path; storms — dreadful storms — howled about them; sometimes herds of bisons tore down through the forest at an alarming pace; sometimes the sun glared upon them, wondering what on earth brought them there, in that vast, untenanted silence, and then burning and scorching them, as if in revenge for their audacity. But of all their enemies, the worst were weariness and disease. Their comrades dropped from them, laid down on the wayside, and could not move. For a while they carried them; but it became too laborious, and the stragglers were left in their death-agony beneath a scorching sun, hundreds and hundreds of leagues from those that would have raised a kind hand to their brow, or moistened their pallid lips. The El Dorado was at last reached. They came upon the dreamland of their imagination; they came and found that it was not a delusion. Plains filled with veins of gold were there before them. To make a fortune in a moment was their aim. Syl Marron went steadily to work. He took a portion of land beside a Spaniard. The latter invited him to his house. The Spaniard was of Irish extraction, his forefathers having followed through weal and woe the princely leader of their clan, the O'Donnell of Tryconnell. They talked about the places that this Spaniard had heard his father speak of, — about the wilds of Donegal and the hills of Tyrone. There was but one person in the old Spaniard's household, — a daughter; and said Syl, in a bashful way, "However it was, we made up with each other. She is now my wife, and I have brought her to Ireland, which I longed to see once more before I die."

New Year's day came, and there was rejoicing in the "big house." In the evening, Syl Marron, his wife, and Julia and her children, were seated in the drawing-room beside the splendid wood fire; "a few of the neighbors" (which meant "every mother's *sowl* of them, big and little") had been invited, and an old fiddler was also in attendance, and never did the boards of the floor or the walls of the apartment re-echo to heartier or more innocent mirth.

Days rolled on and weeks, and Julia was happy, or at least appeared to be happy. Towards the beginning of March, however, there came a change.

There was an ugly, harsh cough on Julia Marron's chest. March came very severe, with the hard frost and easterly wind. The cough increased and became alarming. The constitution was undermined, and the doctors declared it an unmistakable case of consumption, but that if she passed the month of May there might be hopes.

There is a beautiful custom in that parish of the Seven Hotels. On the eve of May day they pluck a large branch of whitethorn that is covered with the early spring blossoms, and they plant it in the evening time in the esplanade before their doors. They then gather wild primroses and cowslips and scatter them over it. This is to welcome the month of flowers. The children, too dress up a large doll, which they called their "May-babby," and go to the several houses, where they get either money or eggs, with which they get up a feast for themselves.

The little children of the hamlet were all out gathering for the "May-babby," and singing their little rhyme from door to door, when beside a bed in a room in the "big house" a priest was sitting, with a stole upon him He had administered the last sacraments to the patient on the sick-bed, and now she said she would wish to have one word yet with him.

"Father Bryan, may God forgive me, but it is hard to go!" and with her handkerchief she wiped away the tears that began to roll from her eyes; "it is hard to go and leave the little ones after me!"

"Who gave them to you, Julia, child? Was it not God? And is He not able to watch over them, because their poor mother has been called to the foot of His throne in heaven?"

"I am reconciled," she said, after a short pause. "Bring in Syl and the children."

"Syl," she said, when they came in, "you will promise Father Bryan and me here, that you will be a father and mother to my little orphans."

"I will, Julia, I will," and he burst into tears.

"Bring Patrick near me," she said. She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "God bless you, my first-born child." she said.

She motioned for the second. She put her hands around his neck and kissed him too. "The image of your grandfather; God bless you, Phil, my pet."

When the youngest was given to her — "My little Benjamin," she said, in wild accents, — "my little Benjamin, you will hardly remember your mother's face."

She swooned back on the bed, and they drew the child from her embrace. Five or six hours after, the cocks were crowing in the middle of the night for the breaking of the May. The May day came — but Julia Marron was gone!

THE END.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH BREAKFASTS.

American housewives have not studied the art of cooking the various kinds of meat in the most economical and palatable modes. French cooks far excel us in this particular. They not only gather up the fragments, as the Scriptures enjoin, so that nothing may be lost, but they make it a study to cook every part of the animal in the most attractive and nutritious mode. A hook bone, with their skilful manipulation, will make a delicious dinner for a large family, and they will save stock enough, to make, with the addition of a variety of cheap vegetables, a nutritious soup for the next day's dinner. Americans want beefsteak for breakfast; a Frenchman is content with a boiled egg, a hot roll, and a cup of coffee. The Frenchman's breakfast costs five to ten cents, the Americans twenty-five to fifty cents, and the former is just as nutritious as the latter, and more easily digested. Dyspepsia, the fashionable disease of America, is seldom known in France.

IS HOME RULE DEAD?

Justin McCarthy, in June number of London Time.

THE death of Isaac Butt—so I read in many newspapers—closes a whole chapter of Irish politics. The Home Rule agitation is now, we are assured, at an end; the Home Rule party is broken up; the Home Rule cry is hushed; the Irish people, who really never cared for Home Rule at all, have now given up even the pretence of caring for it. Not Mr. Butt alone is dead. Home Rule has died with him, and is buried in his grave. This assurance seems somewhat strange to one who, like myself, has just been elected for one of the most intelligent and most moderate of Irish county constituencies, and who is well aware that his constituents would no more think of accepting any man not a Home Ruler than they would think of accepting an Orange Tory. In the county of Longford there are some men who would be acceptable to every section of the majority if they were Home Rulers, and who are not even suggested as candidates, because every one knows that not being Home Rulers they would not have the slightest chance of election. Shortly before my election there was a vacancy in the representation of Cork County. Two candidates appeared. The two were members of the same family. The younger, Sir George Colthurst, was the head of the house. The head of the house of Colthurst could not but be a man of great influence in Cork County. His father had been in Parliament when other conditions of political life prevailed. The second candidate was Colonel Colthurst, uncle of his political rival. Sir George Colthurst is not a Home Ruler. Colonel Colthurst is. Colonel Colthurst was elected by a majority numbered by thousands. At that very moment the London papers, or most of them, were complacently telling us that Home Rule was not thought of in Ireland any more. When Colonel Colthurst's election came to disturb this pleasing fancy, an explanation was found. Colonel Colthurst, it was said, is a Catholic; his nephew is not. Just so. But Mr. Shaw, Colonel Colthurst's colleague in the representation of Cork County, is a Protestant. If any Catholic gentleman who is opposed to Home Rule is anxious to throw away a little money, I recommend him to stand for Cork County at the general election against Mr. Shaw. He will have no doubts on his mind when the contest is over about the reality of the Home Rule movement in that part of Ireland. But I am sure there would be found writers enough on the London press to argue, and doubtless to believe, that the greater the number of Home Rulers elected by Irish constituencies, the stronger the evidence that no one in Ireland cares anything about Home Rule. The English public are surely not wanting generally in shrewdness and good sense. Yet it would seem that in regard to Irish affairs they may be made to accept any theory, however preposterous, that happens for the moment to fall in with their own wishes. The notion that all the liberal constituencies of Ireland are amusing themselves by pretending to be in favor of Home Rule does actually seem to gratify and even to satisfy many sane Englishmen. I presume they would not be content with such a theory in regard to France. If I were to contend in the pages of "Time," for example, that the evidence of the late elections in France only proves that republicanism is dead in the country, and that the constituencies which return republican candidates do not care about republicanism at all, I suppose I should be regarded as a person outside the pale of rational argument. But somebody who writes in a precisely similar style about Irish politics is accepted as an inspired authority by "the bald man on the top of the omnibus," who, we are told, is the symbolic "average Englishman."

Such a man must needs be a great strength to any cause he earnestly

takes up. His death must be a great loss to it. But it must not be supposed that Mr. Butt invented Home Rule. The movement started without him. His timely reappearance in political life just after it had been started marked him out as its natural leader. It may be questioned whether he had to any considerable degree the special qualites of leadership. It might have been possible to find a man of far inferior gifts as a debater who could have led the party better. It was surely a mistake in the practical art of leadership when Mr. Butt publicly denounced in the face of the House of Commons the action of certain of the more extreme among his followers. A leader has, in truth, to put up with a good deal of independent, or even eccentric, action on the part of some of his followers now and then, and as long as they are loyal to him on the one question which is the cause and the purpose of the party, he does wisely by letting them have a good deal of their own way. Now, I should have thought the two words themselves conveyed enough of meaning, at least to start an intelligent inquirer fairly on the track. I should have thought they would, at all events, enable him to make a guess. What Home Rule means was explained in several long debates in the House of Commons. It is explained in the writings as well as in the speeches of Mr. Butt. It has been explained in a very clear and interesting work by my friend, Mr. John George MacCarthy, M. P., who, if I am not mistaken, made his meaning still further clear in a controversy with Mr. Freeman, carried on in the "Fortnightly Review" From these sources of information one might have thought that it would not be difficult for any anxious inquirer to get at some hint as to the meaning of Home Rule. I am quite willing, however, to say what I understand to be Home Rule. Home Rule would, according to my idea, secure to Ireland exactly the same power of local self-government as that possessed by a State of the American Union. The local Parliament of Ireland would make all the laws that applied to Ireland strictly and alone. The Imperial Parliament would make the laws which affected the common interests of the empire. The election of members of the Irish Parliament would, according to my principle, be quite different from those of Irish members to serve in the Imperial Parliament. The latter elections would go on just as they do at present. I am a Home Ruler for England as well as for Ireland. I desire to see a local Parliament for England, another for Scotland, and assuredly another also for Wales, if the Welsh people think they have need of such an institution. There would be little difficulty about reorganizing the whole system if England and Scotland and Wales were as anxious as Ireland is for local self-government. The difficulty now is because Ireland alone makes the demand, and it is not easy to suggest any scheme by which Ireland shall not for the present seem to have more than her share of governing work. This was the difficulty which stood in the way of Mr. Butt's devising a perfectly satisfactory scheme some years ago, when he first laid his proposals before the House of Commons There is, in any case, much difficulty in presenting a satisfactory piece of legislation of any kind except from the seat of authority. Burke pointed out this long ago, and if I remember rightly Mr. Butt quoted the words of Burke on the occasion to which I refer. The scheme which Mr. Butt proposed had to take account of the seeming unfairness of allowing Ireland to govern herself locally, and also to have a part in the general government of the country. I do not see myself why there should be any real objection to such an arrangement, any more than there is to the Metropolitan Board of Works managing the business of London while some of its members have seats also in the House of Commons, and take part in the business of the country. But as it

was certain that objection would be raised, Mr. Butt devised some plan by which Irish members were only to be summoned to the Imperial Parliament when Imperial business was going on, or business in which Ireland had a direct interest. This plan was pronounced impracticable by some and absurd by others. It came in for special ridicule from Mr. Lowe, who made as much of one or two small objections, as if any scheme of legislation ever introduced into Parliament was not found to have defects in it and did not require modification here and there before it passed into a law. But I confess for myself that I did not much admire this part of the plan. I think it would have been better to begin by saying boldly that the Irish members wished very much the English and Scotch would join with them in devising a scheme of local self-government for the whole of these kingdoms, with separate legislatures for each, and an Imperial Parliament representing all, and that to this it would most certainly come in the end, but that as England and Scotland and Wales did not appear willing to go into such an undertaking for the present, Ireland had only to begin on her own account and to present a scheme for herself. That scheme might have been shaped so that it should be the basis or the example for the future organization of the other parts of the kingdom on the principle of Home Rule. It would have established for Ireland a separate local Parliament, resembling in its general arrangements — we need not trouble ourselves now about mere detail — one of the State legislatures of the American Union. It would have allowed the Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament to remain as it is at present. No doubt, there would be for the time a sort of inequality. Ireland would have the right to manage her purely Irish affairs her own way, while the Irish members of the Imperial Parliament would still have the right to take part in a debate on a Prisons Bill for England or the law of hypothec in Scotland. This would not, however, be a very great practical grievance. It is not likely that Irish members of the Imperial Parliament would often avail themselves of this privilege, and it could not do any particular harm even if they did. In any case it could be pointed out that whatever sentimental inequality existed was the fault, not of Ireland, but of England and Scotland, and that the sooner England and Scotland could make up there minds to have their own systems of self-government, and thus put all the countries on an equal footing, the better would Ireland be pleased.

I am personally convinced that to this, or something like this in principle, things must come at last and before very long. We shall assuredly soon hear from some of the colonies a demand for a share in the Imperial representation. Unless the colonies are one by one to drop away from us, and set up as independent nations, something of this, then, must be arranged. Nothing is more likely than that the time will come when we shall have representatives of all the great colonies sitting in the Imperial — then tru y an Imperial Parliament. But these colonies would still continue to manage their own affairs at home. The Imperial Parliament would hardly now undertake the task, even if the pettiest colony would allow it, of managing the local affairs of the colonies. Here, then, we shall have just the awkward inequality to which so much objection was made at the time of Mr. Butt's Home Rule scheme. We shall have a colony represented in the Imperial Parliament, and so entitled to discuss purely English and Scotch business, while the same colony insists on being allowed to manage its own affairs for itself, without any English or Scotch interference. That is, we shall have this inequality if England and Scotland do not previously adopt the Home Rule principle for themselves. If they do so, we

shall then have a Parliament, truly Imperial, called together to take counsel and decide upon all questions of common and Imperial interest, and we shall have each separate part of the empire managing, through its local legislature, its own affairs, in its own way, and to suit its own interests Is there anything very wild or impracticable or ridiculous in this? Is it a lack of wisdom to look a little ahead and ask ourselves what is likely to be made necessary by the gradual and growing change in the conditions of the empire? Is it the part of a mere visionary to persuade himself that the system which suited well enough when England had no self-governing colonies, and when Ireland had no national representation in Press or Parliament, is not likely to suit equally well for all time? If any one thinks the whole idea unreasonable, I should like him to tell me what he thinks will come to pass. Does he believe that the colonies will always remain as they are, and that there will be among them neither centripetal nor centrifugal motion? Can he tell me if the mind of man has yet devised any other way of governing an empire made up of a great many civilized populations of different races, creeds, and interests, than some system which acknowledges the principle of local self-government? Even at present the Imperial Parliament has to make practical acknowledgments of the validity of the principle. Scotland would not be likely very long to put up with the interference of English and Irish members in her purely local business. They are welcome, of course, to speak as often as they like, but if an English and Irish majority were persistently to bear down the will of Scotland with regard to Scottish affairs we should soon hear a very emphatic demand for Home Rule for Scotland, and it would have to be conceded. Scotland would not quietly indorse what Ireland has often had to endure, — a combination of English railway interests, or trade interests, to overrule the all but unanimous opinion of her representatives on both sides of the House on some purely local question.

Meanwhile the attempt to do all the work of the three countries in one Parliament is a complete failure. The system has already broken down in many instances, and some time or other must break down altogether. Real and valuable legislation hardly moves now in Parliament at all. Every session the government profess to lend all their energies to carry through certain measures which they declare to be of vital importance to the country, and each session the measures have to be dropped simply because there is not time to push them through.

Home Rule is alive. It will be heard of again and again. No Home Ruler is in the slightest degree disheartened by the assurance, coming from whatever seat of authority or seeming authority, that Parliament will never grant a national legislature to Ireland. We have heard this sort of thing too often to be in any way impressed by it. Every great reform carried in Parliament is heralded by emphatic declarations that it never shall be carried. Within recent recollection, how often have such declarations been made and how often have they been made ridiculous by events! A tenant-right law, the disestablisment of the Irish Church, the ballot, compulsory education — how many times did great Ministers of the Crown, seemingly in possession of almost unlimited power, declare that it would be simply impossible the English Parliament and the British Constitution could endure any of these things! And now they have all become parts, I suppose, of the British Constitution themselves, and are held by some persons to be good reasons why no other reform should ever be adopted. Not one of these measures had a better case to make out than has Home Rule. I am unable to see why any Englishman should not regard the Home Rule movement with respect, even

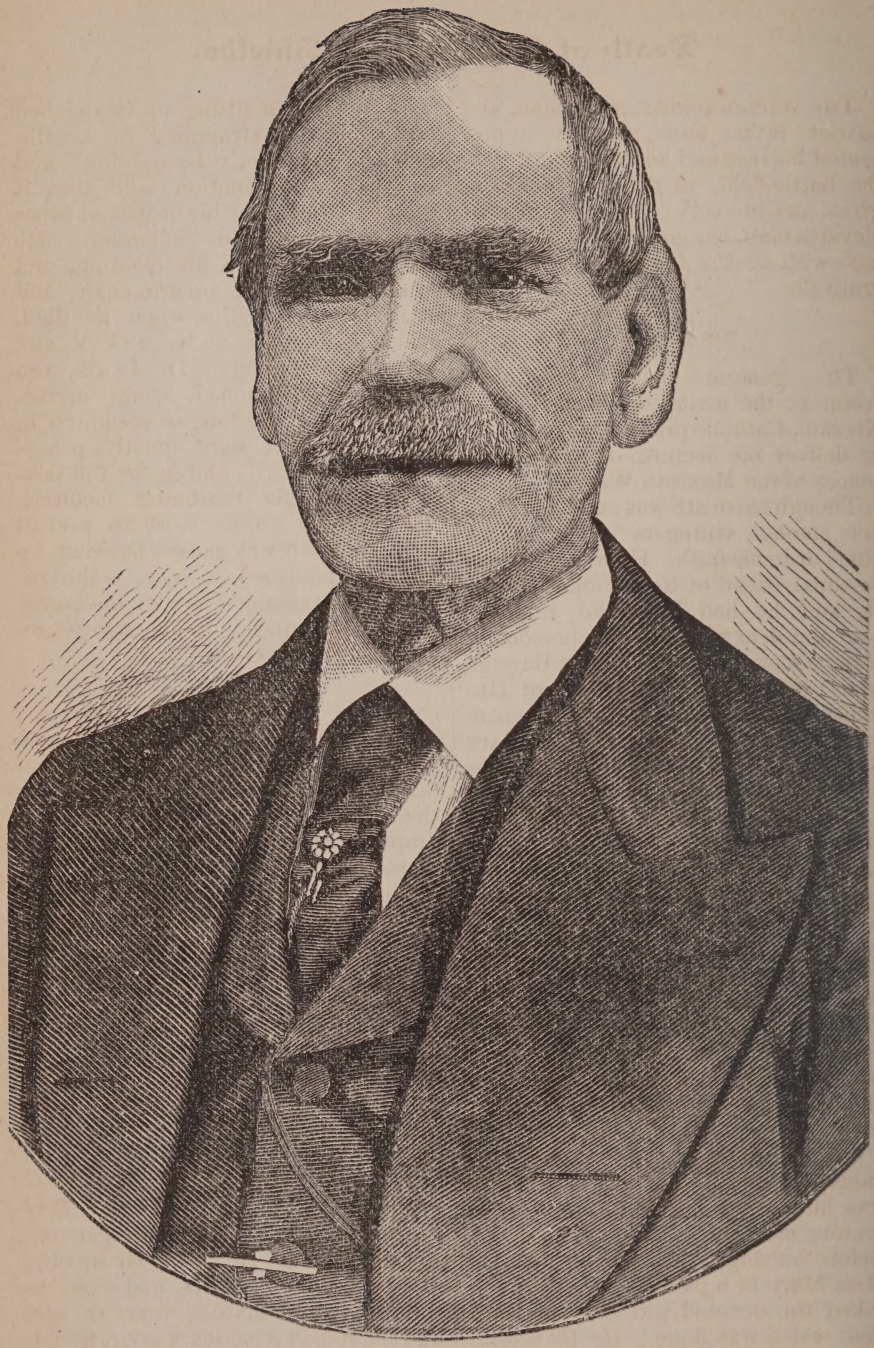
though he may be now unwilling to see it carried to success. The mere assertion on the part of a people that they are capable of managing their own affairs for themselves, and the demand to be allowed to do so, ought to commend themselves naturally to the manhood of the Englishman. I should not even feel under any necessity to show that actual and severe grievance comes of the present system, in order to justify the demand of Ireland for self-government in the affairs which every people best understands for itself. But a centralized system, with an overwhelming power in the hands of English majorities, must always, in the nature of things, inflict injustice and grievance on Ireland.

IRELAND AND ROME.

On Sunday, June 1, a new link was added to the bond of union which has so long united in love and loyalty Rome and Ireland. The Pentecost Sunday of 1879 was made remarkable in the history of both one and the other by the fact that on the morning of that same day, Pope Leo XIII. conferred, within the walls of the Vatican Palace, the dignity of the Episcopacy upon an honored ecclesiastic of this ancient Catholic land of ours. The marked honor of consecration by his own hands to the Episcopacy is one which the Sovereign Pontiff seldom bestows. It is a rare privilege, which is reserved for very special occasions. That the Most Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ardagh should have been considered worthy of such a manifestation of the affection of the Holy Father is the highest tribute that could be paid to his perfect fitness for the responsible office to which he has been called. It is a tribute as well to that Catholic land which gave him birth, and for which few of its children cherish a truer or a more glowing affection than the esteemed and indefatigable prelate who has been so long and so intimately identified with its Catholic University, and with every work of Catholic charity and beneficence in existence in this city. Coming, so to speak, fresh from the consecrating hands of Leo XIII., the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock will be greeted with, if possible, more intensified reverence by all his friends and well-wishers in this, the city of his birth, on his return to it from Rome, and will go thence to his new home in the venerable diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, with a new claim to the love, the honor, and the obedience of the flock and the priesthood henceforth committed to his pastoral solicitude. The congratulations tendered to his lordship at the close of the ceremonies in the Vatican will find a hearty echo throughout Ireland, and the classic *ad multos annos* of the ecclesiatical celebration will meet with a fervent, if somewhat simple, response in many a prayer for his long life and happiness from many a homestead, not alone of his native city, and where he has lived so long, but of the diocese where he is to-day little more than known by the name and fame of his zeal, his virtues, and his devotedness to a cause in which the hearts of our Catholic people are so earnestly engaged.

Poor Girls. — The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught how to work. There are thousands of them. They have been taught to despise labor, and to depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn and miserable woman on earth belongs to this class. It belongs to women to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition; they do them a great wrong to neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as poor require this treatment.

"It is so hard to be a *practical* Catholic," say many. True, it takes some self-denial, some labor not pleasing to human nature; but then what matters that, if we save our souls and live forever in the happiness of heaven?



GEN. JAMES SHIELDS.

Born, 1810; *Died* 1879.

Death of Gen. James Shields.

The veteran soldier, statesman, and patriot is no more. He who represented his race and adopted country on the battle-field, in the halls of Congress, and in every relation of life that elevates man, has gone to his rest, covered with all the honors of a nation's gratitude.

HIS DEATH.

The general visited Autumwa, Iowa, at the invitation of Rev. John Kreckel, Catholic priest of that parish, to deliver his lecture on "Reminiscences of the Mexican War."

Though his death was sudden, it was not among strangers either to his blood or to his faith. He was the warm personal friend of Rev. Father Kreckel, and he had here two relatives near and dear to him in the persons of Mrs. Tuley, the gentle lady through whose benefaction the Sisters of Humility became possessed of the convent on the hill, and Miss Mary Shields, niece and adopted daughter of the departed hero.

The lecture was delivered on the 28th of May, although it was apparent that the effort was painful to the good old man, whose genial and chivalrous manners so impressed all who met him on that occasion. Since the lecture he has remained principally at the convent, in the society of his kinswomen, but occasionally walking about the city, and in a few instances accepting the numerous pressing offers of hospitality extended to him by his friends.

Sunday, June 1, he attended religious service at the Catholic church, as was his custom, ate and relished the evening meal, and wrote several letters. Before retiring to bed he complained to Miss Mary of a pain in the chest, and asked the devoted girl to bathe it for him, which was done. He then went to his room, but had scarcely closed the door before he called his niece, who found him sitting up in the bed and apparently struggling for breath. "Mary," said he, "I am dying," and in further explanation said that it seemed to him that his bronchial tubes had fallen down or collapsed. He then arose, put on his clothing, and seated himself in an arm-chair, and was in this position when he died, which took place at ten o'clock, and before the physician, Dr. Lewis, who had been summoned, could arrive. He did not suffer long or seemingly in great pain, but went quietly, peacefully, and quickly, and in the full possession of his reasoning faculties. The opinion seems most to prevail that his death was caused by what he himself described it to be, — the collapse, or breaking down of his lungs, which was induced by the injuries received at Cerro Gordo.

THE FUNERAL.

The mortal remains of Gen. Shields were consigned to their last resting-place two miles from Carrollton, on the 4th of June. The town was draped in mourning during the funeral. A solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated and an eloquent tribute was paid to the deceased. A number of clergymen participated in the ceremonies, and several prominent gentlemen, civic and military, attended the funeral. The large procession of citizens that followed the remains to the cemetery was preceded by two military companies with a brass band of twenty pieces.

HIS EARLY CAREER.

Gen. James Shields was born May 6, 1810, at Altmore, near Dungannon, County Tyrone, Ireland. He was the oldest of three brothers, and came to this country at sixteen years of age, and landed in America a poor, friendless immigrant. His father had preceded him to these shores, became a

citizen of the United States, but died before the subject of this sketch left his home in Ireland. His energy and tact soon overcame the obstacles that beset him. He studied law, and while yet a student his love of military life induced him to join a military company, of which he became an officer. He served with this company in the Seminole campaign. Finally he established himself in the village of Kaskaskia, Illinois, was elected a representative to the State Legislature, and after an experience of three years in this capacity was elected State Auditor in 1839. In 1843 he was made Judge of the Supreme Court and held this position until 1845, when he was appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office by President Polk (whose widow, by the way, is now a hale and hearty old lady residing at Nashville, Tennessee), and took up his residence in Washington.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

When the Mexican war broke out, President Polk, who recognized in Shields the brilliant qualities and dash that constitute a great soldier, appointed him a brigadier general of United States volunteers. His commission was dated July 1, 1846. At the siege of Vera Cruz Gen. Shields distinguished himself, and gave good promise of other valiant deeds. This promise was amply fulfilled at the battle of Cerro Gordo and at the storming of Chapultepec. At the former battle his deeds of valor seem more like the details of Roland at Roncevalles or Ney at Borodino, than the plain narrative of the conduct of "one of Polk's new generals," as the opposition styled him when appointed.

At Cerro Gordo he was severely wounded while leading his men, but he refused to quit the field. He advanced to the charge, when he was struck in the chest by a copper grapeshot that passed through his lungs. He fell into the arms of Oglesby, at present United States Senator from Illinois, and was carried from the battle-field to all appearances lifeless. Obituary notices appeared afterwards in nearly all the papers of the country, so convinced were his brother officers of the impossibility of his surviving such a terrible wound. For weeks he lay at the brink of death in the neighborhood of the battle-field, and his cure seems little short of a miracle. The army surgeons had given him over for death when a Mexican doctor said he would live if he would let him remove the coagulated blood from the wound. Shields, as a kill or cure remedy, told him to try, and a fine silk handkerchief was worked in and finally drawn through the wound, removing the extravasated blood, when daylight could be seen through the hole. He lived to be a hale and hearty man, free from his wound, which was considered at that time mortal. For his gallant services on this occasion he was brevetted major general, and his commanding officers, Generals Twigg and Scott, both mentioned him in the most laudatory terms in their official reports. Four months afterwards he led the celebrated charge of the brave "Palmettos," of South Carolina, and the gallant New York volunteers at the battle of Churubusco, where the Mexicans, according to the official account of Santa Anna, lost one third of their army. On the 13th of September he was in the thick of the fight at Chapultepec. His horse having been shot under him, Gen. Shields fought on foot, bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves, leading his brigade, sword in hand, with a bravery that has made his name imperishable in American history.

A KNIGHTLY DEED.

While the army of Gen. Scott was investing the capital of Mexico, Gen. Shields's command was in an advanced position of the line. One night a bright and prepossessing boy was brought to his headquarters from the outposts. He told his story to the

general in great agitation The family were English people, resident in the city of Mexico. His father, who had been engaged in commercial business in the city, representing a large home house, died a short time previous, leaving a widow, this boy, and a most beautiful daughter in the bloom of young womanhood. The powerful robber chieftain, Noreya, caught sight of her and became violently enamored. The dangers of war to the Mexican government brought him to the Mexican general, Santa Anna, as a much-needed ally. He was strong, desperate, and feared, and his most ruthless demands had to be respected. He managed to get an accomplice among the servant-girls of the English household. She was the lover of one of his band. Noreya had enforced interviews with the lovely girl. He pressed his suit, became terrible in his demonstrations; but the young maiden was resolute in her rejection of his proposals to make her his bride. The Spanish blood of the robber chieftain raged, and on a certain night the girl was to be forced away, or else she and the whole family burned within their own dwelling. The plot was revealed to the servant, who, deeply attached to her lovely young mistress, was overpowered with her tenderer feelings, and told it to her in terror and in tears. The Mexican government might or might not be willing or able to resist her abduction or save them. It was, however, certain that if the knowledge of the chief's designs became known outside, he would wreak his vengeance in the most vindictive manner, and in such a secret way that in the then perilous and confused time only conjecture as to his guilt would prevail. Time was precious, and it was resolved that the heroic boy should attempt the escape from the city, scale the fortifications and barriers, and seek aid, if possible, from the American troops. He was successful and reached the investing lines and was brought to Gen Shields as stated. The boy's story was so well-knit and truthful that it aroused all the sympathy and enthusiasm of the general's Irish nature. However, he weighed the matter well, viewed it in all its bearings and consequences. It was to be no hair-brained escapade. His first impulse was to lay the matter before the commanding general, and ask to be allowed to take such portion of his command as would be needed for his plan and purpose. This was none other than that a few hundred brave men were by strategy and force to attempt to enter into the city of Mexico and to the house of the English people, and bring them by a bold and brilliant dash out of it and over all its fortifications safely into the American lines. This was the more hazardous, as the guerillas of the desperate robber were secretly surrounding every avenue of approach to it; every movement of its inhabitants was secretly watched, so that the object of his passion might not elude his grasp or his revenge. On second thought Shields felt that Scott would not for a moment listen to his proposal, and he resolved himself on the daring deed. He confided his plan to a gallant and clear-headed subordinate, who entered heartily into the project. Others were commissioned to select from each company or battalion the steadiest, bravest, and most adventurous spirits of their commands. The boy was sent back in the mean time with instructions as to the placing of lights in the house, and other signals to guide the attacking party once within the city walls. The following night some 1500 men assembled silently, but without knowledge of the design, near the general's quarters. Word came in from the outposts concerning a certain signal. That was all right. The brave boy had surely got back. That signal told it. A little past midnight the adventurers took up the line of march in the direction of their daring enterprise. By shrewd precaution this force was enabled to reach the fortified walls and scale them with a rush. Once inside the city the commotion com-

menced, but they keep well on their course; the signals are all true and they reach the house. The family fly to their protection and will brave all the perils of the return. The party wheel about and retrace their steps. The wildest excitement now reigns in the city. It flares up in light, alarm bells are wildly ringing out, cannons are booming, and shot and shell are crashing all round. The gallant band have yet to cross a wide plaza before the barriers are reached. Infantry, artillery, and dragoons are dashing down towards them. But by an admirable disposition of some of the 1500 Americans and a cool and well-directed fire, the Mexicans are turned aback in the most frightful confusion. And for the time being, a panic prevailed, and they believed that the whole American army was within the walls of the city and approaching the famed halls of the Montezumas. In this way the Americans fought their way out and over the walls and lines of defence. Fortunately, with little loss, they reach, at broad daylight, their own encampment. The Mexicans, in their terror, still thundered away their ammunition at shadows, while the main body of the American army, as well as the commander in-chief, were mystified as to the cause of the frightful commotion. Soon an aid from Gen. Scott's headquarters, some miles away, arrived at the quarters of Gen. Shields to divine the cause, as the firing commenced on his front. But the hero sent word back that he would immediately wait upon the commanding general and report in person. When he did report, and told the cause, "making a clean breast of it," Scott was in a towering wrath, and threatened Shields with disgrace and dismissal. But finally the latter prevailed upon the old lion to visit the lady and her family at his quarters. He did so, and was very much moved by the recital of their story. That day on leaving them and before parting with their heroic rescuer, he said, "Gen. Shields, I take back what I said in the morning; instead of being dismissed, you deserve honor and promotion for your gallant act." The family were soon able to take their departure for England, from whence they sent a very valuable breast-pin, containing a large diamond clustered with emeralds, as a souvenir to Gen. Shields, and which the hero of this story, of Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, and Winchester, wore to the day of his death.

There are other amusing and romantic stories told of the general during the Mexican campaign. It must be recollected that he was then in the prime of manhood, being only about thirty-seven years of age. An old alcalde, or mayor of a small city, laid a trap to capture him by means of one of the mounted guerilla bands. But the general was too wary and too quick for the cunning old fellow, and instead, made a prisoner of him and his whole family, bringing them within the American lines. That night, at a party given in the camp, the old Mexican could see from his prison his pretty and only daughter flirting and dancing with his hated foe.

THE SHIELDS-LINCOLN DUEL.

It was during his term as State Auditor that he became involved in an "affair of honor" with no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln, then a Springfield (Ill.) lawyer. At this time "James Shields, Auditor," was the pride of the young Democracy and was considered a dashing fellow by all, the ladies included. In the summer of 1842 the Springfield "Journal" contained some letters from the "Lost Townships," by a contributor whose *nom de plume* was "Aunt Becca," which held up the gallant young auditor as "a ballroom dandy, floatin' about on the earth without heft or substance, just like a lot of cat fur where cats had been fightin'." These letters caused intense excitement in the town. Nobody knew or guessed their authorship. Shields swore it would be coffee and pistols for two if

he should find out who had been lampooning him so unmercifully. Thereupon "Aunt Becca" wrote another letter, which made the furnace of his wrath seven times hotter than before, in which she made a very humble apology and offered to let him squeeze her hand for satisfaction, adding, "If this should not answer, there is one thing more I would do rather than get a lickin'. I have all along expected to die a widow; but as Mr. Shields is rather good looking than otherwise, I must say I don't care if we compromise the matter by—really, Mr. Printer, I can't help blushin'—but I—it must come out—I—but widowed modesty—well, if I must, I must—wouldn't he—maybe sorter let the old grudge drap if I was to consent to be—be—his wife? I know he is a fightin' man and would rather fight than eat; but is n't marryin' better than fightin', though it does sometimes run into it? And I don't think, upon the whole, I'd be sich a bad match, either; I'm not over sixty, and am jest four feet three in my barefeet and not much round the girth; and for color, I wouldn't turn my back on any girl in the Lost Townships. But, after all, maybe I'm countin' my chickens before they're hatched and dreamin' of matrimonial bliss when the only alternative reserved for me may be a lickin'. Jeff tells me the way these fire-eaters do is to give the challenged party the choice of weapons, which being the case, I'll tell you in confidence that I never fight with anything but broomsticks or hot water, or a shovelful of coals or some such things; the former of which, being somewhat like a shillalah, may not be so very objectionable to him. I will give him choice, however, in one thing, and that is whether, when we fight, I shall wear breeches or he petticoats, for I presume this change is sufficient to place us on an equality."

Of course some one had to shoulder the responsibility of these letters after such a shot. The real author was none other than Miss Mary Todd, afterward the wife of Abraham Lincoln, to whom she was engaged, and who was in honor bound to assume, for belligerent purposes, the responsibility of her sharp pen thrusts. Mr. Lincoln accepted the situation. Not long after the two men with their seconds were on their way to the field of honor. But the affair was fixed up without any fighting, and thus ended in a fizzle the Lincoln-Shields duel of the Lost Townships.

SHIELDS AND DOUGLAS.

The old hero was fond of a joke and he delighted in giving reminiscences of his career. He was brought in contact with men, who like himself afterwards acquired a national reputation. We may infer what "life in the West" was about forty years ago from an anecdote he told of himself and Stephen A. Douglas. When Shields was member of the State Legislature he roomed with Douglas at Vandalia, Ill., in a boarding-house kept by a certain Col. Flack. The landlord, by the way, also kept a grocery. Shields and Douglas, as the custom then was, always kept a pitcher of Bourbon whiskey on the table. They had plenty of friends, and the pitcher was replenished—just how many times they could not tell, but Flack, who had to carry the liquor around, got tired of it, and said some other way of dispensing the liquor must be provided. There was a partition between their room and the grocery, and Douglas suggested that a hole should be cut in the partition and two faucets placed in the barrel, one on the grocery side and one inside the partition. The landlord was to sell on his side, Douglas and Shields were to drink on the other, and the cost of the barrel of whiskey was to be equally shared. The proposition was accepted. The first day Flack came out ahead, the second day they were even, but on the third day Shields and his chum were away ahead of the proprietor. Flack couldn't stand it; saw

they were selling whiskey cheaper than he was, and compromised the contract, which otherwise was to have lasted all winter, by payment of a five-gallon keg.

PRESENTED WITH A COSTLY SWORD.

The war being ended, Gen. Shields laid down the sword and assumed once more his place in civil life. He met with a brilliant reception everywhere on his return, the story of his achievement being in every one's mouth. As a token of appreciation of his distinguished services, the State of South Carolina, by the unanimous voice of the Legislature, voted to Gen. Shields a magnificent sword, with gold scabbard and hilt studded with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, valued at $7,000. It was presented him in the fall of 1847, while he was the guest of Gov. Hampton's father, on his return from the war. The sword bears the following inscription: —

"From the State of South Carolina to General James Shields in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican War, and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto Regiment."

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

In 1849 he was elected United States Senator from Illinois to fill the position vacated by Mr. Breeze. Owing to some technicality he was refused admission as senator, when he promptly resigned the post and was as promptly re-elected. He returned to Washington, and for six years displayed as eminent qualities in the council as he did in the field. He was devoted to the interests of the Democratic party, and was during his senatorial career unostentatious and modest. In 1855 Gen. Shields left the Senate and also quitted his adopted State, Illinois, and went to settle on the lands awarded to him for his services in the army, which lands he had selected in the Territory of Minnesota. When that district became a State, Gen. Shields was returned to represent it in Congress as a senator, and took his seat after its admission in May, 1858. Having drawn the short term, he had to vacate his seat in the following year, and failing in a re-election, he removed to California. The State of Missouri elected him United States senator during the present year, his term expiring with the close of the last Congress. The gallant old veteran during his last visit to Washington was cordially received by all, members of Congress and Cabinet officers, without distinction of party.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

When the sound of the cannon at Sumter found an echo in every heart throughout the North, it was not likely that it would be unheeded by such a true patriot as Gen. Shields. He hastened at once to the scene of hostilities and was appointed by Congress a brigadier general, with a commission dating August, 1861. This ungrateful course in thus ignoring his services during the Mexican war galled his proud spirit at first, and he refused the commission. Deeming it his duty, however, to stand by his adopted country in the hour of her tribulation, he reconsidered his determination and started for Washington. Here he found that his name was stricken from the army list in consequence of his having refused the commission of Congress, and he was obliged to remain for some time without a command. Gen. Shields's friends sought to raise an Irish brigade for him. Chief Justice Daly and others were foremost in bringing him out and organizing the brigade. He arrived late from California with the understanding that he was to be given the command. Meanwhile Thomas Francis Meagher had been acting as general, and, although he gave Gen. Shields a grand dinner and reception, showed no disposition to give up the

command. Shields was much disappointed, and by no means appeased with another command that was given him. The death of the gallant Gen. Lander left his division without a commander, and Gen. Shields was appointed his successor. His division formed part of the corps of Major-Gen. Banks. He distinguished himself particularly in the Shenandoah Valley, where he met and defeated the famous Stonewall Jackson, thus inflicting the only defeat that ever the great Southern general suffered. The noble sentiments that actuated the brave veteran at that time may be gleaned from his speech at a banquet given by the Irish brigade on the Potomac, commanded by Gen. Meagher. "I was in New Mexico when I first heard of the battle of Bull Run. I read the account in a Spanish paper, and I would n't believe it. I felt it must be an invention of our enemies, for I knew that the Spanish were most persistent haters of everything American. I had fought in Mexico alongside of Northern men and Southern men, and I knew that both were brave. I did not believe that either would run away, and if any man had dared to tell me that the account was true, I would have knocked him down. But shortly after I read the account in our own papers, and I felt humiliated. I determined at once to come and offer my services to the government, to be employed in any way in which I could be the most useful. I had not desired to again enter the field of conflict. I had suffered great privations in a soldier's life, and I desired to spend the short remainder of my life in peaceful associations, and had you been successful I should have done so. But when I saw that you were defeated, when I saw that the government which had so long protected me and from which me and mine had received such great kindness, was in danger of being overturned by the hands of traitors, I determined at once to leave my home in the far West and devote what little blood was left in me and the few years that remained to its defence and support. For the future, until this war is ended and the Rebellion overcome, I have no political feeling or preferences. Let us, I beg of you, during this conflict have no Democrats, no Republicans, but one party, and that for our whole country in all its integrity."

TREATMENT BY THE POLITICIANS.

Shields was nominated for major general, but was not confirmed, after his brilliant fight with Jackson. He met with little favor from the authorities at Washington. He retired to Missouri and became a farmer, subsisting partly on a pension of from $31 to $50 a month. In the campaign of 1878 Gen. Shields ran for Congress in Kansas City on the Democratic ticket. He had the majority of the votes cast, but his opponent, Van Horn, got the seat from the Republican Congress. Gen. Butler brought him prominently before the public last April in offering a resolution before Congress that "the true Union-maimed soldier, Brigadier-Gen. James Shields, of Missouri," be chosen to fill the position of door-keeper of the House of Representatives. A long and acrimonious debate followed, resulting in the rejection of Butler's candidate. As compensation a bill was passed by the House authorizing the President to appoint Gen. Shields as brigadier general of the United States army on the retired list; the Republican Senate defeated the bill. Last fall the Legislature of Missouri elected Gen. Shields United States senator for a short term. This was the third State he represented in that body, having previously been senator from Illinois and Minnesota. He served in the Senate last winter, his term expiring on the 4th of March, 1879.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF THE GENERAL.

Gen Shields gained the great credit of winning about the only battle credited to Banks, — the battle of

Winchester. He had had a pet project of capturing Stonewall Jackson, but complained bitterly that just as his plans were about maturing he was ordered by Gen. McDowell to retreat. His military education, aside from what he got in the wars, was self-education. He never attended any military school. Gen. Shields was five feet eight inches in height, of compact build, and in his youth had dark hair. His eyes were dark and piercing, and gave him a wild look to strangers. He was very attentive to women, and fond of paying them compliments. He was a man of great physical endurance, and yet did not seem to take care of himself. He would eat and drink most anything, and work as long as there was work to do. As a conversationalist he was a marvel. He seemed to remember everything he ever read. He was fond of Burns, and was born sufficiently far north in Ireland to have some of the air of Scotland wafted over to him. He had no petty national feeling that would prevent his admiring a poet of another nationality. His speeches were all extemporaneous, and his resources of exact knowledge never failed him. He was quite soldierly in bearing, and a very great favorite with all who knew him intimately.

SHIELDS AS AN IRISH PATRIOT.

Gen. Shields sympathized with Irish liberty, though he came to this country when nine years of age. He was not drawn into any of the military movements against England, because he looked upon them with the vision of a practical soldier. He always wanted to see clearly more possibility of success than was ever made apparent to him.

He was approached unsuccessfully for the purpose of getting his aid in several movements. He was a great friend of John Mitchel, as both came from the same part of Ireland. They were of the same clear-steel sort of nature. He was also intimate with Richard O'Gorman, and often stopped at his house and Judge Daly's.

SHIELDS AND TOM MOORE.

One of the last acts of Gen. Shields's life was to pen the following letter to the Committee on Orators and Poetry, of the Moore Centenary Association of Newark, N. J. : —

CARROLTON, CARROL COUNTY, MO.,
May 16, 1879.

GENTLEMEN, — I regret that I cannot unite with you in celebrating Thomas Moore's centenary. The Irish race owes an unspeakable debt to his memory. He found the Irish music, like the Irish language, perishing, and saved it for the world by embalming it in immortal verse. The exquisite airs of his own land were the wings upon which he floated his matchless melodies, and these wings carried his songs, burning with Irish patriotism, through all the homes and halls of the refined, enlightened, and liberal society of the Christian world. The effect of this at the time upon Irish life, Irish character, and even Irish politics was prodigious. Herein Thomas Moore is an example of what one man of fine and exquisite genius can do to exalt the reputation of a whole people. This example should stimulate young and gifted sons of the same land to save the reputation of their race from the imputation of inferiority in any field of human effort to any other race on earth.

Yours sincerely, JAMES SHIELDS.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

He was at the time of his death a man about five feet eight inches in height, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. His eye was bright and full of life, his head covered with a plentiful growth of bristly gray hair, while a short-cropped and fierce moustache of the French military type covered a doggedly firm upper lip. He proposed to fill a number of engage-

ments this winter with his new lecture, "Reminiscences of the Field and Senate." Gen. Shields leaves a wife and family at Carrollton, Mo. One son is nineteen.

"I regard Gen. Shields's career," says a man who knew him, "as a singular instance of the facility with which a man of original power can brave the difficulties of fortune and rise above them. Coming here as an Irish lad, without education, working first as a schoolmaster, finding a field for his talents such as the free institutions of this country have opened to so many."

Few lives in this prosaic age of ours show such romantic features, and few have left behind them such a record of noble thoughts, gallant deeds, and kindly traits. In the high positions to which he was called he bore himself with the modesty of true greatness, and of him it might be said with truth,

He wore the white flower of a blameless life,
In the fierce light that beats upon a throne,
And blackens every spot.

In the Senate Chamber at Washington there are thrones more potent and more renowned than many to which the crown and sceptre are attached, and that of James Shields will ever bear an unusual fame.

HIS VISIT TO BOSTON.

In the fall of 1877, at the invitation of his friend, Patrick Donahoe, the general was persuaded to leave his quiet home and come to Boston. He lectured here for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, from which a large sum was realized. The general had invitations to various parts of New England, New York, etc., where he was received with great enthusiasm. Wherever he went, the people, high and low, rich and poor, turned out to do him honor. He was very successful financially, and enabled to pay off a mortgage on his farm at Carrollton.

The general was a notable instance of the self-made man,

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star,"

and his life reads a lesson, full of inspiration and hope, to the young man who desires to rise in the world, whatever his nationality or belief.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

James Shields was poor.
As wealth now counts, he had not much,
Nor did he put his trust in banks
And bonds and syndicates and such,
For it was still his simple plan
To serve his country and be a man.

His life was clean.
Called on and on, from place to place,
Distinguished both in war and peace,
With strong, swift limbs he ran the race,
Nor turned aside from any toil
To gather, gain, or search for spoil.

A bold, bright man,
He freely spent his life and gold,
And lived within the present time,
As if he never might grow old;
But, we may rest assured, his god
Lies not with him beneath the sod.

Yet he was rich.
In spite of all the blows of fate,
In spite of poverty and years,
The hero owned a grand estate,
Better than any broad domain, —
A life and conscience free from stain.

Neglected much, —
A mere scene-shifter on the stage
Where he had played heroic parts,
And still a toiler in his age,
The heart that breaks, but never yields,
Beat bravely in the breast of Shields.

James Shields was poor.
'T is true, in these, our sordid days,
That honest poverty is not
A common cause of general praise;
But Shields lives in our memory yet,
While pocket patriots we forget.

N. Y. Sun.

THE reason General Garibaldi seeks to annul his marriage with Mme. Raimondi is that the pension of 50,000 francs annually granted to his heirs would, otherwise, go to Mme. Raimondi's child, though he is not its father, while his own children, who are all illegitimate, would get nothing.

LIBERALISM IN RELIGION.

Cardinal Newman.

THE following address was spoken by his Eminence Cardinal Newman in Rome, on the occasion of the delivery to him of the Pope's biglietto, announcing the bestowal of the Cardinalitial dignity. Having made a touching allusion to his own unworthiness of the honor so graciously conferred upon him by the Holy Father, and having expressed a hope that though he had "made many mistakes," he might claim throughout all he had written "an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the Holy Church, and, through the divine mercy, a fair measure of success," his Eminence proceeded: —

"And I rejoice to say to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of liberalism in religion. Never did the Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading as a snare the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look upon the world and upon the Holy Church as it is and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place if I renew the protest against it which I have so often made. Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste; not an objective fact, not miraculous, and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternize together in spiritual thoughts and feelings without having any views at all of doctrine in common, or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about his management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society. Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force when I was young that Christianity was the law of the land. Now everywhere that goodly framework of society which is the creation of Christianity is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going everywhere, and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be forgotten. Hitherto it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure the submission of the mass of the population to law and order. Now, philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the Church's authority and teaching, they would substitute, first of all, a universal and a thorough secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then for great working principles to take the place of religion for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, they provide the broad, fundamental, ethical truths of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like, proved experience, and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society and in local matters, whether physical or psychological, — for instance, in

government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, the intercourse of nations. As to religion, it is a private luxury which a man may have if he will, but which, of course, he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others or indulge to their annoyance. The general character of this great apostasy is one and the same everywhere, but in detail and in character it varies in different countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think, it threatens to have a formidable success, though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue.

"At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which on the Continent seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us is that, though it ends in infidelity, as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects which sprang up in England three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the union of Church and State, and would advocate the unchristianizing the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful. Next, the liberal principle is forced on us through the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power. When you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions. How can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion were ignored. We cannot help ourselves. And, thirdly, it must be born in mind that there is much in the liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success, and already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men, — elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them. Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realized by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the word of truth, to the Holy Church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, faithful and true, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain. On the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise when it is witnessed, is the particular mode in the event by which Providence rescues and saves his elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial and then is removed. Commonly the Church has nothing more to do than to go on her own proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still, and to see the salvation of

God. 'Mansueti hereditabunt terram et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis.'"

THE RISING CATHOLIC GENERATION.

STUDENTS: WHAT THEY ARE DOING OR INTEND TO DO.

College Journal, Georgetown, D. C.

SUCH of our students as are not in the habit, while in college, of gathering their information in regard to Catholic affairs from the legitimate sources within their reach in the reading-room and elsewhere, but depend on the daily journals for it, are cordially advised by the friend who writes this to adopt another course, at least during the vacation. The want of time to do more than glance at the secular press can no longer, at this season, be alleged as an excuse for not reading further. If they neglect to inform themselves properly, when they have the opportunity, in regard to matters of grave importance to the whole Christian world, they commit a serious error. A Catholic young man who is indifferent on this point and who is ready to accept the reckless if not malicious statements that are copied here from journals abroad, or manufactured at home, as if they were reliable, will develop at last into only a half-hearted Catholic, if he does not lose his faith altogether. He will never be found hereafter in the ranks of the generous friends of truth, liberty, and justice; for his faith will at least have been chilled, and his misconceptions will hamper his action. Thus he will occupy a position of feebleness among his religious brethren, even if he does not become that pitiable character, a "liberal Catholic." If he has passed through a Catholic college, his Alma Mater suffers undeserved reprobation on his account. These are times when our Catholic young men of culture have duties to perform superior to those they owe themselves. How shall they fulfil them if their notions of Catholic contemporary history and their impressions of those who figure in it are derived from sources hostile to their religion; or, if not hostile, indifferent, and for the most part ignorant of the ground? If the advice we give is taken, we have no doubt it will prove highly profitable to our young men, at least to those who are possessed of really upright intentions. Some of them are lamentably astray at present in matters of fact concerning their Catholic brethren abroad and the warfare waged on them by their enemies and the enemies of society. Such as these will find that they must needs discard many erroneous ideas contracted in the course of their superficial reading hitherto. Moreover, by consulting authoritative publications, be they only the Catholic weeklies, they will acquire a store of valuable knowledge they would never gain from non-Catholic sources; and they may even have occasion in the end to thank us for the important counsel we have given them.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

"I BEG your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly." "Not a bit! not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it is best that they should be. You didn't harm me." "I am glad to hear it." And, lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmate with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident. "What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Gray. "He is only Giles, the huckster." "That makes no difference," said Harry, "the question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat." Which was right?

NEGLECTED BRANCHES OF LEARNING.

If some of our public schools undertook to teach their young lady pupils dressmaking, millinery, cooking, and other useful branches of domestic economy, the experiment should prove a successful one. A girl who can cut her own dresses, dress and make up her own hats, and knows something about general household management, can enter upon the duties of life with more confidence in herself and with more economy of her surroundings. We notice that some papers are agitating the subject of schools for cooking, but we think the addition of millinery and dressmaking might be added, with some benefit. It is all very well to remind us of David Copperfield's child-wife, and how poor Dora was troubled over the difficulties of her married life. We all know that "ma" should have taught Dora how to make a patty or roast a goose. It is very desirable for most people to know something about cooking, but we see no reason why they could not be taught dressmaking and millinery as well.

AN INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

An Inter-Oceanic-Canal Congress has been lately held in Paris to devise and discuss means for the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The Congress has been attended by representative men from several countries, and various projects have been considered. Preference is expressed for the scheme of a level canal between Panama and Aspinwall. It will be constructed without either tunnel or locks, and will be about forty-five miles in length. As might be supposed, M. de Lesseps is among the leading spirits of the enterprise, and he is reported to be as sanguine of the Inter-Oceanic as he was of the Suez Canal. The estimated cost of the work is forty millions sterling, and the committee appointed by the Congress to inquire into the question of ways and means calculate that the yearly traffic of the canal would be from six to seven millions of tons, and that a toll of fifteen francs per ton might be levied on all ships using it, which would cover working expenses and produce a remunerative interest on the capital employed. On Tuesday the members of the Congress celebrated the conclusion of their labors by a banquet, at which Admirable la Roncière le Noury presided. The United States representative, Admirable Ammon, proposed a toast to the prosperity of France and America, and Sir John Stokes, in proposing the health of M. de Lesseps, said that he was a man who had won the admiration of all Englishmen. It is not proposed to ask or receive the assistance of any government in the construction of the canal, which will be declared absolutely neutral except in case of war.

The Bar has its Misses. — General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked amongst other questions, "Where the ship was at a particular time?" "Oh," replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, *where* is quarantine?" Another instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes that, having been occupied for six hours in trying an action "on a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent!"

Useful Knowledge.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

The Use of the Lemon. — A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast every day for a week or two will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring.

From the details frequently given by the newspapers of crimes, it would seem that when a non-Catholic wishes to succeed in some huge rascality he begins by securing a prominent position in some Protestant church, becomes a Sunday-school teacher, conductor of a Bible class, or something of that sort. Even Stanley Matthews is said to be a deacon, and we have heard of "Christian statesmen." Now, when a Catholic makes up his mind to follow a course of wrong-doing, as a general thing, he gets as far away from his church, its surroundings, and its influence, as he possibly can.

Marrying for Money. — A late author very truthfully says, "Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compel their daughters to marry for station or money commit a grievous sin against humanity and God. And a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain, that all the glitterings of a heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart-wretchedness; that her life will be one gilded misery, and her old age will be like a crag on the black side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunders roar through the sweeping storms."

Good health is never attained if the feet are habitually cold, since this implies an impared circulation of the blood; that it does not reach the extremities. Instead of "toasting them in the oven," soak them in warm water till thoroughly warm, and then dash cool or cold water over them, rubbing them thoroughly with a crash towel, till a reaction occurs; using the flesh-brush freely. This followed for a few nights will generally warm the feet, by improving the circulation of the blood. The brush, used on the whole body, is not only safe, safer than the cold bath, at least for the weakly, but will aid in equalizing the circulation. Let the feet, also, be put in the warm rays of the sun; the clothing warmed and thoroughly sunned. This will do much to improve cold and sweaty feet, and can do no possible harm. Keep the feet clean, which can be done only by frequent washing.

A Sensible Dog. — Here is an anecdote that comes to us all the way from Australia: "Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmaleum parish," says John Frazer, "I was using whiskey bitters for my stomach's sake. One day, I dipped a piece of cracker in it, and gave it to the dog. He ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Erelong he became tipsy; he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up into my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. He lay on the floor, and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly, it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever after I went to the press for the bottles, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being closed, he sprang with one bound through a pane of glass, to get outside the door. So much for the wisdom of the dog, — infinitely surpassing foolish drinking men."

The Humorist.

AN editor offers a reward of five dollars for the best treatise on "How to make outdoor life attractive to the mosquito."

Home miss'onary. — Are you a Son of Temperance? *Toper.* — No relation at all. I can assure you, sir, not even an acquaintance."

AN arithmetical question.—If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much yeast will it take to raise money enough to buy another barrel with?

"ARE you building air-castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee cup. "No, madam; only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court, the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your Honor," he replied with much emphasis.

"SPEAKING of riddles, Mr. Jones," said a Chicago landlord, "can you tell me the difference between a beefsteak and a shingle?" "No." "Then I 'll broil you a shingle hereafter every morning for breakfast instead of a beefsteak."

"PAPA," asked a little six-year-old daughter of an up-town physician, "was n't Job a doctor?" "I never heard that he was. Why?" "Because mamma said, the other day, that she did n't think you had any of the patience of Job."

THE other day the Butler (Pa.) *Eagle*, in a brilliant report of a tony wedding that occurred in that town, announced that "the bride's trousers were the loveliest we ever saw." He wrote it "trousseau," but the intelligent compositor made the fatal *faux pas* and went West.

AN Ohio paper publishes the following item: "A deaf man, named Taff, was run down by a passenger train and killed, on Wednesday morning, half a mile north of Greenwich Station, near Cleveland. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

NEWTON, an English artist, painted a portrait of Moore. Sydney Smith, on being asked his opinion of it, said, "Yes, it is an admirable likeness, an admirable likeness; but" (turning to the artist, who stood by) "*could n't* you manage to throw into the face a little more hatred of the Church Establishment?"

A CITIZEN went home from the caucus meeting one night and asked his wife, "Did you commit any error or do anything out of character before we were married?" "Why, no! what makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, I did n't think you had, but I was nominated for a town office to-night, and I knew if you had it would all be out to-morrow."

SHE was baptized Anna Eliza, and often she sighed that her name was not Maud Ethel or something of that fine sort. "What 's the matter with Anna Eliza?" asked her plain, matter-of-fact mother one day. "The matter is," replied the dissatisfied daughter, "that so long as I bear my present name I might as well carry my heart on my sleeve. Everybody discovers my secrets; my inmost thoughts are seen at a glance by all with whom I come in contact." "What on earth do you mean?" inquired the astonished mother. "I mean precisely what I say," answered the daughter between her sobs. "Every friend and acquaintance I have find it easy to Annelize me." The mother's heart was not touched, but judging from the way she reached for her slipper the girl was.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

AR D-TEANGA AGUS AR G-CEOL.

'Sɪ an deacrachd is mó atá ag muintir na h-Eireann timchioll a d-teangan féin, cofhulangas na n-daoine saidhbhir d'fhághail chum i aithbheodhadh. Tá na daoine saidhbhire ann Eirinn anaghaidh aithbheodhtha na teangan; tá cuid aca a m-beidheadh luathgháireach dá raibh si fáoi mheas arís, acht ni h-iad so an chuid is mó acht an chuid is lugha dhiobh. Taisbeanann na daoine bochta 'sa m-baile agus a g-cian an toil is láidire le saothrughadh a d-teangan féin. Ma thig linn riamh deanamh modhamhuil na Gaedhlig, ni bheidh morán triobloide i chur faoi mheas ameasg na n-daoine saidhbhir. Dá g-curfadh Dia a g-ceannaibh daoine éigean a Sagsainia, mar atá ingheana na beanriogha, no mic dúiceadh, no iarladh, i labhairt, is gearr go m-beidh teanga na h-Eireann mar chuid de cheol na h-Eireann, 'ga clos air feadh an domhain; oir is fior agus is truagh an sgeul e gurab a g-cumas muintire saidhbhir, cur a g-cás go bh-fuil siad 'na namhadaibh ar d-tíre, nios mó a dheanamh a chur faoi mheas teangan nó ceoil 'na iad so uile is glice agus is faghlamtha 'san domhan. Is fior agus is truagh an sgeul e mar an g-ceadhna go bh-fuil an cineadh daone mar threud caorach a leanas ceann éigean diobh féin ag a bh-fuil clog mór air a mhuineul; leanann siad e mor gheall go bh-fuil an clog air, acht ni thuig-

Literal Translation.

OUR LANGUAGE AND OUR MUSIC

The greatest difficulty the people of Ireland have about their own language is to get the sympathy of the rich in order to aid in its revival. The rich people in Ireland are against the revival of the language; there are some of the rich that would be rejoiced if it was once more in esteem, but those are not the most numerous, but the smallest section of them. The poor people, both at home and abroad, evince the most desire to cultivate their own language. If we ever succeed in making the Irish language fashionable, there will not be much trouble in getting it into esteem amongst the wealthy. If Providence would put it into the heads of certain people in England, such as daughters of the queen or sons of dukes or earls, to speak it, the language of Ireland, like the music of Ireland, would soon be heard throughout the world; for it is a true and a sorrowful story, that it is in the power of rich people, even supposing they are enemies of our country, to do more to bring a language or music into esteem than all the wisest and most learned people in the world. It is also a true and sad story that mankind are like a flock of sheep that follow one of themselves that has a great bell on his neck; they follow him because he has the bell on him, but they understand neither the use nor the sound of the

eann fath na fuaim an chloig. Is mar sin le na daoinibh; leanann siad fear no bean, ni air son na maitheasa atá ionnta, acht de bhrigh go bh-fuil siad saidhbhir, no a stáid aird, — ann aon fhocal de bhrigh go bh-fhuil clog aca air a muineulaibh.

Acht is éigean duinn dochas maith a bheith againn. B'fhéidir go d-tiocfaidh go luath laethe nios lonracha air Eirinn agus a muintir. Bhi ceol ar d-tíre faoi neul tri fiche bliadhain ó shoin. Nior thuig an domhan fuaim na brigh cláirsigh na h-Eireann. Nior aithin se Tomás O Mórdha agus ni raibh ceol Eireannach aithnighthe acht le na bochtaibh. Gan tuigsint aon fhocal Gaedhlige, d'aithbheodhuigh an bard ceol tíoramhail a thíre. O'n am sin amach bhi ceolta na h-Eireann aithnighthe go bun na cruinne, agus tá se ag meudughadh a meas gach lá. Ann aimheoin nósa agus baoise na h-aimsire, tá grádh an domhain air cheol Eireann ag fás gan stad. Tógann siad tighthe-ceoil móra a b-Paris agus a g-cathrachaibh eile; cumann oididhe ceoil mórshaothara leis is doigh leo breugadh an domhain; téidheann daoine d'á g-clos; acht tar éis uile, cho luath a's a cluineann siad fonn Eireannach, dearmadann "ceolta na d-teampull mór," lasann a g-croidhthe le aoibhneas agus tá buaidh le h-Eirinn fa dheire.

Biodh fós dochas agus foighide ag na daoinibh lerab ionmhuin teanga a sinsir. Beidh si faoi mheas ag an am ceart; acht tà tasduighe uainn fear a dheanamh do theanga ar d-tíre an meud do rinne O Mórdha air son ar g-ceoil.

bell. It is so with mankind; they follow men or women, not because of any goodness that may be in them, but because they are rich or in high positions; in a word, because they have got bells on their necks.

But we must be of good hope. Perhaps brighter days may soon come upon Ireland and upon her people. The music of our country was under a cloud threescore years ago. The world understood neither the sound nor the meaning of the harp of Erin. It knew not Thomas Moore, and Irish music was understood only by the lowly. Without knowing a word of the Irish language, the bard revived the national music of his country. From that time forward Irish music became known to the ends of the earth, and is being more esteemed every day. In spite of the fashions and follies of the age, the love of the world for Irish music is ever increasing. They build great mansions for music in Paris and in other cities; musical professors compose great works, with which they expect to enchant the world; people go to hear them, but after all, as soon as they hear an Irish air, they forget the "music of the great temples," their hearts are lighted with joy, and in the long run Ireland gains the victory.

Let those be yet patient who love the language of their forefathers. It will be in esteem at the right time; but we want some one who will do for our language what Moore did for our music.

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Mourning costumes do not appear to offer a very inviting subject for a casual conversation, but they deserve to be considered practically. It is consonant with common-sense and right feeling that a peculiar costume, and that fittingly of a sombre style, should be adopted as an announcement to the outer world that we have suffered the loss of one near and dear to us. Such a costume is not only congenial with the natural feelings of sorrow which induces a distaste for the gayer aspect of things around us, but it spares much pain which might be inflicted unintentionally by the remarks or inquiries of others unacquainted with our cause of grief. Crape on the cap cannot express the widow's sorrow, but it is a sign to the outer world not to intrude on her sacred grief. But there may easily be an excess in a practice which is in itself laudable; and as there is now a tendency towards economy, and a diminished ostentation in funerals, so there is an effort being made to introduce some modifications into the practice of wearing mourning.

While certain laws of fashion and accepted ideas on the subject of mourning cannot be wholly set at defiance, individual taste and feeling may be consulted more freely than in colored toilets. Any one is not only excusable, but commendable, for not following the mere caprices of fashion in mourning attire. Whatever is conspicuous or ostentatious should be avoided by those who wish their sad colors to shield the wearer from the notice of the world. The question of detail must be governed by instinct and circumstances more than by fashion, although there is an advantage in having some set fashions for a period when the mind could not be perplexed by cut and trimmings; hence it is that for early and very deep black, laws are most clearly defined. There is a tendency toward wearing less weighty and more wholesome fabrics. Thus instead of heavy bombazine for first mourning, there are more Henrietta cloths, camel's hair, cashmere, tamise cloth, and other soft, clinging, lustreless fabrics. It is poor economy to buy any low-priced black goods, as they soon become rusty and shabby looking, and the expense of making them is lost. It is not possible to have much variety in a wardrobe consisting wholly of black dresses, and the better plan is to have fewer dresses, and have those of good materials, made in the best manner.

The question of wearing black silk early in mourning is somewhat disputed, but it is certain that this most effective of black materials is now much more used for mourning than it has been for several seasons past.

A conventional model for a widow's first mourning is as follows: a long basque and single skirt of Henrietta cloth, the basque entirely covered with crape, the skirt also covered with crape as far as visible below the basque. The bonnet of two thicknesses of crape laid over silk, a white cap of a single tarlatan puff is the face trimming. The bonnet is so entirely covered with the veil as not to require any outside trimming, or at the most only a band of crape around the crown. The veil is three yards long, with a hem at each end from a quarter to half a yard deep. It is thrown over the bonnet, with the front falling just below the waist, and the back hanging very low; or else this is reversed, so that the front falls almost to the foot, and the back only to the waist; it is pinned on each side of the bonnet with slide pins. The veil is of double-width crape, measuring from one yard to forty-two inches, and should not have a fold in the middle, as the best qualities are rolled

on a stick. Ladies wearing deep mourning for a parent or any other near relative, except a husband, have black crape folds for face trimmings, and around the crown. The crape veil is then only from one to one yard and a quarter long, and of single width, and is draped on the bonnet to hang long behind; a mask veil of Brussels net is worn over the face. Such crape veils have a wide hem on the lower edge only. Strings of grosgrain ribbon are added to all mourning bonnets. For first mourning the wrap is made of the dress material covered with crape, or if not entirely covered, have much crape trimming. The first choice of materials is for Henrietta cloth, which on account of its various qualities is used both by the poor and the rich; it is as finely twilled as cashmere, and shows slight twills on the wrong side, where cashmere is plain. It is double fold, over a yard wide, and costs from $1 upward for durable qualities. A diagonal woven fabric called imperial serge is much used for the nun-like dresses of widows; it is double fold, and costs from $1 a yard upward. Cashmere is used for the second dress, when the mourning begins to be lightened, and crape is left off; it is also bought for the first dress by those who do not wear the deepest mourning. Very nice cashmeres are sold for $1 a yard. The blue-black shades are not as desirable as the coal black. Tamise cloth is the favorite of all the low-priced materials for mourning dress, though many ladies do not think it heavy enough for winter dresses in this climate; further south it is worn all the year. Tamise is not twilled, but is woven in straight threads like mousseline-de-laine. It does not catch and retain dust. It costs from fifty cents to $1.25 a yard. Loosely woven, figured woollen fabrics are much worn by young ladies, and for lighter mourning.

Trimming crape is cut in one wide band, rather than the clusters of lapped folds formerly used. As mourning dresses have so little trimming, their beauty depends on the fine fit of the corsage, and the close, almost tight, sleeves. Linings of black silk make the waist and sleeves fit smoothly, and do not add greatly to the expense. Fichus for summer wear of Henrietta and crape are tied loosely below the bust, or have long ends that cross and tie at the back of the belt in a loose knot. A silk and crape costume is prettily finished in the same way. Black silk for deep mourning, or at least such mourning as could include this fabric, should be rich and made up simply. The better qualities are the best economy, and the durability balances the additional expense. For second mourning crimped grass fringes and buttons of cut jet are very elegant and dressy on black silk. Square meshed canvas grenadines are used for first mourning, those with silk stripe belonging to the second period. They should be made simply over black silk. Black gauze and net are used for evening dresses. Bunting is a suitable material for mourning wear. Black cambric will retain much of its original appearance if salt and gum arabic be put in the water in which it is washed.

Widow's caps for young ladies are of white tarlatan in Fanchon shape, or else they are pointed in front in Marie Stuart shape; they are with white or black strings, or entirely without strings, as the wearer chooses. For older ladies the tarlatan cap has a mob crown, with plaited frills lying on the hair. White linen at the neck and wrists may be worn early in mourning. If the mourning be for any but a parent, husband, or child, linen may be worn at once. Lisse plaitings may be used from the first. Handkerchiefs need not as formerly have the ostentatious deep black band. Onyx, jet, and bog-wood are the conventional mourning ornaments. Too much jet is not in good taste, and cheap jewelry is in mourning especially vulgar.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

109.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

I am composed of six letters: —
My first is in land but not in sea;
My second is in coffee but not in tea;
My third is in butter but not in cheese;
My fourth is in anger but not in please;
My fifth is in great but not in small;
My sixth is in whole but not in all;
My whole is a rest for the weary.

110.

CHARADE.

My first is a body of water; my second is a vowel; my third is something used by fishermen; my whole is an implement of war.

111.

Place six towns in the United States, one above the other, so that the initials shall name a river in Australia.

112.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters: —
My 3, 2, 10 is an animal;
My 5, 8, 1 is a boy's name;
My 6, 9, 4 is what we are all recommended to do;
My 1, 7, 5, 10 is a verb;
My whole is a queen's name.

113.

Take a letter from each of the following States and make a U. S. general: — Georgia, New York, Maine, Vermont, Kentucky.

114.

BEHEADINGS.

Take away one letter, and I murder; take away two letters and I shall probably die if my whole does not save me.

115.

1. Behead a part of a chain, and leave a fluid.
2. Behead a country in Europe, and leave a country in Europe,

116.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

If from a river in South America of five letters you take four away, ten will remain.

117.

What river in Europe of five letter that when two are taken away one will remain?

118.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters: —
My 8, 5, 10 is a metal;
My 1, 14, 6, 16 is part of a bird;
My 4, 9, 7 is an animal;
My 13, 2, 15 is the front of an army;
My 3, 11, 12 is the title of a gentleman;
My whole is the name of an American writer.

119.

CHARADE.

My first is a part of the body;
My second is much used for trimming;
My whole adorns my first.

120.

My first is past, present, and future;
My second is a portion;
My whole is a useful article found in every household.

121.

A little word indeed am I,
A portion of your face I name;
I've letters three, I'm the same reversed,
Now tell me what I am.

122.

ACROSTIC.

1, a province in Ireland; 2, a town of England; 3, a river of South America; 4, a European cape; 5, a town of Spain. The initials will give a town of France, and the finals the river on which it is situated.

123.

CHARADE.

Without my first, be you black or white,
Day would be dreary as the night;

When in the battle danger beckoned,
The brave were always in my second;
Where'er the weeds begin to grow,
To use my third, pray don't be slow;
My whole, a famous British story,
Is often called its author's glory.

124.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1, a consonant; 2, a stream of light; 3, a sluggard; 4, a lover; 5, a fruit; 6, a lord of creation (reversed); 7, a vowel.

125.

SQUARE WORD.

1, a hunt; 2, a very poor dwelling; 3, to effect; 4, to grasp; 5, a girl's name.

126.

ANAGRAMS.

Celebrated Persons.

1. Quiet, nor a vice.
2. Oh, yes, if I pass the crown he shall reign.
3. M. C. N. Is she not a feeling girl?

127.

HIDDEN WORDS.

Christian Names.

1. Did the inhabitants of Pisa acknowledge the King of Italy as their ruler?
2. It is unpleasant to see a young lady simper and smirk at everything that is said to her.
3. "Base thief!" said the young man indignantly.
4. A charitable man would give the last shilling he had to a poor person.

128.

CHARADES.

My first is dropped into my second, and is called my whole.

129.

My first is formal, my second is a flower, my whole is a flower.

130.

My first is to spoil, my second is a vowel, my third is a precious metal, my whole is a flower.

131.

My first is a precious stone,
My next a well-known tree;
Or if you call my first a fruit,
The next a thong will be.
Whichever way you choose
This puzzle to divide,
You still will find my whole
A powder will abide.

132.

Take half of what is needful for the dead,
What helps physicians to their daily bread;
Join these together, bright and clear,
And drink for breakfast without fear.

133.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space;
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.

134.

Enough for one, too much for two, and nothing at all for three.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

84, Now surely you must all confess,
This little puzzle you should guess;
'T is not so very hard indeed,
The vowels will supply your need.

85, Boot-jack; 86, Clock-work; 87, Pea-cock; 88, Cab-in; 89, Corn-wall; 90, Tennes-see; 91, Weber, Haydn, WisH, EsthoniA, BurgundY, EmeralD, RoueN; 92, The Sweet William, The China Aster, The Carnation, Lily of the Valley; 93, Manchester, Rotterdam, Barcelona, Marseilles; 94, Hay; 95, Because it would be nothing (0) without its tail; 96, Crab-Apple; 97, Whip-poor-will; 98, Bulle tin; 99, Too cross you are, Too cross you be, I see you are, Too cross for me; 100, Father; 101, Squill-quill; 102, Vice-ice; 103, Clark-lark-ark; 104, The letter m; 105, Aristotle; 106, Dangle-angle-glen; 107, Thomas Moore.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

NEW subscribers can be supplied with the magazine from the beginning of the year.

RT. REV. BISHOP RYAN'S lecture netted for the Home some $800. The same lecture delivered in Detroit realized $500.

THE subjects of Queen Victoria celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their queen, on the 24th of May, 1879, in splendid style.

THE Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Mass., was set on fire and destroyed by a mob, on the 11th of August, 1834, forty-five years ago this month.

FOR a young member of the Catholic press, we have seldom seen a smarter paper than the "Catholic Columbian" of Columbus, Ohio. The editor must have some inspiration from the great man his city is named after.

RT. REV. JAMES A. HEALEY, Bishop of Portland, Maine, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, on the 9th of June. We trust he may live to see the golden jubilee of his ordination.

THE Moore celebrants in Baltimore voted to return to the subscribers a *pro rata* sum of the balance on hand, according to the amount of their respective subscriptions. Why did n't they do as the Boston Committee did, — partake of a banquet with the balance of the proceeds?

ST. SYLVESTER, CANADA,
June 9, 1879.

MR. P. DONAHOE:

Sir, — I enclose $2.00, my subscription for the magazine during one year; please send me a receipt. It is a highly recommendable publication, fit for any library; the subjects are well chosen and amusing, instructive and religious in the highest degree. Above all I prize it for the Irish language I find in it. Although not well acquainted with the tongue, O'Reilly's dictionary and your translation render it easy to be mastered.

Your sincerest friend,
REV. I. M. DOWLING, *C. C.*

THE venerable Archbishop of Tuam is in his ninetieth year.

THE widows of Gen. Shields and of Fletcher Webster have each been granted a pension of $100 a month.

GEN. EWING, who has been nominated by the Democrats of Ohio, is a brother of Mrs. Gen. Sherman, and a Catholic.

"THE Catholic press is so stale," say many, "it repeats over and over again what we already know." Yes, and many things you don't know, but ought to know.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for July has reached us. It would be high praise to say that it is fully up to its acknowledged standard. But it is more: its selections are literary gems. The article on the Land Question alone is worth a year's subscription, and contains a fund of information from which statesmen may draw with profit. — *The Invincible, Hornellsville, N. Y.*

CLOTHING HOUSE OF LEOPOLD MORSE & Co. — This is one of the most extensive clothing establishments in Boston. For fair dealing it is not surpassed in the city. The senior partner is a member of Congress, and although of the Jewish persuasion, the Catholic people of his district voted for him. The advertisement of this house appeared in our last issue. We refer to it.

A debt of $67,200 on the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Newburyport, Mass., was paid off by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Teeling, in about eight years The event was celebrated with great *éclat* on St. John's Day. The church was consecrated by Archbishop Williams, assisted by a large number of clergymen from various parts of the Archdiocese. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly preached on the occasion. The music was rendered by a choir of fifteen hundred voices. Great credit is due to the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Teeling, and his active assistant, Rev. Father McNulty, for the excellent manner in which all the ceremonies were carried out.

JOHN J. MURPHY, Catholic book-seller and stationer, nearly opposite the cathedral, is our agent in Pittsburg, Pa.

THE Catholic missionary will now have an opportunity to return to his Indian mission, from which he was driven by narrow political bigots, a short time since. The House Committee has made a favorable report, giving to all religious denominations equal rights and privileges in Indian reservations.

THE Ninth Massachusetts Regiment paid a visit to New York recently. The Gothamites were surprised at their soldierly appearance and their precision in drill. The "Army and Navy Journal" says it has seldom been their lot to view more perfect marching than that of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, has been confirmed in the appointment of City Collector of Chicago, a position which the "Republican" adds. Mr. Onahan filled some years ago, previous to the great fire, "with credit, and to the general satisfaction of the public" We wish our friend all the ease and profit that go with the position. Good men are scarce, and so are good offices.

HOWARD HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3, 1879.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ., *Boston, Mass.*.

Dear Sir,—I had the very great pleasure a few days ago of receiving the June number of your valuable magazine. It should be in the hands of every Catholic and Irishman, not only from its intrinsic merit, but the noble effort you have made in giving the best years of your life to upholding country and creed. Inclosed please find P. O. check for one year's subscription, and trusting that you will meet with unbounded success in your undertaking. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

E C. CARROLL.

ROSEMOUNT, DE SOTO CO., MIN., June 4.

MY DEAR MR. P. DONAHOE:

In sending you the price of your very able and learned work, I feel happy in being able to inform you that it has given, to all of my parishioners who had the good fortune to invest in it, the most ample satisfaction. As they assure me that on reading over its closely printed pages, they are led, on the one hand, to admire not only its sublimity of thought, but moreover its elegance, though at the same time simplicity of diction; while on the other, they are insensibly carried away by the captivating beauty of its many interesting and well-told stories, so that I feel confident that within a very short space of time your magazine will have a good circulation in this locality.

Yours truly,

REV. MICHAEL QUINN.

RT. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, and Very Rev. James Hughes, of Hartford, Ct , are very much alike in size, complexion, etc.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, late governor of Cyprus and the newly appointed general-in-chief of the campaign in South Africa, is turning his forty-sixth year and is a native of Dublin. His family was originally of the county Carlow.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH,
BARTON, ALLEGHANY CO., MD.,
June 2, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ., *Boston:*

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find money for a year's subscription to your richly deserving monthly. Your magazine is the cheapest and I think best assorted news periodical that is published in this country. With regard to the first, it makes a difference for some; while the latter will recommend it to the many. I shall take every opportunity to bespeak its merits to all with whom I come in contact. Trusting, dear sir, that complete success will crown your efforts in the circulation of Catholic reading matter, and that the wide-spread reception of your monthly may be the means of indemnifying you for the many losses you sustained some years ago,

Very respectfully,

JOHN T. MCCALL, *Pastor.*

WE are indebted to the President and Faculty of the St. Louis University for an invitation to be present at the fiftieth anniversary or golden jubilee of that celebrated seat of learning, which took place on the 25th of June. A special apostolic benediction was granted for the occasion by Pope Leo XIII., "in token of his paternal affection towards all the members of the University, its students, patrons, friends, and benefactors."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—It is just what we would expect from Mr. Donahoe, full of love for Ireland and the Irish. He is one of Ireland's great benefactors, and his magazine supplies a want that has been long and seriously felt by the Irish and Catholics of this country. It is published monthly and contains about one hundred pages of reading matter, and is equally devoted to the interests of the Irish race at home and abroad. We trust our readers will subscribe to this new enterprise of Mr. Donahoe. he deserves this and more from the hands of his countrymen; for we say it without fear of contradiction, that he has done more to make our people in this country respected than any other living man. We wish this new enterprise a God-speed, and hope the day is not far distant when it will be a monthly visitor in every Irish family in the United States and Canada. $2.00 a year, sent free by mail.—*From the A. O. H. Journal, Richmond, Va.*

THE subscriptions for the family of the late Mr. Butt have reached £2,000.

"McGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY" says our July number was the best yet.

THE second story of the new building of the college at Notre Dame, recently destroyed by fire, is completed.

THE Jesuit Fathers have started a news paper in the vernacular at Shanghai. The name of this first Catholic Chinese journal is "Yih Man Loh" (*Writing about Things useful to be heard*).

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — We have recived the sixth or last number of Vol. I. of the above, sent it to the bindery, and we now have a volume of some six hundred pages, second to none in our library. It makes a very neat book, whose contents are most valuable. It covers all the ground, and the reader who will not be satisfied with Patrick Donahoe's Magazine, Vol. I., is very hard to please. We would not take $5 for the volume, yet it costs $2 a year in advance, and each year completes two volumes. We recommend it to our readers as an enterprise worthy of their support. It should be in every Irishman's home. — *A. O. H. Journal, Richmond, Va.*

COLLEGE HOLY CROSS, *Worcester, Mass.* — The annual Commencement took place on the 25th of June. There was a large attendance of citizens and friends of the students. The exercises were most interesting. The members of the graduating class are as follows: John A. Barry, Russell, Mass.; Michael P. Cassidy, Woonsocket, R. I.; Owen H. Conlin, Worcester, Mass.; Peter A. Conlin, Worcester, Mass.; Joseph J. Cronin, Worcester, Mass.; Joseph T. Fanning, Norwich, R. I.; John H. Gavin, Worcester, Mass.; Michael Kelly, Fall River, Mass.; John J. Lyons, Manchester, N. H.; Henry V. McCabe, Providence, R. I., Francis P. McKeon, Worcester, Mass.; John J. Mooney, Worcester, Mass.; Richard H. Mooney, Worcester, Mass.; William J. Power, Worcester, Mass ; John B. Ratigan, Worcester, Mass.; William H. Redding, New Haven, Conn.; James J. Sharkey, Fredericton, N. B.; John J. Shea, Boston; Michael F. Walsh, Manchester, N. H.

At the conclusion of the speaking, degrees were awarded by the president and presented by Lieut-Gov. Long, as follows: —

The degree of Master of Arts, Frederick A. Gauran, LL D., Worcester, Mass. The degree of Bachelor of Arts, John A. Barry Michael P. Cassidy, Owen H. Conlin, Peter A. Conlin, Joseph J. Cronin, Joseph T. Fanning, John H. Gavin, Michael Kelly, John J. Lyons, Henry V. McCabe, Francis P. McKeon, John J. Mooney, Richard H. Mooney, William J. Power, John B Ratigan, William H. Redding, James T. Sharkey, Michael F. Walsh.

We are pleased to learn that the college, under the presidency of Rev. Father Boon, S. J., is in a prosperous condition.

OBSERVING an obituary notice in a Philadelphia paper, with a good many initials, we feared it might have been our good friend of the "I. C. B. U. Journal," and said a De Profundis for the repose of his soul. We are glad that we were mistaken in our surmises, and that our friend, Griffin "still lives." Long may he wave!

WE regret to say that there is considerable distress in Ireland. The anti-rent movement is increasing; the cattle trade is seriously injured. This will be heard with regret by the millions of Irishmen who are scattered over the world. But a "famine," such as the "famine" which decimated Ireland a few decades ago, is not possible nowadays.

THE "glorious Fourth" has passed and gone. It was attended by many accidents. On Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., a pleasure steamer was careened over at her wharf, by passengers trying to get on and off, her hurricane deck crushed, and scores of persons were thrown into the water. Five dead were recovered and two more missing; many were injured. At Morris Island, New Jersey, a similar accident occurred, by which three persons were drowned.

CLEVELAND, O., May 16, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE:

When, some months ago, I saw it announced in the press that you were about to begin the publication of a monthly magazine, I rejoiced. "Now," thought I, "the many friends of the good old veteran publisher will have an opportunity of proving how highly they appreciated his former labors, and how deeply they sympathized with him in his many sad reverses." So greatly was I pleased with your project that I had in mind to lend my assistance by a beforehand subscription. Then came the "first number" of the magazine. A well-arranged, charming edition. No time must be lost, I shall immediately offer my congratulations and subscription to the brave old father of the "Pilot," for this new proof of his energy and good taste. Selections not too deep for the unread, not too commonplace for the most learned, sprightly and interesting to all, this is DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Yet, with all my good intentions, the sixth month of the magazine is upon us and neither a word nor a dollar has passed between me and its editor. But not too late. Enclosed find my subscription for two years, and to it let me add the best hopes for the success of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Permit me to say, however, that you did n't send me all the past numbers. January and May are missing.

Believe me faithfully in Christ yours,

T. P. THORPE.

P. DONAHOE, Esq., Boston, Mass.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Barclay Street, was the first Catholic church in New York. It was founded soon after the Revolution, and will, in a few years, celebrate its centenary. Father M. J. O'Farrell, its present pastor, cleared off $12,000 of the debt last year.

REVIVAL OF THE IRON BUSINESS. — In the year 1873, the amount of American iron and steel production had reached a point higher than ever before, but the succeeding depression in all branches of business decreased the demand for iron and steel to such a degree as to cause the failure of many works. We are now, however, pleased to state that during the last few years the demand has so largely increased as to encourage production, and this to such an extent that the production of 1878 surpassed that of 1873. We have, therefore, just passed a year in which more iron and steel was produced than ever before in the United States.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM GERMANY.—*Berlin*, June 30. — A profound sensation was caused here to-day by the authenticated announcement that Dr. Falk, Minister of Instructions and Worship, Herr Nobrecht, Minister of Finance, and Dr. Friedenthal, Minister of Agriculture, had all resigned their portfolios; that the resignations had been accepted and the successors named to two of the departing members, — Count Udo Stolberg to Minister of Agriculture, and Baron Seydeurtz to that of Finance. Both of these nobles are ultra-conservative in their views respecting politics and religious affairs, and opposed to the Catholic legislation instigated by Dr. Falk. No official announcement of the successor of Dr. Falk has yet been made. Various rumors are in circulation to the effect that Prince Bismarck is preparing for peace with Rome. The more moderate critics do not, however, regard the changes as of serious import, and argue that they signify only a desire on the part of the chancellor to place himself more in harmony with the conservative instincts and wishes of the people.

VISCOUNT BURY, the under Secretary of State for War, who was received into the Church at the Oratory not long ago, it may be interesting to remind some of our readers, is the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, but is also a peer in his own right, having been raised to the House of Lords in 1876. He married a Catholic, Sophia, daughter of Sir Allen Macnab, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, in 1855, and has children. At one time he was private secretary to the late Earl Russell, and at another Treasurer of the Royal Household. Lord Bury is, of course, the only Catholic member of the Conservative government; and his seat in the peers fortunately exempts him from those electoral trials and reverses which have followed conversion in the case of Lord Robert Montagu and other members for English constituencies. Lord Bury s conversion has added one more name to the list of Catholic Privy Councillors, the others being Lord Ripon, Lord Kenmare, Lord Robert Montagu, Lord Howard of Glossop, and Lord Emly.

WIDE AWAKE, a Boston juvenile monthly, speaks of the Middle Ages as "that period of ignorance and superstition which elapsed between the fall of the Roman Empire and Luther's Reformation." Messrs. Lothrop & Co., the publishers, need expect no patronage from Catholics unless they cut out all such lying stuff from the pages of their magazine. — *Detroit (Mich.) Home Journal.*

SOME Catholic literary societies seem to imagine that Catholic literature should support them, and that they, though "established to assist the propagation of Catholic literature," and other excellent objects, perform their mission thoroughly, as regards literature, by asking "free copies" of the Catholic papers. Such conduct is not to the taste of "McGee's Weekly," nor to ours, either. Better three paying subscribers than twenty-five non-paying readers.

LIKE many other things, they do the custom of "treating" better in France. There an acquaintance asks you take a glass of wine. If you accept, it is a breach of etiquette to "treat back." It would be taken to signify that your friend had not given you enough. Only on the next occasion can you offer to reciprocate the compliment. If we must have treating to intoxicating drinks, let us adopt the French plan. It will prevent the danger of a dozen young men becoming intoxicated at once, because each one feels that it would look shabby for himself not to order drinks for the entire party in his turn. — *Detroit Home Journal.*

THERE was a two days' festival in the ancient town of Plymouth, Mass., commencing July 4. On that day St. Peter's New Church was dedicated by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, and the sermon was by the Right Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland. In the evening there was a concert. On the following Sunday, the cemetery was blessed. The church is very near Plymouth Rock. Rev. Father Murphy, the worthy pastor, deserves much credit for his perseverance and great difficulties in erecting this fine church.

Did "our "forefathers ever imagine, when they were persecuting Catholics, that a church of theirs would be erected within a stone's throw of the "Blarney Stone" of New England?

"SUSPENDED ANIMATION." — The sensation from Sydney, N. S. W., about "Suspended Animation," turns out to be a fraud. "Dogs, birds, etc," were *not* held in a state of "suspended animation," and "Professor" Rotura is a myth, and his "herb" a delusion. The news will startle no one. Mankind is, no doubt, prepared for surprises. He is formed for high expectations. He is never so happy as when he is either deluding the public or deluding himself. No doubt numbers of innocents believed in Prof. Rotura, and the lesson to be learned from the discovery that his "suspended animation" is a fraud, is that there is a great deal of simplicity as well as a great deal of waggishness in the world.

THE INVENTOR OF CHAMPAGNE.—In 1688 a monk named Perignon was made "cellarer" of the Benedictine Abbey at Hautvillers, a little hamlet on the banks of the Marne, about five miles distant from Epernay. No man was ever better fitted for the post he held, and discovery after discovery rewarded his zealous toil. He was the first to blend the produce of one vineyard with that of another; to find out that a white wine could be made from the blackest grapes, which would keep good, instead of degenerating like that obtained from white ones; and to substitute cork as a stopper for a bottle instead of flax dipped in oil, which had hitherto been used. Nor was this all, for just at the close of the seventeenth century he achieved his final triumph of making an effervescent wine. Why it sparkled he did not know, for the connection between sugar and carbonic acid was as yet undreamed of; but the secret soon spread over the country, until in 1878 the official return of the manufacturers' stock in the champagne district, as given by the Chamber of Commerce at Rheims, is 70,183,163 bottles.

BOSTON COLLEGE.—The commencement exercises took place on the evenings of the 25th and 26th of June. On Wednesday evening, the tragedy of Richard III. was performed in excellent style by students of the college. On Thursday evening, the exercises were very interesting. The address to the graduating class was made by Lieut.-Gov. Long, who afterwards conferred the degrees and distributed the medals and premiums.

The degree of Master of Arts on John F. Broderick, Patrick H. Callanan, Daniel J. Collins, Rev. John W. Cummins, William A. Dunn, M. D., Rev. John Galligan, Edward F. Hoynes, William J. Millerick, Henry C. Towle, M. D., Nicholas R. Walsh.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts on James W. Allison, Joseph A. Fitzgerald, Charles B. Glennen, John F. Harrington, Joseph E. Keyes, Martin F. Kelly, Patrick B. McManus, James S. Manahan, Daniel W. Moriarty, Daniel A. Murphy, Daniel Riley, Daniel C. Riordan, James W. Shannon, Henry A. Sullivan.

A large number of undergraduate students, who have distinguished themselves in their respective classes, were rewarded with medals, premiums, or honorable mention. Purses of gold were awarded as follows: Fifty dollars (the gift of Dr. Thomas Dwight) for the best English composition, to Henry A. Sullivan; fifty dollars (the gift of Rev. James Murphy) for the best thesis in Christian doctrine, to Louis M. Pierson; fifty dollars (the gift of the class of 1871–72) for declamation, to Joseph P. Murphy.

LAST OF THE NAPOLEONS.—Some months ago, the young Prince Imperial, desirous of distinguishing himself, volunteered to assist England in her unjust war upon the savages of Southern Africa. He was returning, on the 1st of June, from a reconnoissance, in company with several officers of Gen. Wood's camp, when the Zulus crept out of ambush, and rushing upon the party, assegaied the prince, and with him two troopers. Prince Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte was the only son of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie. He was born at the close of the Crimean War, on March 16, 1856, and was therefore in his twenty-fourth year. He was the heir to the hopes, as well as to the names, of the House of Bonaparte. They have died with him in a wretched quarrel with savages, under a foreign flag, as well as under a foreign sun. His baptism of fire at Saarbruck was an unlucky one, and his end has a strange connection with the fatalistic tendencies of the Napoleonic mind. It was well known that the young prince himself was bent upon seeing service with his fellow officers of the English army, and though his imperial mother was said to have endeavored to dissuade him, he seized the opportunity of the Zulu war to gratify his military desire. Although the fortunes of the house were at their lowest ebb, the prince's death will yet not be without grave significance in the politics of France. With him dies his party. Plon-Plon, his cousin, is now a political nullity, as he had always been an unpopular one. There is not in history a stranger or sadder episode than that which we chronicle today, and events are fast making the campaign in Zululand, of 1879, one of the most memorable, as it is certainly the most unfortunate, of the modern wars of England.

THE RACES OF SOUTH AFRICA.—The term "Kaffirs," which we have come to apply generically to certain tribes on the southeastern coast of Africa, is not the national name, but one of reproach imposed on them, as "infidels," by the Arabs; and it is equally applied to Europeans by Afghans, Turks, and other votaries of Islam. To anthropologists, the so-called Kaffirs are known as Chuanas, Zingians, or Bantus. Africa is peopled by six different and distinct races, two of which, the Hamites and Semites, are foreign, and four—the Negroes proper, the Fulahs, the Bantus, and the Hottentots—indigenous.

NEW MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston: "Masonic Temple Dedication March," by R. P. Chase; a very stirring marching tune, and one that will please. "Drooping Violets," by Chas. D. Blake; a pleasing melody for four hands. "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," words by Claribel, music by Stephen Adams; another of this popular composer's charming pieces. "The Chorister," words by F. C. Wetherly, music by Arthur Sullivan; a pleasing composition. "Fatinitza Waltzes," arranged by E. H. Bailey. "Fatinitza March," arranged by J. L. Gilbert,—Sleighing Song, Bell Song, Whip Song, and Dream Song, all from this very charming opera. "Ocean March," by D. B. Hennesey; a good, spirited composition for marching to. "Cary Waltzes," by L. K. Vannah; an excellent set of waltzes. Just the thing for dance music. "Gems from Fatinitza," by Suppe; a collection of melodies from this work. "Belles of Evening" duet, words by Thomas Moore, music by E. McLaughlin; a pretty duet for soprano and alto. "Musketeer's March," by E. H. Bailey; another good march. "Sparkling Waves," by A. W. Holt; a bright and sparkling galop for piano-forte. "Dead March in Saul," by Handel.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Terence O'Reilly, P. P., of Cootehill, county Cavan, died in that place lately.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Stephen A. Farrell, S. J., at Milltown Park, Dublin.

Rev. Michael Lawler, S. J., head of the Jesuit Order in Chicago, died on the 18th inst. He was born in Dublin in 1825.

The Rev. J. Kelly, C. C., Newry, died on the 18th of June. The deceased gentleman had reached the age of eighty-seven years.

Rev. Michael Flanagan, Corofin, died at his native home, Rath, near Corofin, county Clare, in the fortieth year of his age.

Rev. Francis Cooke was found dead in his bed in the Sisters' Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., morning of June 9. Father Cooke has been in poor health for many years.

Rev. T. O'Keane, C. C., of the diocese of Down and Connor, died at Ballymena, in the county Antrim, in the 27th year of his age and third of his sacred ministry.

The Rev. James Cleary, P. P., Largy, county Cavan, died in that town recently at the age of forty-seven. The deceased was a native of Crossdoney, county Cavan. He spent the greater part of his missionary labors in the parish of Whitehill, county Fermanagh, and he spent the last four years in Largy.

Father John MacDonald, the lately deceased Vicar-General, of Lancaster, Glengarry, Ontario, has been buried at St. Raphael's, Glengarry. Deceased was the oldest priest on the American continent, and died loved and revered by all who knew him. He was sixty-five years a priest, and ninety-eight years of age.

Rev. William Manning, the venerated and respected parish priest of Aughrim, died after a long illness. He was fifty years in the sacred ministry. As a proof of the high esteem in which the deceased was held, business was suspended in Aughrim and Kilconnell, on the sad intelligence having been communicated.

It will be learned with universal regret that a grand old priest of the Catholic Church, who, throughout a long and honored life, did Herculean work for the progress of the Catholic religion in England, is no more. The Very Rev. Provost Doyle, whose missionary life in the diocese of Southwark was productive of such inestimable blessings, died recently at the patriarchal age of eighty-two.

Very Rev. James Spratt, O. S. A., of the Order of St. Augustine, passed tranquilly away in the afternoon of the 6th June, at the Convent of his Order in John Street, Dublin, and happily and holily, with all the blessings of his faith, and in the companionship of his spiritual brethren, closed a career of six-and-seventy years in a peaceful and consoling death. He was an old and honored priest of the diocese of Dublin, who has ministered well and worthily in the vineyard of his Lord for nearly fifty years, and was one of the last of a race of ecclesiastics who did gallant service in their time, and most of whom have gone before him to their everlasting reward. He was born in 1803.

SISTERS.

Sister Mary Patricia, known in the world as Miss Anne Flemming, and for some thirteen or fourteen years attached to St. Peter's Female Orphan Asylum, at Wilmington, Del., died at that institution, on May 30, of consumption.

Sister Mary Benizna Morrison, who has been for twenty-five years a member of the Community of the Visitation Convent in Georgetown, D. C., died there of consumption on 8th June. She was a native of Ireland and was fifty-one years old.

Death of a Religeuse. — Sister Mary Magdalen, of the Presentation Convent, Tuam, died on the first of June. The deceased lady, who was a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kelly, of Oakmount, had been only ailing one week. For twenty years she had served her Master in the religious life.

LAY PEOPLE.

Maxwell Irwin, Esq., the father-in-law of O'Donovan Rossa, died recently at the residence of his son, T. W. Irwin, 2A, Victoria Street, Dublin. The remains of the deceased were interred at Clonakilty, county Cork.

B. O'Neill, Esq., P. L. G., Annaghmore, Coalisland, died early in May. Mr. O'Neill was for many years extensively engaged in the linen trade and his kindness, affability, and urbanity of manner made him much respected by the working classes.

Dr. David Moore, the esteemed director of the Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, Science and Art Department, Dublin, died at the Gardens on the morning of the 10th June. The learned doctor has held the position of director for upwards of forty years, and was as well known as a botanist abroad as at home.

Mrs. Mary Reilly. — It is with sincere sorrow we announce the demise of the above-named lady, widow of the late Cornelius Reilly, Esq., and cousin of Patrick Donahoe,

founder of the "Pilot," on May 28, at her residence, No. 34 Montgomery Street, corner of Madison Street, New York, at the fine old age of seventy-six. Mrs. Reilly was a native of the parish of Kilmore, county Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country in 1822. She inherited all the virtues of her race, and adorned the circles in which she moved. She was a model wife, an affectionate mother, a firm friend, a charitable woman, and a pious, earnest Catholic. Deceased leaves several sons and daughters, who were the joy and pride of her life, being a model family indeed She was for some time in failing health, but she bore her illness in a spirit of true Christian resignation, and always looked with the eagle eye of faith towards the brighter and better world she hoped soon to enter. She died peacefully, fortified with the sacraments of our holy church, and the requiem mass was chanted at old St. Mary's for the repose of her pure soul, already we hope in the bosom of her God. In Calvary Cemetery now sleep the remains of one who rests far away from the shadow of her Irish hills, and who was followed to the grave by sorrowing hundreds who mourned sincerely for departed worth. Of your charity pray for her soul. T. DEC. C.

Events of the Month.

THE pastoral ring of S. Francis de Sales, worn by him when he wrote his "Introduction to a Devout Life," has lately been discovered.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN. — There has lately died in the Stradone dispensary district of the Cavan Union, Ireland, a respectable farmer named Philip Netterfield, aged 108 years. He was in full possession of his faculties up to the hour of his death.

FATHER O'KEEFFE. — The long dispute between the Rev. Robert O'Keeffe, P P., and his ecclesiastical superiors and others, has been settled. The reverend gentleman handed over the chapel-house at Callan, the garden, and other concerns attached, to trustees acting for Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory. An allowance of £100 a year has been made to the Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe.

IRELAND AND ROME. — His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Archbishop of Armagh; the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry; and the most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, had the honor of a farewell audience with his Holiness the Pope on Corpus Christi, before their return to Ireland. The dignity of the Marquisate was conferred on Denis J. Oliver, of San Francisco (who is a Galway gentleman), at the instance of the Irish prelates.

THE Protestants of Berlin made, on May 7, a great "pilgrimage." About 800,000 persons were assembled and dispersed themselves in the cafés, drinking shops, and public houses of Berlin and its environs; there they remained until late in the night. The churches were empty; for instance, in the Church of St. Nicholas, a parish of 80,000 inhabitants, there were only twenty-five persons to listen to the preaching of the pastor, and this on the day of the great pilgrimage!

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS IN AUSTRIA. — By an order of the Educational Council of the Province of Lower Austria the practice has been resumed in all middle-class schools and training institutions, for teachers of the pupils assisting altogether at Mass on Sundays and holidays. This old-established practice was interrupted some time since, owing to the newfangled notions which came into vogue; but since the beginning of April things have returned to their traditional channel.

ROME AND RUSSIA. — The negotiations between the Russian delegate and the Vatican for arranging the *modus vivendi* have resulted in an agreement that the Pope shall in future appoint the Catholic bishops in Russia from among the ecclesiastics designated by the Czar. The Catholic Synod at St. Petersburg is to be dissolved, and the bishops will have the right of freely communicating with the Holy See after receiving the placet of the Czar. The exiled Catholic prelates are to receive amnesty.

BY an Apostolic brief, dated September 10, 1878, and lately registered in the Archives of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. grants, to all the faithful of either sex, an Indulgence of three hundred (300) days every time that with a contrite heart they shall recite the following ejaculation: "Blessed be the holy, immaculate, and most pure Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God!" This Indulgence is perpetual, and applicable by way of suffrage to the souls in Purgatory.

REIGN OF TERROR IN RUSSIA. — Six Nihilists entered the house of the Governor of Kieff, whom they gagged, and then, baring his back, gave him fifty lashes with a cane. Strange to say, no one heard or saw them, and they went away with perfect impunity when their mission was accomplished. The performances of the Nihilists are frightening the Russian officials out of their wits. They seem to be everywhere, and to conduct their business on the most perfect system. Policemen have been furnished with revolvers.

"YIH MAN LOH" (writing about things useful to be heard) is the name of a Catholic paper recently started in Shanghai. The "Yih Man Loh" deals with official, commercial, religious, philosophical, scientific, and literary matters, and it will be very instructive, not only to the Christians, but also to the heathens. It is edited by the Jesuit Fathers. The innumerable and valuable works in Chinese, edited by members of this illustrious society, leave no doubt that a new gem will be added to the well-merited crown won by them in Chinese scholarship.

THE Italian government has taken possession of the Roman Observatory, which has up to the present remained under the administration of the Vatican, as it was founded and endowed by former Popes. It was here that Father Secchi made those profound astronom-

ical investigations which gave him such rank in the world of science, and on his death Father Ferrari was appointed director of the establishment. The King of Italy has now forcibly superseded him, and given the post to Professor Tacchini, without assigning any cause for the most unjustifiable proceeding.

ONE of the leading Russian papers, the "Czar," has sent a special commissioner to the hot-bed of Nihilism, the town of Kieff, and his description of the state of affairs is almost incredible He says that the revolutionists are bold enough to walk about with a distinctive costume, consisting of a Quaker hat and a Scotch plaid thrown over the shoulders, and that they affect to go unwashed as a sign of recklessness. The female Nihilists cut their hair short, and are to be singled out by universally wearing blue spectacles. They have fixed places of public assemblage, where they discuss their plots against the government, and the police either connive at their doings or are powerless to stop them.

WONDERFUL clemency! Instructions have been given by the government not to collect the fourth quarter's tax for the maintenance of the additional police stations established on the Leitrim estates after the shooting of Lord Leitrim, "provided no further outrage is committed." It is officially reported that the district is now in a most peaceful state, and it is admitted that the tax, of which three quarters have been collected, has pressed very heavily on the poor. No doubt. In one case, where a warrant of distress had been obtained, the collector, a police constable, swore that he could find nothing to seize, and so great was the defaulter's poverty that the constable went to the nearest provision shop and bought food for the family, who were starving. Nearly time, truly, for the clemency of the government to step in.

RELIGION IN SPAIN. — From all parts of Spain our readers will rejoice to hear that the most satisfactory accounts are daily sent to us of the progress of religion. Societies for the succor of discharged prisoners, of orphans, and of poor schools, collections of Peter's Pence, young men's Catholic associations, are multiplying in every town, and Missions in the large cities. At Barcelona there were no less than 72,000 communions during the Lenten Mission in seven of the larger churches, 15,000 being the number at the last mass. The children's communions were counted by thousands; and the solemn ending of the Mission, when the Bishop's cry to heaven — *Perdon, perdon!* — was repeated by many thousands in the cathedral, touched even the most unfeeling, and can never be forgotten. We are glad to hear that the old Convent of St. Mark, at Leon, has been given to the Fathers of the pious schools, and that the Jesuits have been re-established in their own home at Loyola.

COMMEMORATION OF THE 24th OF MAY. — The Church celebrated on that day the commemorative return of Pius VII. to Rome after a captivity of five years. That Pontiff, preparing to answer by a bull of excommunication the decree of Napoleon, which arbitrarily robbed him of every vestige of his power in his own domains, declaring Rome his capital to be a free and imperial city, saw himself violently forced out of his Vatican residence, and conducted under escort to Savona and thence to Fontainebleau, where he resided until the Allies entered France as masters in 1814. It is well remembered that it was at Fontainebleau Pius VII. signed, on the 25th of January, 1813, that Concordat upon which the projects of law for the instruction of the French ministry are based. The date of Pius VII.'s return is celebrated in Rome and the States of the Church as a feast of devotion to Maria Sanctissima, specially addressed that day by her title *Auxilium Christianorum*. The town was gayly illuminated on the evening of the 24th in honor of the commemoration.

NAPOLEON. — Ireland seems to be the *bete noir* of the Bonapartes. It was an Irish-American, Miss Patterson, who brought about all the fuss over Jerome's marriage, and the consequent rupture between the great Napoleon and the Pope, the beginning of the former's downfall. It was an Irishman (Wellington) that ended the first empire, at Waterloo; and now, from his name, Carey, — evidently another, though a degenerate scion, no doubt, from his English associations, — has ruined the hopes of the race for a restoration of it by his cowardice in abandoning the Prince Imperial to the assegais of the Zulus. Probably it is all a retribution for the manner in which the first Napoleon violated the promises given to the Irish patriots of '98, when they sought the aid of France in gaining the independence of their country.

OVER forty-eight millions of shad eggs have been hatched and the shad distributed to different rivers all over the country by the United States Fish Commission. The rivers of the West and East have been stocked, and the tributaries of the Mississippi and the streams of California have been supplied. Prof. Baird is in charge of the commission, and he has shipped 50,000,000 of California salmon and many more millions of Maine salmon and lake whitefish to different States, in the past year. In a few years the operations of the United States Fish Commission will revolutionize the fish business on our coasts and rivers.

THE FASTEST ATLANTIC PASSAGE. — The arrival of the Allan Royal Mail Steamship, Sardinian, Capt. Dutton, from Liverpool, in this port, last midnight (says the "Quebec Chronicle" of June 14), is quite an event in the annals of the Atlantic steamship trade. For the first time on record, a steamship has arrived in the port of Quebec on the eighth day after leaving Liverpool, and the English mail has been landed at Quebec on the evening of the first Friday after the vessel's date of sailing from Moville. From land to land, the Sardinian was five days and twenty minutes.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN CREATED A MARQUIS. — The Pope has conferred the dignity of the marquisate on Mr. Denis J. Oliver, of San Francisco. Mr. Oliver is a native of Galway, and remarkable for his great wealth and charity.

IN the contest between Edward Hanlon, Toronto, Canada, and W. Elliot, Blyth, Northumberland, for the rowing championship of England, the Canadian rower won with comparative ease.

Notices of Recent Publications.

P. O'Shea, New York.

Lessons in Practical Science; or, A General Knowledge regarding Things in Daily Use. Prepared expressly for schools and academies, by the author of "The Neptune Outward Bound," "The Neptune Afloat," etc. A most useful book not only for schools, but for the family.

Kelly, Piet, & Co., Baltimore.

The Mystery of the Wizard Clip (Smithfield, W. Va.).

This is a history of the wonderful doings of a spirit hand and voice. It is edited by the late Rev. J. M. Finotti. The events related occurred in the early part of this century, and created great excitement at the time. There is no doubt of the events related.

The Catholic Publication Society.

"The Catholic Church in the United States; its Rise, Relations with the Republic, Growth and Future Prospects," by Rev. J. T. Hecker. This is the leading article in the "Catholic World," for July. It has been published in pamphlet form, and sold for twenty-five cents. It is written in Father Hecker's vigorous style.

Hickey & Co., New York.

Dion and the Sibyls: A Classic Christian Novel, by Miles Gerald Keon. Price twenty-five cents.

This is No. 15 of the Vatican Library. It appeared some time since in the "Catholic World." It is a book of two hundred and twenty-three pages, at the low price of twenty-five cents.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: Comprised of Tales, The Drama, Biography, Episodes in Irish and American History, Poetry, Music, Miscellany, etc. Vol. I., from January to July. This is one of the most interesting books yet published in the country. It makes a large, handsome volume, bound in green and gold, and sold for the low price of $1.50. The very best book for libraries yet published.

Peter F. Collier, New York.

Religion and Science: Their Union Historically Considered. By Maurice Ronayne, S. J.

This book treats of the calendar, the rise and character of the early Christian schools, Charlemagne and the Othos, distinguished Mediæval Scientistes, Catholic Scientists in Modern Times, Science and the Fathers of the Church, the Reputed "Martyrs" of Science, Nicholas of Cusa, Copernicus, and Galileo, Science and the Scientists.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Blessed Mother. Parts 11 and 12 have been issued together. The embellishments are superb; the frontispiece, Mary, Lily of Israel, is a beautiful picture, representing the Blessed Virgin in her early girlhood.

The Life and Acts of Pope Leo XIII. Preceded by a Sketch of the Last Days of Pius IX., and the Origin and Laws of the Conclave. Compiled and translated from authentic sources. Edited by Rev. Joseph E Keller, S. J., President of St. Louis University, St. Louis. A very interesting book, profusely illustrated. We recommend it to all our readers.

The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of His Blessed Mother. We have received the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth numbers of this splendid book. The learned Jesuit, Father Aug. J. Thebaud, has sent the following highly complimentary letter to the Rev. Richard Brennan, in reference to his "Life of Christ": —

"I am extremely thankful for the splendid present you have had the kindness to send me. The work, when finished, will be a priceless jewel; and what has already been published must attract general attention in this country. Who will not finally read the 'Life of Our Lord,' when it is offered in such an attractive and instructive form? You are conferring an immense benefit on all classes of people; for I hope that it will not be perused only by Catholics. There is not, in my opinion, any better means of reviving faith in the minds and hearts of men than the reading of this book with its most beautiful illustrations. With great respect,

"I remain, reverend dear sir,
"Yours in Christ,
"AUG. J. THEBAUD, S. J."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"IRELAND under the rule of Her Kings; or, Sovereign Ireland," is the subject of a new work by the Rev. Dr. Gowing, P. P., Kildare, in preparation for the press.

"THE Early Bardic Literature of Ireland," by M. Standish O'Grady, being an introduction to the second volume of his "History of Ireland," is announced by the Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., London.

FATHER COOKE, O. M. I., of Tower Hill, has immediately forthcoming from the press in two volumes, "Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, and Founder of the Society of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate."

MR. RICHARD DOWLING, a former editor of "Zoz," has burst into fame as a romance writer of a high order. His "Mystery of Killard," just issued, is spoken of by the critics as equal to anything from the pens of Carleton, Lover, or Banim, while some features of his writing recall the best modern authors. We are very glad of this, because Irish novel literature was losing its reputation for brilliancy, and needed a gifted mind to restore its tone.

THE centenary edition of the poetical works of Thomas Moore, edited, with memoir and notes, by Charles Kent, will be immediately published by Messrs. George Rutledge & Sons. In this edition, as in the editions of Charles Lamb and Robert Burns, issued by the same firm and under the same editorship, the works will be arranged chronologically, and the memoir — the "Athenæum" says — will be accompanied by the fac-simile of a letter addressed by Moore to Mr. Charles Kent, cordially greeting him as a brother Catholic.

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1879. No. 3.

"THE school will not be good unless it flourish under the shadow of the sacristy."—THIERS.

AMONG Catholics there should be no distinction of class: they are children of the same mother, the Church.

THERE is no worse robber than a bad book. Other robbers may spoil us of our money, but a bad book robs us of our faith, our truth, our purity of heart,—of all we value most. Young reader, beware of bad books.

"IF the Know-Nothings do not like our company, they are free to leave. We are here, and intend to stay. This is our country. We have earned a right to be here, and we will accept no grade of merit or deserving as citizens inferior to any other citizens."—THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

"LOOKING upon the general condition of Christendom, it is easy to understand why the Holy Father believes that greater calamities are in store for the nations than any that have yet befallen them, unless God hears the prayers of His Church and wash away our sins, and remedy the evils which exist."—BISHOP VAUGHAN.

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

THE cable brought very recently news of the death of Bernadette Soubirous, in religion Sister Mary Bernard, of the Convent of Sisters of Mercy and Christian Education, at Nevers. Lourdes is situated in the Department of the Upper Pyrenees, at the entrance of the seven valleys of the Lavedan, between the last undulations of the hills which bound the plain of Tarbes and the first abrupt escarpments of the great mountain range. The valley of Argelez, which Lourdes especially commands, is commonly called the "Paradise of the Pyrenees"; it is a region watered with innumerable rills, with here vivid green pastures and there bright fields of corn, and thickly overhung with woods that early in the season are white with wild cherry blooms. Like many of the Swiss vales, however, the vale of Argelez is the home of cretinism and the goitre. Under the walls of Lourdes the Saracens, flying from the fatal field of Tours, where Charles Martel slew 300,000 of them, turned vainly, and during the succeeding centuries it was repeatedly a bone of contention, especially when the English held it in the reign of Edward III. The Duke of Anjou besieged the fortress vainly and burned the town in his rage. Then he incited Gaston Phœbus, of Foix, to invite the governor, Peter Ernault, to Orthez, where it was attempted to bribe him. Ernault, however, was proof to offers and threats, when Gaston Phœbus, in exasperation, fell upon him and stabbed him in five places. "Ha, monseigneur," cried the dying man, "this is no noble behavior. You send for me and you slay me." The act of treachery, however, did not avail, for Ernault's brother still held the fortress. It was in Lourdes that, three quarters of a century ago, Napoleon shut up one of the most distinguished of the prisoners he laid his hand upon at the beginning of his war with England, — Lord Elgin. Of later

years Lourdes has been known only as a dirty and uninteresting town, destined, however, to gain lustre from an incident that might more reasonably be looked for in the Middle Ages than in the nineteenth century.

On the 11th of February, 1858, François Soubirous and Louise Casterot, his wife, poor and unlettered peasants, sent Bernadette and her sisters — there were two other children, boys — to gather wood along the bank of the Gave. Bernadette, the eldest of the children, was a girl of fourteen, not knowing how to read or write, and speaking no language but the *patois* of the region. She was small and frail, with features sunburnt, but still delicate, fine black hair, brown eyes with long lashes, and a sensitive mouth. With her and her sister went another child, the daughter of a neighbor.

Arrived near the famous grotto or cave, which is just opposite the lower extremity of the Ile du Chalet, formed by the Gave and the canal, Bernadette and her companion sat down to remove their foot-gear to cross the mill race. At that moment, though the air was still, she fancied she heard the sound of a great blast of wind; then, as it was repeated, she raised her head, and she afterward declared saw standing in the grotto, surrounded by a bright light, a beautiful woman, in a robe that fell to but did not hide her feet, with in front a blue sash tied in a knot and falling to the ground, and on her shoulders a long white veil. The apparition wore no ornaments, but held in her hand a chaplet of white beads on a chain of gold, which she was slowly telling. Bernadette essayed to cross herself, but could not raise her hand till the vision made the sacred sign. Then as the peasant girl crossed herself, the last of the beads was told and the vision vanished, after being visible to her as she thought about a quarter of an hour.

When Bernadette rejoined the other children she asked them if they had seen anything, and on being answered in the negative said she had beheld something dressed in white which she described to them, and on returning home, to her parents. Her mother forbade the child to go near the grotto again, declaring it was haunted, but two days afterwards rescinded the prohibition and let the three children make a second visit, giving them as protection against the spirits a bottle of holy water. At this visit, and again a third and a fourth, Bernadette declared that the Virgin reappeared to her and spoke. The thing being noised abroad, fully a hundred people accompanied the children at their third visit and five hundred at their fourth, and the apparition became the talk of the countryside. But none of the gazers saw anything except a ragged child kneeling in ecstasy before an excavation where she said she beheld a celestial vision.

The priests stood neutral in the matter, but one fine day, after a particularly wonderful trance, the police commissary sent for the child and questioned her for upwards of an hour. François Soubirous took her home, promising that she would cease the visits which brought an undesirably large throng to the town. Next morning, however, Bernadette made her usual journey, drawn, she said, by a mysterious and irresistible force. The vision did not appear, but next day the Virgin manifested herself, the child said, and calling her by name held a whispered conversation with her, saying as she vanished, "Go tell the priests I wish them to build me a chapel here." "She told me two things," the girl said to the crowd; "one for myself, one for the priests, and I am going to them now."

The curé, M. Peyramale, to whom she at once addressed herself, received her with coldness, and when she had accomplished her mission, asked of her, "Who was this lady you saw?"

"I do not know," Bernadette replied, "if it was the Holy Virgin, but I saw her as I see you, and she spoke

to me as you are speaking to me. And I came to tell you from her that she wishes you to build for her a chapel on the rocks of Massabielle, where she appeared to me."

"If it was the Blessed Virgin you saw," answered the curé, "ask of her some proof of her power; bid her, if she wishes the chapel built, to make the rose-tree in the cave bloom."

It was in February, when all vegetation was dead, and naturally all the faithful watched with no little anxiety the plant concerning which a sign had been asked. It did not blossom, but a few days afterwards Bernadette said: —

"I beheld the Virgin and told her what the priests bade me tell. She smiled, then commanded me to go to the extremity of the cavern, where she revealed to me a second secret. In the recess I saw nothing but the rock, and upon the ground a few blades of grass growing in the dust."

Next morning, accompanied by an immense crowd, Bernadette proceeded to the cave and knelt there. As the Virgin, she afterwards said, made an end of speaking she used these words, "Now go and drink and wash in the spring and eat of the grass that grows beside it."

As no spring or fountain had ever been known to exist in that locality, Bernadette set out for the Gave, but was checked by the apparition, which pointed to the right-hand side of the grotto, and said, "Not there, but here; the spring is here."

The child knelt down and began scooping up the sand and pebbles with her hands, and as she did so the hollow filled slowly with water till there was about a cupful in it. It was thick with sand, it was mud in fact, as she raised it to her lips, and she could not drink it, but as she did so the water trickled over the side of the small reservoir. Next day a spring was there which was fed by a constantly growing jet of water as big as a man's arm.

Such was the apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes and the origin of the wonderful spring of Lourdes, as described in a very handsome volume by M. Henri Lasserre.

In due course the Blessed Virgin had a beautiful church, rich in votive offerings, built in her honor, on the rock above the grotto. Here can be seen crutches and other articles which the lame and the blind and sufferers generally leave behind them when cured of their maladies. The fame of Lourdes spread all over the pious and sceptical world, so that it has had literally millions of visitors, and its waters have been sent to all quarters of the earth. It is only some five years since the question was raised in the United States Treasury Department whether or not they were dutiable; and a frightful murder was wrought in Mexico last winter, where a lady of rank received a box said to contain water from Lourdes, but really filled with a powerful explosive, which killed some twenty of the people who gathered in the house to see the package opened. The "Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes" are regularly published, and recount hundreds of miracles wrought on the lame, maimed, halt, and especially the blind. M. Lasserre tried them — on the recommendation of a Protestant, the present French premier, M. Waddington — and finding his eyes cured of their troublesome affection, wrote the book which really stimulated the pilgrimage and the use of the waters. The Prince of Wales, the future head of the Church of England, must be counted among the visitors to the basilica and crypt, and at his visit on the 28th of February last, His Royal Highness, according to the report in the *Annales*, "always dignified and respectful, gave evidence of sentiments of religious emotion. He said on his return that he had not expected to find in France, in this century of unbelief, a place where faith was so strikingly manifested."

When Bernadette Soubirous grew up she became a nun, and devoted

herself to teaching children and caring for the sick. Her nerves, however, were so shattered and her health was so poor that she could do but little. She remained in the distant convent of Nevers up to the time of her death

Her funeral took place on Saturday, the 19th of April, at the Convent of St Gildard. A vast concourse of people assembled to witness the burial of this remarkable religieuse. Not only was the church crowded beyond its holding capacity, but the squares and avenues leading thereto were also filled with people. The Bishop of Nevers, assisted by his Vicars General and a number of clergymen, conducted the last ceremonies. There were also present the priest who prepared Bernadette for her first communion, and representatives from several religious communities. The laity was also represented by many distinguished persons, among whom was M. Henri Lassarre, the historian of Lourdes. Before giving the final absolution, the bishop delivered a touching and eloquent funeral discourse, during which he showed considerable emotion while portraying the life and virtues of the deceased. The remains of Sister Bernadette were interred in the little chapel connected with the convent.

Writing of the death of Bernadette, M. Henri Lasserre, the last of the three who will be forever associated with Our Lady of Lourdes, says very affectingly: "God forbid we should anticipate the judgments of the Church, but we cannot forget that the Immaculate Virgin said formally to the child of her choice, 'I promise to make you happy, not here, but hereafter.' And the promise of Mary is a foundation more solid than the adamantine rock. In this world Bernadette suffered; in the other she is happy. Here upon earth she met with opposition and persecution. Everywhere and always she stood firm and immovable against the adversaries of truth, some of whom were known to man, others of whom men did not know. But over all she has triumphed with no other arms than her own innocence, and her invincible confidence in the testimony with which our heavenly Mother had charged her. Bernadette and that admirable priest, Mgr. Peyramale — like her the chosen one of Mary — shall live forever in the memory of man. For the child and the old man were engaged in the same work, and served as instruments in the hands of God to produce in our age a religious movement with which the Crusades alone can be compared. They defended the same truth, they suffered the same punishments. Every enemy of Mgr. Peyramale was necessarily also the detractor of Bernadette. May the Curé Peyramale and Sister Mary Bernard rest in the peace of the just, and remember those who are yet contending for the same cause and seeking to be inspired with the sentiments of their hearts."

THE poet Burns was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock when a wealthy merchant belonging to the town had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation. The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket, and generously presented the sailor with a two-shilling piece! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the comtemptible insignificance of the sum, but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor, "for," said he, "the gentleman is the best judge of the value of his own life."

SOLOVIEFF, attempted assassin of the Czar, was found guilty, and condemned to death. He was duly executed. It appears that he confessed his intention to become a murderer, and his disgust at the tyranny of the government.

Original.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S WORK. — ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR BOYS, NEW YORK. — THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ST. JOSEPH'S UNION.

THOMAS DE CANTILLON CHURCH.

PART I.

AN able writer recently says that one of the questions deserving the most serious attention at the present time, and upon whose wise adjustment the future of our country in no small degree depends, is that of the training of homeless children. Children are the to-morrow of society, and in every age of civilization wisdom demanded that vigilance and care should be bestowed in families, under the jealous superintendence of the government of the ancients, in the training up of children. The Greeks — fathers of European civilization — held children in reverence, and well they might, because all that is good and innocent and pure in our nature belongs to youthful humanity. The sacred writings are full of solicitude for the little ones of God, and our blessed Saviour's love for children, in inviting them to come unto him, is worthy of the world's Redeemer. The Church of God, mother of all the virtues, watches over her children from the cradle to the grave with the most devoted solicitude; and civilization owes one of its most important factors to the vigilant care bestowed by the bride of Christ on the youthful members of her fold. St. Vincent de Paul, a saintly son of a mother (the church) whose origin is divine, arose in dark and evil days, when the tide of sin and sorrow and desolation ran high in Europe, and stemmed the ungodly current, at least in one direction, by caring for the children whom he snatched from slavery, as well as those poor little ones who were abandoned by parents or guardians as callous as the evil spirit of the times they lived in. The impetus given the good work by the great St. Vincent de Paul evoked a spirit of generous rivalry amongst many of the religious orders, and even sectarians in later times sought to imitate the good example set them on all sides by the sons and daughters of our holy church. It is only in huge centres of population like the old cities of Europe and this great metropolis of the western world, New York (from which we write), that the appalling magnitude of the dangers to both soul and body existing amongst homeless and destitute children is most apparent. The "Children's Aid Society," whose headquarters are in New York, and whose ramifications honeycomb the continent, have taken every conceivable advantage of the poverty and misfortunes of the Catholic poor during the past quarter of a century, and have moved heaven and earth to add to their roll of miserable perverts. "St. Vincent's Home for Homeless Boys of all Occupations," located at 53 and 55 Warren Street, New York, which consisted originally of one building, No. 53, was started in May, 1870, by the St. Vincent de Paul Society for the purpose of feeding, clothing, and sheltering the destitute children of this huge Empire City by the sea, and also to educate them in book-learning, strengthen industrious habits, inculcate self-respect and self-reliance, all grounded on a solid religious education, and thus infuse an ambition into them of becoming something more noble and more useful than newsboys and bootblacks. The attendance was comparatively small until Father John C. Drumgoole took charge of the Home. Father Drumgoole, to use the

words of a Protestant gentleman of note, a writer in the "Springfield Republican," of April 9, 1874, is "a pleasant, genial Catholic priest, of middle age," and is full of the energy of the Celtic race. "Father John" (as he is popularly called) offered himself and his services to the Archbishop of New York — now the Cardinal Archbishop — for the mission at St. Vincent's Home, and was accepted. The good priest's life has been a series of labors for the good of humanity, and no one knowing his genial, earnest nature believes otherwise than that it was a labor of love for him to undertake what men of the world might justly deem an uncongenial, or at best a thankless work. "Father John," who looks to the bright side of human nature, and who resolved to work not for mere human applause, but in the interests of his Master in heaven, set to his task after his own solid fashion, and within a few weeks after taking charge of St. Vincent's Home in September, 1871, was under the necessity of seeking for more room to accommodate the vast number of little fellows seeking admission. When the Home was originally started only about twenty-five boys availed themselves of its privileges, but under the care of the good *Soggarth* the number of boys increased beyond the capacity of the place. and to meet the demand for enlarged accommodation, the adjoining premises, No. 55, were rented and fitted up at a cost of over $4,000 to suit its present purpose. Father Drumgoole pays the rent of this building, and assumes all the expenditures connected with the whole institution. Although much has been done, yet much more needs to be done, and will soon be accomplished in the magnificent building about being erected, and of which we will speak amply in a subsequent paper.

The office of the good father is on the third floor. His office and bedroom (both in one) open from the office of St. Joseph's Union (of which we will speak further on). Until about a year ago this apartment was used as a school-room, which was fitted up with desks, blackboards, charts, and all the appointments of a well-regulated school. Here every evening over seventy pupils, who voluntarily attended, were instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and other useful studies by highly competent teachers. Under the shadow of these old walls, where the bustle and roar of one of the best-worked offices in America challenge the admiration of visitors now, quite a number of boys have learned their first lessons, and afterward, through the influence of Father Drumgoole, secured places in offices and counting-rooms. The reception and reading room adjoins this, and is eighty-five by twenty-five feet. At the head of the stairs is a small office, where an assistant is placed in the evening to receive the money and to keep an oversight of the room. At the sides are small wardrobes for the use of the boys, in which their extra clothing and little trinkets are placed, and to which they have the key. A small library is here, consisting of about three or four hundred volumes, whose well-thumbed leaves show signs of having been read and reread. In the centre of the room is a long table, around which on wooden benches the boys gather in the evening to read and to study.

On the second floor is the dining-room, with tables and room for two hundred boys, and at the end of this toward the street was, until recently, a small room or parlor which contained the only carpet in the house, and which was used for the reception of visitors. At the other end is the kitchen, supplied with range, boilers, and all requirements of cookery. A caloric engine here keeps up the supply of water and runs two washing machines. In this kitchen everything appears in "apple-pie order," the brass on the various utensils shines brightly, and the whole scene looks cheerful and homelike. The articles of food are bought by the quantity, and are the

best, and the way in which they are served is all that could be desired, as the healthy appearance of the inmates bears testimony. For breakfast, bread, butter, and coffee, as much as they want. A good supply of meat is often furnished at breakfast, especially in the dull winter season, when children cannot afford to pay for a dinner outside, and the boys say they can work without inconvenience till supper-time, so abundant is the morning meal. For dinner, which is not so well patronized as the other meals, owing to the boys being at work in different parts of the city, soup of a good quality, or meat and bread, together with coffee. For supper, tea, molasses, and bread, and any little extra that may be convenient. It will be seen that the bill of fare does not rival Delmonico's, but to the boys it is superb. Besides there is a great argument in its favor, as will be seen by reference to the prices that are charged. Breakfast, five cents; supper, five cents; lodging, five cents; and washing free.

On the upper floor is the play-room, one hundred by twenty-five feet, fitted up as a gymnasium, with poles, bars, and rings, and which is filled every evening with the quaintest little "bits of manhood" you ever saw. At one end is a small stage with a little scenery, where entertainments are sometimes given by the boys in the house.

In the upper story of No. 55 is the chapel of the Immaculate Virgin (to whom the mission has been dedicated), which is very neatly and tastefully fitted up, and where mass is celebrated every morning, for all who may desire to attend. The main and side altars are exquisitely kept, and present a very beautiful appearance, particularly during the Holy Sacrifice, when the sanctuary is aglow with lights, and the shrines are radiant with a wealth of floral glory. The altar of the Immaculate Virgin and the little statue of our Lady of Lourdes adjoining it are the objects of special care. The boy choir, one of the best trained in the city, wed their sweet young voices to rarest music during mass, and their *repertoire* of sacred song seems so varied as to be inexhaustible. They sing at high, low, and requiem masses, and have all Faber's hymns at their "fingers' ends."

The dormitories consist of three large rooms with one hundred beds in each room. The bedsteads are of iron, each containing two beds, one over the other, like the berths of a ship. The sheets are coarse but clean, and each bed is provided with two blankets and a coverlid, and all are very comfortable. The rooms are well ventilated, having six large windows in each. There have been put up, some years ago, two fire-escapes for each room.

On cold nights the place has been overcrowded, as then, in addition to the regular boarders, come numbers who have not a cent, but who are given a bed and a breakfast. The rule is to retire at nine, and as the inmates have generally been about the streets all day, they are soon asleep, to be called before six A. M., when they must rise. Five minutes after the bell rings in the morning, a man goes around and speedily arouses those who may still be striving to "woo the drowsy god." The wash-room, with about fifty basins and towels, is on the floor below. There are three bathing-tubs for the use of the inmates, and also a long foot-bath, where a dozen boys can wash their feet at a time. After performing their ablutions they go down to breakfast, and then are off to their work for another day. A sewing-room is in full swing, and here thousands of quilts, sheets, and shirts have been already turned out. It is Father Drumgoole's wish that each boy shall have two shirts, otherwise it would be impossible for them to keep clean.

Hundreds of men call here annually for food and lodging, and although the place is not designed for them, yet they are not turned away. Father Drumgoole is spoken of, by all who know him intimately, as a man whose heart

is open as day to melting charity. He calls the poor, wicked, and degraded of the city his "congregation," his "flock," and desires them all to come and see him. After saying one day that he wanted all the "hard cases," he was visited by a young man who said, "Father, I hear from one of your boys that you want some of the 'hard cases' to call and see you. Well, you can't find a harder case in the city than I am. I wish to put myself under your care." It appeared from the conversation that ensued that he had over twenty boys in his care, training them up as pickpockets, — in fact, was a young "Fagin." He went into the evening school, was interested, came again the next night and told Father Drumgoole that he was going to lead an honest life if he could. He was constant in attendance, and forsook his former comrades and mode of life. Through the efforts of the reverend father, a situation at small pay was procured for him. Although one of the poorest of the poor, not receiving one quarter of what he formerly got dishonestly, and that little by hard work, he yet says, "I'll work the fingers off my hand, but I'll be an honest man in the future. God bless Father Drumgoole!" Hundreds of anecdotes, all illustrative of the great good which this charity is quietly working, might be told, but our space forbids.

In summer the boys spend a portion of their time on the roof, which is fenced round and protected from the fierce rays of the sun by awnings, and from which a magnificent view of the North River, until it laves the dim rim of the horizon, backed by the New Jersey hills, is obtained. The children attend school daily, under the supervision of the Christian Brothers, at their famous school close by, on Church Street.

The Earl of Rosebery, on his visit to this country in 1873, visited this institution and was greatly pleased. The young nobleman, who is much interested in charitable and educational institutions, visited all such in New York and the adjoining cities. He visited St. Vincent's Home without making himself known. Two weeks after he called again and introduced himself by handing Father Drumgoole his card, saying that he had not forgotten the warm reception the good father gave him on his former visit, when he was yet unknown to him. "Father," said the young earl, "before I left the house this morning I resolved to pay you a visit before my return to England." One of the inmates attracted his notice at the time, and was educated at St. Francis Xavier's College, Sixteenth Street, New York, at the earl's expense, for some years. The following sketch of the ancestry of the Earl of Rosebery will interest our readers: Archibald Philip, fifth Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Rosebery and Inverkeithing, and Lord Dalmeny. Born in 1847. His father, Lord Dalmeny, died in 1851, and his mother (a sister of Earl Stanhope the historian, better known in this country under his earlier title of Lord Mahon) afterwards married the Duke of Cleveland. The Earl of Rosebery succeeded to the titles and estates of his grandfather, the fourth earl, in 1868, when he was but twenty-one years of age, and entered the House of Lords. He there distinguished himself at once, and in 1872 was made chairman of the Lord's committee on the important question of the breed and supply of horses in Great Britain. His report, published in 1873, gives evidence of great industry, and is regarded as an authority on the subject of which it treats. Lord Rosebery was a member also of the Committee on Education for Scotland, in which country his principal estates lie, and where his parental line is derived. He is a pronounced Liberal in politics, and was a strong supporter of Mr. Gladstone. The earl, as may be seen, is a young man, who himself was left an orphan at an early age, and now, since he has come of age, is doing a great deal to

relieve human misery. What a contrast between his life and that of the Marquis of Hastings, a young man who squandered a princely fortune on the turf, and brought a noble family to an end by his death, a few years ago! The earl takes a deep interest in Father Drumgoole's good work of saving youth from temporal and spiritual ruin, and corresponds regularly with the reverend gentleman. We give the following letter from the good-hearted nobleman to Father Drumgoole, written on the eve of the earl's return from New York to England. It bespeaks a noble heart, and a generous, charitable soul: —

BREVOORT HOUSE, Dec. 17, 1873.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I cannot get away to say good by to you to-day, but I must in the first place send my address to you, "2 Berkeley Square, London, W.," that you may write and tell me how your good work is getting on and how Pat [his young *protége*] is progressing, and what money from time to time you want for him. And in the second place I must express my thankfulness to have been brought face to face with you and your noble work. I have never left you or your house, without feeling better for it, and without feeling that I had got an insight into a higher and holier life than men are generally privileged to lead, or indeed capable of leading. I hope you may long be spared for it, and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you and your institution prospering and strengthening, every year, more and more.

God bless you, if that may be said without presumption to you from

ROSEBERY.

THE REV. FATHER DRUMGOOLE,
53 Warren Street, New York.

No wonder that Father Drumgoole felt encouraged by this manly letter. The devoted priest worked day and night at his post. He issued his pamphlets advocating "The Rights of Homeless Children," and showing the duty of the people towards them; his annual reports were always welcomed by the press, who did all in its power to cheer on the pastor; whilst his appeal to the charitable was couched in earnest words like these: "To save thousands of the friendless little fellows from spiritual and temporal ruin, we must have houses to receive them, where they can support themselves by their own industry, and be taught their duty to God and their neighbor. To do this, a large mission-house must be built. There is scarcely a noble-hearted, charitable man, who reflects upon the importance of the work, that would refuse a small portion of his means to save these little creatures from destruction, as by so doing they would sanctify the remainder of their wealth, and bring down upon themselves and their families the blessings of Heaven." Men felt that Father John was the right man in the right place. Full of zeal, a devoted, zealous, pious clergyman, a philanthropist of the truest type, charitable to a fault, with a heart overflowing with pity for little children, like unto his Master's heart, his appeals evoked warm responses from many of the citizens of the Empire City. On Nov. 30, 1875, at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, New York, the Charity Bazaar and Concert, long contemplated by Father Drumgoole, took place, and was a decided success, despite the interference of petty city officials. It was one of the crowning triumphs of the cause of the homeless child in the great city, and did credit to humanity. As early as seven o'clock, the hall was literally jammed, and it is supposed to accommodate, in a crowded state, between nine and ten thousand persons. Not only was the hall itself filled, but all the spacious apartments in the large building, the broad corridors, the vast galleries, all the passages and balconies, the ample rooms, and even the very entries and basement, were densely packed with people eager to witness the proceedings. Even on the outside, the scene that presented itself surpasses description. Multitudes of men and women were to be seen in all directions; Fourteenth Street, one of the widest streets in New York, was so crowded, from Third to Fourth Avenue, at a quarter past eight o'clock, that all traffic was stopped. There was a continual stream of people going and coming all the time along the various streets

and avenues, notwithstanding the fact that the night was an intensely cold one; and it is safe to say that a larger or more respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen never met together before in New York City. So great was the outpouring of the people that it assumed all the appearance of a triumphant ovation in behalf of the poor, homeless children of New York, and fully manifested the deep sympathy that found its way to the hearts of all classes of the community. It was remarked by everybody that the good order preserved on the occasion, both within and without, was most astonishing, notwithstanding the multitudes of people present. It was estimated by good authority that there were from 35,000 to 45,000 in and around the Assembly Rooms during the evening. Disinterested ladies and gentlemen rallied round the Bazaar, not alone in New York, but also in Brooklyn, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and many other cities in the Union. The press and the people of New York did their parts splendidly, and the Bazaar was a brilliant success.

During this time, Father Drumgoole, smarting under the limited accommodation for his boys, and anxious to extend his sphere of usefulness, had in contemplation the establishment of St. Joseph's Union (of which we will write fully in our next paper), for the erection of the First House of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Let us hear himself, as he sketches the great work of his life: "As the intention of St. Joseph's Union is to protect homeless and destitute children from falling a prey to their enemies, who want to exile them and rob them of the precious treasure of their holy faith, no matter how far the members of St. Joseph's Union will be from New York, with this feeling in their hearts they will sympathize with the poor children and do their utmost for their welfare, and readily contribute the small sum of twenty-five cents to establish the first house of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin in the City of New York, where these children will be admitted and taught honest habits of industry and self-reliance, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of a virtuous Christian family, where they will learn their duty to God and their neighbor, and be prepared to take their place in society, in due time, as honest, industrious, intelligent, and law-abiding citizens. This Mission House would also serve as a labor bureau, where young men or women wishing employment might report. Thus members of the Union in any part of the country, in need of help for themselves or reliable friends, might have them sent on without delay. Thus thousands of our youth can be provided with good situations in Catholic families, where they will meet with Christian kindness, and enjoy all the blessings and consolations of our holy religion."

The aims and spirit of the charity at St. Vincent's Home cannot be better expressed than in the language made use of by Father Drumgoole to Commissioner of Charities, Wm. P. Letchworth, who quoted them in terms of warm and generous approval in his Annual Report for 1876, transmitted to the Legislature in Albany: —

"The object of the Home is to care for little children, to bring them up and do for them what an humble parent will do for his children, help them until they are able to help themselves. We give them an opportunity to cultivate a spirit of self-reliance and honest industry, and prepare the boy to take his place in society as an upright, honest, industrious, and self-supporting man.

"We take in any one, black or white. My idea is to keep a boy till he is able to earn $6.00 a week. Then I think he is fitted to pay his way in a respectable boarding-house, and he will have to graduate from here.

"I have a great many boys for whom I have got situations; they come to me to confession. Some of

the worst cases that had ever been in the city were with me, and have turned out as good citizens as we have. Some of the boys who had almost been a terror in the city, are now holding respectable situations, and would not go back to their former life for any consideration.

"Of course, with Catholic children, the Sacraments of the Church have a great effect. They are taught that they must live well and be faithful to all their relations to God and their neighbor. We keep for them whatever money they get. Some of the little fellows have saved as much as $70.00 or $80.00. I encourage them to save their money; I do not have a savings bank in the house, but I have about twenty boys in the house that have bank-books. I have about two hundred inmates. [The number now exceeds three hundred.] In a few weeks, we expect to have about two hundred and forty or two hundred and fifty; last winter we had that number, and some days more. I was obliged to have some of them sleep on the benches in the cold weather. Had I means, I have no doubt I could have thousands of children around me, of that class.

"I think it is really our fault that they are not better. Their condition is owing to our own neglect. The little fellows are very easily controlled and brought under religious influence.

"I have over fifty children here under nine years of age. I get attached to them. The boys are healthy, fine little fellows, they are well inclined, and I am trying to do something for them in the way of covering them. All they want is kind words and kind acts to bring them up and make them an honor to the country.

"The very mention of the name of their parents to some of these little fellows often makes them grow pale with fear. I find that there is one thing that they possess when prepared for the Sacraments, and that is a horror of the state from which they have been rescued.

"Sunday mornings I lecture to them; all the boys that have no homes I look upon as my congregation. I say to them they ought to be very thankful that God has sent them a priest here to care for them; that if they were princes our Lord could do no more for them than to provide a chaplain to attend to all their spiritual wants, and that I want them to tell all the little homeless boys, especially all the 'hard cases,' to come, that they are part of my congregation, and I am their chaplain. The boys, one day, met a street lad down town, whom they said was a 'hard case'; they said to him that he ought to go to Father Drumgoole. The boy said, 'No; he would not be willing to let me in.' 'Yes, he will,' said the boys; 'he told us the other day that he wanted all the hard cases to come, — that he was their chaplain.' The boys brought him in and came to me and said, 'Here, Father, is a hard case.' The boy said, 'Father, if you take me in hand, I'll try to be a good boy, but if it is a hard case you want, you never could scare up a harder one than I am.' He was taken in and prepared for First Communion. He fully carried out his promises, and that boy now holds a very responsible position in the city of New York.

"I tell the boys that they ought to take great pride in the fact that they are American citizens. If they are only faithful to God, they must be faithful citizens.

"When the little fellows get under the influence of religion, it is extraordinary how it restrains them from wrong-doing. A little boy came to me one time and said, 'Father, I was down to the market and I saw a gentleman's pocket-book hanging out of his pocket, and I was so tempted to steal it; but I thought of what you had told me on Sunday about hell, and I did not take it.' Another will come and say, 'I was down town on yesterday and a market-woman went away and asked me to take care of her little money-box, and while she

was away I was going to make a dive at it, but just then I recollected what you told us, and would not. Father, I kept my hands off, and I stayed there; and when the woman came back, she gave me ten cents for taking care of the box.'

"If I had the means, I would not be afraid to undertake to turn out hundreds of reformed children every year, that cannot be reached in any other way. I have little theatricals for the boys to amuse themselves with during the winter evenings. Lord Rosebery, an English nobleman who came here to see me, and took a great interest in the work, seemed quite pleased with this feature of it. He said, 'You have the theatre to capture the little fellows' bodies, and then you have your chapel to capture their souls.' We get a great many children from poor widows who have four or five children on their hands. I have known them to have as many as eight, and no way to support them but by going out to work. They leave home about seven o'clock in the morning. The oldest of the family, nine or ten years of age, has to stay at home to take care of the younger ones; they run about all day, learn bad habits, and imbibe bad morals. I want a place for these poor women's children, where they may remain till their mothers come for them in the evening, where I may have the assistance of the Sisters, who can take charge of them. Then we will be able to bring up a superior class of children. Protestants, who number some of our warmest friends, even now come here and say, 'I want one of your boys.'"

Verily, Father John C. Drumgoole is the John Howard of our day.

In our next paper we will show how the ambition of the good priest's life will soon be fulfilled, through the medium of St. Joseph's Union.

BLESSED is the rich relation who never looks down on you — when you are in the gutter.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

HOMER was a beggar. Terence, the dramatist, was a slave. Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill. Lee, the poet, died in the street. Cervantes died of hunger. Spenser died in want. Dryden lived in poverty and distress. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings. Butler lived a life of penury and died poor. Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress. Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger. Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with all. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of £40. The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15 at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity. Camoens, the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad," the great Portuguese epic, ended his days, it is said, in an almshouse, and at any rate was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for him.

"SECRET and oath-bound societies are regarded with horror by the Church. The popes have at various times condemned these societies, and excommunicated all belonging to them or in any way aiding or abetting them. No one can be a member of these forbidden societies and of the Catholic Church at the same time." — *Bishop McQuaid.*

THE SISTERS' FAIRIES.

The Catholic Children's Magazine.

"DID you ever see a fairy, Ada?"

A fairy! what a question, when for Ada Harewood there was a fairy in every branch, every pearly dewdrop was a fairy's eye, and every whispering of the lazy wind was the rippling of a fairy voice!

Ada Harewood closed her dark eyes, and thought a moment, then reopening them wearily, replied with another question, —

"Why do you ask me, Alice?"

"Because I want to know," was the half-impatient but quite natural response.

Ada began to perceive that there was something of serious import in the tone and look of her sister, and was at once aroused.

"Has anything occurred to vex you, Alice?"

"Yes and no," was the perplexing answer. "The truth is, Ada, I am tired, and — and — a little vexed. But don't mind it, dear. After tea I shall be my old self again."

Poor, pale, dreamy Ada kissed the flushed cheek of her sister, and remained silent until Alice had prepared the only meal the orphans shared together.

Alice was hard at work all day, and Ada, being weak and ill, was obliged to lie wearily watching the return of her faithful companion. Alice was fourteen, Ada twelve, and children though they were in years, they were little women in experience and love for each other. Their only remaining parent had been dead about a year, during which time Ada's health had failed, and for all these weary months the brave little Alice had continued to hold the place, vacated by her mother, in the millinery establishment of Madame Villars. To be sure, to Alice was given only the inferior work indoors, and the labor of bringing home parcels that might be wanted in a hurry, or require special care. Being but thinly clad, she shrank from treading the bleak streets; she made, however, no objections, for she dreaded losing her place, knowing that upon her labors depended the sustenance of her sister.

The sisters lived with an old woman, a relative of their deceased father, who was the proprietress of a moderately respectable lodging-house, and made a merit of bestowing upon them the little room that served all their purposes, and for which they were most grateful.

"Now for a chat," said Alice, with as much brightness as she could assume, for she saw that Ada looked unusually grave.

The modest tea-service being removed, and Ada's chair drawn nearer to the scanty fire, with her head on Ada's lap, Alice repeated her question, —

"*Did* you ever see a fairy, Ada?"

"I see beautiful, beautiful things sometimes," said Ada slowly. "I see diamonds and pearls in what you call icicles and drops of rain. I also see" — but suddenly checking herself — "but why do you ask me this, dear?"

"Because, because — If, O Ada, if fairies are the beautiful things you say, I saw one to-day Your fairies make you happy, mine did not; instead of that she made me sad. Yet how lovely she was!"

"Where was it, Alice? What was she like. Did she speak. What did she say?"

"There, dear, I'll tell you all about it. Madame Villars sent me to Park Street with a parcel to Lady Western. I did not want to go, today was so cold, and you know, dear, it was only last night we were regretting the decay of my boots." Ada sighed, but Alice smiled, and went on more pleasantly. "Madame Villars was very kind. 'I am sorry for sending you out, Alice,' she said. 'the weather is so severe; but Lady Western is most anxious about her little daughter's dress, in honor of whose birthday a fête is being arranged. You are to wait till it is tried on, so

that, if any alteration be required, it may be completed in time.' O Ada, what a grand house! The hall alone is larger than this whole house, if there were nothing between the four walls — no rooms, I mean. I told the man in livery I was from Madame Villars, and he brought me into such a lovely room, with a clear, bright fire burning in a beautiful grate. After a little, another servant came and took my parcel, and kindly told me to stay near the fire while I waited. I was alone for a long time, and I looked at everything. There were large dishes of delicious fruit on a side-table, and I longed for even one apple to bring you; and then the toys that lay about in every direction, some broken, the least of which would be enough to amuse you during these long, dreary days. And, oh, if you could only get a glimpse of the picture books, Ada! Oh dear!" And Alice sighed.

Ada's lips quivered, though she said hastily, —

"But the fairy, dear Alice."

"Oh, yes," and Alice's face brightened, "I had hardly done looking at all, when I heard a voice say, 'Let Williams bring the little girl up, my love.' 'Oh, no, mamma, I'll go to her.' And the door opened, and — and — O Ada, I wish you had seen her. She was just going out to a children's party; her maid was waiting for her. Oh, she did look a real fairy, — her golden hair falling about her face, the silk tassel of her burnouse resting on her shoulder, she held her fan in one hand, a bouquet of lovely flowers in the other. Such large, deep-blue eyes, just like yours, but — but — oh, my poor Ada," and Alice's voice faltered, "how different her healthy, happy face!" Alice ceased with a burst of tears.

The weak Ada had not found voice to comfort her, when she started up. "What a goose I am," she said with a smile, "to cry about my fairy; but I must hurry, dear. I promised Madame Villars to take the dress home again. It is a beautiful white shimmering satin, and trimmings — I could not describe to you. It wanted just a little change, and Lady Western, who expressed herself pleased with my care of it, asked me to take it back to Madame Villars, saying she would call herself afterwards, and have the necessary alterations made. My fairy also spoke to me, and smiled so delightfully that — that —"

"That you ought to have been as happy as you deserved to be," said Ada in a low voice.

"No, it all made me very, very sad, so sad that I cried all the way back to Milver Street. O Ada, if I had but money enough to buy you some of these pleasures! If I could earn enough to pay a doctor for curing you! All these things were in my heart, and when I returned, Madame Villars looked alarmed at my red eyes, and asked me so many questions, so kindly, that I could not help telling her all. But I must go, dear. I'll be back in half an hour; Madame Villars does not like to trust any one else with this dress of — of my fairy's." She finished with a hollow little laugh.

An hour had passed away, and Ada was dreaming where Alice had left her. She roused herself, and wondered that Alice had not returned. Half an hour passed. Ada grew painfully anxious. Another half-hour, and Ada called distractedly to the deaf old woman. The door opened and Alice rushed in breathless, and sinking on her knees, she rested her head in her old favorite position.

"Oh, my Ada, my Ada! Lady Western asked Madame Villars about me, and she told her what she had heard from me, by chance, to-day. She will pay Madame Villars to take us both into her house. I am to learn millinery, you are to be under a doctor's care till you are cured." It was true, Lady Western had felt the utmost compassion for the modest, shivering child, for whom her daughter conceived at once a strong affection, and on gathering the details of Alice's heroic efforts to sustain her

orphan sister, she made the proposal just mentioned to Madame Villars, who eagerly furthered her charitable intentions. Ada soon grew as strong as ever, and Lady Western was so pleased with their progress that she gave the sisters the option of remaining at the establishment of Madame Villars, or of joining Lady Western's household They preferred the latter, and were treated more as companions than as servants by the kind lady and her amiable daughter.

In years after, Ada casually mentioned, one night, the notions of her childhood. "All good things looked so lovely in my eyes," she said, "that they seemed unreal. Consequently, I grew into the habit of calling them fairies. I have since found that the real name of my fairies was nature."

"There was no unreality about mine," said Alice, looking lovingly at Miss Western, who laid down the book she was reading, "the name of *my* fairy was LOVE."

CARDINAL MANNING'S BENEVOLENCE. — I remember Cardinal Manning once saying that he kept his eye on the reports of police cases, morning by morning, and that every Irish name which figured there gave him a pang of pain. Of course that pain is alleviated when his Eminence can make the presence of any of his wandering flock in the prisoner's dock the occasion of their restoration to Christian virtue, as was probably the case at the Middlesex assizes the other day. A more touching and a more apostolic sight has not been witnessed for many a day than that which presented itself when the Cardinal drove down to the Court to claim as one of his spiritual children a poor woman whom the jury had found guilty of a trivial theft, but whom Sergeant Cox was unwilling, in face of the excellent testimonies given to her in the past by various employers, to send back to prison. In his difficulty he sent Cardinal Manning a letter, which the Prelate surprised him by replying to in person. His Eminence arranged for the woman's removal to the Home at Finchley, and possibly thus rescued a soul that might otherwise have been lost. This is a shepherd indeed who knows his sheep and is known by them. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

NEVER SPEAK ILL OF A WOMAN.

THE following admonition should be read by young men and not a few old ones. Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at any improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think to be untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community, men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated when it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory of a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman. Your mothers and sisters are women, and as you have their fair name untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderous bitter tongue, heed the ill your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

A PHILOSOPHER says there is something inexpressibly sad about the music of a church organ — while the collection is being made.

Original.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

REV. THOMAS NUGENT.

"THOSE fair angels, saintly, wise, light-hearted,
Whose smile made pure the very air you breathed,
And who at parting—for we all have parted—
Sweet, sanctifying memories bequeathed."

FEW persons now living remember the extraordinary sensation caused, seventy-five years ago, by the conversion of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Seton to the Catholic faith. Her position in society was so exalted, and the escutcheon of her virtues so far removed from the possibility of being tarnished by the most malevolent enemy, that her defection from the Protestant Episcopal Church dealt that institution a blow under which it staggered for years.

The difficulties which beset the path of the youthful widow, the neglect and even undisguised enmity with which her relations treated her and her fatherless children, might have broken a spirit less unbending and courageous than her own. But the only effect such treatment produced on the noble young convert was to give an additional impetus to her zeal, and a confirmation, albeit needless, which set at rest all doubts which might have been entertained regarding the important and decisive step which she had taken. She had crossed the Rubicon, and "come weal, come woe," she determined not to shrink from the responsibilities of her new position.

Her predilection for a religious life was marked and decisive from the beginning Conversion was but the first step in her career. There was a crown awaiting her in the distance which she determined to win, but before this wish of her heart could be gratified, many a stumbling-block and obstacle must be encountered. Under the most favorable circumstances the formation of a religious community, which Mrs. Seton seems to have always contemplated, is an arduous work; in the nascent condition of American Catholicity, it was a task truly herculean. But Mrs Seton was possessed of a quiet determination and unflinching confidence in God which erased from the "bright lexicon" of her zeal "such a word as fail." Three years after her conversion she opened an unpretending boarding-school for young ladies in the vicinity of Emmetsburg, Md. The structure was a log-hut, rough and uncouth, but the gilded ceilings of a palace never sheltered nobler or more disinterested hearts than beat beneath that humble roof in the Maryland valley. And when we remember what glorious streams, mirroring purest charity, have flowed from that hidden fountain, we can understand what a halo of holy romance surrounds that quiet nook in St. Joseph's Valley.

The subsequent story of the foundation and establishment of the Sisters of Charity in this country, being so closely interwoven with the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, is known to all. How the fame of Mrs. Seton's virtues attracted towards her a circle of young girls, noble and zealous as herself; how they formed themselves into a religious community and in 1810 were assimilated to the celebrated Congregation of Charity in Europe; how the influence of that quiet community in the Maryland valley permeated many a Catholic home, and diverted into a heavenly channel the affections of many an Irish and American girl; how the prophetic

words of Bishop Cheverus, addressed to Mrs. Seton when she had determined to found a religious order, were so wondrously verified, "I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Christ and teaching by their evangelical lives and pious instructions how to serve God in purity and holiness," — all this has been told, lovingly and often. It will be the brightest page in the Catholic history of America.

Forty years after Mrs. Seton's conversion, gold was discovered in El Dorado County, California. Despite every effort to conceal it, the news of this wondrous "find" spread from mouth to mouth and created the wildest gold, fever excitement ever experienced in any quarter of the world. The husbandman, the clerk, the lawyer, every one held his breath as the exaggerated accounts of such fabulous wealth reached their ears. Erelong a grand rush was made for the Pacific slope. Interminable trains of emigrant wagons filed across the plains and deserts, gathering, like a mountain torrent, fresh accessions as they approached their destination; eyes, flashing with the fever of avarice, gazed towards the setting sun, that sank into a land bright and glorious as itself; from the decks of overcrowded steamers countless faces, now pale with concentrated expectation, now flushed with devouring excitement, were turned towards the El Dorado of many a weird dream. San Francisco, then but a collection of shanties fringing the sand shore of the Pacific, was the landing-place of this heterogeneous crowd. Around the bay a city sprang up, as if by the touch of a magic wand, and a hurrying, maddened multitude thronged its primitive streets, and held high carnival in its dens of infamy and vice. Amidst such a people, devoured by a single passion, lawlessness reigned supreme. The unoffending were trampled upon; death, under every hideous form, hovered above the crowd; cholera lent its aid to thin the ranks of the pioneers; and soon the question suggested itself to Bishop Alemany, What should be done with the homeless orphans? Their ranks were swelled with alarming rapidity, and in the wild, frenzied shout for gold, the cries of the outcasts were swallowed and unheard. About this time, Bishop Alemany of Monterey, the spiritual representative of the "golden shore," was summoned to attend the second Plenary council of Baltimore. While present at its deliberations, the cry of the orphans, homeless and perishing on the far-away Pacific coast, was continually in his ears. He took counsel, and was advised to apply at Emmetsburg for the Sisters of Charity. Though the community was scarcely able to supply the calls for their assistance in the Eastern States, Bishop Alemany succeeded in extracting the promise that a few of the sisters would be sent to San Francisco. Meanwhile a meeting had been held in that city, and as soon as the Bishop had announced his success at Emmetsburg, a society was formed which took the name of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum and Free School Association of San Francisco. The object of this society was to found and supply the means for maintaining institutions under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

On July 4, 1852, five sisters left New York, on board the steamer "Ohio," and set out for San Francisco. Their names, which are inscribed in golden letters on the bright scroll of God's heroines, were Sister Mary Francis, Sister Buckley, Sister McKay, Sister Doyle, and Sister Williams.

For the most rugged and vigorous, the voyage, at that time, was one of great inconvenience and hardship; for the sisters, young and delicate girls fresh from their quiet and religious homes, the prospect was most uninviting. On their ears, attuned to the chanted praises of their God, many a coarse and blasphemous expression fell; but they walked unscathed

through the heterogeneous crowd. No doubt the sight of their pure, gentle faces and winning, modest ways softened the heart of many a rugged fellow-voyager. No incident worthy of particular mention occurred until they were journeying across the Isthmus of Panama. The sisters were mounted on mules, and in the confusion and hurry, one of the animals, on which the younger of the sisters was seated, wandered from the main body of travellers, and lost its way amidst the hills. When the mishap was noticed, a general search was made, but all efforts to trace the lost sister were unsuccessfull. Night threw its sable pall over the scene, and added to the horror of the situation. As the remaining four sisters, heartbroken at such an early and terrible misfortune, encamped for the night, they heard the roar of wild beasts reverberating in the distance, and their hearts were chilled with fear at the thought of the awful fate which their companion must meet. Sister Mary Francis, under whose charge the little band of devoted heroines was placed, after having exhausted every earthly remedy for the recovery of the poor wanderer, knelt down in the darkness of the night, and besought God to restore to her the sister who was lost, and take to himself instead any two members of her little community. The sequel will show how literally her petition was granted.

On the following day, a short time before noon, the sisters were astonished and delighted to see their companion, still seated on the now thoroughly exhausted mule approach from one of the defiles of the mountains. They had wandered amid the hills during the night, and the sister had no worse mishap to complain of than very natural and excessive fatigue. Scarcely had they ceased expressing their gratitude for this manifest interposition of Providence, when a whisper was passed around that blanched many a cheek with deathly pallor. The Panama fever — fit companion of cholera and "yellow Jack" — had made its appearance. The Sister of Charity, as Gerald Griffin says,

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapor of death,"

was at home with such scenes. When the fever storm had swept past, marking its devastating path by a line of suggestive mounds, there were only three sisters remaining; two were sleeping in the quiet graves of Panama. *They* had already reached the true "golden shore." The prayer of Sister Francis had been heard.

Amongst the victims of the fever scourge was a young mother, who was on her way to join her husband in California. As the shadow of death was sweeping towards her, she bethought herself of her child, who was weeping by her side, The Sisters of Charity had tended her during her illness, had

"taken heed
Of seething brain and burning brow and hearts that bleed."

And who could fill her place as mother better than those gentle angels? Cheerfully did the good sisters undertake the congenial task, and the last object that met the filmy eyes of the dying mother was the figure of her child encircled by the sheltering arms of the Sisters of Charity. Thus they had begun their work of mercy long before they reached their destination.

On August 18, 1852, the sisters entered the Golden Gate. As the steamer swept up to the landing-place, a deputation of prominent citizens stepped forward to greet the sisters, and conduct them to their future home. This was an unpretending building which the Orphan Association had constructed in anticipation of the sisters' arrival. The latter immediately entered on the discharge of their duties, and their quiet bearing and gentle loving manners were not long in winning the warmest sympathy of all. When more extensive accommodations were needed, all classes co-operated in raising the necessary

funds, and two years after the arrival of the sisters, a spacious brick building was erected for them at a cost of $24,000. As the number of orphans kept pace with the wonderful increase of population, even this building was soon found insufficient for its purpose At this juncture an Irish-American gentleman, the late Timothy Murphy, donated a farm of three hundred acres in the vicinity of San Rafael, where an asylum was hastily erected for the accommodation of the male orphans. The efforts of the Sisters of Charity were eminently successful from the beginning, and so directly had the influence of their noble work gone to every heart, that persons of every religious sect felt honored by being allowed to co-operate in the good work so unostentatiously effected by the dark-robed daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

In 1866 a spacious building, called the Orphans' Home, was erected on Market Street, costing about $55,000. In the same year an Infant Shelter and a Lying-in Hospital were erected at Silver Terra, South San Francisco, and a much-needed Infirmary established in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Church, Market Street. Schools were opened in the city, and met with the most flattering success. The demands for more of the sisters became so frequent that an institution, subordinate to the Mother House at Emmetsburg, was opened in Los Angeles, and thus young ladies wishing to join the community could prepare themselves without the inconvenience of journeying to Maryland. Prosperity crowned every effort of the good sisters. Like the blood of the martyrs, the sacrifice of the two heroines in Panama nourished the wonderful growth of the community on the Pacific coast As soon as their buildings were enlarged, troops of orphans were at hand to occupy them, and still more extensive accommodations must be provided. To meet this ever-increasing demand, a site was purchased at Hunter's Point, outside the city of San Francisco, and in 1874 a magnificent building was erected, capable of accommodating nearly 2,000 children. The dimensions of this structure are 204×282 feet, and it includes an open court 80×144 feet. This, probably the finest building in San Francisco, is situated on a commanding eminence, from which can be obtained a glorious view of the beautiful bay and the surrounding country. This institution cost upwards of $300,000, and is a princely tribute as well to the angelic virtues of the Sisters of Charity as to the noble-hearted generosity of the Californian people.

In the city of San Francisco, the Sisters of Charity have under their charge two Orphan Asylums, affording shelter to over six hundred children, and a number of schools for girls and young boys; in San Rafael, a Male Orphan Asylum, containing over three hundred and fifty inmates; schools at Petaluma, Oakland, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, and Los Angeles, besides a hospital and other charitable institutions in the latter city.

The labors of the children of St. Vincent de Paul on the Pacific coast were not confined to the State of California. When the mining excitement was at its height in that State, rich ore was discovered east of the Sierras, and soon Nevada leaped into prominence as the new El Dorado. On the southeastern plateau of Mt. Davidson, under whose shadow was discovered the richest "lode" that the world has ever seen, the foundations were laid, in 1851, of what has since developed into Virginia City.

Like San Francisco in its rise, Virginia City was quickly flooded by the sun of an unequalled prosperity. In the generous beams of this ephemeral luminary, gamblers, pimps, and Bohemians of every *genre* are wont to bask. Soon the city had its quota of orphans, and the Catholic clergyman, then a zealous and indefatigable young missionary, and now the best respected and perhaps most influential gentleman in Nevada, applied for the aid

of the Sisters of Charity. He succeeded in inducing a few of them to accompany him to what was then a *terra incognita*. A temporary building was erected on the outskirts of the city, and the sisters lost no time in taking charge of the orphans awaiting them. This simple building was the nucleus of the handsome structure that has since been erected at a cost of over $100,000. Besides sheltering over one hundred and fifty orphans, it affords an opportunity for the education of hundreds of children. The inhabitants of the city, as generous as they were uncultivated, were not slow to appreciate the work of the gentle spirits laboring in their midst. They were ever willing to aid whatever project was considered necessary for the needs of the sisters. This happy state of things was attributable, in no slight degree, to the influence of the sister in whose charge the Orphan Asylum was placed. Her name is not only respected, but loved, throughout the entire State of Nevada, and surely God's world contained few nobler or more generous hearts than hers. Whoever had a story of misery or unhappiness was sure to pour it into the sympathizing ear of Sister F——. Her hand was as open as her heart was generous, and the Searcher of secrets alone knows how often Sister F—— poured the oil of sympathy into the wounds of sorrow. Hers was exactly the nature to magnetize the rude but essentially generous hearts of the miners, and there is probably not one to-day of those who crowd the streets of Virginia who would refuse to do any earthly service for the gentle and noble-hearted sister who presides over the Orphan Asylum and schools. When a storm of fire swept over the town a few years ago, and every one was intent on saving what he could, the Episcopal Bishop Whittaker ordered the firemen, who were striving to save his residence, to desist, with the remark, "Let that go! Save the Sisters' Asylum!" And when his own church was being licked by the devouring element, he was foremost amongst the crowd that succeeded in preserving intact the home of the orphans. This institution numbers amongst its patrons the best and noblest of the "bonanza kings." The outside world hears of him most frequently as the daring, unscrupulous stock manipulator, whose word can enrich or beggar thousands, as he wills; but those who know his strange nature best will tell how easily his heart vibrates to generous impulses, if you only touch the proper string. He appreciates the work which the Sisters of Charity have effected, and evidences his approval in ways more practical and unmistakable than mere words.

Until a few years ago, the sisters contented themselves with visiting the sick in the different parts of Virginia City. At length the idea of founding a hospital was broached, and steps were immediately taken to carry that idea into execution. A subscription list was opened, a site purchased, and the good work commenced. Soon a magnificent brick building sprang up in the outskirts of the city, and was completed at a cost of $70,000. It is situated at the southeastern side of Virginia, and commands a view of all the buildings along the "lode." Capable of accommodating seventy patients, and supplied with all necessaries, it is perfect in every particular.

In all her varied occupations, whether smiling away the tears of an orphan child, or instilling principles of education or religion into the minds of youth, the Sister of Charity is always at home; but it is in the hospital, beneath the shadow of the destroying angel's wing, where human misery in every repulsive form is seen, that the children of St. Vincent de Paul make us forget that they are human, and fancy that we are in the company of angels. On no class of men does this wondrous sweetness produce such an effect as on the rude miner of the

border. More accustomed to the buffets than to the smiles of the world, the more than earthly kindness of the sisters goes directly to his heart. Their pure, gentle faces, their loving, winning ways, usurp his heart, and force him to look back along the vistas of departed years, until far away in the dim distance he sees the almost forgotten figure of his mother. She is the only creature in that long retrospect whom he can compare with his patient nurses. Here is a tribute paid to them by a "Yankee Protestant," and from all the circumstances there is sufficient ground for concluding that the writer was at one time an inmate of St. Mary's Hospital, Virginia City:—

NEW YORK, Jan. 27, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. HERALD:—I notice in your issue of to-day an article headed "Sisters of Charity in Paris," and read with sorrow the injustice to which they are to be subjected. I must say a word for them (God bless them!) I have lain under their care a stranger, sick nigh unto death, and the gentle, loving care and tenderness of these sisters from that time has made me charitable toward them. Where can be found their equal? Who, like them, will sacrifice the world and its pleasures? Who, will bend over the ward bed of a suffering stranger, and with tender, soothing ways still the almost bursting head, and night and day minister to every want, and all this without reward except in the great hereafter?

God bless the sisters, those sinless, beautiful women, types of what is truly good. Ask any frontiersman or miner of them; see how they revere them.

A YANKEE PROTESTANT.

The infinite patience and soothing influence of the sisters is something wonderful. Many an Irish boy, far away from friends and home, when tossing about in the wild delirium of fever, finds his thoughts, momentarily freed from their cruel thraldom, flash back to the mother who is then perhaps praying for her child, as he feels the loving, gentle hand of the sister cooling his feverish brow. Here, in the wilds of Nevada, the dark-robed, pure-souled Sister of Charity exercises the same noble, self-sacrificing devotion and all-embracing sympathy as lately wrung words of such impassioned praise from many a different source, in the fever-stricken cities of the South. It is pleasing to be able to add that such sweet services are not unappreciated, and that as the sisters pass quietly along the streets on their errands of mercy, one hears from many a rude lip the muttered prayer of, "God bless the good sisters, the angels on earth!"

One incident which came under the writer's notice is worth recording. A Cornishman—Freemason and practical atheist—was horribly mutilated by an explosion of giant powder in one of the lower levels of the mines. His eyes were wrenched from their sockets; his entire breast literally riddled by pieces of rock; the flesh torn from his limbs, until the bones were exposed, and his face disfigured beyond recognition. When brought to the hospital he was one hideous mass of blood. The sisters set about removing the horrible evidences of the tragedy. It was found that no vital organ had been injured, and as the young miner was gifted with an unusually vigorous constitution, hopes were entertained of his recovery. For weeks he was unable to move even a hand, and during all this time the sisters had nursed him with infinite tenderness; one especially, Sister C——, with that wondrous tact which even so few women possess, contrived to discover the impressionable side of the patient's nature, and once she discovered the string, lost no time in touching it with her gentle fingers. Poor John—that name will serve my purpose as well as any other—loved to talk about his widowed mother, mourning, far away in the wild moors of Cornwall, for her blind boy. Oftentimes during the day, and the night too, Sister C—— would sit by John's bed, and relate stories of good and gentle mothers. John would listen to the ever-welcome theme, and reward Sister C—— by promising some little reformation or other in the future. At last he was able to leave the hospital, and in a few days to leave the city, too, on his way to England.

On the evening of his departure a pathetic spectacle was witnessed at the depot. Sister C—— had given a last touch to his wounds, and had prepared a tasteful supper and brought it to John at his boarding-house. He begged her to accompany him to the train. She agreed to gratify him, and half an hour before the cars started there was a long line of young miners, waiting in Indian file, for a chance of bidding John farewell. Poor John stood near the cars, grasping the gentle hand of Sister C——, tears streaming from his empty eye-sockets, and coursing down the furrows of his scarred cheeks. As each companion came to bid him adieu, he would incline his head gently towards the sister as if imputing to her the fact of his being alive. For a while the little sister stood all this courageously, struggling very hard to wear a smile, and to give an occasional word of encouragement to the object of her care. But the actions of John were too much for her; gradually the smile faded from her lips, and soon the tears had burst their bounds, and were falling unchecked. As the train rolled away, a poor, disfigured face, wet all over with tears, was seen outside a window of the cars, turned towards the place where he knew Sister C—— was standing; and soon after, as the cars passed into a tunnel, a sharp cry of agony was wafted back on the winds, and no one needed to be told that it was the parting tribute of John's lonely heart to the loving and gentle Sister C——.

Those who have any knowledge of the matter will not need to be told that amongst the Sisters of Charity can be found the grandest and the noblest types of womanhood. The training which they receive and the occupations in which they are engaged bring into prominence the finest traits of human nature. Let me endeavor to sketch the character of one whom I well knew. She was, it need scarcely be said, an Irish girl. When the golden promises of youth were most temptingly held before her, she turned her back upon them all, and on the happiest of Irish homes, too, and became the bride of Christ. She did not choose the quiet cloister, where days and nights are spent in communing with God, but young and delicate and gentle as she was, took up the chalice of human misery, and sweetened it with the nectar of her charity. She united in herself the most lovable qualities of the two, to me, most beautiful female creations in the whole range of fiction, — the enthusiastic piety of St. Agnes, the winning little child-saint of Cardinal Wiseman's Fabiola, and the strangely sympathetic heart of Dickens's Agnes Wakefield. Hers was a face that one in a thousand sees, once in a lifetime. Encircled by a snow-white band was a brow, smooth, serene; no latent fire there, no lines, however faint, to show where frowns had been; sweet, tender, pitiful eyes, sparkling with undisguised merriment or floating in tearful mists, as the strings of her sensitive nature were touched; face oval, softly moulded, and very winning in its exquisite freshness and unearthly purity; mouth mobile, sensitive, eloquent of what it left unsaid; a mouth

> "On which perennial smiles were seen
> To glow in rosy freshness, watered o'er
> From gushing founts of joy, in heart as clear
> As purest crystal gem."

And yet it was not because that face was so wondrous fair, or because it spoke so eloquently of a most faultless type of poor human nature, that one felt how generous a God is ours; but it was because around that face was an atmosphere of awful purity, as perceptible in its effects as if it were subject to the sense of sight, that permeated one's being, and filled the heart with a heavenly tranquillity. When in the presence of Sister A——, one would be inclined to question the truth of the axiom that "angels' visits are few and far between."

Added to all this was a bearing never obtrusive, but always accommodating

and wondrous kind, a ready and undisguised sympathy with every story of happiness or sorrow, a faculty of unconsciously communicating a portion of her own inexhaustible "fount of joy" to the most wretched of mortals, and a manner which though subdued, was yet full of pretty, childlike, engaging ways.

It need scarcely be said that her influence was boundless. No nature, however hardened by dissipation, or roughened by contact with the world, could resist the softening influence of her gentle smile. Only the Searcher of hearts — and certainly not Sister A—— herself — can tell how many sinners she drew back from the brink of destruction. Oftentimes has the writer witnessed the effects of her very presence. A rough miner, a Cornishman, perhaps, — and that name covers a multitude of defects. — with scarred face and trembling limbs, would be stretched helpless on a bed of sickness. As his hands would twitch with pain, a gruff, partially smothered oath would escape his lips. Presently the door is opened gently though quickly; the patter of rapid, childlike steps on the carpet mingles with the gentle rustling of dress and the musical rattle of beads: the sick man dreamily and lazily opens his eyes, and encounters the sweet, loving face of Sister A——, a face

"Gay
As it could smile e'en Sorrow's self away."

The patient is raised almost to a sitting posture by some process which he scarcely understands, so easily and quietly is it done, a soothing drink is poured down the poor, parched throat, the lips touched softly with a handkerchief; then he is laid back with such gentle care, and as he feels the cooling touch of Sister A——'s soft little hand, a sob rises to his throat, the poor eyes are suffused with tears, and as he hears the gently murmured, "Now you must close your eyes and go to sleep," of his nurse, he mutters, "God bless you, sister!" albeit his lips are unaccustomed to frame such words. And "May God bless her!" say we all.

A poet, whose soul was surely touched by the divine fire, has described the life of a Sister of Charity with such charming grace and exquisite fidelity, and the lines so aptly sketch some traits of Sister A——'s nature, that no excuse need be made for inserting them here. The laurels of *this* poet were never dipped, however lightly, into the sparkling cup of *any* vice, and, thank God, their leaves are not tainted by even the shadow of a stain. If ever mortal lived whose pure hand was worthy of raising the veil that concealed the virtues of the spiritual daughters of St. Vincent, that man was Richard d'Alton Williams. Without further preface, I subjoin his verses: —

Sister of Charity! gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender and mild,
In humbleness strong, in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child,
Ever thy love, like an angel, reposes
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of Death are half hidden in roses,
And Hope, speaking prophecy, smiles on the bier.
When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,
As clouds in the dawning to heaven unrolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold.
And oh! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens,
What hundred-fold blessings descend on thee then!
Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,
And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the Holiest!
Oh! for thy loving soul, ardent as pure!
Mother of orphans, and friend of the lowliest,
Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor!
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,
Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.
Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
Burning the heart of the maidenly rose,
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes,
Where the incense ascends and the sanctuary glows,

And the music, that seems heaven's language, is pealing,
Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs,
And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling
The passionate rapture that comes from the skies.
Oh! that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure
Of love hath been wasted on clay,
Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,
Could rend every earthly affection away!

And yet in thy presence, the billows, subsiding,
Obey the strong effort of reason and will;
And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity gliding,
Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still.
Thy soothing how gentle! thy pity how tender!
Choir music thy voice is, thy step angel-grace,
And thy union with Deity shines in a splendor,
Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken, a captive that bound thee,
Afar from thy home, in the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb! and earth's shadows around thee
Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day,
Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of God ere they roll,
Intervene as a cloud between us and his glory,
And shield from his lightnings the shuddering soul;
And mild as the moonbeams in autumn descending,
That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall fall,
While he hears with the wail of the penitent blending,
Thy prayer, holy daughter of Vincent de Paul.

POETRY IS THE FLOWER AND PERFUME OF THOUGHT.

Longfellow, the poet in a brief note to a friend, said: "I can only send you a friendly salutation. To those who ask how I can write so many things, as if I were still a boy, please say there is in this neighborhood a pear-tree, planted by Gen. Endicott two hundred years ago, and that it still bears fruit not to be distinguished from the fruit of the young tree in flavor. I suppose the tree makes new wood every year, so that some part of it is always young. Perhaps that is the way with some men when they grow old. I hope it is so with me. I am glad that your boys and girls take so much interest in poetry. That is a good sign, for poetry is the flower and perfume of thought, and a perpetual delight, clothing the commonplace of life with golden exhalations of the dawn."

Says an esteemed correspondent: "Let your young readers have this master in the poetic art's commendation of a pleasure and refinement but little appreciated by our Catholic children generally. The author's illustration might with yet greater beauty be carried a step further. A Catholic sees in it an exact parallel to the case of the Catholic Church. She never *ages;* nor does the fruit which she yields throughout the earth ever lose its youthful flavor or its springtide bloom and perfume, because she is ever young, every day the same, even more so, perhaps, than the sun or the moon is the same to-day what they were yesterday or 6,000 years ago. What pre-Christian poets painted and heathen seers foretold when they spoke of an 'eternal Spring' has thus had its fulfilment for the last 1,800 years in the existence of the church, and in her alone, among all the other religions in the world."

We have news of bread riots from Italy, and of loss of life in the effort to suppress them. It is little wonder. Poor countries which maintain enormous fleets and armies must have many hungry mouths. But governments are never secure while starvation stalks abroad.

It is a singular fact that not one of the imperial Napoleons has died in France, or on French soil. Napoleon I., the founder of the family, died a prisoner on the British island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic Ocean; his, son, Napoleon II., died in Austria; his nephew, Napoleon III., died an exile in England; and now his grand-nephew, the young man whom the French imperialists have hoped would one day rule France as Napoleon IV., has met his fate at the point of Zulu spears in South Africa.

THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THE REFORMATION.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

A FRIEND has forwarded us a Loughborough paper containing a report of some remarks made at Coalville, by the Rev. Mr. Norman, Rector of Drumcannon, in aid of a missionary society which is seeking to reach the Irish people through the medium of their native tongue. What appears to have struck our friend particularly was a statement that had the English government permitted the Protestant service to be conducted in Irish, the Reformation would have been as complete in Ireland as in England. We say, with Dr. Primrose, that we have heard this before; it is an idea that is becoming venerable in the mouths of certain gentlemen. It is, nevertheless, a delusion, an ignorant flippancy. There was no lingual obstacle to the spread of the Reformation here in England; on the contary, it ought to have been promoted by the abolition of the Latin and the establishment of English as the sole language of church services. Yet everybody knows, making all allowance for the terrible mass of defection Henry and Elizabeth were able to compass, that the people at large were in the bulk weaned from the ancient church by bullet, bayonet, fines, confiscation, and above all the slaughter and banishment of the priests. The national obstinacy manifested itself strongly in the continued devotion to the faith in the teeth of persecution; but that which defied mere force could not survive the extinction of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood. Is it likely, then, that the simple introduction of the Anglican service into the Irish churches, in the Irish language, would have accomplished in Ireland what it was unable to accomplish in England? If the reverend gentleman means that the sword and gibbet, the rack and the proscription, ought to have been assisted by "our beautiful liturgy," translated into the vernacular, we can understand him, without, however, falling in with his conclusions. When the Reformation took place in England, the sovereignty over Ireland, outside the Pale, was very nominal indeed. Bishops of the new sect were appointed for all the dioceses, but the chieftains intimated that those who ventured to trespass upon extra-pale territories, in an official capacity, would be hanged incontinently; and the threat was quite enough. The few who were lucky enough to obtain sees under the immediate protection of the crown, moved by the condition of their less fortunate brethren, preached a war of extermination against the Irish, who were too vulgar and too superstitious to appreciate the blessing of a church born of the atrocious wickedness of the Eighth Henry. The Rev. Mr. Norman, when he dipped into history, should have endeavored to read it correctly. If he had said that the Irish rejected the Reformation and resigned themselves to sacrifice everything rather than accept it, because it came to them through an enemy who waged perpetual war against them, and for whom they entertained profound hatred, he would at least have offered a plausible theory. But as a matter of fact, the Irish would have spurned the new religion, no matter in what guise or under what circumstances it appeared. It was unsuited to their nature. Protestantism obtained no hold on the Celtic races. Peoples of Gothic and Teutonic origin — Danes, Swedes, Germans, and the like — made little resistance to Lutherism. But there never was a chance for it amongst Irish, French, or Spanish. We say this from the simple point of view of the emotions. The Celtic nature is inherently antagonistic to a religion which does not go deep into the heart; and the stout resistance the reformers met with in England was due to the large admixture of Celtic blood and genius. It was the Teutonic element that embraced the novel creed in Scotland; the old Highland tribes would

have none of it. Error did not come to the Irish in a form that could induce them to sacrifice the truth for its sake, as the Germans did; and the Irish will remain Catholics while they endure as a race.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

Our Yankee friends, observes the "Dublin Freeman's Journal," are not behind our English neighbors in the matter of adulteration. They pride themselves on the superior quality of their cottons and other textile fabrics, as compared with the British shoddy and starch-filled stuff. In other respects, however, they are a whole age ahead. An official report on the subject of adulteration gives some startling facts. The recent plaster-of-Paris flour case is eclipsed by the disclosures that there are several mills throughout New England and other parts of the States engaged in the operation of grinding down white stone into powder for intermixture with soda, with sugar, and with flour. The latter article is also mixed occasionally with bone dust, sand, clay, and other equally nutritious diet. The cow with the iron tail does, or did, a roaring trade for the dairymen of Boston. In 1874 a commission appointed by the Board of Health there, reporting on milk adulteration, found that over a million and a half gallons of water had been sold as milk in the city during the year, making a profit for the rogues of over half a million of dollars. This was bad enough, but when it was further stated that the water was in good part the most impure and poisonous stuff that could be found, and likely to breed all sorts of diseases, the enormity and criminality of the frauds will be more readily comprehended. In the endeavor to stretch out whiskey by fraudulent means much maleficent resource is developed. Different samples purchased in California showed wonderful chemical ingenuity in their fusion. They exhibited quantities of creosote, salts of copper, alum, and other equally exhilarating agencies. A cask of "pure sherry wine" purchased by a gentleman for his sick wife, produced the effect of making her still sicker, and when he went to investigate the causes it was found that the "pure sherry" did not contain one drop of the juice of the grape, but a very faithful reproduction, as far as the eye was concerned. An extensive manufacture of the choicest European vintages is always taking place in the vineyards below ground in Boston. Forty gallons of brandy, whiskey, wine, or any desired liquid can be made at a cost of less than ten cents a gallon, and with a good, rich-looking European label on the bottles, look the genuine thing. Drugs and medicines are adulterated to an equally daring and far more dangerous extent. Red lead is mixed with cayenne pepper and curry powder, chromate of lead with mustard, sulphuric acid with vinegar, varied occasionally with arsenic and corrosive sublimate. Half the vinegar now sold in America, it is stated by a scientific journal, is rank poison. Copper particles largely impregnate pickles, coffee is mixed with clay, and chicory is now prepared, by a new process, so as to resemble coffee berries. Our Yankee cousins are improving evidently on the "wooden nutmeg" idea.

A curious incident happened at Farnworth, near Bolton, England. During a mass meeting of miners, who were discussing a strike, a speaker, who was chairman and stood upon a cart, gave utterance to the exemplary sentiment that "the righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall" At that moment his own support gave way, and he fell to the ground. We do not want to attach any particular significance to the coincidence, which was no doubt a pure accident; but there was good occasion for hearty amusement amongst the onlookers.

Original.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

J. V. Reddy.

No doubt many of your readers have heard much of this city and State, so famous in song and story since the Apple of Discord was thrown into the Hall of the Nation in 186 ; but a few words now will not be uninteresting to the readers of your excellent magazine.

Richmond, the capital of Virginia, the most ancient of the American States, was founded by Col. Wm. Byrd in 1734, was incorporated in 1742 ; the seat of the government of Virginia was transferred to Richmond from Williamsburg in 1799. It is called by many the Rome of America, not, however, because of the belief of its inhabitants, but on account of its being built on *seven hills*, like the Eternal City, whence it is also sometimes called the City of Hills. It was the capital of the Confederacy, and during the late war the heroism and devotion of her citizens made every foot of her soil hallowed ground till time shall be no more. Baptized in the blood of her heroic sons and the tears of her angel-daughters and noble matrons, her every clod is consecrated, and while her grand river runs on to the sea, the deeds of her sons and daughters shall move the historian's pen and the poet's harp. Her old St. John's Church rang with the first bold cry for liberty, which now, after a hundred years, echoes and re-echoes around the world.

The first place that attracts the attention of the visitor in Richmond is the Capitol and the beautiful square surrounding it, in which stands the equestrian statue of Washington encircled by those of Jefferson, Henry, Marshall, Nelson, Mason, and Lewis. It is the work of Thomas Crawford, an Irishman by descent. In this square are also the statues of Henry Clay and Stonewall Jackson. The latter is the last work of the late John Henry Foley, an Irishman and one of the first artists in Great Britain. The next place I would mention is the old St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry in 1775 made his celebrated speech, using the words, "*Give me liberty or give me death!*" The original building is still standing and the very pew in which he stood at the time he delivered it. Indeed, the same pulpit is still in the church and used.

The next building of interest is Monumental Church, marking the site of the old Richmond theatre, destroyed by fire in 1811 during the performance of the play of the "Bleeding Nun," in which Gov. George W. Smith and about one hundred and twenty others lost their lives. Their names are inscribed on a marble monument in front of the church. Then St. Paul's Church, where President Jefferson Davis was worshipping when notified by Gen. Robert E. Lee of the breaking of his lines near Petersburg. The building now used as a school and headquarters of the city school board was formerly the White House occupied by President Davis during the Confederacy.

The old stone house occupied by Gen. Washington during the Revolution is still standing on Main Street and occupied. Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, and Belle Isle still retain some interest as former places of incarceration for military prisoners during the war. At Oakwood Cemetery, east of the city, 17,000 Confederate soldiers are buried, and at Holywood are the graves of 11,000 more, including many of those who fell in the Pennsylvania and Maryland campaigns. A granite pyramid, ninety feet high, has been erected by the ladies as a memorial, on which is the curious motto, *Numini et Patriæ Asto*,* and about which quite a discussion has been carried on recently in the Virginia press. The graves of Presidents Monroe and Tyler, and Generals A. P. Hills, George E. Pickett, J. E. B. Stewart, and Henry A. Wise, Com. Matthew

*May be translated, "I stand for God and the country," or "I stand by my God and my native land."

F. Maury, the journalist, Thomas Ritchie, and the poet. John R Thompson, and other celebreties are also here. In Shockoe Cemetery, at the northern end of Second Street, are burried Chief Justice Marshall. John Hampden Pleasants, and many others of distinction; there lie also the remains of Capt. William English. He was a true and genuine Irishman and faithful Catholic. He was much respected in this city and served as a member of its council for many years. He died full of faith and good works, and left to his country the greatest of all legacies, a well-educated family

The Gallsgo and Haxhall flouring mills are among the largest of the sort in the world and ship thousands of barrels of flour a week to South America. The large tobacco factories and the Tobacco Exchange are places of interest to visitors. The tobacco trade of Richmond is very extensive, and when it is known that the 33,000 negroes of the city are mainly employed in its manufacture, your readers may judge of what importance it is to Richmond; indeed, as the poet says,

"I love a dhudeen myself."

The Tredagar Iron Works, which was the great cannon manufactory of the Confederacy, is well worth a visit. Virginia was the first State that provided the shield of organic law for the perpetual protection of religious liberty. It was here that the hand of Jefferson drew the sacred charter of right which, on our statute-books, declares that *no man shall be enforced, restrained, molested or burthened in his body or his goods, nor shall he otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief, but that men shall be free to profess and by argument to maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish or enlarge or affect their civil capacities.*

She never had a penal law against a Catholic or an Irishman. She is a State that Irishmen should ever hold in grateful remembrance, and they should carry that remembrance down to posterity as a rich and precious legacy. When persecution ruled this land, she was the State that raised her hand and flag against it, and by means of her gallant son, the late Henry A. Wise, she broke the backbone of Know-Nothingism and saved our faith and ourselves from that horrid monster. He was the great champion of civil and religious liberty in this country, and Erin's sons shall ever gratefully remember him for the glorious stand he took against those who would oppress their creed and their race.

John Mitchell lived here for many years, when he edited the "Enquirer and Examiner," at that time one of the oldest and best papers in the United States. Several of the '48 men visited Richmond, only one however made it his home. P. G. Coughlin has been for many years Secretary of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce; he is a true Irishman, and genuine patriot, and like poor Michael Doheny, he can never talk or write about Ireland without being deeply disturbed with sorrow and indignation, — sorrow at her suffering, and indignation at the treatment the young Ireland party received at the hands of the very men whose sufferings they strove to relieve.

Richmond has ever been generous to Irishmen; her citizens for six years elected Hon. A. M. Keiley to the office of mayor, and he is now her corporation counsel; he is the son of an Irishman, and boldly proclaims his love for the land of his forefathers. Hon. James H. Dooley, whose very name tells the tale, represented Richmond for almost a decade of years in the legislature, and he was for two years chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the State. Richmond has now four of Erin's sons in her city council, namely, John M. Higgins, James Hayes, John Rankin, and Michael Irvin, all of whom were born in Ireland.

So much for the State that gave us our first President.

"PLAYING THE VERY DEVIL."

Dublin Irishman.

THE British forces in Africa are engaged in diabolical work, and not ashamed of it. They are "playing the very devil" with the natives, and are proud of it. The phrase is not ours, the judgment must be that of every one who reads the reports which come from that ill-omened Cape of Storms, which has been surnamed the Cape of Good Hope.

What does the shocking phrase describe? The elements of the deviltry appear to be many. One element is the slaughter of prisoners; another element is the massacre of the wounded.

Slaughter of prisoners is an offence against all humanity. It has never been forgotten, and never will be forgotten to the Communards of Paris that they slew the imprisoned hostages. The English press poured forth homilies of the most indignant morality when that terrible outrage occurred. But these English moralists were mute as dumb dogs when news came that an English general in the Afghan passes had issued the sinister order that the troops should "make no prisoners," in order that they should not have the trouble of keeping them. This meant one thing, and nothing else, that any of the defenders of the country who should surrender must be shot. By throwing down their arms, they constituted themselves prisoners of war by all international laws, but the English general would have no prisoners, and there was one short and horrible way of finishing with the question.

Now, it has been stated repeatedly that in Africa no quarter was given to the captured Zulus, and quotations from letters of English combatants were recently read in Parliament, in which they gloated over the slaughter of enemies who had thrown up their arms, but got no mercy, "after the way they treated our comrades at Isandlwana." This was cruel revenge, and revenge for what? The Zulus and the English met as foemen at Isandlwana. The English were the assailants, they had invaded the country of the Zulus, who by all rights, natural and divine, were justified in defending their native land. They defeated the English, routed, and drove them to the frontier; but it has not been alleged that they deliberately massacred any men who surrendered to them, for it does not appear that any did so surrender. Consequently to slaughter captured Zulus is not retaliation for a similar deed done by them on captured Englishmen, but a cruel and cowardly revenge on disarmed men because of the superiority of the foe in a fair-foughten battle. Surely, this is a hideous disgrace to the English name!

Of the massacre of the wounded there can, unhappily, be as little doubt. The writer of a letter who was present at Gingihlova lifts, with unabashed brow, a corner of the veil that screens the black deeds done in this wretched war. It will not be forgotten how gallantly the Zulus came up to that trebly fortified camp, exhibiting a magnificent disregard of death, which extorted admiration even from their enemies. Courage such as theirs, never excelled by any warriors, personal valor which equalled the prowess of the bravest champions, should certainly have won for them consideration if defeated. Failing to take that fortress — for such, practically, was this camp of Gingihlova — they fell back and retired. Then, says the writer of the letter in question, "as soon as the Zulus began to waver, our mounted infantry and native contingent were let loose upon them, and played the very devil with them." And he grimly adds, "It is remarkable that only four wounded men were picked up."

When an Irish member, Mr. O'Donnell, ventured some days ago to ask a question in reference to such wicked doings, the English minister flew into a rage, and reviled him in language of studied insult. Undismayed by that outburst, Mr. Parnell took occasion to allude to the subject again, when the question of the army medical service

came up. No contradiction was given, for none could be given to the facts he mentioned, but an easier plan was adopted. he was interrupted and denounced; for it was too keen a truth that, as he said, "it was an unpleasant subject, because the very introduction of it suggested that the troops in South Africa had not been behaving in accordance with the usages of civilized warfare."

Too true, and therefore intolerable. Englishmen could commit the acts, but Englishmen could not bear to have them described. Yet, after all, this savagery, though it is not accordant with "the usages of civilization," is quite in accordance with the historical usages of the Englishry.

No, Saxon, this is not Irish prejudice. Macaulay, poet, expressed what Macaulay, historian, had laboriously learned, when he made his Puritan combatant cry: —

"Ho! comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guest secure."

Such, perhaps, may have been the order given to the mounted infantry and native contingent when "let loose upon them" in Africa. Or was it this, the slogan of the cavalier combatants: —

"What ho! the craven slaves retire.
On! trample them to mud!
No quarter! Charge! No quarter! Fire!
No quarter! Blood, blood, blood!"

Not "in accordance with the usages of civilization"; no, but quite in accordance with the historical manners and customs of Englishmen. If further proofs be asked for, open the history of Ireland, and they will be found in profusion from Raymond's Massacre at Waterford down to a recent date.

Another element of the deviltry stated to be characteristic of the British troops in Africa is shocking enough. It is found detailed in the African correspondence of the "London Standard" and "Daily News." It consists in blocking up the mouth of the caves, where the fugitive Basutos have taken refuge. They are called "insurgents," but it is only too probable that the fugitives are the weaklings of the tribe. Women and children are, too, probably there. However it be, no inquiries are made. "The insurgents" (so it is phrased) "are driven out of their caves by smoke and dynamite."

When interrogated in reference to this matter, the English minister, unable to deny it, excused it in these words: —

"However painful it may be to drive insurgents out of caves by smoke, where they have not exactly taken refuge, but where they maintain themselves in rebellion, it is a more humane process than driving them out by starvation."

The English minister, it will be remarked, avoided carefully saying anything about the humanity of driving them out by the dynamite! We fear, we greatly fear, that those caves have been the sepulchres of many a hapless human being, suffocated by smoke, or blown to atoms by a terrible explosive.

The "usages of civilized warfare" are not to be named in the same breath with such deeds. The imprisonment of messengers, sacred as heralds, who had been sent on an errand of peace by the hostile chief, is avowed; the firing upon messengers, the bearers of a flag of truce, has been confessed, and defended as furnishing "a test of their sincerity"; and to cap all, come these outrages, the very mention of which goads the English minister to anger, because he knows he has to defend or extenuate what he cannot but feel is horrible.

The demoralization of French troops in Africa, resulting from fighting against an inferior foe, helped to lose Alsace and Lorraine; but the demoralization of the once great British army by these wretched and disgraceful outrages far exceeds all others, and will bring its Nemesis. When men "play the devil," they go to the devil.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE TRIALS — O'CONNELL'S DEFENCE OF MAGEE.

The "Dublin Evening Post." — Denis Scully, author of "A Statement of the Penal Laws." — His articles in the "Post" reviewing the government of the Duke of Richmond. — Extracts. — Mr. Magee prosecuted for libel. — The state of the Irish press described by the Attorney-General. — Trial on the 26th of July, 1813. — Crowded Court. — Attorney-General states the case for the crown. — Public excitement. — Announcement in the "Post." — O'Connell's speech for Magee more an attack than a reply. — Extracts. — His opinion of the jury. — Eulogiums on Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore. — Abercrombie's general order. — O'Connell's first public appearance. — Quotes Saurin against the Union. — Contrasts his language with the articles in the "Post." — Another impeachment of the jury. — The Solicitor-General's reply. — Magee found guilty. — O'Connell's speech published. — Sale of copies. — Translated into French and Spanish.

While O'Connell was in years almost a juinor at the bar, he made his celebrated speech in the defence of John Magee, who was prosecuted for a libel on the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond. This article, or series of articles, was published in the "Dublin Evening Post" in 1813. This journal from its commencement, about one hundred years back, took a decidedly national tone, and always displayed, and still maintains, great talent in its editorial articles. It was the organ of the volunteers of 1782, and very popular with the Catholic party. Among its contributors was Mr. Scully, author of a very elaborate work, the "Statement of the Penal Laws which aggrieved the Catholics of Ireland." * He was eldest son of a gentleman of considerable property in the county of Tipperary, and was called to the Irish bar. Mr. Scully married Miss Eyre, whose family steadily adhered to the ancient Catholic faith of Great Britain. Having written some pamphlets, in his younger days, in support of the government, Mr. Scully was looked on as opposed to the great mass of his countrymen on political questions. The style and character of his writings soon changed. He was one of the boldest denunciators of the policy pursued towards the Irish Catholics, and when the Duke of Richmond was about leaving Ireland he wrote the article for the "Dublin Evening Post" from which we give the following extracts: —

"If the administration of the Duke of Richmond had been conducted with more than ordinary talent, its errors might, in some degree, have been atoned for its ability, and the people of Ireland, though they might have much to regret, yet would have something to admire; but truly, after the gravest consideration, they must find themselves at a loss to discover any striking feature in his Grace's administration that makes it superior to the worst of his predecessors." The article then describes the conduct of the Duke's predecessors: "They insulted, they oppressed, they murdered, and they deceived. The profligate, unprincipled Westmoreland, the cold-hearted and cruel Camden, the artful and treacherous Cornwallis, left Ireland more depressed and divided than they found her. They augmented the power of the government, both in the military and civil branches; they increased coercion and corruption, and uniformly employed them against the liberties of the people. . . . Since that period the complexion of the times has changed; the country has advanced, it has outgrown submission, and some forms, at least, must now be observed toward the people. The system, however, is all the same; it is the old play with new decorations, presented in an age somewhat more enlightened; the principle of government remains unaltered, — a principle of exclusion which debars the majority of the people from the enjoyment of those privileges that

*This work was published by Mr. Fitzpatrick, a respectable Roman Catholic bookseller of Dublin in 1811. The book was a most careful compilation, showing great research and considerable literary talent on the part of Mr. Scully.

are possessed by the minority, and which must therefore maintain itself by all those measures necessary to a government founded on injustice. . . . In short, his Grace will in no way vary from the uniform conduct observed by most of his predecessors, — first appealing to the confidence of the people, then playing upon their credulity. He came over ignorant, he soon became prejudiced, and then became intemperate. He takes from the people their money, he eats of their bread and drinks of their wine: in return he gives them a bad government, and at his departure leaves them more distracted than ever. His Grace commenced his reign by flattery, he continued it in folly, he accompained it with violence, and he will conclude it with falsehood. This opinion of his Grace's administration has been formed after deliberation, it is confirmed on reflection."

This article created a considerable sensation, and was deemed a libel by the law officers of the crown. The proprietor of the paper was of course held responsible for its insertion. Mr. John Magee was marked out as a proper person to be made an example for other newspaper proprietors. According to the words of Mr. Saurin,* the Attorney-General, the state of the public press at that day was beyond the licentiousness of all former times and precedents. He remembered the state of the press in the year which preceded the rebellion, to the instrumentality of which, in a great degree, that rebellion must be attributed, and he did most seriously aver that the press at this day went beyond anything to which the press at that time went "I do say," he continued, "that there was nothing so inflammatory, so seditious, or more atrocious to be found in the 'Press' or the 'Northern Star' than at present exists in the 'Irish Magazine,' the 'Statement of the Penal Code,' and the 'Dublin Evening Post.'"

The day fixed for the trial, the 26th of July, 1813, was a memorable day in the legal annals of Ireland. The court was thronged with an excited auditory, every inch was crowded to excess. On the bench sat the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Downes, the commander of the forces, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland; with various other high officials, who also were accommodated with places.

For the crown appeared the Attorney-General (Saurin), the Solicitor-General (Bushe), Sergeants Moore and Ball, and Mr. M'Mahon. For the defence, Messrs. O'Connell, Wallace, Hamilton, Finlay, and Charles Phillips. The Attorney-General thus stated the case: "It was a very painful part of the duty of his office to bring such a case before a jury"; and calling attention to the various matters prosecuted, commented on them as he proceeded in terms like the following passage: —

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is the language of a subject to the representative of majesty. In such audacious and seditious language does that ruffian traduce and vilify the public functionaries of the state, so as to threaten the public peace and the security of the government. How can we expect submission to the law, so necessary to the well-being of the state, if those whom God and the law have constituted our governors are to be held up to hatred and detestation, as prone to every vice and destitute of every private and public virtue? The tremendous licentiousness of the press calls for the interposition of the law. The state of the public press at this day is beyond the licentiousness of all former times and precedents."

The Attorney-General having concluded his statement, gave in evidence the proofs which were necessary to sustain the prosecution, and then all

*Some accounts of the antecedents of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Right Hon. William Saurin and Charles Kendal Bushe, have been given in our opening chapter, which was essential for the full appreciation of the line of defence adopted in this case by O'Connell.

attention was directed to the defendant's case. Seldom did any state prosecution give rise to greater interest amongst the citizens of Dublin.

It was not merely the prosecution of the traverser, the celebrity of the counsel retained at both sides, but the undaunted style of the articles complained against, which excited the popular feeling to an extreme degree Shortly before the day of the trial an article appeared in the "Evening Post," asserting, "while Mr. Magee lives, though it be in a dungeon, the spirit of the press shall walk abroad, like the air of heaven, the pure, impalpable vehicle of light and life to the community. Hear it, every titled plunderer of the people, for it shall penetrate into the recesses of your crimes! Hear it, also, every enemy of Ireland, — *Tros Tyriosve*, — Catholic pensioner or titled menial, hear it and tremble! While that press lives

'No titled slave
Shall walk the world in comfort to his grave.'"

With the spirit of these writings the defence was conducted, and O'Connell's speech was more an attack than a reply, certainly more a political harangue than a legal argument; but it was not wanting in all the essential topics of advocacy. It occupied four hours in the delivery, and for boldness of invective, for unsparing political abuse, for galling onslaughts upon the Attorney-General and the British government in Ireland, no speech of his life ever surpassed it. We shall give a few extracts to show the nature of this remarkable address. He commenced by a direct attack on the Attorney-General: —

"The Attorney-General has told us that they, meaning the Duke's predecessors, included, of course, himself. How a man could be included among his own predecessors it would be difficult to discover. It seems to be that mode of expression which would indicate that the Attorney-General, notwithstanding his foreign descent,* has imbibed some of the language of the native Irish. But our blunders arise, not like his, from a confusion of idea; they are generally caused by too great condensation of thought, they are indeed frequently of the head, but never of the heart. Would I could say so much for the Attorney-General! His blunder is not to be attributed to his cool and cautious head; it sprung, I much fear, from the misguided bitterness of the bigotry of his heart. Well, gentlemen, this sentence does, in broad and distinct terms, charge the predecessors of the duke, but not the duke himself, with insult, oppression, murder, and deceit. But it is history. Are you prepared to silence the voice of history? Are you disposed to suppress the recital of facts, the story of events of former days? Is the historian and the publisher of history to be exposed to indictment and punishment? Let me read for you two passages from Dr. Leland's 'History of Ireland.' I choose a remote period, to avoid shocking your prejudices by the recital of the more modern crimes of the faction to which most of you belong."

O'Connell then read Leland's account of the treacherous slaughter of O'Neill and his family by Essex in 1574, and from the same work, how the prisoners of war were butchered in cold blood by the English under Sir Walter Raleigh. How juries were packed and judges bribed in the time of Charles I. How the Irish court became depraved during the viceroyalty of Lord Westmoreland. O'Connell said, "The women of Ireland have always been beauteous to a proverb; they were, without exception, chaste beyond the terseness of a proverb to express, they are still as chaste as in former days, but the depraved example of a depraved court has furnished some exceptions, and the action for criminal conversation, before the time of Westmoreland unknown, has since become familiar to our courts of justice. . . Who then, sincere and candid suppressors of vice, can aid you? *The press*, the press alone, talks of the profligacy of the great, and at least shames into decency those whom it fails to correct The press is your only assistant. Go, then, men of conscience, men of religion, go then and convict John Magee because he published that Westmoreland was profligate and unprincipled as a lord lieutenant! Do convict, — and then return to your distribution of Bibles, and to your attacks upon the recreations of the poor, under

*Saurin was of Huguenot extraction.

the name of vices! Do convict the only aid which virtue has, and distribute your Bibles that you may have the name of being religious! Upon your sincerity depends my client's prospect of a verdict. *Does* he lean upon a broken reed?"

O'Connell's estimate of the constitution of the jury may be judged from what follows: —

"I pass on from the sanctified portion of the jury which I have latterly addressed, and I call the attention of you all to the next member of the sentence. 'The cold-hearted and cruel Camden' Here I have your prejudices all armed against me. In the administration of Camden your faction was triumphant. Will you prevent him from being called cold and cruel? Alas! to-day why have I not men to address who would listen to me for the sake of impartial justice? But even with *you* the case is too powerful to allow me to despair. Well, I *do* say the cold and cruel Camden. Why, on one circuit, during his administration, there were one hundred individuals tried before one judge; of these, ninety-eight were capitally convicted, and ninety-seven hanged I understand *one* escaped, but he was a *soldier* who murdered a *peasant*, or something of that TRIVIAL nature. Ninety-seven victims on one circuit! In the mean time it was necessary, for the purposes of the Union, that the flame of rebellion should be fed. The meetings of the rebel colonels in the north were, for a length of time, regularly reported to the government; but the rebellion was not then ripe enough; and whilst the fruits were coming to maturity, under the fostering hand of the administration, the wretched dupes atoned on the gallows for allowing themselves to be deceived. In the mean time the soldiery were turned in at free quarters among the wives and daughters of the peasantry."

The following passage is very fine: —

"Have you heard of Abercrombie, the valiant and the good? — he who, mortally wounded, neglected his wound until victory was ascertained, he who allowed his life's stream to flow unnoticed because his country's battle was in suspense, he who died a martyr of victory; he who commenced the career of glory on the land, and taught French insolence (than which there is nothing so permanent; even transplanted, it exhibits itself in the third and fourth generations*), — he taught French insolence that the British and Irish soldier was as much his superior by land as the sailor was confessedly by sea; he, in short, who commenced that career which has since placed the Irish Wellington on the highest pinnacle of glory. Abercrombie and Moore were in Ireland under Camden. Moore, too, has since fallen at the moment of triumph, Moore, the best of sons, of brothers, of friends, of men, — the soldier and the scholar, the soul of reason and the heart of pity. Moore has, in documents of which you may plead ignorance, left his opinions upon record with respect to the cruelty of Camden's administration. But you have all heard of Abercrombie's proclamation, for it amounted to that: he proclaimed that cruelty in terms the most unequivocal; he stated to the soldiery and to the nation, that the conduct of the Camden administration had rendered the soldiery formidable to all but the enemy.* Was there no cruelty in thus degrading the British soldier? And say, was not the process by which that degradation was effectuated cruelty? Do, then, contradict Abercrombie upon your oaths, if you dare; but by doing so it is not my client alone you will convict; you will also convict yourselves of the foul crime of perjury. I now come to the third branch of this sentence, and here I have an easy task. All, gentlemen, that is said of the artificer and superintendent of the Union is this, 'the artful and treacherous Cornwallis.' Is it necessary to prove that the Union was effectuated by artifice and treachery? I rejoice that my first introduction to the stage of public life was in opposition to that measure. In humble, but obscure distance, I followed the footsteps of my present adversaries What their sentiments were then of the authors of the Union I beg to read to you. I will read them from a newspaper set up for the mere purpose of opposing the Union, and conducted under the control of these gentlemen. If their editor should be gravely denied, I shall only reply, 'Oh! cease your funning.'† The charge of being a Jacobin was at that time made against the present Attorney-General, — him, plain William Saurin, in the very terms, and with just as much truth as he now applies it to my client. His reply shall serve for that of Mr. Magee. I take it from the 'Ant-Union' of 22d March, 1800. To the charge of Jacobin Mr Saurin said, 'he knew not what it meant as applied to him, except that it was an opposition to the will of the British minister!' So says Mr. Magee; but, gentlemen, my eye lights upon another passage of Mr. Saurin's in the same speech from which I have quoted the above. It was in these words: 'Mr. Saurin admitted that debates might sometimes produce agitations, but that was the price necessarily paid for liberty.' Oh!

* Another reference to the Attorney-General's foreign descent.

* On the 26th of February, 1798, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, then Commander-in-Chief, issued the order so often quoted, which was as follows: "The very disagreeable frequency of courts-martial, and the many complaints of irregularities in the conduct of the troops in this kingdom, having too unfortunately proved the army to be in a state of licentiousness which must render it formidable to every one but the enemy, the Commander-in-Chief thinks it necessary to demand from all generals commanding districts and brigades, as well as commanding officers of regiments, that they exert for themselves, and compel from all officers under their command, the strictest and most unremitting attention to the discipline, good order, and conduct of the men, such as may restore the high and distinguished reputation which the British troops have been accustomed to enjoy in every part of the world."

† This was the title of Charles Kendal Bushe's pamphlet against the Union. It was full of humor. He was the Solicitor-General at the trial.

how I thank this good Jew for the word. Yes; agitation is, as Mr. Saurin well remarked, the price necessarily paid for liberty. We have paid the price, gentlemen, and the honest man refuses to give us the goods. (*Much laughing.*) Now, gentlemen, of this Mr. Saurin, then an agitator, I beg leave to read the opinion upon this Union, the author of which we have only called artful and treacherous! From this speech of the 13th March, 1800, I select these passages: 'Mr. Saurin said he felt it his duty to the crown, to the country, and to his family, to warn the minister of the dreadful consequences of persevering in a measure which the people of Ireland almost unanimously disliked . . . He, for one, would assert the principles of the glorious revolution, and boldly declare, in the face of the nation, that when the sovereign power dissolved the compact that existed between the government and the people, that moment the right of resistance accrues. Whether it would be prudent in the people to avail themselves of that right would be another question. But if a legislative union were forced on the country against the will of its inhabitants it would be a *nullity*, and resistance to it would be a *struggle against usurpation*, and not a *resistance* against law.' May I be permitted just to observe, how much more violent this agitator of 1800 than we poor and timid agitators of 1813. When did we talk of resistance being a question of prudence? Shame upon the men who call us intemperate, and yet remember their own violence!"

We can well imagine the discomfiture of the law officers of the crown when they found their own language selected for the defence of their intended victim. O'Connell continued his attack on Saurin: "But, gentlemen, is the Attorney-General at liberty to change the nature of things with his own official and professional prospects? I am ready to admit that he receives thousands of pounds by the year of the public money in his office of Attorney-General, — thousands from the crown-solicitor, — thousands, for doing little work, from the custom-house; but does all this public booty with which he is loaded alter the nature of things, or prevent that from being a deceitful measure, brought about by artful and treacherous means, against which Mr. Saurin, in 1800, preached the holy doctrine of insurrection, sounded the tocsin of resistance, and summoned the people of the land to battle against it as against *usurpation?* In 1800 he absolves the subjects from their allegiance if the usurpation styled the Union will be carried, and he, this identical agitator, in 1813 indicts a man, and calls him a ruffian, for speaking of the contrivers of the Union, not as usurpers, but as artful, treacherous men. Gentlemen, pity the situation in which he has placed himself, and pray do not think of inflicting punishment upon my client for his extreme moderation. . . . It has been coarsely urged, and it will, I know, be urged in the splendid misrepresentations with which the Solicitor-General can so well distort the argument he is unable to meet, — it will, I know, be urged by him, that having established the right to use this last paragraph, having proved that the predecessors of the duke were oppressors and murderers, and profligate and treacherous, that the libel is only aggravated thereby, as the first paragraph compares and combines the Duke of Richmond with the worst of his predecessors. This is a most fallacious assertion; and here it is that I could wish I had to address a dispassionate and an enlightened jury. You are not, you know you are not, of the selection of my client. Had he the poor privilege of the sheep-stealer, there are at least ten of you who should never have been on his jury."

It was this reference of O'Connell to the constitution of the jury that furnished the leading topic of the Solicitor-General's adroit reply.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "a considerable portion of the learned counsel's speech, and a considerable portion of his client's libel, have been employed in sending forward to the public repeated editions of a confuted calumny, and the basest slander that ever occupied the mind of man for the defamation of private character and the disturbance of the public peace. I am not surprised that the person in whose paper the calumny is repeated should instruct his counsel to republish it here. His client was interested in the circulation of that shameless libel; for the man who was

daring and bearding the justice of the country had an interest in bringing its courts of justice into contempt; and when he was composing a libel upon the government, his guilty conscience told him it was necessary to conclude it with an attack upon the laws of the land. Gentlemen, the slanderous assertion in this paper has been repeated on this trial, as on former occasions, that the government of the country has stained its hands by picking out a jury for the perversion of public justice; and you heard it put forward, with most shameful confidence, that the Attorney, sworn to the honest performance of the highest duties of the state, had himself nominated the jury to the sheriff, who was corrupt enough to execute his unlawful commands."

After going through the comments of O'Connell on those portions of Irish history on which he relied for the vindication of his client from the charges preferred against him, Bushe asked, "Is this fair criticism of a public man? Before the highest tribunal of the country would such language be allowed as fair discussion? In the Parliament would any man be permitted to say that the lord lieutenant was guilty of murder? Even the boasted freedom of speech in Parliament would not permit it. The public man may be brought by impeachment for trial by his peers, and the highest punishment known to the law inflicted on him if he be found guilty; but I deny the right of any individual to exercise the censorial power of the people, and inflict his condemnation on the character of another. Lord Holt says, 'The public man is not to be upheld to detestation, which can have only for its object to disaffect the people from the government, to bring loyalty into contempt, and endanger the public peace.'"

Notwithstanding the impressive and powerful speech of O'Connell, Mr. Magee was found guilty. The speech was published, and made a small volume. It was a lucky speculation for booksellers; 10,000 copies were sold the day it was published. It was translated into French and Spanish.

To be continued.

THE WAY THE DUTCH FOUGHT THE ZULUS.

A RECENT writer, speaking of the Dutch, describes them as "a people who had the courage to emigrate from the Cape of Good Hope to the centre of Africa, which is only inhabited by savages, in order to avoid the grievances imposed upon them by their conquerors." Of their mode of fighting the Zulus, we read: —

"The president and his officers at once adopted the suggestion, and ordered four hundred wagons to be placed in laager, fastening the wheels together, filling up all the openings under and between the wheels with branches of a tree which is full of thorns, the women helping the men to erect a kind of entrenchment of branches all around and underneath the wagons. The leaders then sent some of the men as sentinels outside the circle. After all necessary precautions were taken and everything had been arranged, each head of a family took into a wagon his wife and children . . . These Dutch wagons are very long and four-wheeled; they are covered over with a well-pitched tarpaulin having openings back and front. Through these covers they opened holes sufficiently large to admit the muzzle of a musket. All the wagons were closed up behind and half open in front for the men to defend the entrance into the circle with well-sharpened axes. The spaces between each wagon barely sufficed to admit a man. On the other side of the encircled wagons a Dutchman stood by each wagon to prevent an entrance being effected from underneath by discharging his musket under the wagon among the brambles. When it was broad day-

light they saw coming down on all sides hordes of Zulus, who formed a circle around the Dutch entrenched camp. When these savages came to within a distance of two hundred yards from the Dutch, they began to sing their war-songs. The echo of thousands of voices singing in concert their fearful war-songs, which reverberated with a thundering roar, was appalling. The Dutch women pressed their little ones to their bosoms, fearing to lose those whom they loved more than their own lives. In the distance they descried a relay of black troops, behind the first advancing army, and about two hundred yards from the first column. This was their reserve force, among which was their commander-in-chief. The besiegers continued their war-songs for about ten minutes; then they suddenly hushed them, and commenced their war-whoops, rushing down in a body to the assault. When they reached to about twenty paces from the entrenchment the Dutch fired upon them a tremendous round of shot, and the savages fell by hundreds. The rest of the black army took to their heels in complete disorder. The reserve corps then sent out a detachment to stop the fugitives and compel them to return to the assault . . . Two hours afterwards the Dutch perceived advancing towards them the whole of the native army, divided into two columns; each column, composed of ten divisions, took up its position facing the other. The Dutch then felt that the most terrible moment of their lives had arrived. On this occasion the Kaffirs employed better tactics than when they previously assaulted the encampment; for, on approaching the Dutch, they only detached one of the ten divisions from each column, and marched to the front; then the third and fourth followed at a short distance behind the first two, then followed the whole of the army. In this way the first divisions could not turn back to flee, for they would be met by the next body, and so forced to continue their fight. The slaughter which ensued was truly extraordinary, for the Dutch did not cease firing a single moment. Each Dutchman was furnished with two muskets, the women loading the guns for the men as fast as they discharged them, wadding them with balls and handfuls of powder. The savages, however, fell upon the wagons with such force that they were nearly broken down, and in some instances all but turned them over, in their efforts to break into the wagon laager. Then the Dutch, that small number of brave men, were all but lost. The blacks had climbed up on the tops of the wagons, and many were already beginning to attack those who stood in the inner circle, but the Dutch, taking advantage of the moment when they would totter over the wagons in the act of jumping down, attacked them with their axes and clove them down, while those inside the wagons fired up at them through the holes they had made in the covers. The women fought with as much courage as the men. It was they who defended with hatchets the spaces between the wagons, while the men fired upon those outside. Hundreds of the barbarian hordes were killed by the arms of these heroines, who had braved so many dangers, and labored so bravely against every obstacle. The Kaffirs, unable to break into the entrenchment, or even to enter the wagons, and moreover seeing their own men falling in hundreds, became so thoroughly disheartened that they disbanded and fled away."

COWARDICE. — You are a coward if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right, if you shrink from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself, and care not to own them to yourself.

CHRISTIAN INNOCENCE AND THE INSECT WORLD.

It has been said that Christianity, by restoring lost innocence, has restored the fallen dignity and majesty of man, before which the hungry beasts in the amphitheatre fell back in dismay. The lives of the saints afford many instances of that same innocence which confounded the pagan persecutor, attracting to it the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, which, before the time that the Author of Nature walked the earth in human guise, had regarded man as their mortal foe. The stories of St. Anthony and the fishes, and St. Francis and the birds, to say nothing of Father Anchieta, are familiar to all. And how many of the great servants of God have been tender and loving towards the tiniest insect or the most loathsome? They loved every creature because of Him who created, and because there is nothing created which he himself does not love. No one can doubt that the Christian religion has brought into the world a new way of looking at nature. This new light and the innocence restored ought to banish from Christian minds all foolish fear and shrinking from the insect world. For the most part these little creatures, if they are not very beautiful, are perfectly harmless. Take, for instance, the ordinary spider. This interesting creature has excited the admiration of all who have been curious enough to study its nature and its habits, and yet how few there are, comparatively speaking, who do not show signs of fear if they chance to find one near or on them. Even strong men have been seen to shrink from a little spider on the wall, and to be almost at their wit's end to know how to knock the creature down and kill it. When these fearful people crush a spider with their foot a peculiar feeling runs through them as if the animal would have revenge by making its way through the sole of the boot and on to their very person. And yet spiders, at any rate our English spiders, really do no harm They, perhaps, are nasty creatures to look at, but if what we read of them be true, they are full of tenderness. Why, then, do they count so many human beings among their enemies? Does it not seem especially strange that good Catholic Christians should be so frightened of them? Allowing for exceptions, this dread of unlovely insects comes from the training most people have received in childhood. The fear with which we are impressed in early years seldom leaves us. The "Lyra Innocentium" beautifully describes the near approach of Christian infancy to the Saviour of men, and to this "attributes the sort of understanding which exists between them and the brute creation": —

"Thou makest me jealous, infant dear!
Why wilt thou waste thy precious smiles,
Thy beckonings blithe and joyous wiles,
On bird or insect gliding near?
Why court the deaf and blind?
What is this wondrous sympathy,
That draws thee so, heart, ear, and eye,
Towards the inferior kind?"

But as children grow up, intercourse with those around them blunts the sympathy for the "inferior kind" which the grace of holy baptism bestowed upon them, and opens a way for the entrance of timidity, fear, and aversion, which strengthen with years, until oftentimes middle age sees them run shrieking away from the sight of a harmless spider. The remedy is plain. Parents ought to foster in their children the spirit of fearlessness and affection which baptism implanted. They should avoid exhibiting any fear on their own part. They should never allow their children wantonly and cruelly to take away the life of any creature. They should teach them the preciousness of life, seeing that it is a gift they cannot give. When possible, it would be well to show any peculiarities of an insect which would be calculated to remove fear or to inspire admiration. The following extract from a work

published in Holland towards the end of the last century admirably illustrates how this may be done. A conversation is carried on between several young ladies "It is a great weakness," said one, "to be afraid of these insects (spiders). It was the case with me, but my dear mamma quite reconciled me to spiders by telling me what tender parents they are. She says she has read in a book of natural history of a kind of spider which carries her eggs about with her in a silk bag of her own spinning, fixed to her back, and will sooner suffer death than part with it. One of these insects was observed by a naturalist to have fallen unfortunately into the funnel of a lion-pismire, which immediately seized upon its bag of eggs, and endeavored to drag it under the sand. The spider, for the love of its young, which were about to leave the eggs, allowed its own body to be carried along with the bag; but the slender silk by which it was fixed to her broke, and a separation took place. The poor spider instantly seized the bag with her pincers, and tried to regain the objects of her affection, but all in vain; the cruel pismire sunk the bag deeper and deeper in the sand. The fond parent, however, rather than quit her hold, suffered herself to be buried alive. The gentleman who observed the contest removed the sand and took her out, for the pismire had not touched her; but so strong was her attachment to her eggs that, though frequently touched with a twig, she would not leave the place which contained them." Meanwhile we must not think unkindly of the pismire either, for, probably enough, it was only too glad to provide a breakfast on eggs for its own hungry offspring.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that comes to a girl when she marries is, that she has to discharge her mother, and depend upon a girl.

MOUNT ETNA.

To get a notion of the size of the most famous of volcanoes, the unscientific mind will resort to the aid of Prof. Jukes, who tells us, "If we were to put Snowden, the highest mountain in Wales, on the top of Ben Nevis, the highest in Scotland, and Carrantuohill, the highest in Ireland, on the summit of both, we should make a mountain but very little higher than Etna, and we should require to heap up a great number of other mountains around the flanks of our new one, in order to build a gentle, sloping pile which should equal Etna in bulk." Its majestic height is, however, less imposing to the imagination than its vast extent, for "Il Monte" has an area of four hundred and sixty-two square miles, "rather larger than that of Bedfordshire," and a population more than double that of the English county. Two cities, Catania and Aci Reale, and sixty-two small towns cluster upon the slopes of the awful mountain, whose entrails are fire and whose breath is flame and lightning. Nine miles beneath the crater, which is one thousand feet in depth, three miles in width (it was rent anew into great fissures by the last eruption), the habitable zone commences, and is tenanted by three hundred thousand souls. Only the Val del Bove, commencing two miles from the summit, where Sir Charles Lyell believes there formerly existed a centre of permanent eruption, is altogether sterile now; the other sides of the mountain are clothed with trees at the level, and such trees! Fourteen separate forests form the Regione Selvosa, and they abound with the oak, beech, pine, and poplar, with the chestnut, the ilex, and the cork tree.

Rev. M. McDonnell, of Batavia, N. Y., has started for the far West to open a home for destitute children who would be lost to the faith because they are thrown upon the world without home and without friends.

LEO XIII. AND HIS COURT.

London Times Correspondent.

A NOTEWORTHY scene was enacted in the Vatican a few days ago, which still more fully reveals the means by which Leo XIII. would endeavor to restore, not only the ecclesiastical, but, if he can, also the temporal glories of the papacy. It is evident that from the very beginning of his reign he formed the determination of doing all in his power to elevate the Roman hierarchy and priesthood to the highest practicable standard of morality and learning, and to surround the pontifical throne with eminent men. In his first Encyclical he told the Episcopate how much it behoved the clergy to show themselves shining examples of piety and learning before all men, and he has repeated the same charge more than once. In creating his first batch of cardinals he has chosen from among the men most noted for the qualities and attainments he had commended, and a day or two ago he gathered about him in the Vatican a number of the most distinguished students in the various colleges, and, sitting in the library, presided at a disputation on philosophy, and rewarded the disputants with gold and silver medals, — not the mere "objects of devotion" generally bestowed by Popes, but medals having for their meaning the reward of merit only. No such scene has been witnessed in the Vatican for many long years, and, as described to me by one who was present, it somewhat recalls the days when a former Leo was the centre of the talent and genius of his day.

The Pope himself took no direct part in the discussion, but at its conclusion — it lasted three hours — he rose and made a short discourse. He expressed his satisfaction with what he had heard, and hoped that the theological disputation to be held in the same manner at the end of the month might be equally praiseworthy. It was his intention, he said, to hold these trials of ability each year, in order to encourage the students in their studies, and stimulate them to greater exertions for the glory of the church and the good of mankind; and he further purposed to have similar competitions in canon law and in Greek, Latin, and Italian literature; and with that he gave the medals I have mentioned and his benediction.

Leo XIII. is gradually surrounding himself with a new world. The customary names are falling into the background and others are taking their places. Of the new cardinals, Hergenrother leaves the University of Wurzburg, and Alinonda his bishopric of Albenga, to take up their residence in Rome, and directly participate, together with Zigliari and Pecci, in the Pope's councils. The celebrated Capecelatro, who it will be remembered was what may be called the Italian nominee for the Archbishopric of Naples, given instead to Monsignor San Felice, has been called to fill the office of Under, or, in other words, Acting Librarian of the Vatican Library. Monsignor Boccali has been summoned from Perugia also to take part in the pontifical doings of the present, while, with an onward view to the future, the Pope calls into his presence and applauds the most promising minds among the youth in the universities. Nevertheless, although Alinonda, Capecelatro, and others are men of enlarged, as contradistinguished from narrow, minds, it would be altogether a mistake to suppose that Leo XIII. has the slightest intention of abating one jot or tittle of what he considers to be the inalienable rights of the Pontificate. He is not calling the best talents of the church around him to help him to yield or find some means of conciliation, but to strengthen himself in maintaining what he holds to be his rights in such a way as may be best calculated to insure his regaining them.

MIND your own business.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

C. W. CHRISTALL, IN THE "MONITOR."

PROLOGUE.

Looking back from our times of peaceful security through the mist that intervenes between us and the sixteenth century, it would seem at first glance almost incredible that the English nation should, in the short space of thirty years, have relinquished a faith that they had steadily held for nearly nine centuries. Historians have touched the subject lightly, with strong anti-Catholic feelings, and with an evident reluctance to offend the susceptibilities of their Protestant readers; and the impression left upon the public mind is that the Reformation chiefly owed its strength to the powerful revulsion of feeling that set in against the ancient faith, in consequence of the cruel treatment of the Reformers in the reign of Mary.

Occasionally one better informed, or more boldly honest than the rest, has, after consulting a few antique records, given the result of his studies to the world, and shown with some fairness that the Reformers were not quite so blameless, nor their opponents altogether so deserving of reprobation, as had hitherto been supposed. But such writings, while shedding a faint gleam of light upon that dark epoch, have had little permanent effect.

The process by which the extinction of the Catholic religion in this country was effected is to be found in musty and obsolete acts of Parliament, city records, and manuscripts of contemporary writers, dispersed among the various libraries of the religious orders. Some of the latter are now in course of publication; but although they afford abundant material for a truthful history of that troubled period, they are in their present state attractive to few; will, in all probability, remain unknown to the general public; and, judging by the treatment that less inaccessible authorities havs received at the hands of some of our "historians," will not do much to remove the deep-seated prejudice with which Protestant writers invariably approach the uncongenial subject.

Cardinal Manning has said, with force and truth, that the people of England never voluntarily surrendered their faith: it was taken from them. It is far less difficult to destroy than to construct, — so easy to forget: and when the Catholic religion was forcibly put out of sight, is it surprising that it should cease to be remembered?

The substitution of the royal supremacy for that of the Pope evidently seemed to Henry VIII. a very trifling matter. It was so much more convenient, and simplified matters so greatly, to recognize the sovereign as the ruler of men's souls as well as bodies, than that there should be tiresome appeals from his authority to that of a foreigner hundreds of miles away. We have heard very recently from a statesman of some note the parrot-cry of "divided allegiance"; and Germany is still engaged in the difficult task, in humble imitation of King Henry, of compelling its Catholic subjects to render to Cæsar the things that are God's.

Henry had, however, no intention of abandoning the faith that he had so valorously defended against the attacks of Luther. Desirous of retaining all the ceremonies and all the doctrines, save one, of the ancient religion, he sent Protestants and Catholics with stern impartiality to the scaffold, — the one for denying tran-

substantiation, the other for the rejection of his claim to the headship of the Church.

The Courts of High Commission, originally created for the purpose of enforcing the doctrine of the royal supremacy, were occupied during the reign of Elizabeth in rooting out all traces of the ancient religion.

In the course of a few years an inquisition compared to which the much-abused and little-understood institution of Spain was a model of kindness, was established in the land, together with a penal code that vied in severity with any enacted during the early years of Christianity.

Under its operation, the loathsome prisons were filled with recusants; men, women, and children were herded together with thieves and murderers. Pestilence, engendered by the foul vapors of the dungeon, thinned the ranks of the victims; and at York, twenty gentlemen of family and position were carried off in one week. Executions of priests and laymen were of frequent occurrence; and in the same city, for refusing to plead at her trial, Margaret Clithero was pressed to death under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity, and her body buried beneath a dunghill.

Outward conformity to the established worship was deemed an insufficient compliance to the laws of the realm; a rigid subjection of the conscience was further insisted upon. The practice or profession of any other creed than that established by Elizabeth was declared treasonable, and recusants and Puritans, although in far different degrees, alike bowed their necks to the rod of the persecutor.

The ecclesiastical laws passed during Elizabeth's reign had but one object in view, — the extirpation of the Catholic religion. It was declared high treason to be a priest or to harbor a priest, to say Mass or to hear Mass; and those who incurred the penalities of treason were condemned to forfeit all their property, and to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Recusants, as the unhappy Catholics were called, were at the mercy of their neighbors and enemies; daily watched by the pursuivants, liable at any hour to be hurried before the Courts of High Commission, there to be interrogated upon oath how often they had been at church, and when and where they received the Sacrament, and to be condemned as recusants to fine and imprisonment. In the case of converts, who, in the language of the time, were said to have been "reconciled" to the Church, the punishment was also the forfeiture of all their goods and imprisonment for life; while those Catholics who fled the country had their property at once confiscated, and given or sold at low prices to the followers of the court. Year by year proclamations were issued by the Crown, calling upon bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners to redouble their vigilance, and strictly enforce the laws relating to religion; and the meaner agents employed to put these laws into execution were empowered to act without warrant, and, as a stimulant to their zeal, were allotted a share in the recusant's goods; and their hapless victim found himself compelled to submit to extortion and cruelty, without the faintest hope of obtaining redress.

Under the pressure of these severe laws, the Catholics quickly dwindled into a feeble and insignificant remnant; but all the terrors of the law were insufficient to stay the little band of devoted priests who issued from the seminary of Douay, to sustain the failing courage of their co-religionists and keep alight the waning lamp of faith.

Side by side with the seminary priests came the vanguard of that illustrious order that, persecuted in all countries and in all ages since its foundation, has never been defeated, nor made to swerve from its onward course; that has worked patiently and unceasingly for the salvation of souls, bearing calumny, contempt, imprison-

ment, or death, with unfaltering courage, the greatest and noblest, the most hated and feared, the most bitterly persecuted of all religious orders, and that has been peculiarly the heir to the reproach of Him whose name it bears, — the Society of Jesus.

Just fifty years ago, England, with tardy penitence, blotted from her statute-books those inhuman laws; but from that measure of relief the Jesuits were excluded, and to this day their presence in England is contrary to law.

The scene of the bitterest persecution which it was the lot of our forefathers to undergo was in the North, where the Court of High Commission was presided over by one of the fiercest and most unrelenting enemies of the Catholic religion. It was not zeal for religion, but an insatiable greed of wealth, that rendered the Earl of Huntingdon so anxious to put down popery. Records still remain to show that the ill-gotten gains of sheriffs, pursuivants, and other agents of the commissioners were heavily taxed by this nobleman, and even of the money wrung by the very jailers from the Catholics they had in charge, a large proportion went into his pocket. The jailers, perhaps not unreasonably, complained that his demands were so heavy as to leave them no profit for themselves.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, there stood by the roadside, near the village of Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, distant about thirty miles from the city of York, a solidly built house of moderate dimensions, with numerous outbuildings attached thereto, and all the appurtenances of a farm. The extensive range of barns, stables, and granaries in the rear gave indications of some degree of comfort, if not of opulence; but a closer inspection would have revealed the fact that the barns were empty, and the long rows of stalls had for their sole occupants some three or four rough-looking, under-bred horses, that eagerly munched at their coarse and stinted provender. The place bore the stamp of desolation and neglect. Doors had been torn down, and lay broken to pieces in the mire; corn and fodder, trampled under foot, were strewed about profusely, and the stacks of corn and hay had been to all appearance but recently removed, carelessly and in haste.

It was a rough, wintry night. The rain, beaten by the wind that swept across the wild moorland in heavy, sudden gusts, pattered violently on the casements, and lay in pools around the house; or dripping steadily from the leafless trees that stood about it, saturated with slow persistence the miry soil beneath.

The front of the house was entirely dark, save that from one window there faintly gleamed the intermittent reflection of a fire. The apartment to which it belonged contained two men, engaged in serious converse, their voices hardly raised above a whisper.

One of them, a stout, well-made man of about thirty years, his fair, open face darkened by an anxious frown, sat beside the chimney-corner, leaning foward with his elbows on his knees.

"We were told," he said, "that you were sent to London as soon as you were arrested. I caused many inquiries to be made there, but could learn nothing of your fate."

"I was taken to London, Gilbert," said the other; "but for some reason they brought me back again, and I have lain in prison on Ouse Bridge for nearly four years. I escaped, as I told you, the night before last, and have wandered about ever since. My ankles were so galled by the fetters, and my progress so slow and full of danger, that I was more then once tempted to surrender myself to the first passer-by."

The speaker was a man of wild and singular appearance, with long, matted hair and unkept beard. He did not seem much older than his companion, but his features bore the indelible marks of intense suffering, and

from the haggard, careworn face his dark, expressive eyes gleamed with strange brilliancy. Wrapped in a huge horseman's cloak, drawn closely round his spare form, he lay upon a rough couch of straw, over which some coarse sacking had been thrown, and his feet, that seemed to give him pain, were encased in hastily improvised bandages.

"I thought escape from the Kidcotes was impossible," said his friend.

"I was at York last week, and the mayor, as a hint of what I might expect, would have me look at his prison."

"There are several prisons," said the other; "three on Ouse Bridge, and one in the castle. It was the mayor's Kidcotes that I was in; and having no money to pay our good jailer for my keep, I was consigned to the lower hold."

"Why did you not send to me, Vaughan?' said Gilbert reproachfully.

"The money I hold of yours, albeit it is not in my hands now, but still in safe keeping, should have been returned to you to the last groat."

"I was better without it," said Vaughan; "and it was not mine to use, but a trust for my child. You would have run great risks in bringing relief to a prisoner there. Two ladies came lately on such an errand, the one having her father, the other her kinsman, prisoners at York for their religion. As soon as they had entered the prison, inquiry was made as to who and what they were. Admitting that they were Catholics, they were taken before the mayor, who offered them the oath of allegiance, as they call it. Not understanding its meaning, they refused to take it, and were committed themselves to the prison on Ouse Bridge."

"Well," said his friend, with a weary sigh, "what are your plans, Frank? You must lie here, of course, until your wounds are healed; but what is to be done next?"

"My presence under your friendly roof, Gilbert Langton, puts you in sore peril," said Vaughan. "If you will conceal me until to-morrow, I will make an effort to escape to France, if possible. Give me the loan of a horse, and if I can reach Hull, I think I can depend upon a friend there for a sea passage."

"Your imprisonment has given you strange notions of the liberty accorded to recusants There are spies on every road; the most harmless personage is stopped and questioned, and if his replies be not satisfactory, he may think himself fortunate if he escapes with the loss of all he has I am not allowed as yet to go more than five miles from my house without leave of the commissioners, but before the end of the week I shall be relieved of that restriction."

"How so?" inquired Vaughan.

Gilbert moved uneasily beneath the searching gaze of his friend, and turning his face moodily to the fire, said with great reluctance, "You will hear it soon, Frank, if I do not tell you" He paused for a moment, and added, "I have submitted; taken the oath; promised to go to church, to conform to their accursed worship, and denied our common faith."

"You, Gilbert Langton? You?" said Vaughan, starting up.

"Is it surprising!" said the other bitterly. "So long as I had sufficient means I paid the fines for recusancy, £20 every month, levied thirteen times in the year; and I had scarce enough left to support my household. One bad harvest deprived me altogether of the money to satisfy the rapacity of our tyrants, and the greater part of my lands were seized. Not long since, the pursuivants came hither and took all my goods, breaking open doors and chests, and refusing the keys that were offered. Again last week, I was visited, and what the former harpies had left, was taken from me; the few cattle I had were driven away, my stacks of hay and corn sold for half their value, and I was threatened that upon their next visit they would carry me and my family to prison.

What could I do? To hesitate would involve us all in irretrievable misery. I did as others have done, as many more will be compelled to do. I rode to York the same afternoon, renounced my errors, took the oath."

He stamped his foot upon the ground, and rising from his seat abruptly, paced the room hurriedly, while his frame quivered with suppressed agony.

"You must have suffered deeply, my poor Gilbert," said Vaughan, "before they forced you to this extremity."

"I have paid in fines during the past five years more than would suffice to purchase all the land I possess." resumed Langton. "So careful was I to avoid giving offence to the law that when Father Campian, the Jesuit, being in this neighborhood, sent to say he would visit us, I declined to receive him. It was fortunate that I did so, for when he was under the torture he gave up the names of all who had sheltered him hereabouts."

"We heard of it up yonder," said Vaughan. "But he was promised that no harm should befall those whom he mentioned; and but for that promise he would have told them nothing, although he was many hours upon the rack. If we blame him for that error, let us rememder that he expiated it with his own blood, and underwent the agonies of martyrdom unshrinkingly."

"No faith is kept with us," said Langton. "The punishment for harboring a priest is often death; and every one he mentioned paid dearly for their fault. I escaped for the time, but they afterwards seized everything I had, even to our beds. And there are false pursuivants going about, who rob and spoil suspected papists; and if we complain to Lord Huntingdon, these leeches, who suck our heart's blood, are commended for their zeal, and we are told to go and beg our goods again of the queen, if we think ourselves wronged."

"Do not despair, Gilbert," said Vaughan, "we bear the brunt of the battle. It ever wages fiercest before the end, and victory will be ours one day."

"Heaven forgive my fault!" said Langton despondingly. "God knows that it was not for my own safety or comfort I did this thing. Had I been alone, neither threats nor punishment should have made me a recreant to my faith; but oh! friend, you know how bitter it is to see your darlings suffer."

His lip quivered, and he stopped. Vaughan looked pityingly for some moments at his half-averted face, and then said gently, "My poor friend! it is with you as it has been with many more. If we would live in peace in our own land no choice is left us but to submit to those hard and crushing laws. If we are quiet, we are suspected of plotting; if we raise our voice against injustice, we are rebellious, disloyal. Our very name is written upon the statute-book beside that of England's bitterest enemy."

"You know too well, Frank, what we have to suffer," said Langton, raising his voice in anger, but checking himself instantly, as if he feared a listener. "And, like you, I might have been hurried to jail, leaving behind me the corpse of my wife, and my children without a shelter or a friend, had I not been tortured into submission. But I have not your fortitude. You blame me in your heart for my weakness."

Vaughan eagerly raised his hand with a gesture of dissent.

"Nay, it must be so," said Langton sadly. "But to you, dear Frank, I would urge, as I can to no other, reasons that would have weight with many of our people for my sinful act."

"There is no need, Gilbert," said Vaughan, "I am not your judge; and God forbid that I should blame those whom suffering has made feeble. But the oath you have taken, I say nothing of the rest, need scarcely weigh heavily on your conscience. There is a difference of opinion as to its lawfulness. Many of the priests have taken it."

"That but adds to our troubles," said Langton. "Our priests are at strife among themselves on that very point. I neither stand nor fall by the acts of others; and I feel, I know, that I am not without sin in the matter."

He busied himself in putting more billets on the fire, rearranged Vaughan's pillow, and placed some food within his reach. Vaughan looked up to him with a grateful smile. Such comforts came strangely to the escaped prisoner.

"I must be away betimes in the morning, Gilbert," he said.

"Then it will be on the road to York," said his friend bluntly. "You could not walk a mile with your blistered feet and wounded ankles; and I have no horse that I could lend you with safety, nor could I accompany you just yet. Are the pleasures of yonder prison so alluring that you are in haste to return thither again?"

"Words cannot describe the horrors of that loathsome place," said Vaughan. "Add to which, the coarse insults of the jailers, the scanty food of the vilest description, the felons and outcasts that we have for companions, and I have long since ceased to wonder that some — comparatively few, thank God! — have given way and made shipwreck of their faith."

"Is escape equally possible, think you, to those who remain?"

"I fear not. It was the merest accident that gave me liberty, and is not likely to befall another. The lower hold, where I was imprisoned, is on a level with the abutment of the bridge. It is always dark, for its only outlet is a trap-door opening on to the river; and if this were not kept fast closed when the tide runs high, the prisoners would be in danger of drowning, like rats in a hole. This door is opened twice daily, and our pittance of food thrust in, and on this particular night it was by some accident left unfastened. There was no one in the cell with me at the time, for my two companions had died of fever; and as the water rushed in I tried to check it with some rags and straw. As I pressed against the door, it flew open. The night was dark, and ironed as I was, I climbed out and reached the abutment. I had not been there long before a man passed in a boat. I begged of him, for the love of God, to save me; told him my name, and why I was imprisoned. He was, fortunately for me, a fellow-sufferer for conscience' sake; and rowing me some distance down the river, he put me ashore, and bidding me God-speed, would have thrust a coin into my hand; but he had given me life, and I could not take his alms. With a heavy stone I broke the fetters that encumbered me, and, wandering about stealthily and in by-paths, at length reached you. Had I not been able to gain shelter, I must have been retaken, for I could go no further."

"But you are without money," said Langton. "If you will not use what is yours, suffer me to furnish you with a little from my own store."

"If I can but reach Hull safely, I shall not need it," said Vaughan; "and until I return, the sum you hold will suffice for the wants of my child."

"Return!" ejaculated his friend. "Do not dream of that. You would incur forfeiture and imprisonment for life; and the laws are so variously interpreted, that it might be adjudged treason."

"It would be difficult for me to satisfy the first part of the penalty," said Vaughan, with a smile; "for I have nothing left that I could forfeit."

"For heaven's sake then," said Langton earnestly, "do not enter into any plots. Beyond a few, here and there, rendered desperate by their sufferings, you will not find any willing, if even they were able, to attempt the impossible task of altering these wretched laws by violence."

"If I plot," said Vaughan, his face lighting up with a faint glow of fervor, "it will be for England's welfare, not for her harm. There is a work I wish to do; and whether we meet again on this earth or no, my pur-

pose is to return to my native land, to labor, however humbly, for the accomplishment of a noble design. I have thought of it in the weary hours spent in yonder prison; pain and hunger have but intensified my desire to share in the great work that is being done in our midst; and if the sacrifice of my life will help forward by one single step the cause for which many have died, I offer it willingly, humbly, and with joy. Though our numbers are but few and our courage broken, we are not defeated yet. The conflict still rages; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

CHAPTER I.

THE PRIOR OF STUDLEY.

THE accession of James I. to the throne of England was hailed by the suffering Catholics as a welcome relief from the troubles they had endured during the preceding reign. Born of a Catholic mother, who had suffered imprisonment and death at the hands of Elizabeth, he held out hopes of toleration to the Catholics; and during the first few months of his reign, he invited the recusants to his court, and suspended the levying of their fines. A very short period sufficed to dissipate these pleasant illusions, and taught his subjects how lightly a Stuart held his plighted word. The welcome that he experienced on all sides enabled him to violate with security his promise of toleration; and firmly seated on the English throne, "he had no need of the Papists' help, since the Protestants everywhere received him with so much favor."

The laws against recusants were again put in force, the prisons once more filled; the fines that had never been remitted were suddenly demanded, together with all arrears; and the scaffolds again flowed with Catholic blood.

Disgusted at his treachery, some of those who had taken a leading part in the endeavor to secure his triumph blindly threw themselves into the arms of their enemies. The plots of Raleigh and Cobham ensued, in which Papists and Puritans were implicated; and, driven to desperation by their sufferings, a handful of fiery enthusiasts conceived the atrocious design of destroying king, lords, and commons by means of the Gunpowder Plot.

The county of Warwick, within which the conspirators held their last meeting, presents many features of great beauty, and is not devoid of interest. The ancient city of Warwick, with its grand feudal castle, takes us back to the days of the famous Earl Guy, and evokes memories of the puissant king-maker, Richard Neville; the ruins of Kenilworth recall the woes of fair Rosamond and Amy Robsart, and the virtues of good Queen Bess, and her trusty and well-beloved accomplice, Leicester; Saxon Earl Leofrice and Lady Godiva live again in Coventry; and at a village known as Stratford-upon-Avon a certain William Shakespeare, who stole the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, and lampooned the knight into the bargain, was born and buried; and it may be that the house wherein this play-actor was born is regarded with feelings of deeper veneration and affectionate respect than are all the majestic remains of loyal and feudal piles put together.

But it is not with any of these that we have to do, although the period of which we write was within a few years of Shakespeare's death, and fewer still of the Powder Plot.

On the western confines of the county, near to the adjacent county of Worcester, beside the narrow, silvery Alne, stands the village of Aston Cantilupe, or Cantlow, as it is now called; and beyond the river the road runs in a westerly direction towards Spernall, until the traveller reaches the high road to Birmingham.

Along this road, on a fine summer's afternoon, in the year 1610, there travelled leisurely two horsemen, persons of condition apparently, followed

at a short distance by a couple of servingmen, well armed and of athletic build, sturdy enough to overawe any slinking footpad having confused ideas as to the rights of property.

The road or track, for it was little better than a broad sheep-walk, wound through a thickly wooded country, now in a deep dell, almost buried beneath the overarching trees, and at other times along the brow of a hill, from whence glimpses of the richly diversified scenery might be caught; or a distant village spire, with a few houses clustering round it, as if for shelter, showed that the wide expanse of hill and dale was not altogether destitute of tenants. Although the summer's sun poured down its warm and cheerful rays, the road lay so entirely in the shade, thanks to dense foliage that sheltered it, that the cool tranquillity of their surroundings fell with a grateful sense upon the minds of the travellers, who rode at a gentle trot, as if desirous to eke out, as far as possible, the enjoyments that our beautiful but too brief summer holds out.

"How Dame Nature ever seems to preach the blessings of peace!" said the elder traveller, a commanding-looking man, with thin white hair and peaked beard. "Who could think of strife amid such scenes as these?"

"This is Nature at peace, and on her best behavior," said the other. "But, like the human heart, she has her storms and dark days. I have found that those most accustomed to the quietude and beauty of nature are far less sensible to its influence than those who enjoy it but seldom and at such times as this."

"She can be a virago at times," rejoined the first speaker. "I have been told that somewhere in Italy there is a mountain that spits forth masses of red-hot stones at any one who approaches it. Troth! I think those foolish fellows who concocted the Powder Plot must have taken a lesson from the burning mountain, when they essayed to blow us all into the next world. It was a mercy that they did not accomplish their designs."

"Would that the plot could have taught our rulers the danger of driving men to such terrible extremes! Like the mouth of that fiery mountain, the plot only showed what a vast, seething mass of disaffection must underlie the peaceful aspect of our country, that, perchance, only awaits its time to burst forth into an all-devouring flame."

"I do not think there is much disaffection now, at least, in this county. Some of our neighbors, it is true, shared in the plot, but I think they had few sympathizers. The people now are quiet and peaceably disposed; and indeed, for my own part, I cannot tell what there is to complain of."

"You are scarcely in a position to judge of that, Lord Aston," said the other. "Share the opinions of those men, undergo, as they did, fines and imprisonment for the same cause, and you would not acquit the laws of all blame."

"Faith! I am content to take life as I find it," returned the peer, "without going out of my way to fall foul of the law, and these crack-brained fellows who deny the right of the country to make what laws it thinks fit, must needs go to the wall in such an encounter."

"But has any country the right to oppress men's consciences?" asked his companion. "Surely, the state is not empowered to arrogate to itself the functions of the Deity, and compel us to accept at the sword's point a creed of her own fashioning."

"Now, that is the very rock on which these people split," said Lord Aston. "What was it the parson said, awhile since, of malignants who rejected the law? Something about every man doing what was right in his own eyes. Yes, that was it, and his argument was to the effect that if men were not restrained by law, they might, by pleading the dictates of conscience, commit any enormity, —

nay, even take to themselves as many wives as the Grand Turk has. The state is certainly entitled to prevent such an outrage upon Christianity, but it forces no man's conscience thereby. It is the bounden duty of an English subject to live a Christian and godly life. For this purpose the law enjoins us to meet together for prayer and the hearing of pious discourses from duly authorized teachers of the gospel. And will you affirm, Captain Burnet, that the state does wrong to issue such commands?"

"That was not precisely my meaning," said Burnet. "If I think the state religion erroneous, and prefer to follow one that I believe to be true, who possesses the right to deprive me of the privilege of worshipping God in a manner agreeable to my conscience?"

"The state, my good Burnet, pretends not to interfere with any man's conscience," said Lord Aston, rather testily. "Believe what you please, say your prayers in any fashion you choose, and the law will let you alone, but you are expected to go to church like other folk. It is a test of loyalty, a token that you are an obedient, God-fearing subject. But refuse to comply with this gentle law, and you straightway become one of the disaffected. The king is head of the church, as well as of the state; and if you slight him in either capacity, your act savors of treason."

Lord Aston was quite warm, and a little offended at the obstinacy of his companion, whose drift he did not comprehend. Moreover, he had got slightly confused by his own unwonted eloquence, began to wonder what had set him off, and was dimly conscious that his reasoning had been wholly destitute of its intended effect.

Somewhat mollified by Burnet's silence, who evidently had the good sense to know when he was beaten, the peer's irritation subsided, and they quietly continued their journey.

"Now, which of these roads is mine?" asked Burnet, as they came into the high road, with a gaunt finger-post in the midst, pointing five different ways.

"There lies your way," said Lord Aston, "but as mine is partly in the same direction, we part not yet. A mile farther on, you will find a bridle-path on your right, follow it and you wi l find the ruin you wish to see. You do not know the prior?"

"The prior," said Burnet, looking puzzled, "who is he?"

"The people hereabout have given him the title," said Lord Aston. "He is a simple, harmless fellow, who lives there alone. Some relative of his, they say, was a monk there when the Papists had it, and he seems to believe that he has inherited some right to the place. By the way, how is your hurt? Talking of Papists reminded me of it."

"So well, under your kind care," said Burnet, "that I shall be well enough in a few days to quit your hospitable shelter."

"Not yet, I trust," said Lord Aston. "Remain with us until the hunting begins, and let our neighbors see that you can follow the hounds as well as the enemy."

"It seems ungracious to refuse your kind proffer," said Burnet, "but I have business that demands my immediate attention"

"Let me give you a piece of advice. Do not lodge again with a Papist," said Lord Aston earnestly, "or you may chance to meet with more misfortune. If your late host, that numbskull, Fenner, had been wise in time, his house need not have been burnt, nor you all but roasted alive in it. But he must set himself up as knowing better than his neighbors; lets out that he is a Papist, and so brings the law swooping down upon his dunce's head. And see the end of it! His goods are destroyed, and he clapped in prison until he change his mind, and become an obedient subject. Here, then, we part; this is my road. You had better have one of my men to guide you. No? Then, fare you well."

He waited a few moments after Burnet had left him, and waving his hand, struck into the by-road.

"A likely man enough," he murmured to himself. "Rather too quiet though for a soldier. I would he told us a little about himself. He did not drop from the clouds, but where else he came from I know not."

The face and figure of Burnet in no way belied his professional title. About forty years of age, his features, if not strictly handsome, were regular and pleasing, and they bore the impress of courage and determination; his eyes stern, but not harsh, calm and steady in their glance, were those of a man of patient, resolute nature, one likely to be very much in earnest, even if he failed of success in whatever he undertook; and his shapely, muscular figure was displayed to full advantage by the tightly fitting doublet he wore. He was, indeed, as his title proclaimed him to be, a soldier, although not precisely of the description that the peer supposed.

For some weeks prior to the opening of this chapter, he had been the guest of a small farmer near the village of Aston. By some act of indiscreet zeal, his host attracted the attention of one of the numerous spies that infested the country, and had been denounced to the sheriff as a recusant; and that worthy, in the execution of his authority for the rooting out of popery, had sent two of his men to arrest the traitor. The capture of Fenner occurred at a late hour, and the officers decided upon passing the night at his house, intending to carry him to Warwick in the morning; and as they sat up to watch their prisoner they were supplied with the food and drink that the farmer did not dare to refuse them. Their carouse came to an untimely end. By some accident the light was overturned, and setting fire to the woodwork, the place was burnt to the ground. In the confusion the daughter of Fenner, having been forgotten, was nearly stifled by the smoke, and Captain Burnet, at the risk of his life, rescued the insensible girl; but as he emerged from the blazing ruin, a mass of charred and half-burnt wood fell upon him, injuring his left arm rather severely, and it was not without great difficulty that the girl and her preserver were finally extricated from their perilous situation. Lord Aston, who had come down when the alarm was raised, charitably ordered the sufferers to be carried to the manor-house; and some days elapsed before Burnet was able to leave his bed.

The inmates of Aston Manor found their patient a quiet, reserved man, who imparted very little intelligence to them of himself; but from some hints that he let fall in the course of conversation, it was believed that he was an emissary of the court, whose agents, as it was well known, were frequently despatched upon secret and delicate missions; usually for the purpose of detecting or fomenting plots, of which the astute and vigilant Cecil had received such timely notice as to enable him to meet disaffection more than half way, and sometimes to assist in its development, by aiding the conspirators to carry on their intrigues until the proper moment arrived for crushing both at one blow.

It was sufficient to be a reputed agent of the wily and unscrupulous Cecil to insure the captain a ready welcome, however insincere, to the house of any person whom he condescended to visit, and he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, treated with high consideration on all sides; and, thanks to the terrors of the spy system inaugurated by the elder Cecil, and that still enjoyed a vigorous existence, he was regarded with not a little fear.

How the rumor originated of his connection with the court, the captain did not trouble himself to inquire: he neither confirmed nor contradicted it. Before his accident he had been very active, had been met with in various parts of the country; and from his visits to known or suspected recusants,

it was whispered that another popish plot had aroused the suspicions of Master Cecil, who was known to have a very keen scent indeed in such matters.

It was rather late in the afternoon when the captain at length drew rein before the sad, majestic ruin of Studley Priory. It in no way differed from many another religious pile that he had met with. Roofless, its bare walls still raised as if in supplication, masses of stonework rudely pulled down, and half-hidden by the ivy that lovingly sought to hide and beautify the havoc that human hands had wrought, with shapeless gaps in the masonry, where stained windows once had cast their checkered shadows upon pictures and altars, upon long processions of chanting monks, upon rites of solemn splendor, — it stood in mute eloquence, to testify in days yet to come the sublimity of that ancient creed to which it owed its being, and which England had pressed to her bosom for ages, only to fling aside, at the bidding of her ruler, with every mark of infamy and hate.

It stood alone in its desolation; but at a short distance there loomed another ruin, smaller, and of more recent date, — the remains of a residence, unfinished, and left to rot and moulder beside the pile from whence its materials had been drawn. The man to whom the place was granted at the dissolution would have built himself a house out of the monastic quarry, but that his life was cut short in some freak of the tyrant, and his headless trunk consigned to some remote, unhonored grave; leaving the uncompleted pile, like his own suddenly arrested life, to point such moral as the story might suggest to any indifferent stranger.

Against one of the walls a little tenement was erected, built partly of stone, with a thatched roof; and a patch of ground before it had been hedged in and planted with herbs and poor garden-stuff. An old man of hale appearance and fresh complexion was busily plucking up the weeds; and as Burnet rode up, he came forward, and stood by his little gate, regarding the stranger with fixed, inquiring look.

A few words passed between them, and taking Burnet's horse to the interior of the ruin, he re-entered the hut, followed by his visitor.

Presently another stranger arrived, and being also admitted to the cottage, the old man came forth again, leaving his visitors to themselves, and tranquilly resumed his work. The air was very still; and the faint tinkle of the sheep-bells in the distance, and the twitter of the birds, harmonized the peaceful scene, making the solitude more profound; and, quitting his work, the tenant of the priory leaned thoughtfully against the palings, lost in thought.

"Well, Father Prior," said a voice at his elbow, "will you do the honors of your abode? Let us see where your treasure lies hid."

He started, and looking round, found his visitors standing beside him. He took off his cap with a gesture of deep respect, but instantly replaced it, in obedience to an impatient look from the speaker, who was a tall, bony man, with thin, aquiline nose and piercing black eyes.

"You have lived here a long time, I believe?" said Burnet, as they walked across the floor of what had been the church. "It is said that you were one of the monks here."

"Not quite that, sir," was the reply. "My uncle was one of the brethren; but the place was suppressed and the monks all sent away when I was a boy. I do not remember much of it. When Queen Mary came to the throne, there was some talk of the monks coming back; but the place was roofless then, and has been sadly used since."

He sighed heavily, and they gazed silently at the ruined sanctuary. It was with varied feelings that the three men contemplated the scene of destruction. To the old guardian of the place, the scene was too familiar to

arouse anything more than a sense of passive regret, and Burnet, although his eye wandered with wistful tenderness over the dismantled place, betrayed no emotion. But with their companion, the case was far different; his thick black eyebrows were knit in a heavy frown, almost concealing his gleaming eyes, and he bit his lip almost savagely, while his thin nostrils dilated with an expression of the keenest indignation.

"Here is where we buried my uncle," said the old man, pointing to a seclude l corner of the chancel. "I put these stones to mark his grave."

The fragments of masonry at which they gazed were ranged in the form of a rude cross. Beneath them slept the last monk of Studley Priory.

"And I suppose he subscribed to the doctrine of the king's supremacy," said the stranger, almost with a sneer. "Behold the consequences!" and he looked up at the roofless building. "I feel no pity for those who blindly threw themselves beneath the heel of a tyrant. What are we now? Reduced to a mere handful of beaten curs, who dare not call our souls our own. Yet we may not give blow for blow; we must endure patiently, obey them that are set over us, and the rest of it. Away with such counsels of fear, say I!"

"Hush, Mr Smith!" said Burnet, looking around apprehensively. "Even consecrated walls have ears, and it were wiser not to whisper such thoughts as these even to our own hearts. But this pile was not reared in a day, and what has been destroyed may yet be rebuilt."

"What then?" asked Mr. Smith impatiently. "You speak in parables."

"Simply this, that the builders are here among us, gathering up the fragments of the ancient Church that are buried beneath sorrier ruins than these. And the stones thus built up, one by one, are cemented together by the missioner's blood. But centuries may pass before the edifice can regain its former stateliness. Generations of missionaries may spend their lives in such tasks without the knowledge that their labors have been fruitful. All that signifies but little. We toil, not like the fabled Sisyphus, in rolling up the mountain-side a stone that evermore recoils upon us: we may be few and weak, but unseen hands uphold us; and the work, of whose slow progress you complain, will be completed in heaven's own time."

Mr. Smith seemed startled and abashed, and did not reply until they had emerged from the shade of the monastic buildings, and stood again before the cottage; and even then he seemed to speak with a strong effort, almost as if the words were forced from his lips.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said in a low tone. "God forbid I should impute blame to those who peril their lives in the good cause. But could they but feel, as I do, the gnawing pain, the restless craving that fills those who groan under this weary oppression, who are tried beyond their powers of endurance, to whom their native land is nothing more than a huge prison-house, wherein they are bound hand and foot, and flight is wellnigh impossible,—could our devoted priests, I say, fully comprehend our miserable state, their counsels would not be so lacking in spirit, so full of tameness and submission as they now are."

He spoke with fierce energy; his lips quivered and his eyes blazed with suppressed passion as he recalled the sufferings of his fellow-Catholics.

But not a shade passed over the countenance of his impassible auditor, and, laying his hand lightly on Mr. Smith's sleeve, Burnet gently drew him into the cottage.

Before sunset, other horsemen called at the Priory, staying only for a short space and leaving by different routes; but they always came, as they departed, alone. The prior appeared to be holding quite a reception on that quiet summer evening.

To be continued.

FETE DIEU IN BRITTANY.

The Bretons are such devout Catholics that it is said the head of Catholic France is in Brittany. The city of Rennes ought, therefore, be a holy city, as it is in the centre of Brittany. So it seems to be, and it must have grieved the good people of Rennes to see rain fall copiously on the vigil of their great feast of Corpus Christi, or as it is called in France, the "Fete Dieu." The rain of Saturday seriously interfered with the preparations for Sunday; for in France, for obvious reasons, the holidays of the Church are always transferred to the Sunday immediately following. Not only did Saturday rain, but the down-pour continued through the night and until nearly midday on Sunday, yet the preparations were not abandoned. Some time before midday the sun burst out through the clouds and gave us a brilliant afternoon, of which I at once took advantage, and strolled towards the chief points of interest. The extent and advancement of the preparations surprised me. Four o'clock was named for the commencement of the great procession; half an hour before that time I proceeded to the church of St. Pierie, whence it was to come forth. Six minutes after the appointed time the great processional cross appeared outside the door of the church, followed by about twenty ecclesiastics in soutanes and surplices, who at once took their places. Then streamed out the religious of various convents in the habits of their order. Next came the brothers of the Christian Schools, and immediately after them a wonderful sight to behold, namely, one hundred and thirty ecclesiastics in copes and dalmates, all cloth of gold, or white and gold of the richest designs. There was also about the same number of clerics in soutanes and surplices. The city is divided into only twelve parishes, and could not supply such a great number, so that many must have come from a distance for the *fête*. At length appeared the canopy, massive with gold, under which the Archbishop, attended by the proper number of ecclesiastics, bore the Blessed Sacrament, which was preceded by twelve thurifers, swinging their censers. Immediately behind the canopy walked what I judged to be the civic fathers of Rennes, habited in scarlet robes trimmed with fur. Many military officers followed, amongst whom was one general. A vast concourse of civilians closed the procession. The women and a great number of the men told their beads piously as they moved slowly forward. The streets through which the solemn *cortège* passed presented a very striking appearance. Late on the vigil they appeared just the same as the other streets of the city, but during the procession they were planted with lines of trees at each side like boulevards. Overhead they were festooned in a most graceful manner. At short intervals four slender ropes, two fixed equidistant from each other to the houses at each side, met in the centre. These were covered and tastefully trimmed with white and pink, bound at intervals with bands of roses and gold and surmounted with crowns wrought in various colored flowers. Benediction was given five times during the procession. That in the great Place de Bretagne was very imposing. It was given from a baldachino about forty feet high, which the evening before consisted merely of four great uprights and a quantity of timber shaped into stairs. At the time of the Benediction it was metamorphosed as if by fairy hands. The uprights and roof were closely covered with moss, relieved with lines of roses, giving the appearance of rich green velvet. Real Persian carpets were on the steps, a hundred lights blazed upon the altar, a miniature garden was extemporized, tall evergreens and beautiful flowers grew and appeared to flourish round the baldachine, a fountain played in the garden, the platform had become a mossy cave, from beneath which a miniature cas-

cade fell into the garden. From this lovely spot the Archbishop gave the solemn Benediction to not less than twenty thousand persons. This was the crowning function, after which the procession terminated at the cathedral.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

Rev. A. J. Ryan, the poet-priest, delivered the Fourth of July oration at Montgomery, Alabama. We extract a few passages from his address.

He began by disclaiming that this was a political meeting, or that it was designed or intended to arouse sectional feelings, or foster a spirit of disloyalty to the government. But he held that the Southern people had a peculiar right to claim the fourth day of July as their own. When the great contest for human liberty was about to begin, the South gave to the world a battle-cry in the thrilling words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" When the delegates of the thirteen colonies met in solemn convention to publish to the world their reasons for separation from the old government, the South furnished Thomas Jefferson to write the Declaration. And, finally, when Congress was looking around for a sword to command its armies, it was again the South that furnished a George Washington.

It had been said that the South loved the Constitution better than the Union, and the North loved the Union better than the Constitution, but both were wrong. The stars were the States, and the Union was the blue ground against which the stars rested, while the Constitution was the light which illumined the whole. But the South loved, better than all else, the grand and glorious truths set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and for these truths she staked her all. That Declaration taught revolution, or secession from tyranny, and the Southern people were only following its teachings when they withdrew from the North. Should we, who gave to the world the battle-cry of freedom, who taught the nations of the earth that great truth that all people have an inherent and inalienable right to rebel against tyranny, — should we brand ourselves as traitors for following and practising those teachings? He said that the Southern States, here in Montgomery in 1861, personalized the truths of the Declaration of Independence by the election of Jefferson Davis to the presidency, and the four long years of strife and bloodshed that followed were only the legitimate fruits of that doctrine.

He paid a glowing tribute to the great Lee, and to Jackson, and other Confederate leaders. In referring to the soldiers of the North, he declared that we have no words of blame for them, nor reproaches for the dead, whether they wore the blue or the gray. The people of the North were told that their country was in danger, and they went forth to battle for convictions which they believed to be right. Those who wore the gray did the same thing, and it would perhaps never be determined which was right except by the Great Being who rules all things. If the strife could have been settled after the war by the brave men of each side who met in battle, we would long since have been at peace. It was the after-war heroes, like Blaine and Conkling, who wished to still keep up the strife. They were men who had no convictions to defend, but were actuated by political opinions. It was men like these, and not the men who fought the battles, who kept up strife between the sections. The soldiers who fought on either side can greet each other in the spirit of brotherhood, for they now represent a common country and a common destiny.

"Take care of the Catholic schools!" rings the voice of the Vicar of Christ throughout the world. Who will not heed it?

THE ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

Dr. John Todhunter, in Trinity College, Dublin.

[This lecture should have preceded the one that appeared in the August number.]

Lecture I.

Dr. Todhunter said he intended to make the art of painting his principal study, referring to the sister arts of architecture and sculpture rather by way of occasional illustration than with any attempt at systematic completeness. Painting is the Renaissance art *par excellence*. Great as were the achievements of some of the Renaissance artists in architecture and sculpture, it can scarcely be maintained that they rivalled the works of the great sculptors or mediæval architects, while in painting their supremacy is manifest. It would of course be impossible to treat so vast a subject in anything like an exhaustive manner in a few lectures, and his aim would rather be to supplement the ordinary guide-books and systematic treatises with something not to be found in their pages than in any way to enter into competition with them. While he might fairly assume that the majority of his audience had at least some knowledge of the masterpieces of Italian art, either in the original or through copies, he hoped to interest even those whose knowledge was of the smallest. Every picture that is worth anything is more than so many inches of canvas ingeniously tinted with such and such colors in such and such forms; it expresses something which some man of like possessions with ourselves thought it worth a lifetime of infinite labor to express. When, therefore, he should have occasion to refer to, or describe, a particular picture, he trusted he should not do so in mere dry-as-dust fashion, but whenever it was possible he should illustrate his criticisms by means of photographs. In studying the art of any nation, as in studying its literature, we are studying an important phase of its life. Art is the very flower of life, the visible incarnation of that ideal which we desire and towards which we strive, and even where this ideal is forced to embody itself in conventional forms, such as Holy Families and the like, it reveals itself more or less distinctly in the method in which the artist deals with these forms. A Madonna by Cimabue differs from one by Fra Angelico, and that again from one by Raphael, otherwise than in mere technical power; each expresses a distinct ideal on the part of the painter. Italian painting is essentially the flower of that phase of life which is called the Italian Renaissance, and which, speaking roughly, may be said to have had its origin in the thirteenth and its culmination in the sixteenth century, — a great movement of the human mind, which, silently prepared for in the so-called Dark Ages, in the early Christian centuries, can scarcely be said as yet to have been superseded by any distinctly new impulse. Was it Christian or anti-Christian in its essence, giving rise as it did, on the one hand, to the complete scepticism and voluptuous license of sacerdotal Rome in the sixteenth century, and, on the other, to the Protestant Reformation? Was it an aristocratic or democratic movement, underlying, as it did, the refined cruelty and sensuality of the despots of the small Italian States and the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the French Revolution? Was it a rebellion against dogma and authority? If so, it was nursed in the very bosom of the Church herself. Was it due to what is called the revival of learning? If so, it produced an original art, science, and literature of its own, quite unlike those of classical antiquity. The fact is that the movement was a very complex one, as complex as the human mind itself, of which it expressed something very fitly described as a new birth. During the earliest Christian centuries the Catholic Church was militant. It was a candle shining in a dark place, a centre from

which whatever sweetness and light there was emanated; but as it grew in power, extending more and more its dominion over the minds of men, its doctrines tended more and more to stiffen into dogma. Free thought was then damnable heresy. The effort to realize a distinct ideal of life, to give humanity a bend in a given direction by means of education, was probably never so successful as it was during the supremacy of the Catholic Church in these so-called Dark Ages. But human nature, plastic as it seems in many ways, is but slowly transformed by the contemplation of mystical ideals, or even by the habits and discipline by which the votaries of these ideals seek their realization; and the history of these times presents the strange anomaly of a universal and devout belief in the Christian mysteries with but little apparent attempt at Christian morality. It is only now in this sceptical century of ours, when the Gospels themselves are subject to the criticism of every magazine, that their principles seem to have acquired some slight influence upon our daily life. Of course no one would now think of calling England a Christian country, — such a country never existed in any age; yet even the Jingo of the period is but a feeble representative of the savage of the Middle Ages, who committed murder or perjury to obtain the relics of some saint, or crossed himself with fingers stained in his brother's blood. Even the vision of a palpable heaven over their heads, of an ever-gaping, material hell beneath their feet, of the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin no further off than the other side of the blue vault of the firmament, — almost visible, indeed, when the sky was clear, — even the sense of the perpetual presence of a hovering throng of all-seeing saints, of an indefatigable multitude of angels and devils, was too feeble to check the insurgent passions of men. But the Church was wise in its generation, and by a practical adaptation of the Christian doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, maintained its supremacy even over the consciences of those barbarous princes whose rich gifts were its wealth and whose swords were its defence. The ordinance of penance solved the problem of maintaining an ideal standard while saving the souls of the faithful from the extreme penalty of their sins. Provision was thus made for the frailties of the flesh. The Church did not press to their practical conclusion the doctrines of the essential corruption of human nature, etc., except in the case of those ecstatic visionaries who became its saints. For other men there was a graduated scale of holiness, and men tacitly accepted this wide hiatus between the ideal standard and the average man's attainment, until they began more or less dimly to think for themselves. Then the anomaly was felt. A new ideal of life, less ascetic and more adapted to the possibilities of the average man, began slowly to shape itself beside the other, even the very bosom of the Church, and the Renaissance had begun. The revival of learning, which opened up the treasures of classical antiquity, was but one of the influences at work. The seed of the classical writers fell upon soil already prepared, and brought forth abundantly its strong crop, — some sixty and some an hundred fold. The day of judgment, which had been hanging over the world so long, seemed indefinitely postponed, and people began to sing and dance, and think life not so sinful a thing after all. Every one engaged in a frantic effort to find happiness in this life, whatever might be his fortune in the dim next world; the more selfish seeking it for themselves, the more unselfish for the world in general. The thoughts of men's minds, whether sensual or spiritual, began to be revealed, not merely in inarticulate actions, but in theories of life, in literature, and art, and science It must not, however, be supposed that art was altogether dead, even in these ages of ecclesiastical supremacy. Painting barely existed. The true art

of these ecclesiastical centuries was architecture, which in its two forms of Romanesque and Gothic became, as in Greece, the central art around which the other developed themselves. Architecture, in itself the most abstract and least sensuous of the arts, was embellished and glorified with rich form by means of sculpture and carving. One kind of beauty, however, and that the highest, the beauty of the human form, was kept in abeyance. The body, as the mere temporary appendage of the sonl, was to some extent under the ban of the Church. The great cathedrals, Romanesque and Gothic, were mostly built during the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, and they became the architectural framework for the newly awakened art of painting. Previous to the Renaissance, art, like literature, law, and medicine, had been altogether in the hands of the priesthood. The distinctly Pagan character of the Italian Renaissance shows itself in the art and literature and social history of Italy from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, until in this latter century we find something of the same reaction against the ascetic ideal of the early Church as took place at the restoration of the Stuarts against the asceticism of the English Puritans, but on a much more magnificent scale. And here let it be confessed that if the ideal of Christianity be truly an ascetic one, if the Christian in this world be really a pilgrim and a stranger, if the world itself be marred and ruined, a diabolical snare for the soul, if man himself be essentially evil and his body a mass of corruption, then the Puritans were right in their hatred of all art. What business have men trembling for their little span of life between two eternities to waste that span with the tempting sorceries of form, color, sound? But absolute asceticism is simply impossible for the mass of mankind. The genius of Italy was not of a supremely spiritual or ethical type. While the Renaissance produced at a later period in more northern nations the search for scientific and philosophic truth, and the endeavor after political stability and social moralty, in Italy it resulted in an intensity of individual life, and in a certain delight in life, which gave rise to that "pride, pomp, and circumstance," that imaginative pageantry which reached our own shores in the days of Elizabeth. At first the effect of the Renaissance in its fully developed form was a species of frenzy, — a delirium of sensuous and intellectual intoxication. The Renaissance represents the transition from barbarism to culture in men who, spite of the rapid spread of this culture, long retained their savage passions. The Renaissance, by exciting the intellect, made the primitive passions more complex in their working, without subduing them. Their superficial culture sat upon the mass of men of the period like an embroidered robe upon a savage. It was a thing of ostentation, covering much that was filthy. But with something of the sublime insouciance of the savage who struts about in the full dress of a postage stamp and a cocked hat, and turns everything he can steal from civilization to his own uses, the Italians of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries appropriated the spoils of antiquity and of the East, and fashioned for themselves a new civilization, more heterogeneous in its materials than any the world had ever seen before. It is matter of wonder how an art so beautiful and serene as the early Renaissance work could have been produced amid such a turmoil of civil war, — how the lily of mystical purity could flourish in the midst of the basest and filthiest criminality in the very bosom of the Church itself, in the courts of princes and in the academies of scholars. But man's power of abstraction is wonderful. Probably these brigand-like artists, who kept a good store of arms in their workshops and were ready to exchange sword and dagger thrusts at a moment's notice, would be astonished

at the calmness with which the citizens of Dublin allow their city to become one of the worst dens of pestilence in civilized Europe, without at least lynching a few of those guardians of the public health whose business it is supposed to be to attempt the prevention of preventible diseases (*Applause.*) The lecturer next referred to the early schools of painting at Pisa, Sienna, and Florence. In conclusion he referred to the works of Cimabue, and stated that the next lecture would be taken up with a consideration of Giotto and his school. (*Applause.*)

SUBSTITUTES FOR ALCOHOL.

We find that the efforts of temperance reformers are turned much more than formerly towards some substitute for alchohol. Failing in the direct attack, they are attempting a flank movement. There is now manufactured to meet in part the demands a series of aërated waters which equal many wines in delicacy of flavor. Ales and beers, with an appreciable amount of alcohol, and wines from unfermented grapes, are also made, and form agreeable drinks, which may to some extent satisfy the demands of social occasions. For the weariness that follows muscular or mental exertion the best things are food and rest. If drinks are craved, however, we have in thin oat-meal, or Liebig's extract of meat, foods which enter the circulation so rapidly that their effect is comparable to alcohol. These, it is suggested, may be aërated and made endurable by various additions. Tea, and especially coffee, are also available and useful in these cases. For the reforming drunkard bitter infusions may be of service, in addition to the drinks already mentioned. It seems possible that some advance may be made by the temperance reformers through efforts in this direction, and since, as a rule, man is better without alcohol, they should have the help of the medical profession.

THE MICE AND THE OWL.

La Fontaine relates what he declares to be a fact.

A pine-tree had been cut down, and in its hollow trunk, where abode a sagacious owl, a little herd of mice was found. They were plump and well fed, but they had not been left a leg to stand upon. The owl had snipped off their legs, so that they could not run away and leave him to his solitary musings. It had also hospitably provided them with corn, so that they should be fat and juicy when he required one of them for dinner. (*Laughter.*) La Fontaine very properly remarked that this owl had shown as much foresight as any one of us could in making "just provision for possible events," by stall-feeding her mice, and then adds: —

Let a Cartesan, full of spleen,
Declare this owl a mere machine;
What spring could put it in her pate
To thus stall-feed them,—
Each slender limb to amputate
Till she should need them?
If this be reason, we agree,
If not, then reason's naught to me.
Observe the argument she brought:
The mice will flee as soon as caught.
Hence I should eat them at one meal.
All? 'T were impossible I feel.
Then should not I for time of need
Preserve some, hence detain and feed,
Yet guard them, lest away they scuttle?
But how? Snip off their means of locomotion.
Such was her deed and such her notion.
Now tell me, pray, could any man
Better design or do the plan?
And say when, talking of the mind,
What other art of thought you find
In Aristotle.

Such in brief were the outlines of the controversy concerning the theory of automatism, which filled the world with a fœtuna of Frankensteins for a time.

He had brought her the very things she wanted from the supper-table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly, "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B——." "Just what I am after." he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

MEMORIALS OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

"HISTORICAL and Literary Memorials of Presbyterianism in Ireland" is the title of a new contribution to the history of the settlement and growth of the Presbyterian Church in this country, by the Rev. Thomas Witherow, Professor of Church History in Magee College, Derry, and late Moderator of the General Assembly. The writer is a man who has gained the highest reputation for good sense and conscientious work, as well as for wide and judicious historical reading, in the denomination to which he belongs; and if he cannot be called a brilliant writer, he is only the safer guide by avoiding the piquancies and antithetic settings with which brilliant writers so often overcolor and mislead. The style is plain but never careless, marked by clearness and force, and sufficiently elegant to carry on the reader even independent of the great interest of the subject. Prof. Witherow intends his book to be the first instalment of a number of biographical and literary volumes reaching down to a very recent period, and embracing the chief names, at least the chief authors, of the Presbyterian Church. His work is not a history, but a series of brief biographies, with short literary selections from surviving writings of the men who have founded and formed the Presbyterian character of Ulster, and who have left behind some record in book or pamphlet or sermon to tell what manner of men they were. The fifty names, whose lives make up the present volume, extending from 1623 to 1731, is not meant to be a catalogue of Presbyterian worthies who lived through that stormy century of religious and political changes, but merely an account of every minister who has published anything which still survives to illustrate the early life of the Ulster colony The author's plan, therefore, whether it be commended or not, obliges him "to speak of some of the best and of some of the worst of the order," and the worst, sometimes, as well as the best, serve a purpose, either for moral warning or to show the manners of the times. Of course, these Presbyterian ministers, always in poverty and often in exile, have not left large literary legacies to the world, and a severe critic might sneer at the meagre ecclesiastical literature which Mr. Witherow has thought fit to write about. But his reply is just when he says that "for two centuries ministers and people were both engaged in a struggle for existence, and had little time to think of anything that was non-essential thereto." A good literature is the result of learned leisure and competence, but polemic pamphlets and sermons may be very precious in reflecting the currents and changes of their times. We wish Mr. Witherow, therefore, success in his undertaking, and hope that the sale of the present volume may justify the continuing of his historical and literary memorials. The book, of course, treads upon the embers of many controversies, some of which are still warm, and just because they are controversies about religious principles common to all ages, never can die. The book also, of course, bears hard on the dominant party which for many generations seemed to have only one inviolable principle, — namely, that it was the duty of all men to conform to the religion prescribed by the state. The truth, indeed, of those times could hardly be written without such men as Bishop Knox, and Bishop King, and Bishop Jeremy Taylor standing out in a very undesirable light. They were the Crown prosecutors of all kinds of Nonconformists But whether those Nonconformists would have behaved more mercifully had they been transferred to the seats of power is a question which may demand some doubt, particularly when we find their descendants at their General Assembly in Belfast last week petitioning against giving their

Catholic fellow-subjects equal privileges with themselves in the matter of university education. It is touching to read of the minister of Bangor, Robert Blair, and a company of the persecuted, building their little vessel called the "Eagle-wing" at Groomsport, and with one hundred and forty passengers attempting the ocean "at the back of Ireland," as he says, determined to seek an asylum for conscience where millions of brave Irishmen have found an asylum since; but what kind of a man Robert Blair would have been had Cromwell, the "greeting devil," as he calls him, and with whom he had a much closer acquaintance than Carlyle, elected to be a true-blue Presbyterian, pressing a religious and ecclesiastical uniformity, is a matter for conjecture. It is still more touching to read the checkered story of Michael Bruce, minister of Killinchy, hunted from place to place, dragged at last as a prisoner to London, to be shipped abroad to Africa; followed to London by his faithful wife, who begged him off, as Bunyan's wife was trying in vain to beg off her poor husband about the same time, and allowed at last to return to "the woods of Killinchy," which the authorities probably thought some new plantation in America. But what this Michael Bruce would have been had his party been the dominant one, and not the persecuted, is not certain. At any rate, the dominant party have so treated the Presbyterians of Ulster that the story of the brave heroism of their first ministers is a story of which any church might be proud. The present volume of Prof. Witherow is beautifully brought out by W. Mullan & Son, of Belfast, and will, we have no doubt, have a large circulation amongst his coreligionists.

WHY should teetotalers never hold their meeting at a theatre? Because there should not be a *drop seen* at them.

LEGEND OF THE DAISY.

ONE day as the holy child Jesus was playing at his Mother's knee at Nazareth, he asked her to make him a wreath of flowers, that he might play with his companions as they desired. There were no flowers within reach, and the holy Virgin could find only the little simple field daisy. She gathered a quantity of these pretty wild blossoms, and wreathed them into a garland for her beloved child, but in sewing them together she pricked her finger with her needle and made it bleed, and a little drop of blood trickled on the flowers. Since that day every daisy has been tipped with a delicate crimson stain, and this token is to continue until the last daisy has blossomed and faded.

A wreath, sweet Mother, make for me,
That I may go and play;
The other children that I see
Are decked with garlands gay.

And they would have me join their game,
So pluck me flowers fair;
And make a wreath for me, the same
As those my playmates wear.

The Mother had nor plant nor flower,
And she was very poor,
But trusting to His hidden power,
She went without the door.

And there in rich luxuriance grew
The little daisy white,
And as, all round it met her view,
She blessed Him at the sight.

And quickly for her darling Son,
She wreathed a garland fair,
And placed it, when the work was done,
About his sunny hair.

But, lo! a tiny crimson stain
Upon the flowers glowed,
A drop it was from Mary's vein
Had on their petals flowed.

For as she wreathed the garland round
To set on Jesus' head,
She pricked her finger, and the wound
That drop of crimson shed.

And ever after from that hour,
And will for aye remain,
Upon the simple daisy flower
A little crimson stain.

WE may see England Catholic before this century ends. There is a perceptible Rome-wards movement amongst all classes.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE GEN. SHIELDS.

"ROUGH AND READY."

His first interview with Gen. Taylor was humorously described: "I was sent with my brigade to report to him on the Rio Grande. After getting my command into camp, I put on the most showy uniform I had, and spent much time rigging myself up to do honor to such an occasion as the meeting with the commander-in-chief of the Army of Occupation. Arrived at headquarters I inquired for Gen. Taylor, and was shown into a tent by the orderly, who went away to announce me. Presently entered a hard-featured but still very benevolent-faced man, quite undersized, who from his apperance would easily have been taken for a wagoner. A great, flapping straw hat crowned his head, he had no collar, a linen coat, and the coarse pantaloons he wore had no suspicion of rank about them, and his unstockinged feet were covered by common infantry shoes. While I was trying to figure out in my mind what this apparition could be, he grasped my hand and heartily exclaimed, 'I 'm very glad to see you here, Gen. Shields, and will cut out some work for your command before long.' And this was actually Gen. Zachary Taylor, one of the bravest, kindest, and noblest men that ever lived."

CERRO GORDO.

Previous to the brilliant American victory at Cerro Gordo, the engineers both of the attacking and defending armies had carefully surveyed the highest of the eminences that bristle about the place, and had reported it inaccessible. It overlooked the whole Mexican army, but the Mexicans were confident that it could not be occupied, and the same belief prevailed in the American camp. The night before the assault was a very dark one. Shields was in his tent, when towards midnight a number of soldiers of his command came to him and asked permission to put a six-pound gun on the top of this cliff.

"I was astonished. 'Don't you know,' I asked, 'that the engineers say that it can't be climbed, to say nothing about putting a cannon up there?' They insisted, however, that they should like to try it. 'Try it then, boys,' I said; 'no harm will be done, even if you fail.' They went away, and in two hours they were back with the amazing news that they actually had a six-pounder in position on the summit of the almost perpendicular cliff.

"'And if you'll consent, sir,' said one of them, 'we'll put a twelve-pounder there, too.'

"'Go ahead,' I replied. 'I'll believe you can do anything now.' And long before daylight they reported that the twelve-pounder was up there beside the six-pounder, ready to open on the Mexicans in the morning. I thought the news too good to be kept, so I went to Gen. Twigg's tent and roused him up. He heard my story, and looked at me as though he did not believe a word of it.

"'Do you mean to tell me,' he exclaimed, 'that those fellows of yours have hauled a twelve-pounder and a six-pounder up to the top of that height?'

"'Yes, sir; and what do you think of that?'

"'I think there are two pieces of artillery lost to the United States; for there are not men enough in the army to get them down again.'

"But those two pieces did excellent service against the astonished Mexicans that day, and they were got down again afterward."

AN INCIDENT.

Gen. Santa Anna was in command of the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo. He was utterly defeated and compelled to retreat, with heavy losses in prisoners, material, and in killed and wounded. Shields was dangerously wounded in the fight, and of course

left behind at Jalapa. When he became convalescent he was informed that a lady, living opposite the house where he lay, had been very kind and attentive, and had been of much help to his attendants. As soon as he was allowed to walk out he went to thank her, when he learned to his surprise that she was a daughter of Santa Anna. In the course of the conversation that followed, he remarked, "But did you know who it was that you were ministering to all this time?"

"Not at first," she replied; "I discovered after a time that you were Gen. Shields, who I had heard was killed."

"Perhaps, had you known at the first that I was the one who had a large share in defeating your father, you would not have relieved me."

She drew herself up with the air of an old Castilian. "Sir," she said, "had you with your own hand killed my father in fair fight, — in fight, — I would have done for you in your extremity just as much as I now have." And she looked it as well as spoke it.

MAGRUDER AND THE GUERILLA.

It was during this campaign and about this time that an incident occurred which the lecturer very humorously described, but which is here greatly abbreviated. Gen. John B. Magruder, of subsequent Confederate fame, was then an officer in our army, and plumed himself highly on his horsemanship. One day he rode across the square on a superb black animal that he had just bought for a high price, and came to the window by which Shields lay, that the latter might see and admire his purchase. The curvetting of the steed and the bearing of the rider drew a crowd into the square, and presently there were a thousand or more soldiers, citizens, and army followers of all kinds, watching and admiring "Jack Magruder" show off. After a time, when Magruder had stopped a moment, one of the Mexicans came up to him, patted and praised the horse, and told the officer that he rode almost as well as an inhabitant of the country.

"Almost?" Magruder cried. "I can ride as well as any Mexican. Show me one who can ride better!"

"Nay," said the Mexican, "you claim too much. You ride well, but it is not possible that you can know our horses quite as well as we do."

Magruder insisted, and growing warm, offered to bet a dozen doubloons that he could ride his horse better than the other could. The Mexican objected, and said he did not like to bet and did not like to show off his horsemanship in public; but at last, as Magruder grew more urgent, he reluctantly consented, and the money was put up in the hands of another Mexican. For judges an American was chosen by Magruder, a Mexican by his adversary, and the two together chose for the third a Frenchman. Then Magruder put his horse through the paces, first walking round the square, then trotting, then galloping, and finally putting the animal to top speed, with a magnificent burst that drew cheers and hand-clappings from the crowd. After a few moments the Mexican came forward for his trial. Without touching his hands to the animal he vaulted on his back and went through with precisely the same performance as had Magruder, and really proved himself the more accomplished horseman of the two. Magruder himself joined in the applause, and admitted frankly that he was fairly beaten. The Mexican smiled and bowed, and said, "Now, if the senor will wait a moment I will show him a feat of horsemanship the like of which he has never seen."

Magruder assented, and the Mexican rode half way around the square, and then putting spurs to the horse disappeared in a twinkling.

"What the d——l does that mean?" said the owner of the horse.

"I only know one man who can ride like that," said a bystander, "and that is Molino."

"Molino, the guerilla?" groaned Magruder.

"The same, sir. I don't think you 'll ever see your horse again."

He never did, and the Mexican who held the stakes had also disappeared, probably one of Molino's men. Magruder never heard the last of this exploit among his brother officers; and while his vexation lasted he declared that he was "the biggest fool in the American army."

A BISHOP ON STRIKES.

The Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Liverpool, England, in a recent pastoral to his flock on the recent strike in that city, says:—

"The past three weeks have been to you three weeks of suffering and of misery. You have been unemployed, carrying no earnings to your hungry families. From a long residence amongst you I have learned what it is for the workingman to be idle, to see him return to his wife and children who cry to him for bread. In this sad time I have had one consolation, — the laboring men who have been unemployed have been well conducted. There is no one to charge them with any breach of the law, with any misconduct. I thank all the workingmen for this, and I especially thank you, dear children in Christ, who are my special care.

"It is the right of every individual to sell his labor in the highest market. This right you have exercised, and for this no man can blame you; but whilst I proclaim this to be your right as individuals, I cannot admit, nay, I am bound to protest against, the principle that individuals may be dictated to as to the price for which they, as individuals, may sell their labor, and against that principle, which is still more to be repudiated, that individuals may be coerced in this matter.

"There is a sin which cries to heaven for vengeance, and it is that of defrauding laborers of their wages. To this sin I think the sin of those who make use of coercion to prevent men from working for such wages as they are willing to accept is nearly allied. Whilst you claim a right to demand such wages as you can fairly obtain, do not be guilty of the sin of preventing others from obtaining such as they are willing to accept. Do not add to the pangs you must experience when you hear your own children crying for bread, the additional pang that must be caused if by any act of yours your neighbors' families are also famishing. As your father and your friend, I exhort and entreat you to ponder well upon your present condition and the condition of your fellow-laborers. Ask yourselves if you can hope at this time to obtain a better price for your labor, and be guided in your resolve by prudence and by religion. If you can look for better wages, do not, for yourselves, accept less; if you cannot expect what you ask for, accept what is offered; but do not prevent your neighbor from acting in any way his own judgment dictates. Make use of no threatening language; do not insult those or ill-treat those who, in the exercise of their liberty, judge it best to accept lower wages than you are willing to receive.

"I earnestly advise you to keep away from those meetings where your feelings may be worked upon by the language, it may be of well-meaning men, but still of men who do not know what it is to see the tears of their wives and to hear the cries of their children. Such meetings may help to deter some of your fellows turning in to work, but they can never cause the employers to give higher wages Listen to the dictates of your own common-sense, to the advice of sincere friends, to the teachings of your holy religion, rather than to the harangues of men who will lose nothing, no matter how you may suffer. I pray God to bless you and your families, and to guide and direct your judgment in this matter."

EIRIGH NA GEALLAIGHE.

THE following admirable translation into Gaelic of the noble patriotic song, "The Rising of the Moon," is by Mr. Williams, of Dungarvan. It is sung to the air of the "Wearing of the Green." Underneath will be found a literal translation to assist those who are not masters of the language. The words in brackets are not in the Irish, they are put in the English in order to make the meaning clear.

"Innis dam a Sheaghain Ui Fhearghail
Fáth do luadar chughann a leith."
"Eist dom sgeul a bhuachail,"
A's a leaca lasta teith;
"Siad orduighthe ar d-taoise,
Seinn d'ar ngleusa féin le brigh
A's na picidhe bheith le chéile,
Le glan eirigh na gealaighe."

"Innis dam a Sheaghain Ui Fheirghail
Cá m-beidh bailiugh na bh-fear d-treun?"
Anns an t-sean áit cois na h-abhain,
Ata eolach duinn araon.
Sintear suas libh Ros Catha,
Ar sean port mairseala féin,
A's do phicidh air do ghuala
Le caoimh eirigh gil na rae."

O gach teallach feadh na h-oidhche
D'fháir na milte glas shuil gle;
Phreab na milte croidhe ag feitheamh
Le teacht soluis lochráin De.
Rith trom monair treas na gleannta
Mar chronán dubhach mna sighe,
A's bhi milte sleagh ag dealradh
Le glan eirigh na gealaighe.

Shios cois an t-srotha tonnmhair
Sheas na Fiana dana teann,
A's a n-dil brat gloramhair uaithne
Ag corrughadh ós a g-ceann.
Bás don namhad as luchd na braitheadh,
Seinn Ros Catha, buail suas e,
Dia le h-Eirin, Dia le saoirse
Feuch! dil eirigh gil na rae!

Maith a d-treas air son Banba,
A's gidh truagh a d tuitim tre'ith.
Dar mo lamh ni nair linn labhairt,
Air sean beiadhain de "Ninety-Eight."
Buidhe le Dia tá fós air mairthean
Croidhthe laidire, laochra groidhe
Trialfaidh 'na rian do'n machair
Le glan eirigh na gealaigh!

Literal Translation.

"Tell me, O John O'Farrell,
The cause of your haste to us."
"Hearken to my story, my boy," said he,
And his cheeks lit with warmth.
"These are our captain's orders—
Play our own gathering with effect,
And the pikes to be together
By the clear rising of the moon."

"Tell me, O John O'Farrell,
Where will be the gathering-place of the mighty men?"
"In the old spot by the river
That is known to both of us.
Let ye strike up Ros Catha,*
Our own old marching tune,
And your pike upon your shoulder,
By the fair rising of the moon."

From each hearth throughout the night
Watched thousands of bright blue eyes;
A thousand hearts throbbed with waiting
For the coming of the light of the lamp of God.
A heavy murmur ran through the valleys
Like the moaning croon of the banshee,
And a thousand pikes were flashing
By the pure rising of the moon.

Down by the foot of the wavy river
Stood the bold, stout Fenians,
And their glorious dear green flag
Fluttering over their heads.
Death to the enemy and the traitors!
Play up Ros Catha, strike it up.
God for Ireland, God for freedom!
Behold the sweet rising of the moon!

Good [was] their fight for the sake of Ireland,
And although woful [was] their sad fall,
By my hand it is no shame for us to speak
Of the old year of "Ninety-Eight."
Thanks to God there are still living
Strong hearts, noble heroes,
Who all follow in their track
By the pure rising of the moon!

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

Oh, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where do you hurry so?
Husth a bhuaceail, husth and listen,
And his cheeks were all aglow.
I have orders from the captain;
Get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together
By the rising of the moon.

Oh, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
Where the rising is to be?
In the old spot by the river,
Right well known to you and me.
One word for signal token,
Whistle up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder
By the rising of the moon.

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were beaming forth that night,
Many a manly heart was watching
For the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valley,
Like the banshee's moaning croon,
And a thousand pikes were glancing
In the rising of the moon.

Down by that singing river
The dark mass of men was seen.
High above their shining weapons
Floats their own beloved green.

* "Ros Catha" was the name given in ancient Ireland to a tune played on going to battle.

Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! Strike the marching tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
'T is the rising of the moon!

Well they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate, —
What glorious pride and freedom
Is in the name of Ninety-Eight.
But still, thank God! there 's beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who will follow in their footsteps
By the rising of the moon.

AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN. — On rainy days the active child resents his confinement within doors, and is more than usually troublesome. I know of nothing which will afford him surer amusement than the making of scrap-books. Provide the little ones with a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, and let them cut out and trim neatly the pictures from papers you do not care to preserve, circulars of farm machinery or anything they fancy, and then, armed with a cup of boiled starch, and an old tooth-brush (if you have one), let them exercise their ingenuity in filling the book with their collections. Quite small children find enchantment in this kind of work. A large picture may be put in the centre of the page, and the space around it filled with small ones or short pieces of prose or poetry. I have seen very pretty ornaments for these juvenile scrap-books cut out of the illustrated books for children, which had become badly tattered with use, so that the pictures were all that were worth preserving. When two pages are full the book should be left open until dry before going on. This amusement need not make much litter about a house, and the little workers can easily learn to pick up their scattering scraps after themselves and wash their starch-cup and brush after using them, so that they will be ready for the next rainy day.

AN old maid had a cat and a canary. The cat died. She had him stuffed and placed in the cage of the canary, saying, "I have put the dear creature where he always desired to be."

BISHOP OR BUTCHER.

Dublin Nation.

AMONG those present at the dinner given to Sir Bartle Frere, at Pretoria, was Dr. Bousfield, Bishop of the Transvaal. In response to the toast of the "Bishop, clergy, and ministers," he observed, "The savages, instead of being patted on the back, should be whipped somewhere else (*laughter*); and he (the bishop) reverenced the man who had eyes to see his duty and pluck to carry it out. (*Cheers.*) Though a soldier of Christ and a man of peace, he had grown quite pugnacious since he had come to the Transvaal." (*Laughter.*) — *London Standard, June* 6.

Oh, for a thong to lash the knave
Who thus blasphemes the name of Christ!
His "soldier?" No! The sordid slave
Would meet his merits were he triced
Up to a tree, and there to groan,
While hands less "savage" than his own
Laid many a hard and heavy whack
Upon his bare and beastly back,
Nor gave him respite or release
Till he became "a man of peace."
"Bishop," forsooth! "apostle," this!
Such designations suit not well
A wretch whom honest men must hiss,
Who speaks of heaven but works for hell.

THE LENGTH OF DAYS. — At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one half hours. At Stockholm, in Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and one half hours. At Hamburg in Germany, and Dantzic in Russia, the longest day is eighteen hours and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg in Russia, and Tobolsk in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five and one half. At Tornea in Finland, the longest day has twenty-four hours and the shortest one half. At Wardbuys in Norway, the longest day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half. At New York the longest day has fifteen hours fifty-six minutes; and at Montreal sixteen and one half hours.

A VICTIM OF THE FALK LAWS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

NOT many years ago, I was passing through the third and second classes at the lycée of Treves, and translating into my mother-tongue the adventures of Æneas and the wanderings of Ulysses. My master endeavored to drum the verses into my ear by beating the measure on his silver snuff-box, and gave himself a world of trouble to create in my not sufficiently appreciative mind a feeling for the beauties of the Greek and Latin tongues. All the same, when I had to explain an unusually difficult construction, I mentally sent my heroes to that convenient city whose walls apparently fell down to make room for all the disagreeables of the universe. At that time I was far indeed from divining that I also was to have my Æneid, and earn a right to appropriate the fair-sounding name of *Πολύτροπος*; but my adventures during the past few years have, in reality, no inconsiderable analogy with those of my classic heroes, and therefore, as I do not hope for a Homer or a Virgil to sing them, I undertake to do so myself.

In the war of which these personages were the victims, the combat was carried on with swords and spears around the walls of Troy: I have had to fight and suffer in a struggle for principles, the objective of which is Rome. They were tossed upon the seas, and made acquaintance with Scylla and Charybdis, with Circe the sorceress, and with Cyclopæan monsters; I have had frequent relations with gendarmes, soldiers, May-law functionaries, the fortress, the prison, and other products of civilization, — having for their object to make of me a man *parfaitement comme il faut*, — and have finally been carried away on the unchained winds, and borne by a Prussian Eolus into a corner of Pomerania. My predecessors suffered hunger and thirst, heat and cold: I have done the same, with this difference, that I had no chance, like them, to roast lambs and drink the milk of goats. Even in the varieties of my toilet I was fated to resemble them. They were compelled to quit their armor for the skins of beasts, and I to exchange my long black robe for elegant little garments of a modern cut, which gave me immediately an air of *culture*.

It is from no vain spirit of boastfulness that I consign my adventures to paper. I would fain forget all I have suffered, and hope that my peregrinations are those of the last martyr of progress. People do not jest with suffering. Besides, I have merely done my duty, and have thousands of companions in misfortune, who have suffered the same things as myself, and more also; nor should I have even thought of putting my Odyssey into prose, had I not been earnestly entreated to do so. But as my story is, as exactly as possible, that of my brethren in the priesthood, I shall, by simply and faithfully relating what has happened to myself, present, though but in the form of a sketch, a *tableau vivant* of the progress of the day, with its lights and shadows, — that progress which is as unbecoming to an age of professed toleration as a bruise from a heavy blow would be upon a fair and smiling face.

In writing these lines, my heart is painfully divided between joy and sadness, satisfaction and affliction. The firmness and devotedness of the

Catholics to their Church and their priests fill me with gladness. Of this devotedness I have had proofs so many and so touching that the mere remembrance of them brings tears to my eyes. But when I think of all the sufferings which the Church is enduring, and which I have witnessed, even in the smallest villages, as well as in places of greater numerical importance, my sorrow is profound, as it must be of all who have seen for themselves the fatal consequences of the struggle between the State and the Church, the inevitable result of the aggression of the civil upon the spiritual power.

Gentlemen are nowadays much in the habit of sitting round a green table, reading concocted "reports" though colored glasses, and feeling the wiser for the proceeding.

I have wandered from village to village, I have seen with my own eyes, and felt with my heart, and have at the same time rejoiced and wept. I rejoiced to see the courageous faith and deep religious conviction of the people, and wept to hear the lamentations of these famishing and unfortunate ones who asked in vain for the food of their souls. Sad and strange are the scenes which present themselves to my memory, and which I will endeavor to describe one by one, as they passed before me, or rather as I passed before them. So far as my humble personality is mingled with these grand scenes of progress, I beg the reader to consider me solely as the representative of a principle, and merely an individual personification of the sufferings I have only shared in common with so many banished and imprisoned priests.

For this reason, as well as for others, I shall avoid mentioning names, except in cases in which it shall appear indispensable to give them, and will endeavor to carry on my narrative in such a manner that particular persons and events shall not in any way interfere with the general view of a picture which aims at faithfully representing the religious troubles and political blunders of our time.

I reckon beforehand upon sympathy, not for myself personally, for I do not intend to be known, but for the cause to which I am devoted. I have, besides, the more right to this sympathy, because I address myself to Catholic readers, not to men who wear liberal colors. These champions of progress have neither heart nor understanding for the sufferings of the Church, and may leave unopened these pages, which are not worthy their enlightened gaze, nor of value to any but a brave "Ultramontane," since it is by the heart of a thorough "Obscurantist" that they are inspired.

Should this narrative help to strengthen the faith and courage of a few good Catholics, and kindle yet more brightly their love for Holy Church, my object will be attained.

After this lengthy preface, I pass to the question, promising to spare the reader any superfluous observations, and to confine myself to the relation of facts.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT is my name, age, appearance, etc., it matters little to know. The reader will find all the information necessary on this subject in the course of the narrative. When, for instance, he learns that, one fine day, when on board a steamer on the Moselle, I donned the red jacket of a sailor, to elude the pursuit of a gendarme, the said jacket split in all its seams as soon as it was on my back, he will know that I have tolerably broad shoulders, which need not shrink from a weighty burden. Let him imagine, for the moment, that he sees before him a young parish priest in a long black cassock (as a matter of course), a round, broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of spectacles, which allow him to see further than is becoming in an Obscurantist, or than is pleasing to the gendarmes.

It was no fault of mine, if, later on, I exchanged the uniform of a black gladiator for that of a traveller in wines. I am then — and this is the important part of the matter — a young *curé*, installed as such in the year of grace 1873, after the promulgation of the celebrated May Laws.

In October of the same year, I arrived, light of heart, to take possession of my place, that is to say, of my cure, not of my presbytery; for the doors of the latter had been duly closed and locked before my arrival, and the keys had wandered into the pocket of the mayor. Nothing remained for me but to effect an entrance by the back door. This fashion of installation, from its novelty, did not fail to draw to the spot a goodly number of my parishioners, who declared themselves ready to introduce my furniture by the same way. In this manner, I had soon comfortably arranged my little affairs, and patiently awaited the issue of the proceeding; meanwhile accommodating myself to my singular position, as owner and master of the house, without the keys.

My happiness, alas! was not to be of long duration. Next morning the mayor honored me with a visit, and cut short my thanks for his very early attention, by roughly bidding me remember that I had forced my entrance into a closed house. Such, however, was not the case, for I had found the garden gate unlocked; and, far from breaking into the house with felonious intentions (particularly as it was empty), I had brought into it several articles of furniture. Upon my representations to this effect, he found himself obliged to abandon his *procès-verbal*, and consoled himself by ordering me immediately to evacuate the place.

This was no business of mine, for in the first place, I was there by command of my bishop, and had a canonical right to the cure; in the second, I liked my personal tranquillity too well, so soon to set about seeking a new social position. The rigid dignitary stamped, stormed, and gesticulated, threatened to *have me* thrown into the street, and at last decamped without deigning to accept the glass of wine and the cigar which I had the amiability to offer him.

The execution of his threat presented certain difficulties. In vain he took the trouble to run all over the village, and beat the *rappel*. To his anger and amazement, not one of my parishioners would stir a finger to haul my furniture into the open air. Even the golden bait he offered did not produce the slightest effect upon one of the hundreds of people who had gathered round the presbytery. At last, the police agents drew the hands of justice out of their pockets, and prepared to put me and my small possessions into the streets. A gendarme laid one hand on my shoulder, drew out a pistol with the other, and thus conducted me out of my house.

I left the stove red-hot; and as it was thus still more recalcitrant than myself, no one ventured to touch it, neither the gendarmes nor the mayor wishing to burn their fingers, even on behalf of the new laws. It remained, therefore, in possession of the house, and, I suppose, remains there still.

My good parishioners looked on with grief in their hearts, tears in their eyes, and fists clinched in their pockets. One worthy man insisted on lodging me in his house. On my asking, "Who will give me a hand?" every one hastened to assist in lifting my furniture into a wagon. In less than an hour I was installed in my new abode. "The beginning is not bad," I thought. I made myself quite at home, and, in the press of occupation, forgot to return the visit of the mayor. But I was soon to hear of him. He was charged, "by order from above," — or below, — to inform me, that, by default of any preliminary announcement to the first president, on the part of the bishop, the government regarded my nomination as *curé* as null and void, and or-

dered me to abstain from all and every ecclesiastical function, under pain of incurring, in all their rigor, the penalties of the new laws. The zealous magistrate addressed an analogous monition to the president of the churchwardens and his counsellors, with explicit orders to make known the same to all the parishioners. I was thus, in the most complete manner, put under the ban of the Commune. The schoolmaster of the place, a liberal sapling, watered by municipal wine and basking in the sunshine of civil administration, received, for his part also, the follow-prefectorial communication:—

"By decree of the Royal Government at . . . of . . . it is resolved that every ecclesiastic named as having acted in contravention of the law of the 11th of May, 1873, is excluded from all right of giving religious instruction in the school. The *curé* of —— is in this case. Should the said *curé* advance any pretensions on this matter, you are requested to communicate to him in due form the tenor of the administrative decree; and in the event that, notwithstanding your opposition, he shall persist in attempting to impart the said instruction, you are desired to furnish me with immediate information of the same. This portion of instruction, also, being confided to your charge."

Thus, then, both church and school were closed against me. I asked myself, what, in the eyes of government, could be the part left for me to play? If I had not scrupled to act upon certain insinuations made to me, and prefixed the adjective *old* to my title of Catholic, and so signed myself a traitor, benefices and emoluments, honors and prefectorial favors, were ready to rain upon me. But as I have a conscience as well as a heart, as I am mindful of the oath I made to my bishop, as I prefer the sufferings of this life to those of the next, as I do not wear a chameleon's skin, and as I refuse to hang up my cassock to serve as a weathercock, I persisted in my obstinacy; and, as the inevitable consequence, felt the iron grasp of the god Progress close more tightly upon me.

A short time afterwards, I received a monition to appear befor the municipal forum, to answer for my legal transgressions in the exercise of ecclesiastical functions unauthorized by the civil authorities. I had baptized children; there were godparents and midwives who could swear to the fact. I had celebrated Holy Mass; a police agent on duty had been present at it. I had preached; the schoolmaster had heard me, and prepared a report of my sermon. I had buried the dead; the sacristan and grave-digger could not deny it. In short, I had laid to my charge so lengthy a catalogue of crimes that the paper on which the heinous list was written might have served for the register of Don Juan's Leporello.

It is needless to say that I paid no attention to this amiable invitation. I then received a second, on the part of the *huissier*, or constable, to appear before the Tribunal of Correction at Treves. I was condemned for contumacy to pay a fine of three thalers, or submit to one day's imprisonment. I did not pay the fine. To the despair of my good mother, my furniture was seized, and carried into the street to be sold. Having, in the times we live in, learnt some little tricks of trade, it occurred to me to sell all my furniture to my host, to hinder its being sacrificed beneath the hammer of the town-crier. Thus there was nothing to be seized but myself. I had not long to wait. The first condemnation was quickly followed by a second, imposing on me a fine of one hundred thalers, or a month of prison. Being in no hurry to find myself in the *Priests' Hotel*, or the Hotel *Bull's*, behind the Cathedral of Treves, and having no intention of repairing thither of my own accord, I left the public force to take whatever trouble it thought proper. It presented itself one fine morning, in the spring of 1874, in the form of a well-known gendarme.

CHAPTER III.

THE news of my arrest spread in the village, like the wind. Hundreds of persons came, weeping and sob-

bing, to grasp my hand before I was marched off. It was a moving and heart-rending scene, which I shall never forget, and which I cannot describe. The sobs pierced my heart. Overcome by these manifestations of the affection, devotedness, and fidelity of my dear parishioners, I could, for the most part, only give them my hand in silence. At last I forced myself to articulate a few words, to encourage them in their firm attachment, come what might, to the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, our Holy Father the Pope, the bishops and faithful priests, and ask them to pray for me. It was with difficulty that we made our way through the crowd. Many of my flock accompanied me to the railway station. Then, with tears in their eyes, they were beginning to hurrah, and it was only at my entreaty that they retired quietly to their homes. A priest, witnessing a spectacle like this, — a demonstration, not got up to order, but spontaneous, and from the heart, — a priest who sees the tears of so many earnest Catholics, fears nothing; and may, with a lofty resignation, march to meet the sufferings, persecutions, and darkness of the future.

Even the gendarme was not without emotion.

"This is a painful service," he said, as we went along. "I would rather take a hundred murderers to prison than one priest!"

"Is it because we do not follow willingly?"

"Assuredly you do! It is because I have the look of being more guilty than *you*. I would sooner break stones on the road than go on with this trade much longer!"

"You only do your duty. The responsibility rests with your superiors."

"All very well: but I repeat that this is no pleasant trade. My family suffer from it My wife cannot get a drop of milk in the village. The people will give her nothing, simply because she is my wife."

"This is unjust. As soon as I am out of prison, it shall be altered."

We pursued our journey without futher incident to Treves. My guardian angel took care to deposit me safe and sound in the old Roman city. The ancient cloister of the Dominicans would doubtless never have dreamed that, after the expulsion of the sons of St. Dominic, the bishop and priests of the diocese of Treves would be sent by order of the royal government, and in the interests of progress, to make their meditations and spiritual exercise within its walls.

Without going so far as J. J. Rousseau, and wishing to be shut up alone with pen, ink, and paper (the unfortunate man afterwards had the realization of his wish, and found it very bitter), I nevertheless consoled myself by reflecting with the poet, *Non minus solus quam solus; non minus otiosus quam otiosus*. A Catholic editor, one of my companions in misfortune, said to me that it would not be disagreeable to relegate for a time to the chamber of oblivion our cares, anxieties, politics, and other dangerous occupations, and give ourselves up to the *dolce far niente*. Did not this pleasing idleness present itself hemmed in by high walls, and amid the clanking of sabres and the rattling of keys? As far as he was concerned, he may have been partly in the right; but, for me, a priest, whose parish was left without a pastor; for me, whose thoughts flew to my sick and dying; for me, whose ministry was paralyzed, no solace could be found in thoughts like these. In my case, the words of the crooked and cross-eyed Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*, were not justified; for a true priest finds in the labors of his profession and the fulfilment of its duties his greatest happiness and his best reward. Thus, nothing, in the midst of my prolonged trials, affected me so painfully as the impossibility of daily celebrating Holy Mass, and accomplishing the other duties of my paro-

chial ministry. Loss of liberty, long months of imprisonment, hunger, physical pain of many kinds, fatigue, exile from my country, none of all these things equalled in pain this anguish of my heart.

It was all the more difficult to regard myself as a criminal, from the fact that I was certain of finding most honorable society in prison; nor could I feel either humiliated or contrite as I crossed the threshold of my cell, for I did not recognize in myself a traitor to my country. A secret impulse of the heart had led me to choose the ecclesiastical state, and the love and enthusiasm which had filled my whole being on the day of my ordination were still fresh and vigorous within my soul. What! because a liberal majority had decreed laws which the Pope and bishop declared incompatible with the constitution of the Church, was I to become a traitor and apostate to her, and a perjurer of my oath? And why? Because I was threatened with imprisonment? No, a thousand times, no! No, I would *not* be one of the priests of Dollinger. I would *not* be one of the "thousands" of priests who, he falsely asserts, "think with him." I would *not* help to complete his dozen of apostates, nor would I draw back in the face of a prison-cell and thin gruel.

Have not thousands of Catholic priests been our models in the early ages of the Church? It is I who can say, fearlessly and truly, that thousands of priest 'think," act, and suffer with me. An unbelieving adversary may persecute, insult, and calumniate us, but there is one fact, clear as daylight, before which he must bow, and this is, that the whole body of the Catholic clergy stands firmly, as one man, in the face of imprisonment, hunger, exile, and the want of all things. The Catholic priesthood is faithful to the Catholic Church, and refuses to trample under foot its convictions and its conscience. This is the strength and unity of the Church. The roots of this unity and strength have not their origin in the depths of human nature; they do not lessen and increase with the weaknesses of man, but are a manifestation of the divine essence of the Church of God.

If the Church were the work of men, and if the conviction of her divinity were not a living power in the heart of her priests, how easy would it have been to bend the weak human nature of these hundreds of the victims of progress, by showing them terrible sufferings on the one hand, and attractive rewards on the other! But this has not been the case, and since the advantages to the government are *nil*, and the Church continues to make her moral conquests, the state cannot hope to find in the continuance of the struggle the realization of its projects. On the one hand is physical force, and on the other strength of conviction and conscience. The latter will not bend to the former, and in the end its victory is certain. Faith is not to be famished by fasting on prison fare, nor consciences carved into compliance by the sabres of gendarmes.

With thoughts like these I crossed the threshold of the "*Priests' Hotel*," and entered the inner court. For the first time in my life I was a prisoner.

CHAPTER IV.

Yes, for the first time in my life I was a prisoner!

The house of detention consists of several blocks of buildings, all of one story high. The windows are furnished with solid gratings, some with planks. In short, the interior of the place is as melancholy and monotonous as befits its destination. The sole decoration of the walls is a large placard to warn the inmates that "no smoking is allowed," a precautionary measure not calculated to diminish the tedium of the abode.

The principal block is in the shape of a horseshoe, and comprises three portions, which enclose a space of cultivated ground. This is the men's

prison. A few hundred feet from it is that of the women, and between the two is the chapel and kitchen. Each building is isolated from the rest, and surrounded by high walls covered with whitewash. The whole occupies a surface of about fifteen *morgen*, including the courts and gardens, and is surrounded by a wall which completely separates the prison from the adjacent houses. Patrols of jailers make their rounds between the inner and outer walls.

This is the safety-asylum for persons who have got into difficulties with the various paragraphs of the Penal Code, — from the robber, who, penetrated with the maxin that "property is theft," has turned thief without becoming a proprietor, to the noble Bishop Mathias, who, in the month of May, 1873, fell into the claws of the Falcon (*Falk*). This *refugium peccatorum* is so low that even the sparrows perching on the chimney-tops cannot enjoy a wide horizon. The first glance showed me that a lover of fair nature, like myself, would here find no chance of indulging his taste, and I felt it all the more painful that my first leisure time for meditating deeply on the May laws should be spent in a solitary cell, during the sweetest month of the year.

The inherent melancholy of the place is enhanced by the proximity of the widowed cathedral. The silence of the gloomy streets, between it and the prison, is broken by no human footfall. Isolated from all the sounds of life, the dwellers in this abode are enabled to reflect on the dangers of their country, if willing to devote their leisure to the study of the *Correspondance Provinciale*. Nevertheless, this isolation certainly fails to inspire any enthusiasm for national liberal civilization.

As the adversaries of Bismarck and Falk had said, before my entry into prison life, those cells were much honored in being made the abode of so many estimable persons. It is no longer the faces only of gallows-birds, house-breakers, and rascals by profession or practice, which are to be met with there; but men who need not blush to look their judges in the face, men whose consciences are free from any burden and any sting, and whose hearts are full of courage, in the conviction that they suffer in a noble cause, and possess the sympathy of all true and faithful Catholics.

If it be true that it is not the place which makes the men, but the men who make the place, the old Dominican cloister, in the year of grace 1874, was, again, less a prison than a monastery, and ennobled by the presence of a prince of the Church, had lost its sombre character.

Besides, the cell may imprison the body, but not the mind, which no paragraph of the law, however rigid, can hinder from traversing space, and not only lifting up its eyes to the hills from whence cometh help, but passing over them, and taking its rest in Rome. Perhaps some determined liberal, by way of proving his right to the title, will one day propose a law to gag the conscience, clip the wings of thought and aspiration, and extinguish prayer.

This cloister, recalled into existence by the state, and designated by the popular voice, "The Priests' Hotel," is undeniably the most dangerous abode in the diocese of Treves, and shelters the most hardened partisans of the "Black International." It might be well, if only for consistency's sake, to post a few forty-eight pounders in its vicinity, lest the state should find itself unawares taken off its hinges.

The inspector is a man with more heart than would at first be supposed, from his regulation face. Though receiving me like one who is fulfilling his service, it was nevertheless with some approach to the terms in use among civilized people. He briefly asked my name, place and date of birth, and then put me into the hands of the superintendent who proceeded to take an inventory of all the superfluous

articles I had about me. To him I gave up my watch, money, a knife, pencil, and cigars.

This ballast being thrown overboard and my pockets empty, I was given into the care of a red-bearded guard, who led me through long corridors and bolted doors, to take me a few steps higher and deposit me in the wing of the preventive prison. The enormous keys, iron doors, and inscriptions on the cells, led me to conclude that I was in a part of the world allotted to individuals addicted to annexation irrespective of *meum* and *tuum*. I soon learnt also that this delectable population included a few cut-throats, assassins, and other specimens of the lowest dungeon vermin.

It was, however, with satisfaction that I perceived that order and cleanliness reigned throughout the place. The staircases, doors, passages, and chambers are washed over, half with oil, half with whitewash. Still, even a cage of gold is still a cage.

The cell provisionally allotted to me was six or seven feet long by four wide, and just high enough to allow my head not to strike against the ceiling unless I went too near the window. The front wall, in which this window, strongly barred, was constructed, is formed by the roof, which descends with a steep inclination. The window can be opened a hand's breadth, not more. A table, two stools (without backs, of course), a pan, a water-pot, earthen pitcher, and a kind of cupboard, formed by curtains originally green, completed the furniture. I took in the whole at a glance, and the next moment, with a strange emotion, heard the key turn in the lock, and felt that I was a prisoner.

Through the iron bars of my narrow window I contrived to pass my head and neck, and could in this fashion enjoy the panorama unfolded before me. This consisted of a corner of the sky, a little peep of the mountains, a barrack, the weathercock on the church of St. Paul, the prison buildings, that is to say, a series of monotonous walls, the little chapel of the establishment, the women's prison, in which the Lord Bishop was incarcerated, the kitchen, above which were confined two of my brethren in the priesthood, who had spent three months there already, to enable them the better to appreciate the May Laws. On the left was the cloister of the Belgian nuns. The flowering trees and green shrubs of their garden contrasted agreeably with the whitened walls of the prison. I often watched the religious, in their white or black veils, as they walked in their garden.

CHAPTER V.

THE order of the day, during the time of my captivity, was this: At five o'clock we were roused by the ringing of a heavy bell, followed by the rattling of keys, grating of doors, and the orders of the guardians. The prisoners made their toilet and said their prayers, swept and dusted their cells, made their beds, and worked till seven. This was the hour for breakfast, which consisted of thin broth, served in a dog-skillet, accompanied by a wooden spoon. Knives and forks being objects of luxury, are proscribed articles in the Hotel de Bulles. At half past eleven, dinner; which consisted of a *squash* (I can use no other word) of boiled pease or potatoes, served in large buckets. Each prisoner, plate in hand, attacked this indistinct mass as best he could. A prayer was always said before and after the repast. Supper was at six, when we were regaled upon a watery decoction, which went by the name of *schlicht*. Daily after dinner we performed the exercise called the *goose march*, when we had to walk slowly round the court at a distance of five feet from each other. If we had but little to digest, we could at least breathe fresh air. At seven in the evening (six on Sundays), everybody went to bed. This piece of furniture merited rather the name of an easel.

It consisted of trestles, on which was laid a sack, tightly stuffed with straw. The whole apparatus resembled the trunk of a tree, and was so short that the would-be sleeper was obliged to double himself into an S, to lie upon it at all, and without any possibility of stretching his limbs. The bag was as hardened as the prisoner and gave no sign of softening. The miniature pillow, two rags also stuffed with straw, formed a whole which in size and thickness resembled one of the Jewish cakes of unleavened bread. With my towels and handkerchiefs, however, I contrived to make a bundle which served at least as some support.

The first night, there was no question of sleeping. Every time that I began to doze, I rolled on to the plaster floor, and by five o'clock in the morning, was bruised and battered as if I had been fighting all night. In this condition I went among my companions, who were already hurrying about in business-like manner.

All at once, one of them accosted me.

"What! *You* here, Monsieur le Curé?"

It was an old classmate, who had never been remarkable for application to work.

"And what," I asked, "has brought *you* here?"

"Oh! I am innocent, perfectly innocent. And you, also, Monsieur le Curé, you are the same, I am sure."

I smiled and he continued —

"All whom you see here are innocent! One day I lent my cart to an neighbor: the simpleton must needs go straight to the forest, steal wood, and — here I am! Here *I* am just because *he* chose to load my cart with stolen wood! Is it not unheard of?"

"Are you here, then, for the first time?"

"Well, no, Monsieur le Curé, not exactly; but since *you* are here too, I think no more of it."

Let me be allowed to observe, in passing, that I succeeded in bringing my poor comrade to better principles. He was not either wicked or corrupt at heart, but idle and inconsiderate. He promised me, with tears in his eyes, that he would amend his ways, and I think he will keep his word when let out of prison.

To an educated man, accustomed to regular occupations, nothing is more frightful than the cellular life. If I had been able to study and write, I might (had I not been a priest) have come to think, as did J. J. Rousseau, of its charms; but I had to renounce everything of the kind, and for reading, nothing was provided but the mighty feats of arms of the Prussians, "Old Dessauer," "Old Fritz," "The Great Prince Palatine," etc., etc. This mental diet was not likely to restore comfort to a digestion sorely tried by garlic soup, and I was half dead with *ennui*. From five in the morning until seven in the evening I used to traverse my tiny cell from the door to the window, and from the window to the door; counted every minute, every stroke of the bell which struck from the cathedral tower; watched, one by one, the flies which travelled over the walls; prayed, and in short, forgot one thing only, namely, to take a resolution to correct myself.

To remain for long months under bars and bolts, guarded at night by jailers, to see high walls incessantly before one, to hear only the sounds of bolts and keys and the orders of the patrol, to meet, at every step, faces fit for the galleys, is a situation which, after a time, becomes insupportable. How many times have I thrust my head through my window-bars (a diversion which was not formerly permitted), felt in the pocket once occupied by my watch, and searched every corner of that which had contained the cigars! It is as well to confess that I am a vigorous smoker, and that the sudden deprivation of tobacco gave to me for some

days a disagreeable inflammation of the mouth. With longing regret I thought of this noble plant, and I think that in some cases the thought of a privation is more painful than the privation itself.

In a fortnight, however, I had become accustomed to mine, and it was well that I had, for whoever is surprised in the possession of a leaf of tobacco, is punished with fifteen days of arrest; that is, he is shut in a dark dungeon, and fed on bread and water.

Our "liberal" gentlemen ridicule all idea of either confessorship or martyrdom for the imprisoned bishops and priests. Be it so, if to be martyred, it is necessary to be tortured, torn to pieces, or burnt alive. This kind of martyrdom is out of fashion in Europe (unless, indeed, in Russia), in our time; but nevertheless, when one is condemned to be alone day after day, bolted in a small cell, with the spectre of *ennui* one's sole companion; when the stomach is clamorous for food, and a potato would be a delicacy and a feast; when at night the hard straw prints red marks upon the aching body, when by day a corner of the sky looks down upon one through iron bars; when all the little habits of life must be renounced, and one is isolated from all relations with the outer world; when no letter, unless submitted to inspection, may be written or received; when even a newspaper article would be hailed with welcome, — in short, when one is deprived of liberty, and compulsion is substituted for free-will, one suffers a kind of martyrdom, and one which is felt the more painfully in relation to the prisoner's place in the scale of intellectual culture. If the bishops, priests, and Catholic editors are not martyrs in the same way as were those of the first centuries, they nevertheless suffer cruelly, and one who has himself shared it can alone appreciate their situation. As the "Gazette de Moselle" lately observed, "A man condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment for some editorial misdemeanor remarked to us, 'I am not an Ultramontane, but I admire the firmness, courage, and strong convictions of the imprisoned Catholic priests.'"

We are often told by papers which call themselves liberal, but which know as little of true liberality as the cells of a prison know of sofas and oil-paintings, that our bishops are "martyrs at a very cheap rate." While fabricating their articles, these paid scribblers are, I am convinced, softly lounging in an easy-chair, with a long pipe in their mouth, and a good glass of wine close at hand, and that they are moralizers after the pattern of Horace, who, stretched upon a divan and eating figs, wrote, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" These gentlemen would change their ideas very quickly if they found themselves, for a sufficient space of time, locked up in the place of the "martyrs at an easy rate." Even if the execution of the May Laws should appear to them necessary, they might at least have some respect for the sufferings of the bishops, and not be so "liberal" in the insults they lavish upon them.

I have mentioned *ennui* as one of the especial torments of prison life. It is just, however, to say that later on the prisoners were allowed to study. We were principally occupied in learning French, English, and Italian, also history and stenography. It was then that I made acquaintance with the excellent work by Silvio Pellico, "My Prisons," a little book which no prison cell should be without. It describes the terrible sufferings of the prisoner-poet from 1820 to 1830, first at Milan and Venice, and afterwards at the Spielberg. He often speaks of God and religion, consoles and elevates the prisoner, and almost reconciles him to his sad lot. Making involuntary comparisons, I derived from these pages not only courage, but even a certain content with my position.

CHAPTER VI.

MORNING and afternoon, the ecclesiastics were allowed an hour's walk in the inner court, one hundred feet long by eighty wide, and surrounded by high whitewashed walls. Part of this court is paved, the rest is sown with parsley and other pot-herbs. In the centre rises a majestic monument, a wooden pump, round and round which we walked like horses in a thrashing-machine. These promenades were our only recreation, and we were then allowed to talk and laugh. Here I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Franz Schneider, priest of the Church of St. Laurence. He was not then so celebrated as he afterwards became, when his name and the shattered fragments of his altar received hospitality in the columns of the "Times." He was twenty-six years of age, of an inoffensive disposition, and by no means inclined to be agressive, a good priest and a cheerful and animated companion. His complexion was at that time fresh and ruddy, but a residence of seventeen months at the Hotel de Bulles, with prison diet, have made a lamentable change in his appearance.

Another companian in misfortune was the venerable Curé of Oberweiss, who had been seriously out of health for twenty years. He was a very holy priest, and his patience and courage under incessant physical sufferings were an example to us all. Never did he breathe a complaint, but was invariably cheerful and full of trust in God, who will not forsake his own. I also became acquainted with the Vicaires of Prumm, Berncastle, and Wittlich. This last named is satire personified, an inexhaustible spring of wit, gayety, and good-humor. Each of his words was either an arrow or a bomb. No matter how much his frame might be tried by hunger, his mind and heart were always fresh and vigorous, as he scattered among us a shower of *bons mots*. He put some life into the prison, and his indomitable courage cheered and reanimated others in the moments of depression Thus, at times at least, we were gay, in spite of *schlicht* and our sausage-beds of straw.

Nor were we altogether without other occasional causes of amusement.

I was one day walking with my companions between the parsley beds, when the superintendent of the preventive prison stiffly advanced with a solemn air. Rigid as a soldier on the boards of a theatre, and penetrated with a sense of his own dignity he put himself in position before us, letting it be seen that he felt himself born for some higher sphere. We were conversing on some historical subject, and this *Fierabras* let us understand that *he* also knew history. We found, in fact, that he knew Napoleon had died at St. Helena, and that the Seven Years' War had lasted seven years. One of the party said that he would dictate an historical study, leaving to him the honor of the composition. I had returned to my cell about half an hour, when the rival of Rotteck and Mommsen entered with an important air, and presented me with a sheet of paper.

"Read that, Monsieur le Curé! It is an historical study."

"Your own composition?"

"Of course."

"What books have you made use of?"

"A little of all."

I then began the perusal of

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

"Cæsar had passed the Rubicon. On one side stood Leonidas, with ten elephants, and six batteries of four; on the other, Caius Julius Cæsar, at the foot of Pompey's column. The battle raged for hours, amid clouds of smoke from the guns. At last Leonidas, leaping on one of the elephants in the front, threw himself upon the ranks of the enemy, and telegraphed to Rome, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

After fourteen days of cellular imprisonment, I was transferred to the large detention-room. This is on a lower story, and bears the inscription, "For young criminals." There were not, at that time, printed placards for the offenders against the laws of May. Six prisoners were lodged in this room, which was divided in two by a green curtain hung from the ceiling, and joined another chamber, in which, from morning to night, resounded the looms of weavers. A thin partition only separated us from this fearful and incessant noise. In the same corridor were MM. Krumer and Schneider; also the editor of a journal, who for six weeks had been making the place echo with his complaints.

"*Solamen miseris socios habuisse malorum*" is as true to-day as when first sung by the poet. We had wooden stools to sit upon, slimy soup to eat, we shivered with cold or melted with heat, but were as happy as Daniel in the den of lions. As I have said, the hardest of our deprivations was that of not being allowed to say Holy Mass.

Mass was said in the chapel at six o'clock on Sundays and Thursdays by the chaplain of the prison. The venerable Bishop Mathias celebrated it at seven, with closed doors. The chapel is small but pretty. There is a crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, one of St. Joseph, and an altar (adorned with flowers), a present from the ladies of Treves to their imprisoned bishop. On the right is the pulpit, on the left the organ; on the walls and ceiling a captive artist has exercised his talent with a fair amount of skill. A space is separated off by wooden trellis-work for the prisoners of the preventive part of the building, and another in the nave for the women. Before six o'clock, the benches and passages were filled by prisoners of every age and condition, from children scarcely out of school to old men with white hair and trembling knees. Priests, inspector, treasurer, and superintendent, all were present.

Behind the organ, on the left of the altar, was the bishop's confessional. When the aged prelate entered the chapel, all present made a movement of respect. It pierced my heart to see him there, with his violet biretta and episcopal cross, — a prisoner in the midst of prisoners; but his calm and resigned countenance showed plainly that he suffered joyfully in a holy cause. His private secretary was a brave old turnkey, who always carried his breviary to the chapel, and in every way he could, put himself at his service. The worthy man still had much of the soldier about him. One day when the bishop was waiting for a priest to accompany him in his walk round the court, we heard the old functionary call out, "A man for the bishop! Forward! March!"

During mass we alternately prayed and sang. After the gospel there was a sermon, — short, but which went to the heart. The bishop was always present at vespers, and often also at the religious instruction, which took place on Wednesdays, from three to four o'clock. Thus it will be seen that the religious needs of the prisoners were suitably provided for. I ought also to add, that, every morning and evening, all were summoned into the corridor for prayers. One man recited the Angelus and the rest answered.

I have often wondered at the contrivances of the prisoners. Although, on their entering, everything was carefully taken away from them, and their clothing changed (they wore cotton in summer, and woollen in winter), although paper and other writing materials were rigorously prohibited, I believe there was not a prisoner who had not, at all times, the means of writing a letter. How they procured the materials is an enigma to me, as it must certainly be to the *surveillants*.

The condition of the imprisoned priests, especially of those who returned for the second or third time,

became worse as time went on. At first those who went voluntarily had permission to say mass, and have cooking at their own expense; but soon these privileges disappeared, and all were put under the common *regime* of the place. We scarcely remembered the taste of meat, soup, beer, wine, or vegetables, but we were content and gay; and at noon, when with an Ultramontane appetite, we fished in our thin broth hoping to catch some solid morsel, we thought of St. Peter fishing all night in vain, until our Lord came to his assistance.

When, one day, I expressed to my *confrère* K—— my sorrow at seeing him grow paler and thinner every day, he answered smilingly, "When thousands of men hasten with enthusiasm to fields of battle, and suffer fatigue, privations, and death, for an idea, or for the love of their country, why should I not gladly sacrifice everything for the noble cause in which we are now struggling?"

And he was right. A Catholic, if worthy of the name, does not abandon his convictions for the sake of personal comfort.

The turnkeys, among whom are to be found not a few worthy and even excellent men, have often said to us, "We are ashamed to bring you this wretched and disgusting food, but we are helpless, we can do nothing for you." They treated us with as much regard and respect as was permitted or possible, some more, some less. The least amiable were those who, every five minutes, were calling out, "Service!"

As far as I am aware, the other prisoners were treated in the same humane manner, and harshness was of rare occurrence. The jailers' hearts are more benevolent than their instructions; and it must be remembered, also, that among the prisoners themselves, good elements are to be found. All are not criminals. Several had donned the uniform in consequence of an unlucky blow, in a moment of forgetfulness; others, for having hurrahed at the return of their parish priest; and there are, loose in the world, an endless number of scoundrels in kid gloves, who are a hundred times more deserving than they to be inside the doors of a prison.

I have given all these details of prison life, not only because it is at the present time a school of *bon ton*, and, as Windhorst has said, makes a man *comme il faut*, but especially because I think that my readers might wish to visit in spirit these retreats.

As for myself, I remained five months and a half to meditate on the May Laws, the benignity of the government, and the "internal enemies," and, although I received a "good note" for my conduct in prison, I came out more hardened than ever.

On my return, I was received by my parishioners with such warm demonstrations of joy and sympathy that I had to entreat them to abstain in future from any public manifestation, lest the government should see in it an act of rebellion against the law, and my worthy people should expose themselves to a collision with the tribunals. As it was, they came in thousands to meet their *curé*, there was a procession of young girls in white, as on great festivals, the village was decorated with flags and garlands, and I found my room almost hidden by flowers. These proofs of affection were very precious, because I felt that they were intended far less for myself personally, than for the Church whose priest I have the honor and privilege to be. I nevertheless felt compelled to put my veto upon them, for I saw in the background the sinister figures of the mayor, the gendarmes, the spies, the night-watchers, and all that would follow.

Here ends the first part of my narrative, the story of my captivity. The second will be much more interesting and romantic, for now begins the veritable Odyssey, — the story of my wanderings as an exile.

Part II. in our next.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED IRISH SAINTS, HEROES, AND HEROINES.

Robert Adair, the hero of the song of "Robin Adair," set to the music of the old Irish air of "Aileen Aroon," was an Irishman, a descendant of the Desmond FitzGeralds. He died about 1789. His father, Sir Robert Adair, was made a knight-banneret by William III. on the field, after the battle of the Boyne.

Saint Adamnan was born about 624, in the district now part of the county of Donegal. Very little is known concerning his early life, except that he was Abbot of Raphoe, a monastery which he probably founded. In 679 he was elected Abbot of the island of Iona, and in 686 was successful in a mission to Britain to plead for certain captives who had lately been carried away from Meath. About 692 he visited Ireland for the purpose of settling some matters connected with the Borromean tribute. In 697 he attended the Synod of Tara. It is probable that between these two visits he wrote his celebrated work, "Vita Sancti Columbæ" The latter part of his life was chiefly spent in efforts (attended with little success) to induce his countrymen and the Hebridean Scots to accept the Roman computation of Easter. He is supposed to have died in 704 at Iona. Adamnan is justly considered one of the fathers of the Irish Church; no fewer than ten Irish and eight Scotch churches having been dedicated to, or called after him. His "Vita Sancti Columbæ" has been edited by Dr Reeves, chiefly from a MS. of the early part of the eighth century, preserved in the public library of Schaffhausen. The following interesting remarks upon its style are made by the learned editor: "The reader will observe the liberal employment of diminutives, so characteristic of Irish composition. . . . He delights in distributive numerals instead of cardinals, and in the adjective termination *ax* where admissible. He uses the pluperfect for the perfect, and the nominative instead of the ablative absolute He occasionally employs Greek or Greco-Latin words; and in a few instances introduces Irish and Hiberno-Latin expressions. Proper names he sometimes inflects according to the rules of the Irish grammar." Adamnan's festival is 23d September.

Adhna, "chief poet of Ireland," flourished in the reign of Conor Mac-Nessa, in the first century. Fragments of laws attributed to him are to be found in the library of Trinity College. The sages Adhna, Forchern, and Atharne are said to have been the first to collect the axioms of Irish law into one volume.

Aedan, Maedoc or Mogue, Saint, was born about 560, on a small island in Brackley Lough, county of Cavan. He formed a youthful friendship with St. Laserian of Devenish, and was educated in Wales by St. David, by whom he was much loved. Upon his return to Ireland he settled in Wexford, where he established various monasteries. He lived chiefly at Ferns, on land granted to him by King Brandubh, through whose influence Ferns was constituted a see, and Aedan appointed its first bishop. He was noted for his benevolence and hospitality, and was patron saint of Hy Kinsellagh or Wexford. He died in 632, and was buried at Ferns. His festival is 31st January. He is generally known in the county of Wexford as St. Mogue.

Useful Knowledge.

A MIXTURE in equal parts of calomel and white sugar will be found a speedy remedy for the ant nuisance.

WHAT will relieve the sting of mosquito bites? *Answer.* A solution of carbolic acid and glycerine, fifty or sixty drops of the acid and an ounce of the glycerine. Another remedy, which is quite simple and surely effective, is an application of salt water.

THE supporting of a wife is looked upon as a great horror. But with right and healthy notions of time and eternity, it is very easy to support a wife if she be of the kind worth supporting. If she be educated into false notions, the husband will never be able to support her. Everything depends on whether a man takes for his wife a woman or a dressed-up doll.

WATERING HORSES. — Avoid giving a tired horse very cold water, as it often produces colic. In large establishments, exhaust steam is passed through the horse-troughs; others allow the water to stand some time in buckets. On the road, horses should be watered once in ten miles at least. The stomach of a horse is so small in comparison to his body, that large draughts injuriously distend it; consequently, small quantities at regular intervals is the best rule.

LAMB'S SWEETBREADS. — Thoroughly clean the sweetbreads and soak them in water for nearly an hour, then throw them into a basin of boiling water, which will blanch them and make them firm. Put them into a stewpan with some water and let them stew slowly for fifteen minutes, then dry them well on a clean cloth; cover them with the yolk of an egg or two, pass them through bread-crumbs, and brown them in the oven. When done put them on a hot dish, and pour over them rather more than one half pound of good gravy boiled up with a glass of sherry.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF THE EYES. — There are, perhaps, more individuals who ascribe their weakness of sight to a use of their eyes under an insufficient artificial illumination than any one other cause. In a great many instances this may not be strictly true, but there can be no doubt that faulty artificial light is one of the most productive causes of a certain class of injuries to which the eye can be exposed. The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are, first, they are not pure white, and secondly, they are unsteady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights except the lime, electric, and magnesium lights; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowness is, in a measure, counteracted by using, in the case of lamps and gas, chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and the flickering of the gas may be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered, a German student-lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light. The next best is gas with an Argand burner. The chimneys of both may, as above suggested, be advantageously of a light blue tint. The position of the light in relation to the body is of great importance. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should by preference be of a ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light may stand directly in front of the body and the work be allowed to lie in the light under the shade, which will protect the eyes from the glare of the flame. If no shade is used, the back should be turned to the source of light, which ought to fall over the left shoulder. The same rule applies in the management of daylight. In this case the light should come from behind and slightly above, and fall directly on the work, whence it is reflected to the eye. It should never fall directly in the face.

The Humorist.

WHAT roof never keeps out the wet? The roof of the mouth.

So close is the sympathy between night and day that after one falls the other breaks.

SOME write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue that they have no time to practise either.

THE most notorious girl of the period is Em Bezzle. She generally keeps company with a fellow called I. Mizzle.

SOMEBODY writes to inquire why tapping the face of the barometer makes the hands move. If any one were to tap his face, would n't his hands move?

HE was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into!" "Make yourself at home," she responded with sweet gravity.

HOOD, in an article of singular humor, states that the phrase "Republic of Letters" was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a sovereign amongst them.

"THERE's a great difference between housekeeping and boarding out," said Mr. Younghusband; "for when I boarded out I had to wait sometimes half an hour for my dinner, but now I have it just when I can get it."

"HERE, waiter, you say there 's nothing like leather; but this steak is." And the steak was changed. "Here, waiter," he again shouted, "bring back the other steak! I'd rather have a leather steak than a cork one."

A YOUNG lady, being taken to task for tight-lacing, said that she resorted to the practice on purely economical grounds. "How is that?" asked her reprover. "Why," she replied, "I lace tightly simply to prevent wastefulness."

A VENDER of cement, describing its action said it was particularly useful in mending jars. A witty purchaser asked him if it would mend the jar of a door. "There's no occasion for its use in that case," said the witty pedler, "for that is generally *sound* enough."

A LOIN of mutton was on the table, and the gentleman opposite to it took the carver in hand. "Shall I cut it saddlewise?" quoth he. "You had better cut it bridlewise," replied his neighbor, "and then we shall all stand a better chance of getting a bit in our mouths."

DOCTOR.—The old story,—working too hard. Passed several examinations, I see. What are all these letters after your name,—M. A. N. Co.-O. S., and F. R. W. A.? *Patient.*—These? Oh, Member of the Army and Navy Co-Operative Stores and Fellah of the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

"BUB, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "No, I did n't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

FATHER of adored one: "Then it comes to this, sir: You have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of getting another, and you come to ask my daughter's hand—and fortune?" "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am unembarrassed by wealth and free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

TIMCHIOLL GAEDHLIG NA H-ALBAN.

Tá fhios ag na h-Eirinnibh go labharthar teanga ann Albain dá ngoirthear Gaedhlig, acht ni 'l fhios ag morán diobh cread e an sort teangan atá ann, no an eagsamhlachd fhior eidir i agus an teanga labharthar ann Eirinn. Measann cuid aca go bh-fuil Gaedhlig-Albanach 'na caint eagsamhuil go léir ó'n Ghaedhlig Eirinnach, agus go raibh si mar sin riamh; acht is dearmad mór an bharamhuil so.

Is i an fhirinn, gidheadh, go bh-fuil Gaedhlig na h-Albann cosmhuil go beachd le Gaedhlig na na h-Eirionn, agus nach bh-fuil dithbhir is lugha eatorra acht an dithbhir a righneadh le na sgribhneoribh Albanacha um céad a's fiche bliadhain ó shoin, ionnus go m-beidheadh an dá theanga neamhchosmhuil, agus air an adhbhar sin nach m-beidheadh bann laidir na teangan ceadna eidir Gaedhl ibh Alban agus Eirionn.

Ag so an fhirinn go léir, agus is furas i dhearbhadh. Céad no céad a's fiche bliadhain o shoin, ni raibh Gaedhlig-Albanach, mar a sgriobhthar i anois, 'san domhan. Go d-ti meadhan na céadbhliadhana deireannaigh, bhi gach leabhar Gaedhlig a bhi aca ann Albain, clódhbhuailte agus litirighthe mar bhiodar ann Eirinn. Is furas dhearbhadh an nidh so, oir tá iomdha leabhar fós ann Albain agus Eirinn nios mó 'na céad

Translation.

ABOUT SCOTCH GAELIC.

THE Irish know that there is a language spoken in Scotland called Scotch Gaelic, but a great many of them do not know what sort of language it is, nor the real difference between it and the language spoken in Ireland. Some of them think that Scotch Gaelic is a speech entirely different from Irish Gaelic, and that it was so always; but this idea is a very great mistake.

It is, however, true that the Gaelic of Scotland is exactly the same as the Gaelic of Ireland, and that there is not the least difference between them but such as was made by Scotch writers about one hundred and twenty years ago, in order that the two languages might be dissimilar, and that therefore the strong bond of a common language might not exist between the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland.

This is the whole truth, and it is easy to prove it. A hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago, Scotch Gaelic, as now written, was not in existence. Until the middle of the last century, every Gaelic book printed in Scotland was printed and spelled exactly as in Ireland. It is easy to prove this, for there are many Gaelic books in Scotland and Ireland which are more than a hundred years old, and they are *all* printed in correct

bliadhain d' aois, agus tá siad *go h-uile* clódhbhuailte an Gaedhlig cheart gan dithbhir is lugha eatorra agus na leabhair clódhbhuailte ann Eirinn ag an am ceadna. Is cosmhuil gur e Seamus Mac Phearson a righne an malairt air d tus. Do sgriobh se dánta dá ngoirthear Dánta Oisíne; do ghlac as a cheann féin an chuid is mó dhiobh; do mhalairt se seanchus agus stáir na h-Eirionn agus na h-Albann; do righne se Albanuigh as Eirinnibh, gidheadh do chum se laoi maith. An t-iongnadh is mó do righne se ba h-e teanga lán nuadh do dheanamh, teanga nar labhradh riamh, nach labharthar fós agus nach labharfar go deo.

Cho luath a's a chum se a laoi 'san teanga nuadh, do lean ministiridhe Albanacha ann a lorg, agus d'aistrigh siad an Biobla Gaedhlig-Eirionnach a bhi ag na h-Albanaibh air feadh céad bliadhain, gus an teanga mhillte cheadhna. O so amach do sgriobh gach ughdar Albanach 'san teanga nuadh, gach aen aca ag deanamh na malairtidhe a b'áil leis. Gan bheith sásta leis an malairt do righne Mac Phearson, do chuadar nios fada 'na e; agus anois tá an Ghaedhlig Albanach 'na teanga is granda 'san domhan. Is i comhartha fallsachda Albanach agus gliocais Sacsanach.

Má fhiafruigheann aen duine, Cread fáth do righne na h-Albanuigh mar sin? tá an freagradh furas go leor. Bhi se deunta chum gach cáirdeasa do sgrios a thiocfadh eidir muintir Eireann a's Alban ó chleachtadh na teangan ceadna. Ba chairde maithe na h-Albanuigh agus na h-Eirannuigh anallóid. Nior b'áil le na Sacsanaibh sin, oir do bhi fhios aca nach bh-fuil bann eile air an talamh cho laidir eidirna daoinibh le bann na teangan ceadna. Budh mian leo an bann do bhriseadh, agus na h-Eireannuigh 's na h-Albanuigh do chur anaghaidh na chéile. Is truagh le rádh gur rathuigh siad go h-an mhaith.

Gaelic, without the least difference between them and the books printed in Ireland at the same time. It would seem that it was James MacPherson that made the change at first. He wrote poems called the "Poems of Ossian"; he invented the greater part of them; he changed the history and traditions of Scotland and Ireland, and turned Irishmen into Scotchmen; but, nevertheless, he wrote a fine poem. The most wonderful thing he did was to make a brand new language, one that never was spoken, is not spoken yet, and never will be.

As soon as MacPherson made his new language, the Scotch ministers followed in his track, and they altered the Irish Gaelic Bible, that the Scotch had had for a hundred years, into the same distorted dialect. From that time forward, every Scotch Gaelic author wrote in the new language, all of them making what further changes they thought proper. Not satisfied with the changes made by MacPherson, they went further than he did, and now Scotch Gaelic is perhaps the most barbarous language in the world. It is a monument of Scotch deceit and English cunning.

If any one should ask, Why did the Scotch do this? the answer is easy enough. It was done in order to destroy any friendship that might arise between the people of Ireland and of Scotland from practising the same language. The Scotch and Irish were good friends in ancient times. The English did not like that, for they knew that there is not another bond on earth between men as strong as that of a common language They wanted to sever that bond, and to turn the Irish and the Scotch against each other. It is sorrowful to say they have succeeded very well.

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THERE is nothing new to tell about summer fashions, and it is rather early to speak of autumn ones, so I will offer a few hints upon subjects that suggest themselves as being not altogether uninteresting to ladies in general.

Riding habits, though less subject to fashionable change than any other style of costume, have undergone several modifications of late. To be useful, comfortable, and stylish, a riding habit must be close-fitting but not tight, made as plainly as possible, and of strong, durable material. There is a light English broadcloth made especially for habits. If the wearer expects to give the dress hard usage, fine, light-weight English water-proof is chosen. The colors most used are dark blue, bottle-green, seal-brown, or maroon. The skirt is made much shorter than formerly, the length being just sufficient to cover the foot in the stirrup, and is cut so as to give the necessary fulness to the knee that goes over the pommel. The width of the skirt does not exceed two and a half yards. A good length is forty-four inches front, fifty-six or fifty-eight at the back. Little bags of shot are placed at the seams to weigh down the skirt. The top of the skirt is cut to fit smoothly over the hips, the fulness at the back being gathered to a waist-band.

The basque is cut with very high shoulder-seams, and the sleeves set in to curve on the upper part; the back of the basque is cut much longer than the front, and usually in postillion form. Horn or bone buttons, about the size of a dime, fasten the front of the waist and trim the square-cut back; the close-fitting sleeves open at the outside of the wrist, and are buttoned over with three buttons, to match those on the basque. The collar is standing, and encloses a narrow band of linen; the merest edge of the white linen cuffs shows around the wrist. Gloves of undressed kid are the most comfortable and convenient for horseback riding, and those having three or four buttons are generally preferred to gauntlets; the color is a matter of taste, but gray, ecru, and white are most used. No fancy stitching is seen at present. The gentleman's hat, low-crowned, and with narrow brim, with a simple gauze scarf and no flowing ends, is the most fashionable head-gear for riding, but the Derby, and a lower crowned soft hat, are preferred by many. If feathers are used, those of the cock, pheasant, peacock, or heron are most suitable. Some ladies persist in wearing high-heeled shoes for riding, but this is neither practical nor comfortable, and there is danger of catching the foot either in the habit or stirrup. High boots with flat heels and thick soles are the only appropriate boot for the cautious and sensible lady rider. Under skirts are seriously in the way. The snug-fitting flannel under-clothing, and trousers of the same cloth as the habit, are all that is necessary. The lady rider has the choice between three sorts of trousers. One is the classical pantaloon with under-straps; the second is the semi-pantaloon, tight at the bottom and fastened down inside the high boot, gaiter, or legging; the third is the short *culo te* (knee-breeches), fastened just under the knee, and completed by leggings or long gaiters, perfectly fitting to the leg from the ankle up to just under the knee. Both leggings and shortclothes must be of the same material, velvet or corduroy being chiefly chosen. The long pantaloons are always of the same material as the dress. Dainty looking whips are of brown leather,

with silver handle, but being intended for use, it should be stiff and real, however light and ornamental. The skin of the hippopotamus makes one both light and severe.

HAIR DRESSING.

No detail in a lady's toilet requires more consideration than the arrangement of her hair. The style of face, head, and figure should be carefully studied. So charitably has Fashion considered all her followers and so numerous are the suggestions offered by the different styles now in vogue, that it announces great lack of discernment if the hair be arranged unbecomingly. The preference for the past season or two has been for two broad plaited braids (five strands being newer, and preferred to three) looped low on the nape of the neck. The ends of the chatelaine braids are arranged to conceal the tying of the back hair. The front hair is parted in the middle and either brushed smoothly or slightly crimped, or else worn in waves or water scallops on each side. If scallops are used, they must be large, as small ones look too stiff. Coronet braids are very fashionable again; these are liked by short ladies, as they add to their height, especially when made of light, fluffy, crimped braids; tall ladies find smooth braids, that lie close to the head, the most becoming. Braids remain permanently crimped if plaited tightly when moist, and baked dry in an oven. Some hair-dressers say that boiling for a couple of hours is even better than baking. Finger-puffs are not much used. In their stead are knots of hair or else a bow or a long loop; for instance, instead of filling up the crown braid with puffs, the wearer's own hair is tied very high and brushed foward to form a single long loop that fills up the crown. Several pretty ornamental pieces to take the place of finger-puffs may be made of a short switch of hair. Thus it may be tied in a knot with round ends, somewhat like the figure 8, or it may be crimped in long, loose waves and placed inside the crown braid; sometimes this waved tress is formed of the lady's own back hair, when tied very high, instead of the long loop just described The object should be to follow as nearly as possible the outlines of the head; for this reason many ladies use only a simple looped braid as a chatelaine, and reverse the other braid across the top of the head in the form of the letter S. Many young ladies continue to wear the thick, clustering, crescent-shaped locks on the forehead and temples; these are becoming to oval faces, but shorten round faces. Long curls are not used; the short Greek cluster is quite fashionable, especially for evening or full-dress occasions. To make the hair wave, cut the locks a proper length, then divide them into the desired thickness. Soap well with common bar-soap, and curve round by means of soap and water. Tie down with broad linen tape, and when thoroughly dry pass a comb through them lightly. These have the appearance of natural waves.

Young girls wear the braided loop, tied with a bow of ribbon, or for dressy occasions, the back hair is made into three or five curls, tied down very low, the front hair waved and drawn back to meet the tying of the curls. Small children have the front hair fringed and waved slightly. This can be done by putting up in curl-papers, or by curling it inward over a hot clay pipe-stem; this wavy appearance is far prettier than the straight-cut fringe or bangs. The rest of the hair should be neatly combed back, the upper strands tied with ribbon. Little boys have the hair cropped close after four years; under that age it may be cut short, with the wavy fringe or the back part left long and wavy. If the hair is well cared for from childhood by brushing daily, and weekly or fortnightly cleansing and shampooing, the utmost excellence in growth and texture will be the result; but even if such thoughtfulness

comes later in life, a great deal may be done to increase the beauty of the hair. For cleansing the hair many preparations are recommended, but perhaps the best is yolks of eggs if properly applied. Take first a cup of water and a small quantity of ammonia and rub the scalp thoroughly, then with the fingers rub in the yolk of the egg; wash thoroughly in tepid water, afterward rinsing well with cold water. Dry with a towel, and let it hang until perfectly dry before brushing and arranging.

WORK THE LABOR OF LIFE.

THERE is a nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man who earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings; no matter how much wealth a man possesses, he can neither be contented nor happy without occupation. We are born to labor, and the world is our vineyard. We can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupation we forget our cares, our worldly trials, and our sorrows. It keeps us from constantly worrying and brooding over what is inevitable. If we have enough for ourselves, we can labor for the good of others, and such a task is one of the most delightful duties a worthy and good man or woman can engage in.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. — Every little while we read of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot or some other part of his person, and lockjaw has resulted therefrom. All such wounds can be healed without any evil consequence following them. The remedy is simple. It is only to smoke such wound or any wound or bruise that is inflamed, with burning wool, or woollen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from any wound we ever saw.

HOPE lies about the cradle and the grave alike; lives with the rich and the poor alike; adds brightness to the smile and softens the sorrow of the present; glorifies the mean surroundings, and poetizes the magnificent. Hope is man's best friend, only to be quitted for her pale sister, Resignation, when Hope, turning away her radiant face, forbids all endeavor, whispering softly, "Submit."

MANY run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting his hat while it is on his head.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Instrumental: "Labitzky's Elfin Waltz," arranged by D. Krug. "Slumber Song," from "Masaniello," and "Empress Anne's Polka," by J. Strauss. "Ostrich Feather Galop" by J. Strauss, and "Autumn Twilight," by A. W. Holt. "President's March" and "Beautiful Green Meadow Waltz," by the same. "Whistling Mountain Boy," "Merry Sleigh-ride Galop," "Where are the Lilies Now," waltz, and "Autumn Leaves Fantasie," by A. W. Holt. The above pieces are published under the general name of "Cottage Gems," and are truly gems in their way. "Romeo's Grand March," by Charles D. Blake, a rather "taking" march, and one to please the popular taste. "Student's First Recreation," by E. H. Bailey. No. 2, Redowa, No. 3, March, and No. 5, Waltz. All three very pretty melodies, and good for young fingers. "Ten O'clock Waltzes," by Edwina Locke, arranged for violin and piano, with cornet *ad libitum*, a pretty set of waltzes. "H. M. S. Pinafore Waltz," arranged for piano, by E. H. Bailey. *Vocal:* "Lamb of God," by E. H. Bailey, a good piece for church use. "Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah," by J. Astor Broad, a well-written anthem. "Come, for the Sun is going down," by L. K. Vannah, a pleasing song for contralto voice. Willie Edouin's songs as sung in "Revels," No. 1, "I Say, Sally, don't loose your temper"; No. 2, "There's Only Room for One," — two very comic songs.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

135.

EASY METAGRAM.

Change initial letter of a girl's name, and find a time; again, and find a word meaning destiny; again, and find an emotion that you should avoid.

136.

CONNECTED DIAMOND PUZZLES.

First diamond: 1, in a store; 2, a card; 3, to frighten; 4, a time; 5, in a museum.

Second diamond: 1, in a circus; 2, before; 3, common birds; 4, an animal; 5, in a house.

Centrals connected: Ugly things sometimes found in fields.

137.

CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables. My first and second united, form a kitchen utensil. My third is a toy, and is used in the army. My whole is a fashionable entertainment.

138.

SQUARE WORD.

1, A precious stone; 2, an evergreen tree; 3, a girl's name; 4, a heavy metal.

139.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of eight letters:

A boy held a 5, 6, 7, 8, close to the eyes of my whole, to 5, 4, 2, 8 at him better, and laughed to see him 3, 2, 1 and 1, 5, 6, 7, 8.

140.

I am composed of eleven letters:

You find my whole in the 1, 11, 3, 5, 4. He keeps a 4, 6, 3, 11, 9 lookout, and when he 6, 10, 3, 2, 5 the least noise 6, 7, 9, 4 quickly beyond your 1, 11, 3, 5, 8.

141.

A HIDDEN TOUR.

Each complete sentence includes the name of a city, or town, or river, or country in Europe.

When we landed H. flourished his sabre, mended for the occasion.

142.

This city is more apt to be slighted than over-estimated.

143.

Here we met our uncle, unexpectedly, on stepping from the cars.

144.

This is where we all caught severe catarrh in endeavoring to lose none of the prospect.

145.

As we approached this place, the cleverness of our courier Jacob lent zest to all our enjoyment.

146.

We met here a lady of rank, fortune, and most fascinating appearance.

147.

Here for two days, H. carried a sick robin, gently tucked in a basket.

148.

Here everything bad enjoys perfect immunity.

149.

This place provoked the following original remark from Jones, "Tut! gardens are no great novelty."

150.

Near this place we heard a Scotchman murmur, "Mun I cheange cars anny mair?"

151.

To this place we went over on a special train.

152.

Here all who visit have nice times.

153.

Here we heard this from a French tourist: "I vill zee Londres den ze rest of ze Vest End."

154.

SYNCOPATIONS.

Syncopate a relative and leave an insect.

Syncopate a metal and leave a boy.

Syncopate an excuse and leave a vegetable.

Syncopate a ponderous volume, and leave a part of the body.

155.

WORD PUZZLE.

Desreverecnetnesa.

What virtue does the above represent, and why?

156.

TRANSPOSITION.

Sit odgo ot eb rmeyr dan siew,
Ist gdoo ot eb ntohse nad ertu:
Tsi dogo ot eb fof iwht eth dlo evlo,
Ebofer uyo ear no thwi a ewn.

157.

CHARADE.

My first receives, but never tells,
The secret of a friend;
My second does upon my first
For its success depend.
My whole with pain the fair admit,
Yet gladly to receive it sit;
And whilst they cringe with pain and fright,
They hail my beauty with delight.

158.

I 'm found in nearly all sorts of houses, and am patronized alike by young and old, male and female, gentle and simple. Of my first is made my second, and my second backs my first, and my whole is used to keep my first in order.

159.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eight letters:
My 3, 2, 8 is a tin vessel.
My 5, 6, 8 is a metal.
My 1, 4, 8 is the front of an army.
My 3, 7, 5 is a small bed.
My whole will soon be past.

160.

TRANSPOSITION.

Yojen hte senpret mentoms,
Eb pahyp liwhe yuo aym;
Ofr file si keil a restof
Rewhe het numbeass aypl.

161.

RIDDLES.

If Dick's father was Tom's son; what relation is Dick to Tom?

162.

A gentleman was asked how many children he had; he answered, "Seven boys, and a sister for each." How many children had he?

163.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of sixteen letters:
My 5, 2, 7 is an agricultural implement.
My 1, 12, 13, 16 is to bewilder.
My 8, 4, 9 is a boy's name.
My 3, 10, 11 is an old horse.
My 11, 14, 15 is an intoxicating drink.
My 6 is an exclamation.
My whole is a monthly magazine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

109 Lounge; 110, Bayonet; 111, Marlboro', Uxbridge, Rowley, Raynham, Acton, Yorkville; 112, Mary Stuart; 113, Grant; 114, Skill, kill, ill; 115, 1, Link, 2, Prussia; 116, Xingu; 117, Rhone; 118, Washington Irving; 119, Neck-lace; 120, Time-piece; 121, Eye; 122, Lyons, Rhone, Leinster, Yarmouth, Orinoco, Norokin, Seville; 123, I-van-hoe; 124, T, ray, idler, gallant, olive, nam, O; 125, Chase, hovel, avail, seize, Ellen; 126, 1, Queen Victoria, 2, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, 3, Miss Florence Nightingale; 127, 1, Isaac, 2, Kate, 3, Seth, 4, Ethel; 128, Letter-box; 129, Prim-rose; 130, Marigold; 131, Pearl-ash, or Pearlash; 132, Coffee; 133, The letter "e"; 134, A secret.

Of the July puzzles Willie A. Timmons answers 4; M. M. B., 20; Alexander, 12; Nellie Robinson, 17; Lizzie Murphy, 21.

Of the August puzzles, Susie A. Doogue answers 13.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

CARDINAL MANNING was seventy-one years old on the 15th of July.

THE Orange celebrations in Ireland and Canada passed off without bloodshed.

NEW subscribers can be furnished with the magazine from the beginning of the year.

BISHOP CHATARD, of Vincennes, Ind., has issued a pastoral prohibiting dancing at church fairs and picnics.

THE "Catholic Columbian" heads its record of paying subscribers, "Our list of Stalworts." How high are they, generally?

THE only living blood relation of the ex-Empress Eugenie is her mother, the Spanish Countess Montijo, now in her eightieth year.

THE RT. REV. LAWRENCE S. MCMAHON, D. D., Bishop-elect of Hartford, was consecrated in that city on August 10, the Feast of St. Lawrence.

THE British government has received a telegram that peace has been concluded in South Africa, Cetewayo having accepted the terms last forwarded through his messengers from Lord Chelmsford.

PRINCE NAPOLEON. — A very interesting biography (with portrait) of the late Prince Napoleon is unavoidably crowded out of our present issue. In will appear in our October number.

THE steamship "Mosel," from Bremen, which arrived at New York recently, had over 600 steerage passengers, the most of whom are Russians. The Russians alone represent a capital of over $400,000. Among them are sixty families having 213 children.

COHOES, N. Y.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — I am anxious that your magazine have a good circulation, and to this end I am willing to pay one year's subscription for twelve numbers. I am very much pleased with the magazine It supplies a palpable want, in its tone, in its matter, and expense. The more your publication is known, the greater will be its circulation.

Yours truly,

REV. THOMAS KEVENY,
Pastor St. Bernard's Church.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, who advertises in our columns, is now in town. He has no connection with a person of the same name now advertising in this city. The Simon-pure doctor can be found at 43 Milk Street.

IF our local Sunday papers would give their readers a little more solid reading of a beneficial character, and less of the love-sick, sensational, sentimental gush, they would be more esteemed. — *Catholic Columbian.*

What say our Boston Sunday contemporaries?

MARSHAL MACMAHON, having asked the Minister of War for leave to attend the funeral of the Prince Imperial, General Gresley referred the matter to the cabinet, and replied that it is impossible to grant to Marshal MacMahon an authorization which has already been refused to Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf and to Admiral Jurien La Gravière.

THE rates of tuition at the new college at Notre Dame, Ia., have been reduced from $150 to $125 per session. The charge therefore for tuition, board, etc., will in future be only $125 per session, or $250 per scholastic year. This reduction was decided upon before the fire. The college is progressing rapidly to completion.

MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, of July 26, was decidedly the best number, in our opinion, issued of that popular journal. The Prince Imperial was admirably sketched from his cradle to his melancholy death. We are pleased to learn that this only illustrated Catholic paper in the country is fast growing in circulation with our people.

THE "Weekly Register and Catholic Standard," published in London, England, is one of the ablest papers in the British Empire. Its editorial ability, its varied foreign correspondence, and its domestic news, render it valuable to readers of all nations. It is a large sixteen-page paper. Price per annum, £1 1s. 8d. ($5.41). Mr. Donahoe will forward subscriptions free of expense.

EVANSTON, ILL., June 25, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.:

My dear Sir, — Enclosed you will find a post-office order for my subscription for one year for your magazine. I sincerely hope that the clergy will use their influence amongst their congregations in subscribing for it. The amount annually is trifling, and the contents is the matter that should be read by our Catholics, particularly at the present day, when so much bad and dangerous reading is presented to corrupt the mind of our rising generation.

Hoping myself may be able to do something in the way of procuring subscribers,

Believe me sincerely yours, etc.,

MICHL. DONAHOE,
Pastor of St. Mary's.

GUSTAVE DOROHAN, representing himself to be a monk of the Trappists' Order of Montreal, who has been travelling about the country a number of years past under several aliases, practising various kinds of swindles upon priests and laymen of the Catholic Church, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at St. Louis, for forging the name of Rev. Father Van Dorser, chancellor of the archdiocese of that city. Dorohan has figured extensively in the East and South, under the aliases of Father Gaston Dominique and Rev. Van Hoagland.

People should be careful to whom they give money, either to reputed monks or nuns, unless they can show authority from the bishop of the diocese, or the priest of the parish where they are collecting. There is a good deal of pious fraud going on, and our good people should be on their guard. The livery of heaven is often assumed to serve the devil.

WE have received the thirty-fifth annual catalogue of the officers, faculty, and students of the University of Notre Dame, for the academic years 1878–1879. It is embellished with a fine engraving of the new university, which has arisen, phœnix-like, from its ashes. The style of architecture adopted for this edifice is modern Gothic. It presents a frontage of 224 feet, by 155 in depth, somewhat cruciform in shape, or like the letter E with an extended centre. A projection or wing on each side, directly connected to the main building, will make the total frontage 320 feet. The height of the main building is four stories with basement, the height of the east and west wings each three stories with basement. From the ground to the pedestal of the statue above the dome is 170 feet. The dome is unusually lofty, extending 80 feet above the roof. A rotunda, 30 feet in diameter at the base, passes from the foundations up through the building, supporting the dome, and giving light, air, and ventilation to the whole building. This rotunda, surmounted as it is by the glorious dome, and crowned by a statue over all, is entirely self-supporting, and constitutes perhaps the finest feature of its kind to be seen in any educational institution in this or any other country. The new college is capable of accommodating five hundred students.

IT was the singers and those who assisted in getting up the musical portion of the Moore Centenary in Boston who partook of the banquet, and not the Executive Committee, as stated in our last issue. They performed their work so well that some recognition of their services was considered appropriate by the Executive Committee.

GILMORE.— The great musical director of the Coney Island concert, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, is of the class of men who have pushed the world forward in every direction since the world began, — earnest, enthusiastic, one-idea men. With Gilmore there is nothing in the world like music. It gives unalloyed pleasure, and it is followed by no regrets. It is a great educator, because it is the educator of the heart. He is a native of Dublin, Ireland, and has fought his way in his profession inch by inch, winning every inch he gained by hard work. He organized at Boston the greatest musical festival ever known. Uncle Sam delights in having the "biggest thing there is" of its kind, and when Gilmore waved his *baton* over the great Boston Jubilee, he became from that moment even a representative American. — *Irish-American.*

LOWELL, June 19, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir, — You will please find enclosed my yearly subscription for your invaluable magazine for the current year ending next December. The back numbers have come to hand, and thank you for your promptness.

Your magazine is not only a source of enjoyment to myself but also to my children. It contains many reminiscences of our patriotic countrymen who figured prominently in Irish politics for the last half-century, which must be very interesting to its readers, especially those advanced in years.

The sketches of the poets and poetry of Ireland, the Bar Life of O'Connell, with many other matters of general information, must recommend it to the lovers of old Fatherland.

There is another and important feature which renders your monthly a welcome visitor to Catholic families, — the truthful manner in which it handles religious subjects.

Go on, my veteran friend, and mount the pedestal of fame once again, which your natural pluck and indomitable energy entitle you to. Go on, I say, and may your benign countenance be neither scored by wrinkle nor furrow until you have completed that laudable mission you set out a long time ago to accomplish, namely, the placing of your countrymen in this country in that high social condition which our race, sooner or later, is predestined to occupy, which is the fervent desire of yours, etc.

P. MACNAMARA.

A VICTIM OF THE FALK LAWS. — We give the first part of this extremely interesting book in our issue of this month. Some doubt having been expressed as to its authenticity, by the "London Athenæum," that paper of a recent date says, "It is only fair to Mr. Bent-

ley, to state that he has proved to us, since the publication of our criticism last week of 'A Victim of the Falk Laws,' that the suspicions which we entertained about the existence of a German original of that book are completely unfounded. We mentioned at the time how glad we should be if those suspicions were removed, and now that they been, we hasten to acknowledge our satisfaction, which is partly increased by the fact that our unwittingly unjust criticism may have led to the elucidation of the mystery. The existence of the German original had certainly been most admirably concealed by the German censorship, which used all possible endeavors to lead inquirers to fancy that they were on a wild-goose chase. The discretion of the censorship and the success of its exertions form a curious piece of the history of our own times, and the fact that this discretion should have been used about this book, "A Victim of the Falk Laws," makes it obvious that its character or composition, or both, make it of some real danger to the German government, and therefore of very considerable interest to the student of history. The publisher of the German original, which Mr. Bentley has shown us, is Groppe, of Trèves.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. W. Bonenkamp died at Franklin, Wis., on the 12th of July, in the forty-third year of his age.

The Rev. Patrick Francis Sheridan, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Church, Philadelphia, died July 9.

Rev. William M'Cormack, Professor of Mathematics in St. Finian's Seminary, Navan, Ireland, died on Friday, July 11.

Rev. John O'Halloran, of Jacksonville, Ill., died of consumption at the Sisters' Hospital in St. Louis, on the morning of July 14.

In San Francisco, Cal., July 16, Rev. Francis Kelly, assistant rector of St. Joseph's Church, aged thirty-five years. He was a native of the county Armagh, Ireland.

Monsignor Manning, Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, and nephew of his eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, died July 9, after a painful and protracted illness.

The melancholy death of Monsignor William Manning has cast a gloom over St. Charles's College and the community of oblates, as well as on the house of his uncle, Cardinal Manning. Monsignor Manning never shook off the fever contracted during his late visit to Rome; and though on certain days he seemed comparatively well, the periodicity of the attacks could not be overcome, and he sank beneath them. Cardinal Manning has still a nephew in Holy Orders, Rev. W. H. Anderdon, now a Jesuit, and formerly well known in your Catholic University Church.

LAY PEOPLE.

We deeply regret to chronicle the death of Capt. William Stacpoole, M. P. for Ennis, which melancholy event occurred on the evening of the 10th July, at his residence in Chelsea. Capt. Stacpoole was at his post in the House of Commons not more than a week before, and it was within the last two or three days that his illness assumed such a character as to excite grave anxiety. The deceased gentleman was the eldest son of the late Andrew Stacpoole, Esq., of Ballyalla, Ennis, and was born in the year 1830.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Henry Slavin, Boston, who died at his residence in Pembroke Street, of inflammation of the lungs, on the 12th July. He came to Boston in 1865 as a representative of John Tracey & Co., the Albany distillers, and for a number of years helped to take charge of their large business interests in Boston and vicinity. Mr. Slavin became a partner of Mr. John Miller, whose daughter he married, and by whom he had one child. His widow and child survive him. He was born in Ireland, in 1845, and came to the United States with his parents while a child, they settling in Albany, N. Y. He was a director of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and has been one of the Knights of St. Patrick. He was buried on the 15th, from the Church of the Immaculate Conception (directors of the Home acting as pall-bearers), where requiem mass was celebrated, and the remains were conveyed to Dorchester cemetery for interment. The funeral was very largely attended and the floral offerings were numerous and elegant. Mr. Slavin was greatly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his death is deeply lamented. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

Dr. Edward Fitzgerald, of Salem, Mass., died after a lingering illness, on Monday evening, July 7, from a cancer on the liver, aged fifty-three years. Dr. Fitzgerald came to Salem some twenty-five years ago, and was captain of company F, Ninth Regiment, during the war, and an honorary member of the Young Men's Catholic Temperance Society and the Father Mathew Temperance Society of that city. He was surgeon of the Knights of St. Patrick, a member of the Board of Health, School Committee, etc. He leaves a widow and eight children, between the ages of three and twenty

years He was buried from the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Thursday, July 10. Every possible respect was shown to his memory. The flags of all the public buildings were at half mast for three days. The Mayor and members of the Common Council, the Board of Education, of which he was a prominent member, the staffs of the medical institutions, the sisters and orphans to whom he was a generous benefactor, the Overseers of the Poor, a number of Catholic clergy, as well as the ministers of the different denominations, were in attendance at the requiem mass. Company F, of the Massachusetts Ninth Regiment of which he had been captain at the beginning of the war, formed a cortege of honor and accompanied the remains to the cemetery, where Fathers Moriarty and Fitzgerald (near relatives of the deceased) performed the last services at the grave, intoning the *Miserere* and *De Profundis*. Dr. Fitzgerald, who was a nephew of the late well-known Father Edward Fitzgerald, parish priest of Cahirciveen, county Kerry, Ireland, and a cousin of Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., was a man of splendid education, manly, independent, strict integrity, of a large and generous heart, a devoted Catholic, and a true Geraldine. His loss is deeply felt by all classes of the community, and he leaves a large and interesting family to mourn his death.

SISTERS.

On Wednesday, June 18, Sister M. Liguori (Miss Josephine O'Donoughue, of Rochester, N. Y.) died in the Convent of Mercy, Brooklyn, N. Y. May she rest in peace.

Events of the Month.

We regret to see that the yellow fever has broken out in Memphis, Tennessee, and is prevailing to an alarming extent. Thus far, other Northern cities have escaped.

St. Bernard says that there are three degrees of advancement to which a soul that wishes to be a saint ought to aspire: first, not to wish for authority over others; second, to wish to be subject to all; third, to bear insults with peace.

If there is a garter to be given away by the present government of England, it is currently reported that the Duke of Norfolk will be its recipient. The garter symbolizes the most honorable of all the orders, and it is already held by one Catholic, namely, the Marquis of Ripon.

Portadown is the heart of a very Orange district in Ulster, and the brethren there are rather a humorous lot. On Tuesday evening they burned an effigy labelled "The O'Conor Don, author of the Popish University Bill." We are told there was no disturbance, — that is, no fighting, — and we are not surprised, for no one could treat the affair as anything but a farce.

Whether or no the Prince Imperial was basely deserted in the hour of his need, at any rate his body, once it was rescued, fell into loving, and by a rather curious coincidence, into only Catholic hands. For not only did a priest of the old religion receive it into a sacred edifice, and nuns of a French Order too pray around it, but the very officers to whose charge it was officially committed, General Clifford, the Quartermaster General and his deputy, Major Butler, are both professors of the faith.

It is a custom of some of the "lambs" of Belfast of the Orange persuasion to follow priests on favorable occasions, and pour out offensive exclamations against the Pope. One fellow did this on Sunday evening on the heels of Father Mulcahy. When the priest turned round and took him to task, he boldly denied that he had spoken. But the magistrates ordered him to pay £2 and costs for the amusement, and if a few more are similarly treated the game will be found too dear for the candle.

When Sarsfield landed at Brest in 1691 he had with him 4,500 men, who had chosen to enter the French army. From October, 1691, to January, 1692, over 19,000 officers and men left Ireland and entered the French service. According to estimates stated to be deduced from the Bureau de la Guerre, or War Office of France, between the troops of the Irish regiments in her service and the Irish in other corps of the French army from October, 1691, to May, 1745, or from the Treaty of Limerick to the battle of Fontenoy, the Irish military exiles in the service of France amounted to above 450,000, while in the century from 1691 to 1791, the total number was 480,000.

The Gray Matter of the Brain. — A fragment of the gray substance of the brain, not larger than the head of a very small pin, contains parts of many thousands of commingled globules and fibres. Of ganglion-globules alone there cannot be less than 600,000,000 in the convolutions of a human brain. They are indeed in such infinite numbers that possibly only a small portion of the globules provided are ever turned to account in even the most energetic brains. Dr. Mandsy finds occasion to contrast the 15,000 words which Shakespeare employs for the expression of his ideas with the hundreds of millions of brain globules that must have been concerned in the production of this intellectual harvest.

A Hot Region. — One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting on his boat, winds a goat-skin bag round his left arm, the arm grasping its mouth; then takes in his right hand a heavy stone to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hill of Osman, some five or six hundred miles off.

In speaking of rash judgment, St. Francis de Sales says: "I shall sum up all by telling you that those who take good care of their consciences are scarcely ever guilty of rash judgment. A rash judgment is the offspring of an idle soul, of a soul that does not look after her own wants, but likes to harp on the actions of others, all of which is forcibly expressed by the ancient philosopher, who said that only those persons are fond of knowing the ins and outs of other people's life who are exceedingly careless in correcting the faults of their own."

Tragic Deaths of the Archbishops of Paris. — Since '89, seven Archbishops have occupied the Archiepiscopal See of Paris. This is their history: Mgr. Juine died on the scaffold in 1793; Cardinal Mauray was in 1805 forced to take refuge in Rome; in 1848 Mgr Affré was killed at the barricades in the Faubourg St. Antoine. In 1857 Mgr. Sibour was assassinated by Verger. Mgr. Morlot followed, and he alone was allowed to exist somewhat peacefully. In 1871 Mgr. Darboy was shot by the Communists. The present prelate has not had a "bed of roses," nor is he likely to have, so fiercely grows the struggle on the educational question.

It is told of the late Lord Lawrence that he was very modest about his title, and that when one of his old friends wrote to congratulate him on his accession to the peerage, addressing him as "My dear Lord Lawrence," the latter begged him to drop the "Lord" and to put in its place the simple "John" by which he had been known and loved for so many years. There is a parallel case of modesty, I remember, recorded in the life of the great and good Bishop Milner. In his last illness, when those about him addressed him with the customary "My Lord," he humbly pleaded, "Oh, don't call me that any more. I am nothing now but plain John Milner, a poor sinner." And he wrote his own epitaph, which was simply this: "Here lies John Milner," with a space left underneath for the date of his death and a request for the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul.

The Irish Major of the Connaught Rangers, Garrett Moore, who has just received the Victoria Cross, shows our traditional valor in strong contrast with the Hibernian sounding name of the man who deserted the Prince Imperial. In December, 1877, in an action with the Gaikas, near Koringa, when a small body of mounted police was forced to retire before overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Major Moore observed that Private Giese was unable to mount his horse, and was thereby left to the mercy of the Kaffirs. Perceiving the man's danger, Major Moore rode back alone into the midst of the enemy, and did not desist in his endeavor to save the man until the latter was killed, Major Moore having shot two Kaffirs, and received an assegai wound in the arm during his gallant attempt. If Major Moore had been in Zululand he would not have run away as long as there was a comrade behind.

The Mayoralty of Dublin. — Councillor E. D. Gray, proprietor of the "Dublin Freeman's Journal," and member for the county Tipperary, has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the year 1880. The resolution electing him was moved by Mr. Byrne, who sits on the popular side of the Council. It was seconded by Mr Vereker, a member of the Conservative section; and it was supported in terms of the most emphatic eulogy by men who differ from each other on most subjects. The Lord Mayor elect is only thirty-four years old, and son of the late Sir John Gray. He is by far the youngest man appointed within our memory to fill the civic chair of the metropolis, and we very much doubt that Dublin had ever before so juvenile a Lord Mayor. The singularly exceptional distinction conferred on Mr. Gray is due to his early training in the ways of public life, his high position in general politics, and the capacity and energy devoted by him to the business of the city. We expect that he will make a thoroughly good Lord Mayor; and in Mrs. Gray, the citizens will welcome a Lady Mayoress whose beauty, grace, and sweetness guarantee a charming mistress of the Mansion House.

A Long-standing Scandal happily ended. — We publish below a document which we are sure will be read throughout the length and breadth of Catholic Ireland and Ireland in America, with universal and unaffected joy. It is the letter of Rev. Robert O'Keefe, of Callan, to his ecclesiastical superior, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory. In that letter, Father O'Keefe expresses his regret for the scandal he may have given by acts of his, which are but too painfully familiar to every reader of contemporary records and asks forgiveness for the wrongs he may have done during his years of contention with the chief authorities of his church. The following is the letter: —

Callan, July 1, 1879.

Most Rev. Dr. Moran:

My Lord Bishop, — I desire earnestly to be reconciled with my bishop and the Church of God.

I express my sincere regret for all the scandal and disedification which I have given for the last ten years.

1st. By my acts, words, and writings against the Holy See.

2d. By bringing before the civil tribunals the late Cardinal Cullen for the exercise of his spiritual authority.

3d. By what I have said and done against diocesan ecclesiastical authority, and against the character of the late Most Rev. Dr. Walsh and otner ecclesiastics.

I have given up the possession of all the property of every kind which I have held as parish priest of Callan to your Vicar-General, in trust for your lordship, and I humbly seek absolution from all the censures and irregularities I have incurred.

I am willing, furthermore, to make any reparation for past misconduct which your lordship may think required, and to retract publicly anything I have said or done against ecclesiastical authority and discipline.

Finally, I humbly apologize for and retract everything I have said and done against your lordship personally.

Awaiting any farther directions from your lordship, I am your most obedient, humble servant.

(Signed) Robert O'Keefe.

WE were told a few days ago by the "Italie" that the vestry of the English Protestants outside the Flaminian Gate was in treaty with the municipality for the purchase of the "Convent of Jesus and Mary." It is probable enough, though it does not follow merely because it is reported. Our opinion, however, is that if the municipality get the chance of a good bidder, the house will be sold. They would sell our Lord Himself if they but had the opportunity. Only they would improve on Judas. Being Piedmontese, they would insist on gold instead of silver. — *London Universe.*

Notices of Recent Publications.

Hickey & Co., New York.

Alba's Dream, and Other Stories, original and translated.

This is No. 16 of the Vatican Library Series. The book has a variety of stories of interest to the general reader. Two hundred and nineteen pages for the low price of twenty-five cents.

Sampson, Davenport & Co., Boston.

The Boston Directory, embracing the City Record, a General Directory of the Citizens and Business Directory, No. LXXV. For the year commencing July 1, 1879. Every business-house should have a copy of this indispensable annual. It is complete in all its parts. Call at 155 Franklin Street, and procure a copy.

W. J. Schofield, 105 Summer Street, Boston.

The MacLaughlins of Con Owen. A Study in Irish History. By John Patrick Brown, A. B.

A book that will interest the numerous families of this ancient sept. It is well gotten up. Every MacLaughlin in the country should buy it.

The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston.

"Moondyne: A Story from the Under World." By John Boyle O'Reilly.

This is a graphic narrative of the abuses of the convict system in Australia. The story is interesting from the opening chapter to the very last page. "Moondyne Joe," the person about whom the principal events of the story centre, is sent to Australia as a convict, and after enduring much hardship and abuse, becomes a free man, and having attained to wealth and influence, returns to his native country under the name of Mr. Wyville, and is sent again to Australia by the government with almost absolute power over the whole convict settlement. After reforming the existing state of things there, and entirely changing the system of treatment, he nobly perishes in a fearful forest fire, in the endeavor to save other lives. The other personages of the story are all worthy of notice, particularly Alice Walmsey and Officer Lodge. The book is gotten up in very attractive shape by the publishers, and deserves a careful perusal.

R. Worthington, New York.

"Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun." The memoirs of this remarkable lady, at the same time painter, authoress, and woman of the world, cannot fail to interest even the average reader. She showed a taste for painting at an early age, and being placed under the best masters, her talent quickly developed itself. Her industry in the pursuit of her art may be imagined from the fact that during her life she executed no less than 650 portraits, 15 pictures, and nearly 200 landscapes in Switzerland and England. Forced to fly from Paris by the French Revolution, the greater portion of her life was spent in travelling over Europe. She was in intimate friendship with many of the crowned heads of Europe, and for this reason the book has a peculiar charm, containing as it does so many revelations of the inner life of European courts at that time. The work throughout is written in a most graceful style, handsomely printed on tinted paper, and is a credit to the publisher.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of His Blessed Mother.

We have received Nos 13 and 14 of this splendid work. His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey has given the publishers the following approbation:—

ARCHBISHOPRIC OF NEW YORK,
318 MADISON AVENUE.

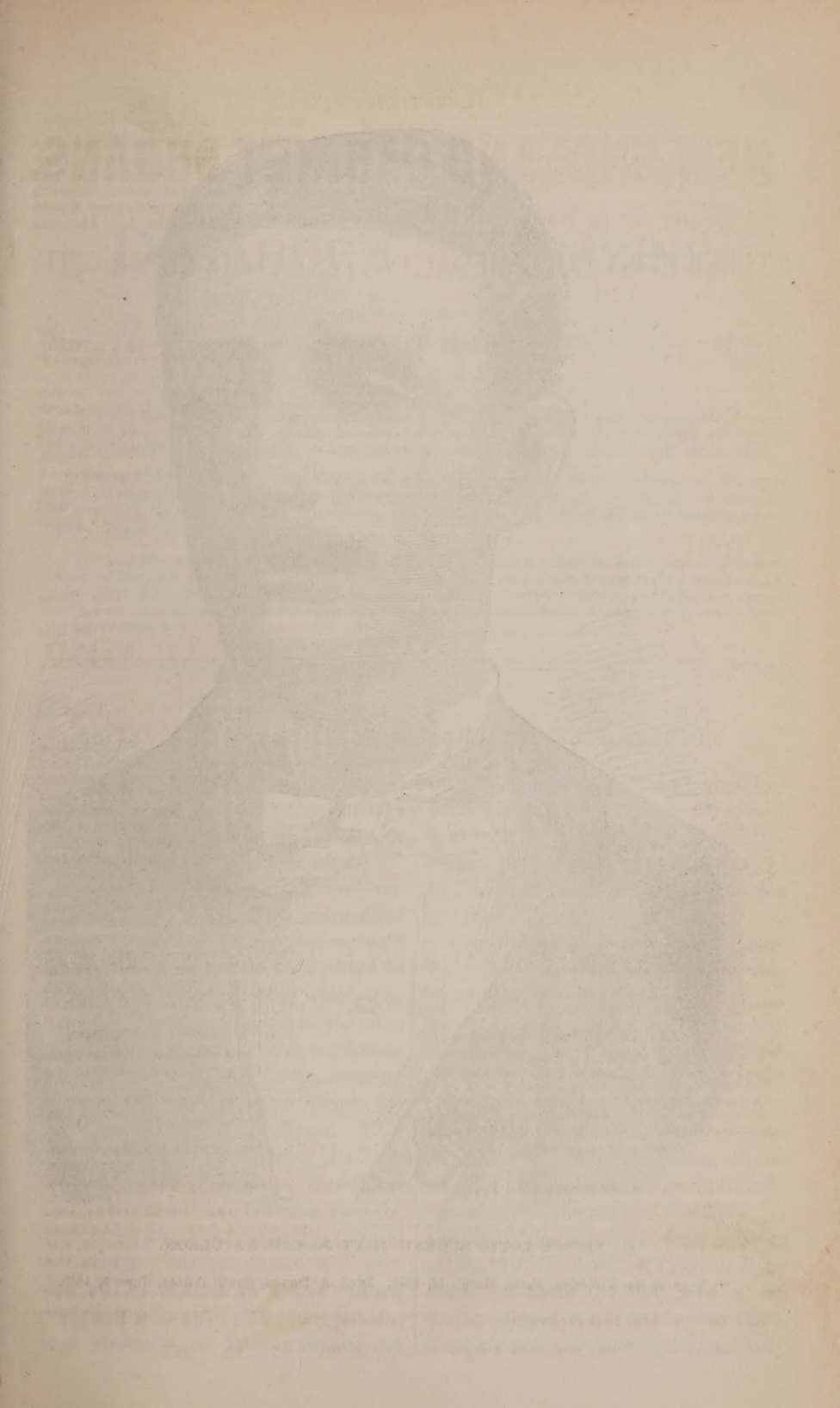
The high commendations which have been given by many distinguished prelates to Father Beuringer's "Life of Our beloved Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His Virgin Mother," as published in the original German, abundantly attest its excellence. We are, therefore, happy to be able to welcome the appearance of this most instructive and edifying work in its English translation; we have reason, at the same time, to be thankful to the reverend translator and the enterprising publishers, for having thus placed it within the reach of a wider circle of Catholic readers, who, doubtless, will appreciate the benefit conferred. We give to it our cordial approbation with the expression of our earnest wish and hope that it will receive a generous patronage.

JOHN CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY,
Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1878.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The "Athenæum" announces the appearance of a new work by the Rev Robert Cooke. The title of the book is "Sketches of the Life of Mgr. De Mozenod, Bishop of Marseilles, and founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and of the missionary labors of the members of that society in Canada, Labrador, the Red River region, Saskaethewan, on the borders of the Great Aloc and Great Bear Lakes, in the Mackenzie Regions, to the confines of the Arctic Ocean and in British Columbia."



PRINCE LOUIS EUGÈNE JEAN JOSEPH NAPOLEON.

Born at the Tuileries, Paris, March 16, 1856. Died at Donga, South Africa, June 1, 1879.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1879. No. 4.

"MAY God bless and direct, through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection they wish to be placed, the writers of Catholic journals who defend the cause of religion, its rights, and those of the Holy Apostolic See, and adhere to its doctrines and precepts with devotion and fidelity!"—PIUS IX.

LABOR asks for nothing but its right to work and protection against the avarice of monopolies. The workingmen of the United States, who form fully three fourths of the entire voting population, ask for bread, and the stone of political economy is given to them. And when they say, "We must, at all hazards, get our rights," they are called Communists.

"THE grandest career that ever man, the most ambitious, proposed to himself is to serve the Holy Catholic Church of God, and, next to that, the noblest career earth could offer a man is to serve this old Ireland of ours. There is nothing in this world that can compare with the Catholic Church; and, after her, there is nothing that the sun of God shines upon, the sun of heaven shines upon, that can compare with old Ireland."—FATHER BURKE.

Original.

DO CATHOLICS READ THEIR OWN LITERATURE?

"CATHOLICS do not read much of anything," said one of our publishers to me recently, "and what they *do* read is chiefly anti-Catholic trash."

He spoke rather bitterly and despondently. His shelves were filled with choice Catholic literature, with books that confessedly stand high in the several departments to which they belong. There is no English historian that equals Lingard in trustworthiness and accuracy. There is no contemporary poet that surpasses Moore, De Vere, or Father A. J. Ryan. Cardinal Newman has written the best English since Shakespeare. One Wiseman is worth a dozen Guizots, Ewalds, and Jahns in historical and scriptural knowledge. Father Burke was pronounced by Beecher to be the "incarnation of oratory." The fun, pathos, and sentiment of Irish romance are unequalled. The rich and abundant literature of the church is now, as it ever was, the best and choicest gift that human genius, exalted and intensified by the divine faith, can bestow upon the world.

"And yet our people do not read it," said the publisher "The very name *Catholic* seems to act upon the book as a fatal spell. They will read the dullest stories and the falsest histories because they are not Catholic."

If there is even a moiety of truth in this sweeping charge, it behooves us to examine it. The accusation implies either a pitiable lack of general intelligence upon the part of Catholics, or else their false and deplorably ignorant estimate of the worth of Catholic literature. I think the first part of the reason alleged is untenable; for Catholics are not only intelligent, but they

are the very people who read most. The subscription list of every secular newspaper in the land is largely made up of Catholic names. The best writers upon all the leading journals are of the same Catholic faith. The poorest Irishman buys some one paper, and very often two or three. The most illiterate Irishman cannot be found totally ignorant of how the world wags. If he cannot read himself, he will get his companion or his child to read the paper for him, and his quick insight will make plain for him the meaning of the very biggest of words of "learned length and thundering sound."

The true reason appears to be the unacquaintance of Catholics with the real merits of their own literature. Catholic journalism has undergone a complete revolution within the past twenty-five years. There is no denying the fact that most Catholic papers of that former era were very "slow" affairs. I remember my father scolding me for not taking due interest in the late Archbishop Kenrick's controversy with the Protestant Bishop of Vermont, Hopkins, which was published in the local Catholic paper. As I did not know Latin and Greek, and my theology was limited to a very accurate memorizing but, I fear, very inadequate understanding of the "Catechism," it was certainly too much to ask me to determine the exact philological import of the Greek words for "priest" and the precise meaning of St Paul's expression about "the laying on of hands." I fully agreed with my father's emphatic opinion that the archbishop "had knocked h——" out of Rt. Rev. Mr. Hopkins; but the process by which both of us arrived at that conclusion was not supremely logical. Yet the majority of the Catholic journals of those days were filled with just such controversy. As they were chiefly in the hands of the clergy, they could not fail of being properly correct, moral, but, alas! prosy. There were no stories, except of that rigidly pious type which flourished in French Catholic journals. The last generation remembers the joy, mixed with unbounded astonishment, which greeted some of Mrs. Sadlier's piquant tales. They were such a refreshing change from "Edifying Examples," in which the "Old Boy" figured conspicuously, and thought nothing of disappearing in flames with the unhappy young lady who winked at a chevalier, or of vigorously toasting a youth who wasted much time in playing backgammon. We shudder to think of the fate reserved for an active base-ball club. The fact is that much of the harsher religious literature of France in the early part of this century was tinctured with Jansenism; and it took all the "sweet reasonableness" of St. Alphonsus Liguori and of the great Jesuit moralists to combat that fatal, rigoristic teaching, which would even keep back the faithful from holy communion through an exaggerated fear of "unworthiness," as if the greatest saint, were it not for the *command* of Jesus, would not shrink from partaking of the body of the Lord!

In our day, Catholic journalism compares favorably with the best specimens of the secular press. Yet an idea prevails that a religious paper or magazine is hopelessly dull. Now, the fact is our Catholic periodical literature is a marvellous triumph, when we consider the limitations under which it works. With shamefully inadequate support it achieves successes which astonish those that know what journalism is and what it costs. A Catholic editor or publisher receives no compensation at all to be compared with that commanded by a secular or a sectarian writer. If our readers would take the trouble to compare a Catholic paper with a distinctively Protestant one, they would soon mark the difference. Every sect reads and supports a journal devoted to the exposition of its peculiar tenets. This paper is as much a part of the ecclesiastical machinery as is the preacher himself. If a family is too poor to subscribe for

it, the deficit is made up by the wealthy members, or even out of the church treasury. Yet these Protestant papers are unspeakably dreary and commonplace. A sermon of some hysterical divine, a page of anti-Catholic diatribe, or a maudlin essay on some scriptural text, constitute its attractions. There is rarely a story. There is still more rarely any news. A narrow and poor spirit pervades the whole journal. The most limited of Catholic papers has some sparkle and life, and deals with interests wider than the petty questions which agitate a Sabbath school, or trouble the mind of some old maid in Israel, who, in a long letter, carps at the worldly extravagance displayed in the new style of *panniers*, or the frightful increase of beer-drinking in our once moral community. There are few Catholic papers that do not discuss the great questions that occupy the attention of civilized humanity. Rome is still the moral oracle of the world; Ireland is still the arena on which the great cause of civil and religious liberty is fought. The church is forever Catholic, and touches the world at every point; and the faith is still the unerring tribunal before which every heresy, as well as every form of infidelity, is summoned, discussed, and definitively judged. We cannot conceive of any more excellent *précis* of the world and its opinions than that given in good Catholic periodicals. It is simply astonishing how excellent they are, particularly as journalism is now recognized as a distinct profession, with its laws, its style, and its rewards. The Catholic editor is no longer at liberty to print matter of no interest to anybody but the writer. He may not be in a position (owing to lack of support) to pay writers who make it a matter of conscience, as of business (being under pecuniary obligation), to furnish him with their best thought and most careful elaboration of matter and style. Give the Catholic editor such a subscription list as the "New York Herald," or in Protestant religious literature, as the "Independent" or the "Christian Union" has, and see, then, what a paper he will present you.

I have seen upon the library-table of Catholic families magazines which cannot be read with a safe conscience. A priest, upon theological grounds, cannot give absolution to one who, without reason or permission, continuously reads the following periodicals: "Harper's," "Scribner's," "Leslie's Popular Monthly," the issues of the "Lakeside," "Riverside," and other analogous publications, and the entire class of weekly (non-Catholic) romance papers. The theological reason is that these papers are *mala in se*, for though the technicalities of the Index may not hold in this country, the ethical principle embodied in the Index is of universal application. Many priests are commendably ignorant of the peculiar phase through which the foregoing periodicals are passing. They may fancy that the harm which they do to souls is not mortal, or even proximately mortal. But worse than any open or concealed licentiousness which they advocate is their downright infidel and atheistic spirit, which is dignified by the name of "culture." "Harper's" is now worse than when it raved against the Pope, for it has ceased to believe in any remnant of Christianity. No one who persistently patronizes this literature can be safely admitted to the sacraments. In bringing this serious charge against secular periodical *belles-lettres* I am bound to maintain it, particularly in the presence of the clergy, a body of men not disposed to accept any conclusion without proof, particularly one that directly touches their absolving power in the sacrament of penance. Without insisting upon the definiteness and (if you will) the rigor of the decisions of the Congregation of the Index, I need but show the intensely anti-Christian spirit of contemporary romantic literature to establish my point. American novelistic literature is a poor imitation of the

vilest French and German models. The bulk of non-Catholic magazines is in the form of romance. This romance depends for its "effects" upon such moral episodes as murder, adultery, elopement, and suicide. That highly æsthetic and transcendental magazine, "The Atlantic Monthly," publishes such stories as Reade's "Terrible Temptation," which is sensual to the last degree. "Lippincott's" chief writer is "Ouida," who glories in her shame. Rhoda Broughton, a popular romancist, was thrust out of doors by her own mother, a self-respecting woman. The modern doctrine concerning love, advocated in all these papers, is that it is inspirational, paroxysmal, and its own law. I defy contradiction on this point, and I refrain from citing extracts or examples for reasons obvious to my decent readers.

In Catholic circles which claim to be literary I have often been struck with their ignorance of their own literature. What is worse, they do not appear to be ashamed of such ignorance. "Oh!" says a pert young miss, whose shallow brains cannot even retain the trash of novels which she reads, "oh! Catholic books are so awfully dull! There 's no excitement in them; nothing but piety" Now, this criticism is wholly untrue, and shows how little such a complainant has read of Catholic literature. I do not care what department of reading you take up, Catholic writers will prove the most interesting. The history of Catholic missionary enterprise is far more interesting than Stanley's "Explorations in Central Africa." The very lives of the saints are full of anecdote, wit, wisdom, and the deepest learning. Gibbon says he could not have written his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" without the assistance of Butler's "Lives of the Saints." This is the judgment of the most learned of English historians, and yet Butler will be passed over in a Sunday-school library, or be left unopened in the bookcase at home, and the "New York Ledger" read instead. An ignoramus will speak of a book as dry which Gibbon has pronounced immortal.

Again, Irishmen will run to the false teachings of the "Irish World," condemned far more severely by every sound canon of literary taste, historical judgment, and political economy than even by severe ecclesiastical censure, instead of turning to the pages of those great Irish patriots, soldiers, and divines who wrote with a single purpose and aim. The whole teaching of the "Irish World" is contradicted by the very instincts of the people themselves, which are to them a safe guide, as a general rule. Antipathy is sometimes surer than logic. But when to this instinctive rejection of the "Irish World" is added its positive falsification of the great lessons and traditions of the Irish race, its widespread circulation is a woful evidence of ignorance. People will con the patriotic buncombe of the "World," when on every Catholic publisher's shelves are the immortal productions of men whose life-blood crimsons their pages.

If we are to preserve the glorious Irish tradition of the national love of learning and of learned men, we must come back to the legitimate treasury of all the nation's true science. We must encourage our publishers by a liberal patronage, and not waste our time and money upon a spurious literature.

I am profoundly convinced that our people's failure in this regard is due to carelessness and inadequate acquaintance with the riches of their own literature, and that, if they once grew familiar with it, the reign of bad books and papers would come to a speedy end. J. V. O'C.

THERE cannot be a pleasant smile upon the lips of the hopeless The blow which crushes the life, will shatter the smile.

THE CITIES OF THE DEAD.

McGee's Illustrated Weekly.

Hush, ye fond rustlings, hush!
While here alone, we search the records of some mouldering stone.

"How soon we are forgot when we are dead!" says poor old Rip Van Winkle; and there is no better exemplification of the truth of this than the condition of many of our Catholic cemeteries. We are supposed to feel a certain reverence for the consecrated acres in which lie the remains of our brethren in the faith; we are ready to affirm this at any time; we would indignantly deny that we had grown indifferent to the mother who died last year, or the child that later left us. But if the testimony of our graveyards be believed, our dead lie unremembered and neglected, in spite of the tender motto, "*Requiescat in pace.*" Monuments and flowers and gilded railings do not make the dead rest more peacefully. On the day of resurrection, the monument, whether a dome of granite or a mound of earth, will be as naught; and yet, in common decency, Catholics should see that the resting-places of their dead are well cared for. Protestant burying-grounds are generally well kept; but usually a Catholic cemetery might be a forsaken pasture lot, for all the care that is given to it. The attendants do take care of particular graves, when they are well paid for it; but that is not what we want. "God's Acre" should be beautiful. It should be a spot dedicated to meditation, to prayer, to recollection and hope. Can any Catholic stand above the bodies of his brethren who died fortified by the sacraments, and not feel the holiness of the spot? In those mounds, overrun by tangled grass, and buried in the dead leaves of by-gone autumns, lie that glorious army who will arise when the time comes, — our brothers in the love of Christ. If we had a beautiful custom of visiting the graves on a certain day, as Paris and New Orleans have, — *a fête des morts*, — this thing might be changed; but, unfortunately, even in our prayers we forget our dead too soon; and all the Catholic dead are *our* dead. Has the Faith ceased to bind us with golden chains around the feet of God? Have the fury and bustle of the world killed all the tenderness which Faith generates in Catholic hearts? The routine of our Sunday duties, half-hearted very often, is but a poor return for the gifts and consolations which the Church gives us; and when individual selfishness leads us to forget that we are brothers, our Catholicity becomes a thinly washed sepulchre. It is a shameful thing to see the resting-places of Catholics ruinous, dilapidated, forgotten. White and gold monuments, here and there, among sunken graves, rising over those who were rich, but who are now the equal of the poorest, are mockeries of the spirit of religion in such places. The bodies of our dead were the temples of the Lord, and surely all traces of his divinity should be worthy of reverence. The man, wept of last year, to-day sleeps under a broken tombstone, with weeds at his head and perhaps a stagnant pool at his feet. It ought to be somebody's business to see that the resting-places of our brethren are made decent. The burial fees are not great, but a percentage of them ought to be used in employing competent persons to make our cemeteries less a reproach to us.

Said Bishop Ireland at the colonization meeting in New York, "When you are going West you must strike a bargain with your wives that they will be satisfied to live a few hundred yards or so from their neighbors."

Why it is that only women are considered worthy the exercises of religion is hard to understand. At all the masses, devotions, and at the communion railing, the women outnumber the men almost ten to one. Why is it?

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE BRIEF LIFE OF YOUNG NAPOLEON.

About the last glimpse caught of the Prince Imperial on the fatal 1st of June was that obtained by M. Camille Hellepulk, of Ghent, who states that he started with Gen. Newdigate's column about nine that morning from Koppei Alain, and that, when crossing Blood River, he saw the prince with Lieut. Carey, of the 98th Regiment, six men of Bettington's Horse, and one native. The prince was in the uniform of the Royal Artillery, and seemed to be in the highest spirits, laughing and talking with his comrades as he went along. M. Hellepulk was on horseback, and was about to take a wrong road to join the first division of the column, when he was hailed by Carey, who pointed out to him the right direction. A few kind and cheery words were then addressed to him by the prince, who called out to him "Bon jour! Au revoir!" The prince was riding a gray horse he called Tommy, but the ominous name of which was Fate. M. Hellepulk got to camp about five o'clock in the evening, when shortly afterwards one of the men (a Dutchman) whom he had seen in the morning with the prince came to him and said, "I have brought the prince's horse, but not the prince," and refused to state any more just then, but in a little while informed him that he feared the prince was killed. The man described the affair as follows: "The prince gave the word to saddle and away, and every man did his best to obey quickly. He saw the prince trying to vault into his saddle (a custom he was fond of), and that the saddle turned round on the horse's side. The prince came to the ground, and immediately drew his sword to defend himself from the Zulus, who were close upon him. The horse galloped on as soon as the prince had lost his hold, and joined those of the others who were in front. On the following day, the 2d of June, M. Hellepulk was with the force when the body of the prince was discovered. It was found lying on the side, in a recumbent position, with one leg bent under him, close to him being found three empty revolver cartridges, showing that he had died only after defending himself against fearful odds to the very last. M. Hellepulk left camp at ten o'clock on the night of June 2d, and arrived in Durban along with the remains of the prince. M. Hellepulk added that he should not omit to mention one fact which might be significant: the native who went with the prince's party is supposed to have been killed, but neither his body nor his horse, saddle or bridle, have been found. He was a Natal Zulu, and his disappearance looks like treachery.

OTHER ACCOUNTS

State that Prince Napoleon, Lieut. Carey, of the 98th, six men, and one friendly Zulu left the camp at Kelezi Mountain, seven miles beyond the Blood River, to make military observations and sketch a site for the next encampment. The party halted and unsaddled in a "mealie" field ten miles from the camp. Here, just as the prince gave the order to remount, a volley was fired by Zulus, who lay in ambush amid the long grass. The prince tried to mount his horse, but according to one account, the girth broke, while another says that the animal was restive. At all events, the prince ran along a pathway and was there overtaken and speared by the pursuing Zulus. Two troopers lay dead near the body, both having also been speared. Lieut. Carey and four troopers succeeded in returning to the camp towards night. The prince's horse had followed them, and joined them on the road. At daybreak, a

cavalry patrol, under Gen. Marshall, set out to search for the prince, whose body they found in long grass, three hundred yards from a kraal. The body lay on its back. There were eighteen assegai or spear wounds in it, two of them piercing the body from the chest to the back, two in the side, and one destroying the right eye. There was no bullet-wound. The prince had been stripped of his clothes, but on his neck was a chain holding a locket with hair medallions and a reliquary.

From all accounts it appears that Lieut. Carey and the troopers who saved themselves ran away at the first sight of the Zulus, and left the young prince, who had some difficulty in mounting from the tearing of the saddle-flaps, to his fate. Later accounts say that Lieut. Carey galloped five miles without stopping after the scare.

Lieut. Carey says, "All rode off." To cover his own rapid retreat he puts in, "All rode off." If the prince were killed in the kraal, all did not ride off, since it was there they received the first volley. That Lieut. Carey knew very little of what had happened is quite certain. He was in such a fright and so intent on escape that he had no thought for the safety of others. The bragging Britishers fled like hunted hares, leaving the young prince to fight for his life. That he fought bravely and to the last drop of his blood is proved by the fact that "his wounds were in his breast and face." Thus he died. — he, the Fourth Napoleon, the grand-nephew of the greatest of the world's captains, abandoned to engage alone in mortal combat, shamefully abandoned by the poltroons whose unrighteous cause he had most foolishly espoused. Had his British comrades shown any courage, his life would have been saved.

WHAT A BRITISH OFFICER SAYS.

The report of the incidents connected with the death of the Prince Imperial will cause a deep sensation, not only of sorrow, but of shame, throughout the British army. In the first place, it was an act of the most extraordinary recklessness to send two young officers miles away from the support of the British column with a scouting party of six irregular troopers, white men, and a Kaffir guide. So great has been the dread felt by the authorities for the Zulus that they suffered our dead to lie at Isandula for four months, within sight of a military post, and during this time only one scouting party ventured to pay a flying visit to the place; and yet these young officers were despatched many miles into an utterly unknown country, with only six troopers. It would in any case have been an act of unpardonable recklessness to despatch this little party upon such an expedition, but the recklessness is a thousand-fold more serious when it is remembered that one of these officers was the Prince Imperial of France. It is clear that in his case the greatest caution should have been observed, and that he should have been the very last person chosen for a service of extraordinary danger. Does any one suppose that, had the Duke of Connaught been present with the force, the Quartermaster-General would have despatched him upon such a duty as this? Yet he sent the Prince Imperial, the heir to the throne of France, the guest of England, a lad new to soldiering, who could have known nothing whatever of the duties of scouting and the care necessary to be observed upon such an expedition as that upon which he was engaged. Nor does the officer who accompanied him appear to have been more instructed in his duty, if it be true that the party unsaddled their horses, and sat down for an hour in the heart of Zululand, without even taking the precaution of putting a man on duty to act as a scout. But, sir, unhappily, this terrible blunder of a British staff officer in a high position is not the only, nor indeed the most lamentable and disgraceful feature of the affair. Englishmen cannot read the account of

the struggle itself without a deep feeling of shame. The party had just saddled their horses when the alarm of Zulus was given. Each leapt upon his horse and galloped for his life. There was no thought of the brave young prince; no one looked round to see if the whole party were together, or had a thought for any one but himself. Nor was the desertion and panic merely momentary. We are informed that it was not till they reached the deep cutting, three hundred yards away, that they looked round, and, finding the prince's riderless horse following them, concluded that he was killed. At that time no Zulus appear to have been close on their track, but not one of them thought of turning horse to see if the prince were near. Had they done so, had they even waited for a minute, they would have saved his life, for it was in this very cutting that his body was found. He had apparently kept ahead of his pursuers on foot thus far, and had the horsemen waited, still more, had they driven back to meet him, he could have been saved. Had the young prince, who has been sacrificed to the recklessness of a British staff officer and to the want of calm courage on the part of those who were with him, been a subaltern of our own army, the occurrence would not have been less disgraceful, but it would have been less notorious. As it is, a noble young prince has fallen a victim, and the circumstances will be discussed and criticised by every officer in Europe.

A MUCH-ASHAMED ENGLISHMAN WRITES:

I think I am the exponent of the feeling of a vast majority of Englishmen in saying that the death and the manner of the death of Prince Louis Napoleon is a humiliation to the nation. He ought not to have been left to die as he died. His life was evidently less cared for than it should have been. It is not possible not to sympathize with the gallant spirit which led him to face danger with the meanest of our soldiers; but considering who he was, that he was no mean personage, that he sought our land as an asylum from danger, that he had so conducted himself among us as to win both respect and sympathy, that he was the representative of an idea that has been, and is destined to be, a great factor in the politics of the world, his generous impulses should have been controlled, he should not have been left with less than a dozen men to meet danger of death, where such danger is most imminent when less apparent. I dislike imperialism: but my whole nature — and I think I do but give expression to the feeling of indignation which Englishmen generally feel, and which, I believe, the French nation, with few individual exceptions, will feel — revolts at the reckless carelessness, the utter obtuseness to a fit appreciation of what was due to him and to ourselves, that was shown in allowing the prince to go upon the patrol which resulted in his death. Since I have been a man I have never felt so ashamed.

The "London Standard," commenting on these letters, says: It is with deep pain, and only under a strong sense of duty, that we print to-day the letters from two correspondents who sign themselves respectively, "A Much-Ashamed Englishman" and "A British Officer," in reference to the death of the Prince Imperial. But it is useless, and were it possible it would be an act of cowardice on our part, to conceal the sense of humiliation and shame which is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land at the manner in which the gallant young prince was detailed for a most dangerous duty, and was then deserted by his escort upon the first intimation of the fact that the Zulus had surprised him. That he should ever have been allowed to go upon such a *reconnoissance* at all is indeed amazing, or would be amazing under any other commander than Lord Chelmsford; but that he should have been left to die under the assegais of

the savages, while Lieut. Carey and all but two of his colonial men ran away, is in the last degree humiliating. Under any circumstances, there would have been a feeling of profound mortification that such a tragedy should have occurred while the prince was under the guardianship of an English force. It is true that the practice of allowing young men of high or even royal rank to accompany the headquarters of generals in the field has been in all ages, and is still, commonly recognized and acted upon. In some cases, such illustrious personages have been so numerous as almost to hamper the hands of commanders. But so far as we know, this is the first occasion, at least in modern times, that the claimant to the throne of a great country has been permitted to take part in the most dangerous of all military duties, the advanced patrolling of cavalry in the heart of an enemy's country. Whether we regard this disaster from the social or the military point of view, it was a cruel and disgraceful blunder, and the Duke of Cambridge will be false to the responsibilities of the great position which he holds, if he does not, with something more of vigor than he has lately shown, order the strictest inquiry into the whole affair. Lord Chelmsford describes the massacre of 1,000 men at Isandula as "this unfortunate affair," in much the same spirit as the killing of the poor young prince is officially reported, as if it were the merest matter of course, for which nobody was to blame.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PRESS

Paris Univers.

SOMETHING HIGHER THAN A THRONE.

The best tribute offered to the Prince Imperial in the French press is that by Louis Veuillot in the "Univers." Our readers will read with great pleasure what the most eloquent of French writers and the noblest champion of the Catholic faith in France says of the son of Napoleon III., whose death on the field of battle will do much to extinguish in the hearts of Frenchmen the disaster of Sedan and to rehabilitate the Napoleonic legend. M. Veuillot says: "Paris is not getting accustomed to consider young Napoleon as dead. It feels itself shrouded in a mysterious responsibility, which makes it fear that it may have to pay for the blood of this young prince, delivered over to beasts of prey. Louis Napoleon had received the baptism of Clovis. He did not forget that he was the pope's godson. He died by chance in the shadow of an English army, of which he was a loyal ally. That is all that is known; but a thousand horrible recollections are awakened, and haunt the minds of men. The true history of Louis Napoleon is very simple. He wished to die worthy of France and of the Church. His young mind, enlightened by early misfortunes and guided by a truer sentiment, had quickly understood that there was something higher than a throne and greater than one's native land. He wished to travel thither to enjoy immortal greatness. Hurried on by his name and by the dark misfortune which threatened his destiny, he heroically determined to wait no longer, imperilling his immortal soul among the vulgar dangers of every-day life. He borrowed a battle-steed, and seized the first occasion that offered itself to meet with glory or with death. He found the latter awaiting him. A Napoleon may act thus extravagantly. Such deeds may prove pleasing to God: in the eyes of men they are sublime; they are the secret of strength and of success in the world. Whoever takes God as a witness and things of eternal life receives the Eternal Judge whom he has invoked. This child wished to serve God and France. He died faithful to his God, to his baptism, and to his Christian faith. Christian France — he would recognize no other — will remain faithful to his memory, and will pray at the same moment for the godson of Pius IX. and for the son of St. Louis. France

may claim his remains from the English, and bury them in the tomb of the Invalides, by the side of the glorious soldiers who would betray neither France nor honor."

Dublin Irishman.

BONAPARTE BETRAYED TO DEATH.

Twice has a Bonaparte been done to death under the British banner and in the midst of English soldiers. The stain of homicidal blood is red on the hands of Britain, and the damning spot will remain in spite of all her efforts. Yes, England stands to-day at the bar of the world's opinion, and must cower before the unanimous verdict of mankind, which pronounces her guilty of the homicide of her guest.

The cruel torture of the first Napoleon undoubtedly hastened his death. The wanton barbarity with which he was treated by a brutal governor, depriving him of needful exercise in a fortified island, whence escape could not be feared, the petty perquisitions and persecutions which embittered his daily life and destroyed the possibility of peace, — these were methods as sure of depriving the illustrious captive of life as though the English had adopted their old plan with prisoners, and placing him under a wooden frame, had slowly pressed him to death by weights unbearable.

Their last deed is their worst. The death of the Prince Imperial is a foul disgrace to the English army in Africa, and a foul dishonor to the English government in England. He was the guest of the army and of the country, and, being such, he was despatched to the post of uttermost danger, and basely deserted there when attacked! On the scroll of the world's history, we doubt if there be one act which can compare with this as a combination of all that is infamous in meanness, all that is degrading in cowardice, and all that is abominable in treachery.

The words are strong, but strong words are required to characterize base deeds, and baser conduct never was than that which resulted in the death of a prince of France on a British battle-field. Assuredly, we cannot approve of his presence there, though we can understand and appreciate the sentiments that moved him to volunteer for service. He had grown up with officers for comrades, whom duty called to the war; he felt, we may suppose, some weight of obligation on him for the manner in which he had been treated in England, a desire to repay to the country any debt he might thus have incurred, a wish to share their dangers with comrades whose studies and whose pleasures he had shared, a suppressed anxiety to show to France that he who bore the name of her greatest general was not deficient in that adventurous courage which the nation admires: these motives carried him to a battle-field in which he had no personal interest. They took him there against the advice of many of those who advocated the cause of imperialism, and contrary to the maternal love which would have saved him from peril, so long as honor did not command him to brave it.

Once England accepted his service, then England was responsible for his life. It was to be risked for her glory, and it behoved her to see that it was not risked in vain, not imperilled incautiously, not carelessly thrust into danger of death. To the eternal shame of England, nothing of this has been done. England accepted the free-will offering, and wantonly made it a bloody and a useless sacrifice.

The letters from the Duke of Cambridge, introducing the young prince to Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford, were taken up rather with commendations of his character, as approving him to their good graces, than in admonishing them to be careful of the existence of such a guest. It may be that, judging from the universal practice in such cases, he fancied that they would have had keen regard for his safety. But counsel is not needless, and surely if a prince of England

had gone out (a wild supposition), the cautions would have been many and imperative.

Neither of the English authorities at the Cape seemed to have paid more attention to the trust confided to them than if a common recruit had been added to the army. Less, far less; for the recruit would have been relegated to a post of least danger, and this young French prince was sent forward to risk his life amongst perils unknown to him, but to them long notorious. Nor were they without forewarning that should have admonished them to be careful; for they saw that the climate had threatened him with death in the first place; and in the second place, they knew that, on one occasion, he had nearly been surrounded by the Zulus, and only made his escape by leaping his horse over a bank. Thus, they had omens, they had warnings, but they heeded them no more than if they had desired to see the heart's blood of their young, generous, and too-confiding guest shed upon the savage rocks of Africa.

The disastrous end was in keeping with so deplorable a beginning. The young prince is next heard of far in the front of the English army, engaged in outpost service, in the most perilous duty of scouting, with a few comrades. The English army, which had not yet dared to advance again to bury the dead who lie at Isandlwana, so dangerous was it esteemed, yet sent this foreign guest forward on a duty of great peril to any, but of deadly danger to a young and inexperienced stranger.

The last scene of all is no more than the completion of a horrible story. The young French prince and his comrades were dismounted in a field for rest, Lieut. Carey being in command, as it appears. No watch was set, no picket on duty. Owing to this neglect, a few Zulus crept near, — not more than a score in all, possibly little over half a dozen, — and fired a small volley at the party. Two fell, *but not the prince. There was not a bullet wound found on his body.* The others mounted; he attempted to mount, but some bit of gearing broke and he could not. Had his comrades stood by him, he had been saved. They galloped — galloped away! — and for five miles the infamous wretches did not draw rein! There they met their commander, Col. Wood, and another party of men. It was a reinforcement, a providential chance, it would seem; and now, surely, they will return, in their strength, to rescue this brave young prince, their comrade, their guest, from the death-blow of men who are their enemies, not his!

They might have been in time. The prince, fleet of foot, fled after his fleeing comrades, and the Zulus would have advanced with caution, fearing the presence of a stronger force. They would have been in time —

But no! Col. Wood, when he heard the account, turned with the rest and galloped away, leaving the unfortunate young prince to experience what it is to trust in English valor and English faith.

Nothing but the instant arraignment of the culprits, and a remorseless volley from English rifles, will ever palliate, in the eyes of the world, the manner in which Englishmen have betrayed an illustrious guest to a cruel death.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

INCIDENTS OF THE STRUGGLE.

The world now knows all that it ever can know of that most miserable tragedy, the slaying of Prince Louis Napoleon. The statement of Captain Carey (for, curious enough, he attained that rank the week the prince was killed) has already been made public. We elsewhere publish verbatim the accounts given by the troopers who accompanied Carey,— accounts forwarded to this country by the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." The story, as it now stands, is intelligible and disgraceful in the last degree, — disgraceful alike to English discipline, English organiza-

tion, and English valor. It will be remembered that, according to the letters of Lord Chelmsford to his wife, the prince, in the closing days of May, "nearly came to grief in a *reconnoissance*. I shall not," added Lord Chelmsford, "allow him out of my sight again if I can help it." A few days afterwards, however, the prince had drifted completely out of the sight of Lord Chelmsford, who knew nothing whatever of the fatal mission upon which the young soldier was on the 1st of June despatched. It appears that Lord Chelmsford turned over the young prince to Col. Harrison, the assistant quartermaster-general, with orders not to allow him to go anywhere without a proper escort, and in any case not to permit him to incur danger. Col. Harrison interpreted this order by, on the morning of the 1st of June, sending out the young prince on the most dangerous of all conceivable tasks, namely, to ride many miles into the enemy's country and choose a camp for the troops that night. The prince, no doubt, by his keen passion for danger, induced Col. Harrison to send him on this expedition, but the duty of the colonel was to steadily resist any such pressure, as, from the point of view of general military duty, it was absurd to intrust with such a task a young soldier of a few weeks' standing. Harrison ordered that as escort to the prince there should go Lieutenant (now Captain) Carey, of the 98th Regiment, six troopers of a colonial force, six Basuto (a friendly native tribe) troopers, and one friendly Zulu. In the astonishing way in which everything goes wrong in this miserable campaign, the Basutos never turned up, and the prince went on without them. One account has it that Col. Harrison actually met the prince after the Basutos had failed to turn up, and allowed him to proceed with his insufficient escort. The prince went forward on his fated ride, and halted under the ominous shadow of the hill of Isandula, in a kraal, or native village, of six huts The place was full of symptoms of the proximity of Zulus. The Zulu dogs were still there, the hearths bore signs which showed that that morning Zulu meals had been cooked; but, as usual, to borrow the official report of Capt Carey, "no precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood." The horses were turned loose, and the party sat down for rest and refreshment. Surrounding the kraal on three sides were the high stalks of the mealies, and hid by them, it is now plain, a party of Zulus crept down upon the white men. After an hour's delay, the friendly Zulu, who had been sent to bring the horses out of the mealie-field, came running up, driving the horses, and crying out that he had seen a Zulu. The prince, who throughout behaved with the splendid pluck of his race and nation, said to Carey and the men, "Are you all ready?" Each man, standing by his horse, said, "Yes, sir," and then the prince gave the word, "Mount!" Now comes the shameful and wretched part of the story. At the word "Mount!" the Zulus suddenly burst on the party, and with a loud shout fired a volley. One of the troopers was shot dead, a second fell in the ride from the kraal, and the friendly Zulu was assegaied As to the prince, it seems that he made an attempt to spring into his saddle, when the flap of the saddle tore, and he missed his spring, and had to run alongside of the horse, rendered restive by the firing. Terrible to relate, neither Carey nor one of his men seems to have given a thought to the prince's desperate plight. Not a friendly hand was stretched out to stop his horse or to help him into the saddle, at a time when one second's aid might have saved his life and the honor of England. It seems that by some astounding carelessness the carbines of the troopers were unloaded, but they had their swords and revolvers. About two hundred yards from the kraal was a donga, or a dry river-bed. Towards this the young

prince ran, pursued by a dozen Zulus. He fell, was trodden by his horse, which galloped away, sprang up again, and ran on. He was seen by all the troopers, he must have been seen by Carey; and yet these five men, armed to the teeth and mounted, allowed the prince, who was also their commanding officer, to be coursed like a hare for two hundred yards by a few Zulus without firing a shot, without turning a rein to save him. "No order," say the troopers, "was given to rally, fire, or save the prince." All Lieut. Carey said was, "Let us go quick; let us make haste!" The attacking party of Zulus was seen retreating afterwards over the hill, and only numbered twenty or thirty men. The actual pursuers are only put down at a dozen. And yet five English mounted soldiers and a commissioned officer galloped madly away, while under their eyes, as they looked back, their commanding officer was being hunted to death by a knot of savages. The helpless young prince was at last run down, and fell as it behoved a Frenchman and a Bonaparte to fall. He turned on his pursuers, drew the sword which had been used by the founder of his race, and fell pierced by eighteen wounds, all in the front. Happier, indeed, was he than the English officer who rode away unscathed from the fatal kraal, thus contributing to English history a dark and miserable chapter, which brave men will read forever with shame and sorrow, and which was the finishing touch to the wicked Zulu war.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE NAPOLEONIC DYNASTY.

In the person of the fallen prince were united all the qualities which appeal to the generous and the romantic. He was young: but three-and-twenty years have elapsed since the thundering cannon of the Tuileries announced that an heir was born to the imperial throne. He was brave: it was, indeed, that love of battle and adventure which sits so well upon a boy that brought him to his early doom. He was unfortunate: born and cradled in the purple, he had in his boyhood seen all his hopes collapse at Sedan, and the sad life of the exile and the pretender open before him. Handsome, gay, and debonair, in camp or court he won the hearts of all, and widespread rumor had it that more than one of the fairest princesses of Europe was moved to that pity which is akin to love by the sad story, the soldier's mien, the lightsome eye of the gallant youth whose mangled corpse is now being borne across the seas to his distracted mother. Fiercely, indeed, has the pitiless hail of misfortune beaten upon the gentle head of the childless widow of Chiselhurst. A few years since she was the wife of one of the most powerful monarchs of the world, a beloved sovereign and a happy mother. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" only displayed every noble quality, every tender grace, every exalted virtue. One would have imagined that the piety, the gentleness, the humility, the charities of this pure and noble lady would have averted that Nemesis which dogs the footsteps of fortune, and loves to lay low the great ones of the earth. The loss of rank and state would have been lightly borne by such a woman; but she sorrowed exceedingly for the husband to whom she clung so closely in those years of disaster and of pain which marked the ebb-tide of his life, and now the cup of her woe is filled up. Her only child, the gallant boy who was her pride and stay and comfort, has been snatched from her, and she stands alone in the wide, wide world. One touch in the brief story of the young prince's death will appeal to the hearts of millions. Around his neck was found, we are told, "a medal of the Virgin," one of those miraculous medals which pious Catholic mothers love to bind round the necks of their children, and which, perhaps, was the last gift of Eugénie to her son. Most assuredly from millions of pious souls will ardent pray-

ers go up to heaven that the soul of the young soldier may rest in peace, that God will in his own good time bring comfort to the seared and broken heart of the poor mother, whose wild cry of agony, before she fell senseless into the arms of the English nobleman who broke the awful news to her, seems to fill the air with its sad burden. Throughout France, we are told that an emotion of the deepest sorrow has been everywhere evoked, while the great party who hoped to soon hail the young prince as Napoleon the Fourth are overwhelmed in utter consternation. The blow seems fatal to Imperialism, for the head of the house of Bonaparte is now that unhappy Prince Jerome, who, though a man of much ability and many accomplishments, is, rightly or wrongly, credited with being that nameless thing, a coward, who is loathed by all parties in France, and who has not a friend to raise a voice in his behalf. We find scarcely a parallel in all history for so sad a close of a great dynasty. The youth thus butchered by savages in an obscure affray bore the greatest name which has been borne by man since the dynasty of the Cæsars perished. In the short course of a single century we have seen the sun of the Napoleonidæ rise, blaze with noontide brilliance, and go down. The heir of the two emperors, the grand-nephew of the mighty captain who laid the world at his feet and "bore the Tricolor through Europe uncontrolled," the son of the victor of Magenta and Solferino, should have fallen in some great world-battle, decisive of the fate of empires and the destinies of nations. The story of the prince's death reminds us of those famous lines in which the English poet chronicles an event as striking and as sad, the miserable close of the life of the Swedish Charles: —

"Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty quarrel and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

One element of fitness alone was in the catastrophe. The power of the House of Bonaparte came by the sword: by the sword it has perished. Amidst the clash of arms at Toulon we first hear the name of Napoleon: it fades out in a skirmish in the African desert. For one man we confess we feel a real pity, and that is the English commander. The world will ask, How came it that Lord Chelmsford did not keep the young prince near his own person? Why was the gallant but rash boy allowed, after one most narrow escape, to, by a wild ride deep into a hostile country, again expose a life so valuable? It only needed this miserable catastrophe to give the finishing touch to the Zulu war, the most wicked, insane, and blundering adventure by which the lives of brave men were ever sacrificed.

London Universe.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Threescore and four years ago, on the morning of the 19th of June, a gloomy morning, when the fog of nature mingled with wreaths of artillery smoke in the dull, despondent sky, a man in a gray coat — a short, burly man, with a marble complexion and features as impassive as marble — rode despairingly from a field of defeat, disastrous, but glorious. His career of greatness had come to a close. The most successful captain of modern times, he who united in his person the arrogance of Alexander, the audacity of Cæsar, and the prudence of Hannibal, felt at last that his star had set. Baffled and beaten, the sting of balked ambition biting into his very soul, he turned his face towards Paris. His star had, indeed, set. The end was not long in coming. To the English, who had conquered him, he surrendered. The eagle that had soared so long in the sunlight was caged — it should not have been, it was ungenerous! — and six years

afterwards, the First Napoleon died, a broken-hearted exile, on the rock of St. Helena.

His son, the so-called King of Rome, passed away, a stripling, at Vienna, a few years later; and his presence was not missed, of so little importance was it to the world. At the death of this prince, "no comet blazed." His plaintive words on his death-bed were, "I was born, I died; that is all that can be said of me."

The third of the line was more fortunate, in a sense. He renewed the grandeur of the dynasty, inasmuch as he succeeded to the heritage of empire; he sat enthroned in Paris as the cousin of kings; he fought as cordial ally of the island power which had cut short the visions of universal sovereignty of his uncle; he liberated that Italy which was the cradle of his race from Austrian domination: but he, too, was torn down from his palmy pride of place by a foreign enemy. He saw his army smashed to pieces, the crown wrested from his anointed brow, and his chief city occupied by the stranger. He surrendered, was a prisoner, was released, and an exile again. This time, in an England more gracious and hospitable, the third of the Napoleons breathed out his spirit.

Wayward are the whirligigs of fate, unfathomable the caprices of destiny!

On the 19th of June of the present year, the death of the fourth and last of the Napoleons, the soldier-boy from Chiselhurst, was announced in the English House of Commons; and the announcement was received with a thrill of horror, amidst profound and universal expressions of unfeigned affliction. Strange that the grandnephew of the first emperor, the representative of the house whose foundation he laid, should perish in a struggle for that England which had vanquished him, and that the same flag which had been for him the symbol of all that was odious and all-victorious should be the pall of his descendant!

Beside an open grave, it would not be meet to say aught unkind. But beside the grave of this ingenuous and gallant youth, not even enmity to the political principles he inherited could suggest a syllable of reproach. He died under British colors in a British uniform, died gallantly and faithfully in the discharge of his self-imposed soldier's duty. Over his tomb be the laurel of heroism interwoven with the cypress of regret!

For us Catholics, there is something peculiarly painful and withal very consoling in his death. Prince Louis Napoleon was the godson of the ever-lamented Pio Nono, the son of a spotless lady who wears the golden rose, himself the heir of the enviable and exalted title of Eldest Son of the Church. And he was a true son of that church, and bore, in the poet's words, "the white flower of a blameless life." His last act before leaving England was to attend to his Easter duties in the chapel where his father is entombed; and having acquitted himself of his duty to his God, he approached that father's last resting-place, and imprinted a fond filial kiss on the cold sarcophagus. This is a trait which goes to the heart of all, so true it is that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. When his corpse was found, stabbed and mutilated by savages, around his neck was clasped the reliquary which told of his faith, his mother's gift, a scapular with an *Agnus Dei*, a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and a relic of the cross on which the Redeemer laid down his mortal life for humanity.

In this hour of her tribulation, that sorrow-stricken lady at Chiselhurst has the sympathy of millions, of all who prize domestic virtue and condole with gloom by the hearth-side; but as a Catholic, she has more,—she has the consciousness that their prayers for her child's happiness above and for her strength of mind here below are with her. Here is the beauty and worth of our religion, the only talisman which can bring balm and healing to the wounded soul. *Requiescat in pace!*

ARRIVAL OF THE CORPSE.

The admiralty yacht "Enchantress" arrived at Woolwich at half past two on Friday afternoon, July 11, having on board the remains of the Prince Imperial. Amongst the distinguished Frenchmen present were Prince Lucien Bonaparte, M. Rouher, Comte Joachim Murat, Comte Lepelletier, the Duc de Montmorenci, and Marshal Canrobert. About three hundred Frenchmen were present to receive the remains, which were carried by blue-jackets to the armory, and there identified.

The physiological examination of the remains was made by Dr. Baron Clary, Dr. Baron Corvisart, and Dr. Evans, the Prince's Parisian dentist. Amongst those present at the examination were Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Joachim Murat, Prince Louis Murat, the Duc de Bassano, M. Rouher, and half a dozen other distinguished Bonapartists. The body was in a decomposed state, the features being barely recognizable. Dr. Evans, who had been in constant attendance on the Imperial family, made a careful examination of the mouth and teeth, and was thoroughly convinced as to the identity of the remains. The right eye had been destroyed by an assegai thrust, and the left was partly open. There were seventeen assegai wounds, the fatal one being in the groin. The valet Uhlman and a horse artilleryman were also called in, and both expressed their conviction that the body was that of the Prince Imperial. At the conclusion of the examination all present declared the remains to be those of the prince. It was remarked all the assegai wounds were in front of the body, so that he evidently died fighting. The body was attired in a white cashmere shroud before being placed in the new wooden shell, which was enclosed in a leaden coffin and an outer case of oak. After the examination the remains were placed upon a gun-carriage and conveyed to Chiselhurst. The carriage was drawn by eight horses, and was preceded by a squadron of royal artillery, followed by mourners on foot and in carriages. The band of the royal artillery played Beethoven's Funeral March until the *cortege* passed through the gates of the arsenal.

The Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge were present. Some of the principal shops in the town were closed out of respect to the deceased prince, who was well known in Woolwich.

Immense crowds thronged the route of the procession, and showed great respect, uncovering as the *cortege* passed. The cadets walked in procession all the way.

When the procession arrived at Camden House it was received by Prince Lucien, Prince Charles, Prince Murat, and Baron Corvisart, and conveyed to the Chapelle Ardente, which was exquisitely laid out. The coffin was placed on a catafalque, around which were waxen lights, interspersed with rich exotics The walls were hung with white silk, bearing the imperial monogram. Abbé Laine, arrayed in canonicals, took up his position at the end of the coffin, facing the altar, and at each corner stood Gen. de Despenilles, Marquis Castlebajai, Admiral Duperri, and Col. de Liguiville. The empress did not leave her private apartments.

On Saturday, July 12, Queen Victoria arrived by a special train from Windsor, and her Majesty remained with the empress during the obsequies.

From an early hour in the morning a continuous stream of French ladies and gentlemen, in deepest mourning, wearing violet flowers, many of them showing signs of deep distress, passed through Charing Cross station. Amongst them were many decorated with the order of the Commander and Cavalier of the Legion d'Honneur. Numbers could not speak a word of English, and a notice in French had to be placed over the barrier to direct the passengers to show their tickets.

At five minutes after eleven the minute guns proclaimed that the *cortege* had started, the band of the royal artillery playing the Dead March of Beethoven, in B flat. First to troop out of the gate was a troop of the Fifth Lancers, with lances at the carry; the next being the cadets in full uniform, with carbines reversed. The young fellows were the firing party, and were supplied with three rounds of ammunition each They were followed by the band of the royal artillery, followed by the Bishop of Southwark, in mitre, with the cross carried before him, and incense spread before it; then followed the gun-carriage, drawn by six horses, with an immense wreath, held by two soldiers perpendicularly, a present from her Majesty. On it the coffin was draped in the Union Jack, which could hardly be seen with all the flowers that covered it. The chief mourners on the right were the Princes of Wales, Edinburgh, and Connaught, the first and latter being in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade. On the left were the Prince of Monaco and the Duke of Cambridge and the Crown Prince Jerome and his two sons. Then followed the Prince Imperial's brother officers of the battery of artillery he belonged to, followed by all the staff and French mourners, among whom were Col. Stanley and Sir M. H. Beach. The royal horse artillery, with carried swords, followed by the royal horse artillery bands, more mourners and workmen of Paris, Fourth Lancers and band, with lances in rest, five batteries of artillery, two of the horse artillery, and three of the artillery, ended the procession. The prince's horse, Stage, was led by his old groom after the coffin, draped in a black set, with the royal insignia on it.

The route taken was in a diagonal line across the Common to St. Mary's, the whole distance being about three quarters of a mile. All the bells tolled.

The passage of the funeral *cortege* occupied fully an hour in traversing the mile of road separating Camden House from the church, and throughout nothing could exceed the solemnity of the occasion,—thousands marching slowly in absolute silence, amid many scores of thousands of spectators, also silent, and all with heads reverentially uncovered. On the arrival at the churchyard it was found impossible to admit a tithe of those who had tickets for the park, and only holders of white cards were allowed to pass the gates. A prominent feature of the ceremony was the arrival of numerous crowns of *immortelles* and chaplets from Roubaix, Lille, Paris, Montpellier, and almost every department of France. Some of these were from workmen, others from schools (a remarkable one from the Elysée Bonaparte, Paris), and all contained expressions of affectionate regret for the prince. In the lower part of the churchyard the cadets were grouped, ready for firing the salute at the end of the Mass.

The coffin was deposited within the sacred edifice in front of the high altar, and around it were grouped the English princes, and the chief mourners, Prince Jerome Napoleon and his two sons, Princess Mathilde, the Princess Murat, the Duc de Bassano, M. Gavini (Corsica), M. Gallorni d'Istria (Corsica), and a number of senators, deputies, and ex-ministers of state. The high requiem mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Southwark, assisted by Canon Bramber and Fathers Reeks and Delaney. The music consisted of Gregorian chants, and the mass music arranged by Dr. Croxall, who, with Madame Nillson, assisted in the service. At the close of the mass, when the imperial princes and Princess Mathilde had left the church, the deputations bearing crowns and chaplets were admitted to the interior of the chapel, and these elegant memorials were deposited around the bier, amid demonstrations in most cases of overpowering grief. Two wreaths, composed of Corsican laurels, had been brought from Bastia and Ajaccio, in Corsica, and their bearers appeared to

be quite overpowered. Among the most illustrious of the British officers and visitors, after the royal princes, were noticed Lord Napier of Magdala, Gen. Lysons, Generals Sir J. L. Simmons, Sir W. Codrington, Sir James Brind, W. Olpherts, C.B., V.C., Sir John Adye, Lord Straithhairn, Gen. Radcliffe, Major-Gen. Newall, Col. Pemberton. The Duke of Sutherland, Count Gleichen, and many other noblemen were also amongst the company in the church or churchyard. The whole of the visitors had not left church till a late hour in the day.

The queen remained in her box to witness the procession winding its way to the cemetery, and then, accompanied by the princesses, again entered Camden House. Here her Majesty remained only for a brief period, leaving Chiselhurst, on her return journey to Windsor, about half past twelve. The special train which brought back the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the royal family, arrived at Charing Cross, on its return, shortly after two o'clock.

It is estimated that from 120,000 to 150,000 persons went to Chiselhurst to witness the ceremony.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The final act of the Prince Imperial's obsequies took place on Saturday, at six o'clock. At that hour a number of distinguished Imperialists reassembled in St. Mary's Church. Monsignor Goddard and other priests conducted the ceremony. The *Benedictus* and *De Profundis* having been chanted, the prince's coffin was borne from the catafalque and placed in the sacristy, where the remains of his father lay before they were transferred to the mortuary chapel attached to the church. The prince's remains are also to be placed in the mortuary chapel, which will be built up after their reception as quickly as possible. Each of the mourners, Prince Napoleon and his two sons, filed past the bier, sprinkling it with holy water Many kissed the coffin, and many touched it with flowers, which were carried off as souvenirs.

In the morning the empress heard mass in the prince's room, the Rev. Dr. Rooney, who attended the remains from the Cape, being the celebrant. Her Majesty entered, closely veiled, and at sight of Dr. Rooney sobbed bitterly, and the Duchess de Mouchy tried to soothe her. After a time the empress became calm, and the service was proceeded with. The Duchess of Teck, the Princess Frederika, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, and the Grand Duchess of Baden-Baden saw the empress in the afternoon, and then went and saw the prince's coffin, depositing thereon magnificent wreaths.

AN IRISH DEPUTATION.

About twenty decently dressed Irish artisans from the East End attended the funeral, each man wearing a mourning scarf and hatband. They carried a small black banner, edged with white, and having a small white harp in shamrocks, with the simple words underneath, "May he rest in peace." The deputation marched with the French workmen, and were among those who paid their respects at the bier after the funeral ceremony in the church.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SERMON.

Chiselhurst on Sunday (day after the funeral) had almost regained its normal aspect, and there were few applicants at the gates of Camden Place. The Church of St. Mary, however, was crowded at the celebration of mass, in consequence of the announcement that Cardinal Manning would preach the sermon. Many who had come from great distances were unable to obtain admission, and the chapel was once more crowded to the utmost limits of its capacity. Prince Lucien, M. Rouher, and M. Paul de Cassagnac were present, together with many persons of distinction who had taken part in the funeral celebration on the day preceding. The interior

of the edifice was still hung with black drapery, and the silver shields, with the monogram "N" in silver, remained in position as before. The coffin had been removed into the little vault or alcove in which the body of the late Emperor Napoleon III. lay until its transference to the opposite side of the church, when it was placed in the sarcophagus of granite. Here the drapery had been thrown back, and the black coffin could be seen through the bars by which the vault is guarded. Wreaths of beautiful white flowers had been hung round the drapery beside the vault, but in the interior nothing could be seen but a couple of cushions resting on the coffin, together with a few satin decorations. The Right Rev. Dr. Danell, Bishop of Southwark, officiated at the mass, and Cardinal Manning delivered the sermon, in accordance with announcements, and pronounced the benediction. The cardinal took his text from the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Ever since death came into the world, said his Eminence, the dead had been carried out and laid in their quiet graves, the mourners had gone to their sleep, and in the long succession of sorrows, there had been voices of lamentation and of sympathy through all the world, but perhaps few have been more zealous, more tender, or more widespread than the sorrow which on Saturday surrounded the tomb, — the loving sorrow of many nations, a sorrow pure and generous, springing from the heart and ascending to God. It was the wonderful mystery of God's sovereign wisdom; the youth so fair, so noble, so blameless, and so brave, so high in intellect and so cultured, so attractive in all his ways, so winning in his speech, so humble in his dignity, so loved by all, that he should come like a ray of April sun, as it were for a moment, and pass away, giving a transient promise of sunshine ending forever in a cloud. This mystery of God's sovereignty could not be explained save only in the words of our Divine Master, "What I do thou canst not understand, but thou shalt know hereafter." The day would come when all would be clear in the inaccessible light in which all mysteries of God lay hid; all would one day be revealed. The lesson which was learnt was the sovereign will of God, and the will of God was the love of God, guided by his wisdom. When Lazarus was sick unto death, our Lord remained in the same place where he was for two days. Jesus loved Lazarus, but he let him die. We should not be sorry to die, for the will of God was glorified in that death. What we ought to learn from this was how God dealt with us, and how we ought to answer to his way of dealing with us. He hid from us all that was before us, and we did not know from day to day or from hour to hour what we should need, or what we should have lost. There was only one who bore the weight of this knowledge, — Jesus, the Son of God, clothed in our humanity to free us from our sins. We knew when the time came what we had to bear, and when the time came we had strength to bear it. If we foresaw it, we could not bear it. There was no burden that was too hard, no cross that was too heavy, no temptation that was too strong, no sorrow that might not be borne. God so dealt with us that we might learn to trust in him. He taught us that we could do nothing of ourselves, and that we must trust in him as a child trusts in his father. It was a hard lesson to learn, to be indifferent, to have no choice; yet there was no choice. They dare not choose for themselves, for they knew that if they chose, they would remit themselves of the sorrow without which they could not be sanctified. If he leads us in the way of joy and brightness, so be it; if he leads us by the way that is called desert, so be it. These were high truths, and to understand them we must ascend into the world of light. We cannot read these

things; if we could read them, they would be like the writings of the fingers of the hand upon the wall, we could not interpret them. We must leave it for that world in which all will be revealed. Their thoughts might run in different channels, but they must fall back again to that great grief, that sorrow for the noble, princely youth who had passed before their eyes with the radiance of a ray of light, and from this world had disappeared forever. It was indeed a sorrow for many nations. It was doubtful if a purer sympathy, more generous, more disinterested, more free from every taint of this world, ever surrounded a tomb. It was doubtful if the nations of Europe ever united in a more generous feeling of love, sorrow, and sympathy for the mother in her solitude, of veneration for the son lying in the grave of honor and of glory. Wherever there was a generous heart on earth, it would be sorrowing, wherever there was a Christian, there would be sorrow. Few things were more beautiful than the sorrow and the veneration of those hard, strong British soldiers who bore him to the grave, and those rough, tender-hearted English seamen, who stood up high upon their masts, with bare heads, venerating him as he was borne past in his shroud. This was a most noble sorrow, and it was an English sorrow. France sorrowed and England too. He was our guest; more, he was our own. We had received him, made him our own by love and hospitality. He was numbered among our princes, and the day before the princes of England followed him to the grave, and England herself, represented by her queen, supported the weakness of that lonely mother in the solitude of her home. There was not a mother in England who did not join in this sorrow, and there were many mothers in England who had given their sons in this wild and terrible warfare. The youth of England, those that had never seen him, were touched, and his bright example had spoken to them. His comrades in arms, men who bore arms like himself, had wondered at the purity, the holiness, the dignity of that youth. It was a great joy and consolation to be permitted on such a day to add his (his Eminence's) own sympathy, and he did so with personal recollections. He remembered — as long as he lived he should never forget it — the first time and the last time that he saw the youthful prince. The first time was when one of his venerable priests had the strange courage, he knew not how, to invite the prince to the opening of a new school that had been built for the poor little children of London. With that humility which belongs to the highest dignity, he came. In the midst of those poor little ones, himself then a youth, for it was years ago, with his bright smile and his kind voice, he gave them joy in the midst of that holy festival. He would never forget it, it was a beautiful sight to be forever remembered. The last time the prince was standing in a large assembly. There were there the statesmen and warriors and the great administrators of the British Empire in war and in peace, there were the culture and manhood of Englishmen; and he rose up, and with an intellectual power and a precision of language in our own mother-tongue, and with an eloquence of speech, he so fascinated that multitude before him that they hung upon his lips, and he (the preacher) listened to that youth, and said to himself, "What may there not be before that youth? There is the power which persuades humanity." The prince had himself given us a revelation of that which we could never otherwise have known. After he had departed, the loving hands that tended him found a document in his own characters. How should it be described? Was it a prayer to his Heavenly Father, was it an oblation to his Divine Master, was it a sacrifice of himself? It was full of self-sacrifice, full of devotion, full of humility. France was that great country created by her soldiers and

her priests, — soldiers vested with sacerdotal character, because full of piety; her priests possessing a martial courage and the spirit of the soldier, and the priest guided the hand that wrote that prayer. Besides the sorrow of many nations and the sorrow of England, her queen, her princes, and her people, there was one sorrow left. This could hardly be spoken of. If ever a son was worthy of a mother's love, it was he; if ever a mother loved her son, it was his mother. What a desolation now for the solitary woman, all alone! yet not alone, for they who believed were never lonely. She looked upon her son in the grave with certain confidence in the glory of the resurrection, in the future recognition of the personal identity, in the restoration of the bonds of mother and son in all the perfection of eternal life. The words that Jesus spoke were spoken again, "A little while and ye shall see me." And what was the longest life but a little while passed here below?

PRAYER OF THE PRINCE.

Among the papers of the late Prince Imperial, says the London "Morning Post," was found, in his own handwriting, the following prayer. The elucidation of his high character alone justifies the publication of a sacred document which will prove to the world how intimately he was penetrated with all the feelings which most become a Christian, and which give higher hopes than are afforded by the pains and perils of this transitory life. We attempt a translation of this eloquent document, but it is difficult to do justice to the force and enthusiasm of the original: —

"My God, I give to Thee my heart, but give to me faith. Without faith, there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayst permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself

"Hear, O God! my prayer. Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God! my share, and bestow it on the most worthy, and may the most worthy be my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me.

"Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy.

"Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought, while I rejoice, those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering.

"For me, O God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my turn, and how sad the thought which makes one say, 'Time effaces all!'

"The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts forever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. O my God! show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always.

"Arrived at the term of my life, I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for me a long remorse. Then I shall be happy.

"Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions.

"My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my innermost thought shall never make them blush."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S WILL.

The official text of the will of the late Prince Imperial has been published in Paris. It is as follows: —

"1. I die in the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion, wherein I was born.

"2. I desire that my remains may be laid beside those of my father, pending the removal of both to the resting-place of the founder of our house, in the midst of the French people, whom I dearly loved, as he did.

"3. My last thought will be for my country. It is France that I should wish to die for.

"4. I hope that my mother, when I am no more, will preserve the same memory of me that I shall cherish for her to the last moment of my life.

"5. Let my personal friends, servants, and partisans be convinced that my gratitude towards them will only end with my life.

"6. I shall die with a feeling of deep gratitude towards her Majesty the Queen of England and all the royal family, and also towards the country in which I have received, during the past eight years, such cordial hospitality."

The will further constitutes the Empress Eugénie universal legatee, and makes numerous bequests to various friends and servants. Then comes the following codicil: —

"I have no need to recommend my mother to neglect nothing to defend the memory of my grand-uncle and my father, and I beg her to remember that as long as the Bonapartists exist there will also exist a representative of the imperial cause. The duties which our

house owes to the country will not lapse by my death, and the work of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III. will devolve upon the eldest son of Prince Napoleon. I trust that my beloved mother, by seconding him by all the means in her power, will give to us, when we shall be no more, this last and superior proof of her affection."

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

The ex-President of France, Marshal MacMahon's, fruitless attempt to obtain permission to attend the funeral of the late Prince Imperial has covered both himself and the Republic with discredit. Addressing himself to the Minister of War, Gen. Gresley, he intimated that he attached importance to his request, not from political motives, but as a matter of feeling and gratitude. To this, Gen. Gresley replied that, though he could not grant the desired permission on his own authority, he would consult his colleagues, the result being that the council refused its permission. "I bow to this decision," said the marshal; "but I wish it to be known that the government has refused me the first favor I have asked of it." Quoth the "Gaulois," "The marshals cannot retire from the service as Gens. Henry and Castelnau have done. No marshal of France can retire. Hence it follows that the three marshals of the empire will be compelled to absent themselves from the funeral of the son of their late chief." If this be so, that marshals are powerless to retire even in the presence of death, even in obedience to the dictates of feeling and gratitude, it would better have befitted MacMahon, Lebœuf, and Canrobert to have snapped their *bâtons* in half and tossed the pieces in disdain at the feet of M. Grévy, than, by their abject submission to his caprice, to have thus painfully signalized their ingratitude to the memory of the Prince Imperial's father, who raised them to the dignity of marshals of France, and yet further bestowed on one of them a ducal coronet.

RESPONSIBLE OR NOT?

Who is responsible for the death of the Prince Imperial? The authorities at London seem to desire that all the blame shall fall upon the authorities at the Cape. Undoubtedly, the latter are the actual culprits; but are not the former accessories to the crime?

Proof of this will be found in the following extract from the "Paris Figaro," of Monday last, June 23, an extract which repeats with details a fact reported at the time: —

"Certain members of the Bonapartist party reproach the English government with having opposed that others should accompany the prince, on leaving. Baron de Bourgoing, M. Albert Duruy, M. Tristan Lambert, and others besides had solicited the honor of leaving with the prince. The prince had not even with him on the field his veteran valet, Halman, an old cuirassier, who was devoted to him, body and soul. They did not permit him to follow him."

Though we recognize the manly indignation of Lord Beaconsfield on this occasion, we must say that this fixes the ultimate responsibility on some of the authorities in London. His French comrades would not have deserted the French prince. Why had he not, like his ancestor, an Irish O'Meara to stand by him? — *Dublin Irishman.*

LETTER FROM THE PRINCE.

Reflections have been rather cruelly made, as it seems to us, against the noble-hearted Prince Imperial for having taken up a quarrel that was not his own by going to Zululand. It seems only fair, therefore, to his heroic memory that we should quote here, in vindication of his conduct, the following passage from a letter addressed by him to an old friend, under date Maritzburg, on the 20th of April: —

Since my departure I have not yet written to you, but you must not think that I have forgotten you, as God, who reads in my soul, knows the place which the memory of my friends and my country holds in it. Although the second part of the campaign has not yet begun, I have already donned my war harness, since I was appointed three weeks ago. I am fulfilling at present the duties of an officer on the staff of the General Commanding-in-Chief, and this is for me the best way of seeing and learning, and of making war. I have had the courage to refuse the command of a squadron of men on outpost duty. However tempting the offer, I have thought that the

position that I now occupy would enable me to gain more experience and to render more service. As you are my friend, it is for you to explain and defend my conduct; and, although my departure is already an old affair, I would return with you to the reasons that have prompted it. I took nobody's advice, and made up my mind in forty-eight hours. If my resolution has been a speedy one, it is because I had long considered such a contingency, and arranged my plan. Nothing has made me hesitate a minute, and this is natural for those who know me. But how many are they? Sometimes it seems to me that there are none, when I remember that I have been very unjustly judged by those who ought to know me best. I am really ashamed to have to speak thus to myself, but I wish to dissipate the doubts which have sometimes been expressed respecting the energy of my will, which, believe me, is and will remain innocent of all concession or cowardice. When one belongs to a race of soldiers, it is only sword in hand that one achieves a name; and when one would learn by travel, one must go far away. Therefore, long ago, I resolved, first, to make a long journey; secondly, to lose no opportunity to seeing a campaign. The disaster of Isandula gives me the opportunity which I have sought. The war in Africa developed itself on a large scale without bringing with it European complications. Everything, therefore, led me to go, and I have gone. Believe in my constant friendship. NAPOLEON.

A DEVOUT PRAYER.

"*Sweet* JESUS, *mercy! Virgin-Mother, pray! Peace!*" those dear lips and death-wounds seem to say
Salvation's sign, best pledge of love and grace,
The Zulu spared — Faith's prize, love's last embrace.

Not dead, brave prince! but living, as thy prayer,
Heart-pierced Eugenia's son, Napoleon's heir,
Great *Pius* blessed thee. Leave earth's poor renown!
Son of *Saint Louis*, mount, receive thy *crown!*

CONSOLATION.

The funeral words spoken by the Rev. Father Gallwey, on the occasion of the dirge at Farm Street Church for his Imperial Highness Prince Louis Napoleon, have been read with the eager interest attached to all that relates to an event which has moved the hearts of the people of this country in an almost unprecedented manner. Those present can never forget the emotion raised by the simple reading of the text of this affecting discourse, "And when He came nigh to the city, behold a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." These words told the story of the great sorrow from which Father Gallwey proceeded to draw lessons full of consolation to mourners, of spiritual instruction to those who have outlived all that made life bright to them, and to the young entering upon it with little thought of its inevitable trials. It will be doing a good work, and one which may bear abundant fruit, to place these "Funeral Words" before the eyes of persons of all ages and of all ranks. They point the moral of an event which will be long remembered in this and other countries, an event which God had planned from eternity in all its tragic significance to remind men that an early death may be a blessing, even under the most heart-rending circumstances, if it leaves behind it the memory of a spotless, religious, and virtuous life.

JUDGE SHEA was conspicuous in a proscenium box at the Moore Centenary, New York, by wearing the green ribbon which accompanied the presentation to him the summer before last of the freedom of the city of Cork It is worth noting that the death of Isaac Butt, M. P., LL. D., late leader of the Irish party, leaves an American the only person living who has received the honor. Judge Shea stands alone in that respect. The dignity has been conferred only three times by that city. — *New York Sun.*

ON Friday, June 6th, Mr. Charles L. Auge, a highly esteemed citizen of L'Anse, Michigan, while attempting to help Rev. Father Vertin, the bishop elect of Marquette, on the eastward-bound train, fell between the depot platform and the cars while moving, receiving such injuries that he died soon after. A friend informs us that Bishop Vertin narrowly escaped accident, and that Mr. Auge lost his life in saving that of the bishop.

RESTORATION OF A CHURCH SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

An event unexampled in the history of the Catholic Church in England occurred in London on the 23d of June. On that day the Cardinal Archbishop, in the presence of many representatives of the great Catholic families of the land, restored again to the uses of the true faith one of the most ancient temples of Catholicism in England. The Chapel of St. Etheldreda, in Ely Place, Holborn, has a history that stretches back in one unbroken line over a period of more than six hundred years. The noblest names in our history are interwoven with its existence, which, beginning when Catholicism was still a power in the land, outlasted the troublous epoch that followed, and again returns to the representatives of the same creed. So early as 1290 the Bishop of Ely had a mansion in Ely Place, then an aristocratic suburb of the city. After the lapse of another century an ancestor of the Duke of Norfolk is chronicled as being bishop and adding new tenements to his princely mansion. So the record reads, one great name succeeding another, until the great religious upheaval swept over the country, and now, of all the princely domain that surrounded the see of Ely, the private chapel only remains. After the "Reformation," it passed into strange hands, and until some years ago was used by a Welsh congregation. It was then thrown into chancery, and being sold under an order from the court, was purchased by Father Lockhart in behalf of the Fathers of Charity. With a zeal and devotion that knew no abating, constant efforts were made to gather a congregation and to render the ancient church worthy to contain once more the Divine Presence. For nearly two years and a half the congregation worshipped in the crypt under the chapel, while the work of restoration was pushed forward as rapidly as means would permit. His Grace the Duke of Norfolk presented a handsome stained-glass window, costing upwards of £2,000, and many other generous donors came to the assistance of the Fathers. Under the superintendence of Mr. M. F. Doherty, the operations were carried out, the greatest care being taken to preserve the originality of the design in everything that was done. A new altar, built in harmony with the design of the church, was also erected. This structure is very handsome, the tabernacle and throne being of alabaster, and the table and superstructure formed from dressed stone. An object of general interest on the day of the opening was a remarkable holy-water font, said to be one thousand years old. This relic was found during the progress of the work on the building, and no doubt is entertained of its authenticity. The entire cost of the restoration will be close on £12,000.

Though admission to the church was by ticket, the building was entirely filled before the hour of service. As the congregation arrived they were received by the Fathers of the mission and shown to their places. Amongst those present were the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, the Earl of Granard, Lord Emly, the Earl of Gainsborough, Lord and Lady Herries, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Mr. and Lady Constance Bellingham, Lord W. Ker, Sir Charles Clifford, Count d'Alton, Mr. Charles Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Wegg-Prosser, Mr. C. Langdale, the Chevalier O'Clery, M. P., Sir George Bowyer, M. P., Mr. Charles Kent, and other well-known Catholics. The clergy present were very numerous, and included the Very Rev. Dr. Gilbert, V. G., the Very Rev. Canon Benoit, the Very Rev. Canon Drinkwater, the Rev. Dr. Nenci, and Fathers White, Robinson, Toomey, Morris, Whitmee, and many others. The Rev. J. C. Keens was celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Fathers Macdonald and

Toomey. The deacons at the throne were Canon Benoit and Father Cavanagh. Father Crook officiated as master of ceremonies. The choral part of the service was sung by a surpliced choir under the leadership of Mr. Rutt The mass was by Palestrina, and the offertory Ave Verum.

His Eminence took his text from the 2d chapter 1st Epistle of St John, and said that they had that day a signal proof of the great doctrine of their faith. They entered that day, after nearly three hundred years, the sanctuary of an old Catholic church, restored once more to the ancient worship. The building they were in was raised towards the end of the thirteenth century by the Bishop of Ely; the holy sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated from the altar. But a day came when the Holy Sacrament resigned its abode, for a day of sacrilege and desolation came, when the Most Holy was removed from every sanctuary in London, though the Chapel of St. Etheldreda remained in the hands of the most mighty Catholic power in the world for long after others were removed and all else had shared in the general desolation. That faith that was taught by St. Augustine when he came first amongst the English; that faith which was recorded by St. Bede; that was read of in the history of their forefathers; that faith for which their forefathers contended, for which their forefathers died; the faith that was taught within the walls of that church; that faith that was torn from their forefathers when they were discouraged, — that faith was returned again that day in their mouths, and was again taught in all its fulness, as it was in the beginning, as it ever had been, and as it ever would be. Their entrance into that old church that day was surely a proof of a perfect unity and undying faith, a visible testimony of the unity of the Holy One who was living and powerful now as in the beginning; that all human superstitions with which the Divine Church had been assailed, that all the tenets elaborated by scholastic teachers and disputants, were dissipated by the doctrines of faith and the Holy Ghost. They were overcome by no other or lower source. He who spoke in the beginning spoke now; He who spoke now had spoken from all the ages. The faith of the universal church and the illumination of the Holy Ghost resided in one vast body, derived from one head, guided by one spirit. The doctrines of the faith were anterior to all written records and independent of all; they were revealed in the beginning, and their unity abode in all its fulness in the intelligence of the church. That light which was given in the beginning was not given to be received, guarded, and handed down by the human intelligence alone. If the divine proofs had been given over to the custody of the human mind, diversity and desolation might have been in the faith. It was not to be so As He who created the light in the beginning, had prolonged that material light in which we all lived and moved, as he had created the invisible world and by his own power sustained all things, he could continue to do so, because he was forever present before mankind, full and luminous. The doctrines they would hear that day were the same as the doctrines heard by all who believed three hundred years ago in that unbroken, divine tradition which came from the see of Peter. Look around outside the unity of the Catholic Church. Three hundred years ago a mighty force drew many from the one church. Where were they now? The doctrines that they taught were no longer to be found; they had decayed and evaporated, and there was desolation in this land, once Catholic. He had no desire on such a day to be severe on the land they loved, but what was the condition of Christian faith outside the unity of the Catholic Church in England? Where was unity? Where was certainty? where was

definiteness? Decay had passed over the land, and was already in its mid-course. The great scientific minds of the age, when they came to the doctrines of faith, battled like little children; their words were without meaning, they affirmed and they denied with the indistinctness which was to be found in every mind outside the unity of the Catholic Church. There was an atmosphere of doubt upon the English people, for they had no certainty in which to believe. In England, at the present day, he saw many tokens that gave him many consoling proofs. The country was not Catholic, it was not in the unity of the one Church of God; but though it was not Catholic it was Christian. Taken as a people, and standing in marked contrast to many nations at the present hour, the English people had a reverence for the saints, and believed Christianity to be a divine revelation of God, written by the Holy Ghost. He knew with joy that the English people were proud of the name of being a Christian nation, and not with a human pride, but with a sense of the dignity that Christianity bestows. They would not have their children brought up without Christianity. It was contrary to the will of the English people that Christianity had been excluded in the teaching of the little ones, and he prayed to God that he would once more bring them back to the light of faith. The English people had been for the last half-century rebuilding their waste places, restoring the ruined cloisters their forefathers had made, rebuilding the cathedrals made desolate, as no other nation had been rebuilding, with a certain reverence that shows them to have zeal for the divine worship and for the ever-blessed truth. There were hundreds of thousands, he might say a million, who refused to call themselves or to be called Protestants, rejecting the work of their forefathers, and desiring again to be within the one Fold of the one Shepherd.

OATMEAL AS FOOD.

It is surprising how enormous the consumption of oatmeal has increased in our cities within the past few years; but we suspect that its merits as a cheap and highly nutritious food are not so generally appreciated in this country. Every one knows how generally it is eaten in Ireland and Scotland, and in some parts of England it is equally popular as an article of diet. In West Cumberland, West Moreland, and North Lancashire, especially in the rural parts, it forms the staple of food, not only among the laboring classes, but also in the families of tradesmen and the well-to-do; the children of most of them have porridge at least once a day. For the past forty years, with very rare exceptions (says a gentleman), I have made my breakfast off a pint of oatmeal porridge, and nothing else, fasting four hours after. If, however, I take any other form of breakfast, I find myself very hungry before the next meal, which is never the case when I have had my porridge. I feel assured that if the laborers of the Southern countries, with their children, would take a basin of oatmeal and milk porridge night and morning, with such other food as they can procure in the interval, we should have a much stronger and healthier race of men and women than now exist.

A citizen of New Mexico being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and she had beaten off and killed the animal, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he'd a never riled her dander up, you bet."

She wishes to waltz, in the op-tative mood. She is led out by a young officer, in the sub-junctive mood. Mamma strongly objects, and says they must go, in the imperative mood. She reluctantly complies in the potential, put-on-shawl, mood.

DR. TODHUNTER ON ITALIAN ART.

DR. TODHUNTER delivered the third of his course of lectures on "The Art of the Italian Renaissance" in Trinity College, Dublin. A number of finely executed photographs of paintings were exhibited. Dr. Todhunter said all through the fifteenth century there was among the painters a distinct effort after technical perfection. apart from, or even sometimes in distinct antagonism with, higher qualities, spiritual and intellectual; skill in higher perspective, in drawing the human figure, in painting from the nude, and in relief produced by chiaro-oscuro. The aspiration of the painters of this age was naively expressed by Benvenuto Cellini, who says, "The important point in the art of design is to model your nude men and women well." The first painter who seems to have aimed at this was Pietro di Puccio, whose sole extant works are those strange green frescos which prelude the Old Testament series by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo at Pisa. These are said to be the earliest known examples of "buon fresco." Puccio is a worthy predecessor of Masoccio in his conscientious study of the human form. The first fresco represents the Creation, Temptation, and Expulsion of Adam and Eve, the various scenes being crowded together in one composition, as is usual with the earlier painters. The next fresco tells the story of Cain and Abel, the Rejection of Cain's Sacrifice, etc. Paolo Mecello, born 1397, may be regarded as the second great student of scientific perspective. Next came a group of men of various individualities, but with a common feeling for pure pictorial beauty, in whom the art of the Middle Renaissance may be said to culminate, — men who were rather completers, who absorbed and vitalized the technical labors of others, those pioneers who struck out distinctly new paths. In Landro Botticelli, however, the spirit of the Renaissance was chiefly noticeable. Hitherto they had had to do with men who painted only sacred subjects, but many of Botticelli's greatest works deal with subjects taken from heathen mythology, but treated quite in the modern spirit. Botticelli was, however, far from being a mere pagan epicurean. With all his love of beauty, he was not a man to take a purely decorative view of life, like our modern art-for-art's-sake philosophers. We are told that he abandoned painting and became a *piagnone* or penitent, as the great preacher's disciples were called, and that not even the fear of starvation induced him to take up a brush again after he had once laid it down. All his work is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." If Leonardo be the Faust of Italian art, Landro is the Hamlet. An intellectual melancholy has set its seal upon him from the first. Landro is full of strong contradictions. He is himself an enigmatic personality which eludes and fascinates us, and all his creations partake of this enigmatic character. With much in him that is essentially modern, which we feel to belong to the nineteenth century as much as the fifteenth, his style has in it something Byzantine, something which recalls the Madonnas of Cimabue. It is easy to imagine him brooding before the great Madonna of the Ruccellai Chapel until he had absorbed her into his own soul. In his style, Landro is a Florentine among Florentines. His outlines, exquisitely subtle as they are, are always sternly defined. In power of expressing form by firm lines and delicate gradations of tone, we must turn to Holbein to find his equal, and Holbein is his inferior in a variety of ideal expression and in poetry. There is a strange individuality about each of Landro's pictures taken separately. With all his mannerism of style, he gives you something new in each. No painter has given so many types of the Madonna, though it is true he has a certain favorite one. There is a lovely picture of his in the

National Gallery, in which the Virgin, an innocent peasant girl, stands between St. John and an angel, holding in her arms a vigorous child with limbs full of life, who looks almost as big as herself. There is something very sweet and touching in the tender responsibility and girlish *insouciance* of her face. She seems almost like an elder sister, with latent motherliness called forth by the weight and warmness of the exacting creature that nestles at her breast. Again, take the picture in which the child, standing on his mother's knee, stretches his arms to embrace her, and kisses her cheek. In this we have the simple expression of a very human tenderness, deep and tranquil rather than ecstatic. The Virgin seems lost in a gentle dream, which her instinctive clasp of the Child and bending of her cheek do not end, but rather stir with fresh currents of sweet revery. In the suggestion of these moods of half-sensuous revery, Landro, indeed, excels. There are two other pictures of more ample expression. In the first, a tall and melancholy Virgin, surrounded by a bevy of young angels holding lilies in their hands and with waists twined with roses, sits with the Divine Child lying on his back in her lap. This is a most characteristic example of this most melancholy of painters. Here we have his favorite conception of our Lady of Sorrows, preternaturally tall, with narrow shoulders and languid bearing, no longer occupied with a tender, sensuous dream, but full of a profound melancholy in which love and sorrow are one. She resigns herself to the bliss and the anguish of her mysterious motherhood, and accepts the ministration of the angels tranquilly and without pride. The Child in this picture is singularly beautiful. His divine nature seems to express itself in the touch of gravity in his face. He also seems to have a foretaste of sorrow in his outlook upon the world, and yet he remains but a child. In the angels, his peculiar feeling is manifest. His angels are not the roguish sprites of Fra Lippo, who seem to be creatures full of humanity. Landro's are less angels than spirits of the human mind, like those in Shelley's "Prometheus." The melancholy of the painter appears in their faces, so full of a divine *ennui*. They seem to

> Dwell with beauty, — beauty that must die,
> As the joy whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu.

In the fourth picture, one of his very loveliest works, two angels place a crown on the head of a Madonna, who incribes the words of the "Magnificat" — "My soul doth magnify the Lord" — in an open book held by two boy-angels. In this picture a note is struck deeper and purer than in the last. The Virgin is not merely Our Lady of Sorrows, but Our Lady of Consolation. If we may imagine tears in her heavy-lidded eyes, they are not tears of sorrow, but of thanksgiving; a mystical peace, which is ecstatic without being hysterical, seems to brood over her, and the Child's eyes may be gazing upon the dove from which it descends. If the Virgin be the centre figure of most of his Christian pictures, Venus is the central figure of most of his pagan ones. In the National Gallery are two of his Venuses, each of which expresses a distinct conception. In the one, the goddess is a type of the fecundity of the earth, and lies in a flowery meadow surrounded by children, who heap on her roses and grapes. In the other, she appears rather in the guise of a temptress, and sits at the feet of Mars, who lies asleep and stripped of his armor, with which impish little satyrs are playing. Her face is full of triumph and catlike cunning, just the opposite of the girlish innocence of the young Madonna. Dr. Todhunter, in conclusion, stated that the rise of the Venetian school would be treated in his next lecture.

WHY are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a London paper? They are the illustrations of Punch.

DISTRESS IN KENMARE.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine:

Sir, — Allow me through your columns to thank several kind friends who have sent Easter offerings here for our poor. I am very reluctant to ask alms again, and at a time when there are so many claims on the truly charitable Catholics of America. Yet I cannot see the distress around us without begging for those who have only the nuns to help them, and who cannot beg for themselves.

We have had bad typhus fever here for some time, the result, as we are assured by high sanitary authority, of the great distress which prevailed here this winter. Those who know what an epidemic of typhus fever is will understand how we need alms to help the sick, those who are struggling into convalescence, and still more the widow and the orphan. I met this day a case of which, if I give even the simple particulars, they might be almost questioned, yet I can personally vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Several of the sisters were sitting today working in the community room, as we are not allowed to have the schools open on account of the fever, lest the children should give the infection to each other, when we heard low wailing moans at the enclosure door. Going out to see what was the matter, we found a comparatively young woman at the enclosure door in an abandonment of grief. Her husband, **Tadg an da mam*, died last night of the fever, and she was left with seven children, the youngest a baby one fortnight old. Such sorrow and such resignation I have rarely seen. What could I do but put my arms round the poor creature and try to comfort her? One of the sisters said something about her seven little children, and it was then the beautiful and, if I may say so, unconscious faith broke out, "Sure, dear, I gave them all to God and his Blessed Mother when he died last night." Oh, rich faith that abounds in poverty and triumphs in weakness! The woman was dazed with grief. She said very little, but all she did say were words of faith and hope and charity, and prayers for her dead husband. "May the Lord open the gates of heaven to him this day!" broke from her again and again.

I am afraid I must plead guilty to a strong partiality for my own people, but if those who have not heard spontaneous prayers for the dead breaking forth from the lips of the poor Irish, once heard them, I think they would forgive me. There is a vivid faith in their petitions, and a realization of the glories at the other side of the "gates" which they ask to have opened, that does one's soul good to hear.

But I must not trespass further on space so kindly given. This case is only one of many more or less needing help. I suppose the poor widow and her seven little ones must all go to the workhouse; but though, thank God, there is no danger to their faith or morals, the resource is a painful one. We have been anxious for years to build a Home where, for instance, this poor woman's two eldest girls could be taken and trained for service, or, if they showed that special talent which we often find here in the very poorest, for teachers or governesses. We should have no difficulty in finding situations for girls so trained. We have already sent out many, but we can only so train those who can live with their parents. If we had a home attached to the convent, not for orphans only or principally, but for girls who could be taken in for a few weeks or for two or three years, as might be necessary, the good that could be done would be immense. Perhaps God may inspire some one who reads this to help this great work. We must depend exclusively on help

* *Teig of the two mothers.* I must admit that poor Teig (God rest his soul!) had hazy ideas of political economy. He tried to support both his mother and grandmother. As he called both "mother," he obtained this soubriquet, not unnecessary where there are so many O'Sullivans and McCarthys that a distinguishing name becomes unavoidable.

from a distance. It is comparatively easy for religious whose convents are situated in prosperous towns or districts where there are well-to-do farmers, to establish and support charitable institutions. We can get no such help; neither bazaars nor lotteries are possible in this poor place. May God inspire some friends to come to our assistance, and to secure for themselves the rewards which will be given to those who help those souls who are the most destitute of human aid!

Yours very respectfully,

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

Mr. Donahoe will cheerfully receive and forward any funds intrusted to him, and acknowledge same in his magazine.

TRIFLES.

"Light as air." — *Shakespeare.*

THE poets, it would seem, attached much importance to what men usually designate as trifles. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," sententiously tells us, —

"Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life."

If we consider well this description of trifles, how mighty they become! The small grain of dust which we carelessly shake from our feet, uniting with other grains equally trivial, would become a hill, perchance a mountain, perchance one of the mighty Alps, snow-clad, of which the glaciers, as geologists tell us, play so important a part in the physical world. Again, the moments that sweep past us with a rapidity the electric spark cannot surpass, what trifles they are if taken separately, yet how formidable they become as they roll on into years, and years into eternity! Trifles, indeed, make life. Pope, however, treats trifles with less respect, and bids us "at every trifle scorn to take offence." Yet even this behest argues the importance of trifles. For who is there who does not know some man who is always getting into a passion over some trifle, or some woman who is always taking "huff" at some equally small thing? Yet, though the causes of these good people's conduct are trifles, the results to themselves and their friends is often grave. As regards Shakespeare, we all know how he makes his best plots — and especially that of the play whence these papers draw their heading — depend on trifles, and how he tells us that trifles

"Are to the jealous confirmation, strong
As proofs of holy writ."

Those who are not jealous will not thus esteem trifles; still, they may not wholly scorn them, if they remember that a drop of rain may split a mountain and a tiny pebble overturn a crowded express train. To such these trifles may be welcome.

Fast mail-boats, through trains, Mont Cenis tunnel, and Cook's tours have made a journey to Rome and back a mere trifle. Yet it has lately been my good fortune to have thoroughly enjoyed this trifle, and I am proud of having had the privilege of this enjoyment, — a privilege which some very great and good men have sighed for in vain. Did not the Apostle of the Gentiles say that even after he had been to Jerusalem it behooved him to see Rome? That delightful old Jesuit writer, Father de Feller, made his way alone on a pony from the depths of Transylvania to the gates of Rome, and when he saw the city before him, braving all human respect, he prostrated himself on the road and intoned the *Te Deum*, so full of joy was his heart at being allowed to set eyes on Rome. Then, rising, the worthy father hastened on to St Peter's, and once more prostrated himself before the confession, and thanked God for a privilege for which the great St. John Chrysostom had longed in vain. And I, too, have twice been allowed this privilege, — a privilege too many reckon as a trifle in this age of easy travelling.

My first visit to Rome — which was

also a residence of some years — was when Pius IX. yet reigned as pope and as king. My second visit has been in the second year of the present pon ificate. Half a score of years separated th se two visits. What changes the Holy City had undergone during those ten years! The arch under which the railway passes as it enters Rome, still bearing the marks of the shells which battered it on Sept. 20, 1870, reminded me forcibly that Rome was still in captivity. In the streets, too, instead of the smart-looking papal troops and the picturesque pontifical zouaves, I met only the troops of Savoy, in their long, shabby overcoats. A new railway station, a newly built quarter of the city, a newly cut street of great breadth leading from the terminus to the Corso, made me doubt that I was in Rome. In Paris, a few shell-marks, a new station, a new suburb, a new boulevard, are trifles; in Rome, where to displace a stone seems almost and often is a sacrilege, such things are something more than trifles.

Happily, papal Rome, Rome of the popes, still survives. No stranger can be long in the city before discovering this. A few public buildings, a few places of amusement, the Corso in the evening, and the Quirinal during the brief visits of the intruding king, are thoroughly in the hands of the spoliators. The rest of Rome is still unredeemed in an united Italy sense. The real Romans know no king except the pope, and if they see a queen passing along their streets, they notice her with that courtesy which misfortune merits, for it is her misfortune to have to go wheresoever her husband goes. Socially, papal Rome is victorious along all the line. All the great families, all the biggest palaces, all the most prominent embassies are papal. The number of Roman nobles who have put foot in the Quirinal since the tricolor waved over, it can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Commercially, too, papal Rome takes the lead. If so many hotels still flourish, if so many shops still carry on a brisk trade, if the numerous cabs in the street still ply for hire, it is because there are so many pilgrims to the Vatican. In vain may the stranger ask, "Where are the pilgrims to the Quirinal?" Echo answers, "Where?" What benefits has Rome derived from being miscalled the capital of Italy? None, except taxation to the amount of fifty per cent, newspapers and caricatures of no merit and of an infamous type, and a variety of miserable places wherein poor Christianity is torn to shreds.

It is at the Vatican, in the palace of the Pope, in St. Peter's, at the tomb of the apostles, and in the "sun-illumined" square before the mighty Basilica that one feels that the Rome of the popes is still a reality. I wonder how the puny makers of an united Italy dare to rest in Rome while the mighty obelisk before St. Peter's by night and by day cries out its prophetic reproaches. Its inscription must be terrible to the enemies of God's church, to the enemies of God's vicar: it is as consoling to those who are still faithful to the see of Peter, — so consoling that I will end my first batch of "Trifles" by transcribing the words deeply engraven in the majestic monolith which Caligula brought from Hierapolis, and which Sixtus V. erected where it now stands: "Ecce crux Domini" — so runs the inscription — "fugite partes adversae — in hoc signo vinces — hinc victoria — in cruce salus — vicit Leo de tribu Juda — Christus vincit — Christus regnat — Christus imperat — Christus ab omni malo plebam suam defendat." Is not the powerful prayer thus inscribed on the obelisk answered in the person of Leo the Thirteenth, now gloriously reigning?

HALF-WAY UP THE HILL.

GRANDPA.— By George, I must stop and blow a bit, Tommy! TOMMY. — All right, grandpapa! I've got a stone to put under your heel."

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

CHAPTER XII.

STATE TRIALS CONTINUED.

Mr. Saurin's address in aggravation of punishment. — Altercation in court between the attorney-general and O'Connell. — The attorney-general disclaims any imputation on O'Connell. — O'Connell replies to the attorney-general. — Privilege of the bar; of the public. — Avows his determination to live the friend of freedom. — Danger of evil precedents. — No concession to the attorney-general. — Sketch of Mr. Wallace. — His argument on behalf of Magee. — What constitutes matter of aggravation. — Non-interference of a judge not to be regarded as approbation of counsel's speech. — Magee's sentence.

The attorney-general felt extremely indignant at the attack made upon him by O'Connell in his defence of Magee. The inconsistency which was pointed out between his professions and his practice, the spirit which urged him to put down those who were desirous of elevating the great mass of the Irish people, was so fully exposed and so bitterly censured by O'Connell that his words stung Saurin to the quick, and he resolved to give vent to his feelings by an attack on O'Connell. An opportunity soon presented itself. On the 27th of November, 1813, Mr. Magee was brought before the Court of King's Bench for sentence. He had, in the interval, published the report of the trial, giving, of course, O'Connell's speech, which was, if possible, more damaging to the Irish government than the series of attacks charged as the libel on the Duke of Richmond; and when Saurin, the attorney-general, addressed the court, he commenced thus: "It will surprise such of your lordships as were not present at the trial to find what was the mode of defence adopted by the criminal, which defence he has since, as the editor of a newspaper, published in that newspaper, and has accompanied it with another publication, declaring that such defence was perfectly in accordance with his wishes and agreeable to his instructions; and therefore, as to him, it is to be considered as his own, and it will be for your lordships to say how far such conduct be or be not an aggravation of his crime, or be or be not a foundation for some ulterior proceedings on the part of the crown. My lords, the first and most extraordinary mode of defence he has thought fit to adopt is a wanton, malignant, and unexampled attack on the character of the public officer of the crown, who, in the discharge of his duty, came into your lordships' court to carry on the prosecution; in which attack the political, the professional, the official, and the personal character of that officer are vilified and abused in language as unexampled as was the situation of the person to whom the language was applied."

After commenting at much length upon the line of defence adopted by Mr. Magee, and charging O'Connell with having acted as no other counsel at the bar would have done, Saurin continued: "My lords, I should not attend to any of the gross misrepresentations which are contained in that libel; but I should pay an ill compliment to the loyal and respectable Catholics of the country if I did not give them the credit of discerning and distinguishing who it is that libels their character and their motives, — whether it is I, who prosecute public criminals, or the man who identifies himself with public delinquents. But the libel proceeds: 'The attorney-general I pass by; I go beyond him, and content myself with proclaiming the charges of disloyalty, whosoever may make them, to be false and base calumnies. It is impossible to refute such charges in the language of dignity or temper; but if any man dares to charge the Catholic body or the Catholic board, or any of the individuals of that board, with sedition or treason, I do here, I shall always, in this court, in the city, in the field, brand him as an infamous and profligate liar. Pardon the phrase, but there is no other suitable to the occa-

sion; and he is a profligate liar who so asserts, because he must know that the whole tenor of our conduct confutes the assertion.' My lords, I ask, what does all this mean? How comes this blustering and bravadoing in a court of justice? If it is intended to intimidate me in the discharge of my duty, the impotence and folly of the attempt is no justification of its illegality; for I do say such an outrage on public decency has not occurred in the memory of man."

The attorney-general sat down, quivering with emotion; and when silence, which was with difficulty obtained, was at length restored, O'Connell rose. "I am sure, my lords," he said, "that every gentleman present will sympathize in the emotions I now experience. I am sure no gentleman can avoid feeling the deepest interest in a situation in which it is extremely difficult to check the strongest resentment, but quite impossible to give that resentment utterance in the severity of language suited to its cause and provocation. Yet even here do I yield in nothing to the attorney-general. I deny in the strongest terms his unfounded and absurd claim to superiority. I am his equal at least in birth, his equal in fortune, his equal certainly in education; and as to talent, I should not add that — but there is little vanity in claiming equality. And thus meeting him on the firm footing of undoubted equality, I do rejoice, my lords, I do most sincerely rejoice, that the attorney-general has prudently treasured up his resentment since July last, and ventured to address me in this court in the unhandsome language he has used; because my profound respect for this temple of the law enables me here to overcome the infirmity of my nature, and to listen with patience to an attack which, had it been made elsewhere, would have met merited *chastisement*."

The judges looked one to another as if they heard something, yet knew not if they heard aright; at last Judge Daly asked, "Eh! What is that you say?"

Judge Osborne (with much apparent emotion). — I at once declare I will not sit here to listen to such a speech as I have seen reported. Take care of what you say, sir.

Mr. O'Connell. — My lords, what I say is, that I am delighted at the prudence of the attorney-general in having made that foul assault upon me here and not elsewhere; because my profound respect for the bench overcomes now those feelings which, elsewhere, would lead me to do what I should regret: to break the peace in chastising him.

Judge Daly. — *Chastising* the attorney-general! If a criminal information were applied for on that word, we should be bound to grant it.

Mr. O'Connell. — I meant, my lords, that elsewhere, thus assailed, I should be carried away by my feelings to do that which I should regret: to go beyond the law, to inflict corporal punishment for that offence which I am here ready, out of consideration for the Court, to pardon.

Judge Osborne. — I will take the opinion of the Court whether you shall not be committed.

Lord Chief Justice. — If you pursue that line of language, we must call upon some other of the counsel on the same side to proceed.

Judge Day. — Now, Mr. O'Connell, do you not perceive that while you talk of suppressing those feelings, you are actually indulging them? The attorney-general could not mean you offence in the line of argument he pursued to enhance the punishment, in every way, of your client. It is unnecessary for you to throw off or to repel aspersions that are not made.

Addressing Judge Day, Mr. O'Connell said, "My lord, I thank *you* — I sincerely thank you. It relieves my mind from a load of imputation when I hear such high authority as that of your lordship kindly declaring that it did not apply to me. And yet, my

lord, what did the attorney-general mean when he called a question a senseless and shameless question? What did he mean when he — *he*, my lord — talked of low and vulgar mind? What did he mean when he imputed to the advocate participation in the crime of the client? This he distinctly charged me with. All I require from the Court is the same liberty to reply with which the attorney-general has been indulged in attack. All I ask is to be suffered to answer and repel the calumnies with which I have been assailed."

Judge Daly. — You shall have the same liberty that he had; but the Court did not understand him to have made any personal attack upon you.

Judge Osborne. — We did not understand that the attorney-general meant you when he talked of a participator in the crime of your client.

The Attorney-General. — I did not, my lords. I certainly did not mean the gentleman. To state that I did would be to misrepresent my meaning, which had nothing to do with him.

Mr. O'Connell. — Well, my lords, be it so. I rejoice, however, that this charge is thus publicly disavowed, and disavowed in the presence of those who heard his words originally, and who have heard me repel any attack made upon me. I rejoice to find that your lordships have interposed your opinion that no personal attack has been made upon me, and thus have rendered unnecessary any further comment on what had flowed from the attorney-general. I am, therefore, enabled at once to go into the discussion of the merits of my client's case. And now let me first solemnly and seriously protest against the manner in which the attorney-general seeks to aggravate the punishment. It is by introducing into the affidavit of the attorney for the prosecution passages from the speech of counsel at the trial. These, perhaps, are times in which it may be desired by him as it certainly is safe for him, to make bad precedents. But against this precedent I enter my earnest, my honest, my independent protest. My protest may for the present be disregarded, but it will accompany the precedent in future times, and if not destroy, perhaps mitigate its evil effects. I therefore do protest against it on behalf of the bar and on behalf of the public. What! is the bar of Ireland to be thus degraded, that it shall be permitted to the inferior branches of the profession, to every attorney in the hall, to drag into affidavits the names of counsel, and their discourses for their clients? If it be permitted against a defendant in a criminal case, it must be equally, or rather more liberally, allowed in civil suits. There will in future be no motion for a new trial without introducing the name of counsel and his exertions for his client, and perhaps his politics, perchance his religion! Against this practice, now for the first time attempted to be introduced, against this first but mighty stride to lessen the dignity of an honorable profession, I proclaim my distinct, unequivocal, and solemn dissent. But the privileges of the bar, however interesting to a numerous and respectable class of men, sink into insignificance when contrasted with the rights of the public. The public have a right to the free, unbiassed, and unintimidated exertions of the profession. If the bar be controlled, if the bar be subjugated, if the profane hand of the attorney-general may drag the barrister from the high station of responsibility in which he is at present placed, and call for censure on the client for the conduct of the barrister, then indeed will it be quite safe for power to oppress and to plunder the inhabitants of the land. In vain shall the subject look for a manly advocate, if he is to be exposed to the insolent mockery of a trial of himself in the shape of an attack upon his client. In short, the public are deeply interested in our independence: their properties, their lives, their honors, are intrusted to us; and if we, in whom such a a guardian-

ship is confided, be degraded, how can we afford protection to others? Lessened in our own esteem, habituated to insult, we shall dwindle in talent as in character; and if the talent may remain, it will be simply useless to the oppressed, greatly serviceable to the oppressor. For the public, therefore, who may easily be enslaved if the bar be debased, I again enter my solemn protest against this bad precedent. For myself, I have scarcely a word to say. Talents I do not possess, but I will never yield the freedom of thought and of language, I never will barter or abandon the independence of the profession. It may injure me — I know it will injure me, and I care not: but as long as I belong to the Irish bar, I will be found open, decided, manly, and independent; unawed by the threats or frowns of power, holding in sovereign contempt the vile solicitations of venality, and determined to do my duty in despite of every risk, personal and public, the enemy of every oppression and fraud, the unalterable friend to freedom. I have a fault, I know it well, in the eyes of the attorney-general. The spirit that invented the Inquisition exists in human nature; that there was an Inquisition proves the existence in nature of an inquisitorial spirit. Nature is not calumniated when she is charged with all the atrocity of bigotry in design and action; and towards me that design has an object that is easily understood. To check the popish advocate may, in the eyes of the attorney-general, be a work equally pious and prudent; but the proudest feelings of contempt may defeat his intention and place me above the reach of malevolence. From myself and from this strange precedent, I come to the case of my client.*

The conclusion of O'Connell's scathing address was as follows: —

"I conclude by conjuring the court not to make this a precedent that may serve to palliate the acts of future and, perhaps, bad times. I admit — I freely admit the Utopian perfection of the present period. We have everything in the best possible state. I admit the perfection of the bench, I concede that there cannot be better times, and that we have the best of all possible prosecutors. I am one of those who allow that the things that be could not be better. But there have been heretofore bad times, and bad times may come again; there have been partial, corrupt, intemperate, ignorant, and profligate judges; the bench has been disgraced by a Belknap, a Tresilian, a Jeffreys, a Scroggs, and an Alleybown. For the present there is no danger, but at some future period such men may rise again; and if they do, see what an advantage they will derive from the precedent of this day, should it receive your lordships' sanction! At such a period it will not be difficult to find a suitable attorney-general: some creature, narrow-minded, mean, calumnious, of inveterate bigotry and dastard disposition, who shall prosecute with virulence and malignity, and delight in punishment. Such a man will, with prudent care of himself, receive merited and contemptuous retort. He will safely treasure up his resentment for months. His virulence will, for a season, be checked by his prudence, until, at some safe opportunity, it will explode by the force of the fermentation of its own putrefaction, and throw forth its filthy and disgusting stores to blacken those whom he would not venture directly to attack. Such a man will, with shameless falsehood, bring sweeping charges against the population of the land, and afterwards meanly retract and deny them. Without a particle of manliness or manhood, he will talk of bluster and bravado and courage; and he will talk of those falsely, and where a reply would not be permitted. If such times arrive, my lords, the advocate of the accused

*The masterly argument which O'Connell then addressed to the court being fully given in the "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell," from pages 437 to 445, it is unnecessary to print it here.

will be sure not to meet what I should meet from your lordships this day were I so attacked; he will not meet sympathy and equal liberty of speech. No, my lords; the advocate of the accused will then be interrupted and threatened by the bench lest he should wipe off the disgrace, the foul and false calumnies that have been poured in on him. The advocate then will not be listened to with the patience and impartiality with which, in case of a similar attack, your lordships would listen to me. The then attorney-general may indulge the bigoted virulence and the dastard malignity of an ancient and irritated female whose feelings evaporate in words, and such judges as I have described will give him all the protection he requires; and although at present such a dereliction of every decency which belongs to gentlemen would not be permitted, and would rouse your indignation, yet in such bad times as I have described, the foul and dastard assailant would be sure, in court and beyond it, to receive the full protection of the bench, whilst the object of his attack would be certain of meeting imprisonment and fine were he to attempt to reply suitably. Before I sit down, I have only to add, that I know the reply of the solicitor-general will, as usual, be replete with talent, but I also know it will be conducted with the propriety of a gentleman, for he is a gentleman — an Irish gentleman; but great as his talents are, they cannot, upon the present document, injure my client. With respect to his colleague, the attorney-general, I have only to say that whatever relates to him in my speech at the trial was imperatively called for by his conduct there. As to him, I have no apology to make. With respect to him I should repeat my former assertions. With respect to him I retract nothing. I regret nothing. I never will make any concessions. I do now, as I did then, repel every imputation. I do now, as I did then, despise and treat with perfect contempt every false calumny that malignity could invent, or dastard atrocity utter whilst it considered itself in safety."

When O'Connell concluded, Bushe, the solicitor-general, rose and was about to speak, when Mr. Wallace said he hoped, in a case like the present, which was characerized by severity and full of difficulty, the court would not consider it a waste of time to hear a very few observations from a second counsel.

Among the members of the Irish bar who rose to high professional distinction, without official rank, was Thomas Wallace. He owed his position to his own ability, having been left at an early age to depend upon his own exertions, with his good gifts to feed and clothe him. Feeling the promptings of ambition strong within him, and believing that the Irish bar offered a career in which his strong mental endowments would find a fitting arena, he determined to study for the bar. The young student resolved first to gain the benefit of a classical and scientific education, and for this purpose entered Trinity College. His mind was not wholly absorbed by the academic course. He spent much time in literary pursuits, and probably eked out his livelihood from this at all times precarious source. Aware of the importance to his future success of storing his memory with every kind of learning, — for there is no knowing what branch of knowledge will not turn to account in a barrister's career, — Mr. Wallace became versed in the various departments of English literature, and in 1796, while yet a law student, composed an essay which obtained the gold medal offered as a prize by the Royal Irish Academy. The subject was the variations in English prose from the time of the Revolution, 1688.* It bears evident marks of great thought and observation, quite free from these flowery metaphors or flights of fancy which denote a mind as yet unformed.

* Trans. R. I. Academy, 1796, vol. vi.

He likewise wrote a treatise on Irish manufactures, in which is investigated the question as to what manufactures her natural capacities are best suited to, and the best means of developing such manufactures.* In the political questions which agitated the country he uniformly took the liberal side, and was a stanch adherent of Grattan. In the disastrous year of 1798, Wallace was called to the bar: and the stern, unbending integrity of his nature, the cool and dogged patience, the plodding industry of his mind was a sure passport to professional success. His progress at the bar was gradual but steady, the result of the growing confidence which the profession entertained of his legal qualities. He was always well "made up" in his facts and law, and there was a quiet self-possession about him that bespoke the able man.

The appearance of Mr. Wallace indicated the character of his mind. His look spoke of firmness and determination. There was a sphinx-like strength and massiveness in his features that denoted the unbending strength of his mind, and his indifference to the snubs or frowns of the public. His figure was compact and vigorous. In private life he was affable and familiar, an agreeable companion and steadfast friend

The clearness and terseness of his statements readily found favour with the attorneys engaged in *nisi prius* business, and few men of his day had more practice in that branch of legal business. His address was remarkably effective, his language always felicitous and lucid. He also had an excellent court manner, and his arguments and observations were attentively listened to.

The bench, desirous of giving Mr. Magee an opportunity of hearing his counsel's speech, as they were resolved not to give him any other indulgence. allowed Mr. Wallace to continue his argument. He contended that the matter to be stated in aggravation of guilt must be matter in connection with the original offence; not a distinct and substantive crime, for which the prisoner may be liable to a distinct and separate punishment. It must also be the act of the prisoner himself. No instance can be found in the history of our law where the court has been called to punish a convicted man, by way of aggravation, for acts not only distinct and independent of the original offence, but also the acts of another person, and for which that person was liable to a distinct punishment. He was solicitous to avoid in any degree implicating the case of his client with the merits or demerits of the speech of his counsel. If his learned colleague had fallen into any error or impropriety in the speech which he delivered, he had the manliness and candor to avow it and take on himself the responsibility.

O'Connell, on hearing these words, rose and said, "I do not admit I have been guilty of any impropriety."

"I am misunderstood," said Wallace, "if it be supposed I mean to charge any impropriety on Mr. O'Connell. I say only that if such impropriety had been committed, my learned colleague would have had the manliness to take the responsibility of his own act upon himself, so that the punishment of this error should not fall on Mr. Magee. The counsel who delivered the speech may be innocent; but whether guilty or innocent, I contend that the fair publication of it as a proceeding in a court of justice, and uncensured by the learned judge who presided, must be innocent."

"Mr. Wallace, you are arguing this case so ably and clearly that it is almost a pity to interrupt you," said Justice Osborne; "but I would suggest, not by way of objection, but for your assistance, that it is probably not the mere publication of the speech, but the subsequent adoption of it by the prisoner, which creates the difficulty, as leading to a belief that he

* Lond. 1798.

suggested the topics with a libellous intention."

"I thank your lordship for the suggestion you have had the goodness to make," said Wallace. "The expression to which your lordship alludes I intended to apply myself to, and shall do so; for the present, I shall only observe, as an answer to the inference which the Court adverts to, that the affidavit upon which it is sought to aggravate does not state or even hint at the passages having been suggested with that view; and surely the Court will never assume a fact like that, for which the charging affidavit affords no color. Nothing is charged by the affidavit but that the prisoner published the speech, and that the line of defence taken by his counsel had his approbation. The mere publication under such circumstances of a speech, which was suffered to be delivered without interruption by the judge, cannot, I have endeavored to show, be libellous. But when it is considered who that learned judge is, the argument acquires tenfold force: a judge not only distinguished for his zeal in the administration of justice, but for his anxiety that that justice should be administered with decorum. When such a judge permitted a speech to be delivered without reproof, how can it be criminal in the editor of a newspaper to print it?"

"All that you say may be very fair, Mr. Wallace, in arguing your client's case," said Chief Justice Downes, "it may be a very fair imputation on the judge; but if you mean to infer from thence the judge's approbation of that address, believe me, the very reverse is the fact."

Judge Day observed "that it would be very hard if the mildness of a judge, unwilling to interrupt counsel in defence of an accused man, should be converted into a justification or approbation of what counsel was unwarranted in uttering."

"Nothing," said Mr. Wallace, "could be further from my intention than to insinuate that the silence of the learned judge amounted to approbation. I am not defending the counsel who delivered the speech, but the prisoner whom it is now sought to punish for the publication of it. I only say that this speech was not so disapproved of by the court, as to lead him to believe the publication of it would be criminal."

His able argument on the duties and the privileges of counsel thus concluded: "If we be guilty of errors, or violate the decencies which our relations to the bench or public demand, let us be reprimanded by the bench; or leave us, my lords, to that more severe and dreadful punishment which the law of opinion prepares for us.—the opinion of this liberal, learned, and high-minded profession, who *certainly* will suffer no man to escape with impunity who shall be guilty of a coarse or a vulgar or a saucy abuse of the robe he wears Or if your lordships have not that full confidence in the integrity and justness of feeling of the Irish bar which I am proud to say I entertain, if you think you cannot safely commit to the profession the superintendence of its own manners, let the higher power which, it is said, is vested in the judges of the land, be exercised, if it exist. Let anything that reason and justice can devise be done to preserve the propriety and the honor of the bar, the dignity and the respect due to the bench. One thing only, my lords, I solemnly deprecate: in the name of God, let not the guilt of the client be aggravated by the sins of his counsel. Here, my lords, I shall stop. I feel I am too long dwelling on what the professional feeling and the justice of the Court concur with me in enforcing. I shall, therefore, leave the case and my client to that feeling and that justice, and shall only express my humble hope that the judges of the land will not invert the doctrines of our holy religion, and instead of saving by imputed righteousness, condemn and punish by imputed guilt"

Bushe, solicitor-general, having re-

plied, Judge Day pronounced the sentence of the court. Mr. Magee was ordered to pay £500 fine, to find two sureties for £500 each, and to enter into his own recognizance in the sum of £1,000 for his good behavior for seven years. He was to be imprisoned for two years and for a further period until the fine was paid and the required securities forthcoming.

To be continued.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY FROM HYDROPHOBIA. — A WARNING TO DOG FANCIERS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A YOUNG lady died in the Dublin City Hospital in the fearful coma succeeding the equally terrible paroxysms of the awful blood-poisoned madness of hydrophobia, on July 30. The fate that befell Miss Collins, of Rathmines, — the petted dog, hanging out of the lip, the long suspense of weeks, at last the warning twitching of the mouth, the inability to swallow, the dreadful convulsions as the disease progresses to its end, the death in the remote hospital chamber, followed by the inquest and the comment, — hundreds of ladies are courting every day in the streets, in their carriages, in their boudoirs or their drawing-rooms. One cannot walk a step. go into a railway carriage, look into a brougham or a landau, sit upon a sofa, but he finds a red-eyed pet or a smug-faced monstrosity installed in the place of honor or of comfort, — my lady's lap or the softest cushion. There, gorged with sweetmeats and soured with indigestion, unwilling to undergo or protected from the fatigue of even walking, the little brute would be more than canine if he did not get mad; and the only wonder is that, in spite of the ladies, rabies is not rampant in town and country. None are more horrified at the fate of, none could sympathize more deeply with, the poor sufferer in Rathmines and the Meath Hospital; but the peril is so present in every house that we are obliged in the interests of all to hold the case up as a warning, much as private feelings might weigh with us to let the sorrowful story sink into oblivion and sleep with the gentle dead. It is as short as sad. Miss Collins, of Rathmines, daughter of the late Dr Collins, had a pet fox-terrier. This dog disappeared for a day or so, as dogs will, from the sight of his mistress, and when he returned in a mauled and torn condition, she, glad to have her favorite back, took him into her arms. The brute was at the time infected with rabies, and betraying at once one of the symptoms, snapped at his mistress's lip, and hung on to it until taken off. The wound was at once cauterized. The dog was confined, and died within twenty-four hours of unmistakable hydrophobia. But, as is the insidious manner of the disease, although the occurrence recounted took place on the 11th of June, hydrophobia did not manifest itself in Miss Collins until the 26th. The poor girl was removed to Meath Hospital. She knew her fate; she preserved her presence of mind; she cautioned against approach to her, although it is a matter of doubt whether the disease can be communicated by human agency; and her appeal that she might not be smothered between beds is tearfully pathetic in its superstitious simplicity. She died, as we have said. We preach not a dog massacre: dogs are all very well in their place, — Skye terriers, colleys, and all; but we inculcate it as the duty of every sensible man and woman to stamp out in every way the unnatural, insensate, we will say the bestial fashion of this dog-fancying, dog-gorging, dog-petting mania, which offends one on all sides, and which is calculated to produce an actual aversion to the ladies who are most rabidly afflicted with it.

"JULIUS, why did n't you oblong your stay at de springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis colored indiwidual wid stealing de spoons."

A TRUE STORY.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

I AM a Catholic priest. The incident which I relate happened recently and in England. I missed my train because the horse fell in the slippery street. It was a considerable annoyance. I had taken unusual pains to be in time for what seemed to me an important duty. The driver had done his best to save me, having been in fact too zealous. As the cab came into the station, the train moved calmly out of it. There was no use in lamenting, so I resolved to fill up part of the time, an hour and a quarter, between the trains by reciting some office. It suited my purpose best to walk about, but I had an inconveniently large basket-covered flask of Lourdes water. To consign it to the left luggage office did not seem right, and I did not choose to run any risk by putting it down, and leaving it unprotected. There was a man muffled up in a corner of the waiting-room, who by his demeanor and surroundings seemed to have made himself comfortable for a few hours to come. "Will you be staying here some time?" "Yes." (Very slowly, in a tone which meant, What's that to you?) "Till eleven?" "Yes" (rather sulkily). "If I leave this here, will you keep it for me?" "What is it?" "Never mind. Will you keep it?" "All right. It'll be there." (Very gruffly indeed.)

When I had finished my office, about twenty minutes remained before my train went, so I bought a paper, but something seemed to say within me, "Go and see about that bottle!" I felt inclined to say, "Bother the bottle!" but I did not say so, out of respect for what was in it. Still I wanted to read my paper. "Go and see about that bottle!" Well, I went. There was my friend, the man who had spoken slowly and sulkily and gruffly. His face was buried in his hands, and the tears were coming through his fingers. "O Father," he said (I was hardly prepared for that sort of greeting after our parting scene), "Father, I must tell you all. I am now, as you see, an old man. I was born and baptized a Catholic, and till eleven years old I kept to my religion. Then my mother died, my father had died before, and I was left by myself. I found a very kind master, but he was a Protestant, and he insisted on my taking to his religion, and I made myself a Protestant to please him. Then I married, and God gave me a Catholic wife, a very good woman, who has always been trying to make me a Catholic again, but I have held out all these years. You left that bottle here, and when you had gone, I thought I would just have a pull at the popish priest's brandy-flask, but I found it was water. I had no sooner taken that mouthful than I felt a strange change come over me, and it seemed to me that I must be a Catholic, and so I will. So, father, you must hear my confession."

It seemed all so unreal that I began to think the poor man had been drinking something stronger than water in my absence, and I tried to put him off. "Oh, there is no time now. The train will be off in a few minutes; besides, this is not the place. Come and see me at ——." "No, father. It must be now. I might not be able to get to ——, and I promise you that if you hear my confession now I will go with my wife to the Catholic Church next Sunday." "Do you know what that water is?" "No" "It is miraculous water, which Our Blessed Lady caused to spring from the rock." "Then it is Our Lady who has gained me this grace," etc.

I heard his confession.

"MY son," said a stern father to a seven-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was like my father."

VIOLETS.

The Napoleonic violet was chosen as the Imperial emblem in the wintry opening of 1815, when mysterious whispers were afloat all through France that the great emperor, then a sort of state prisoner to Europe at Elba, would be back again among the people by whom he was idolized, and whom he had not only dubbed, but made "La Grande Nation." He was pledged among the soldiers he had so often led to victory by the tender sobriquet "Le Père Violet," his chosen flower being worn in the button-holes of men and on the bosoms of women in all parts of the country. The password accompanying the symbol that smelt so sweetly in the nostrils of the people was significantly "Revenir en printemps!" And with the first blossoms of the returning year, at three o'clock on the morning of the 1st of March, the "Inconstant" brig, bearing Napoleon the Great and four hundred of his old guard, under the command of Bertrand, Drouot, and Cambronne, steering into the Gulf of St. Juan, cast anchor off Antibes. In anticipation of that event, the soldiers of the Grand Army with one accord had treasured up their eagles like so many regimental *penates*, and while wearing the white colors of the king, had carefully secreted their tricolored cockades in their knapsacks, and even in the drums, to the tuck of which they, to all appearance, marched loyally on parade every morning. Epithets and symbols had been invented to keep the thought of the nation's idol familiarly in the breasts and on the lips of the million, the secret meaning of these words and symbols being, however, religiously preserved. "Père la Violette," "Le Petit Corporal," "Notre Petit Tondu" were among the sobriquets by which his glorious identity was hinted at. And meanwhile, as Capefigue has expressed it, there had spread through the army a rumor that he would appear with the violet in spring on the banks of the river Seine; as he did, reconquering his empire without the shedding of a single drop of blood, and resuming again the purple as naturally as the violet when it blossoms.

The Two-headed Eagle. — The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted various other figures on their camp standards; but Marius (B. C. 102) made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. After the division, the emperors of the western Roman Empire used a black eagle; those of the East a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle is in allusion to the Emperor of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of empire has taken the eagle for its ensign. Austria, Russia, Prussia, Poland, and France all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The Emperors of Austria, who claimed to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, used the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the eastern emperors and that of the western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the original Emperors of Germany (now merged in the House of Austria) considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it; for when he became master of the whole of the German Empire, he added the second head to the eagle (A. D. 802). The United States adopted the eagle both as a symbol of empire and as a native to the country.

A Scotch minister in one of his parochial visits met a cow-boy, and asked what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It is never any more here," said the boy, "it just begins at one again."

WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE founder of the Muscovite Empire, Peter I., traced out for his successors the road they must pursue to universal dominion. Whatever may be the authenticity of his famous testament, one thing is certain, namely, the religious fidelity with which the czars have made it, from point to point, the rule of their conduct. To comprehend the policy of Russia in the past, in the present, and in the future, this solemn document should be studied. We reproduce therefore the principal passages.

"In the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we Peter, Emperor and sole ruler of all the Russias, to all our descendants and our successors in the throne and government of the Russian nation.

I.

"The great God, of Whom we hold our existence and our crown, Who has constantly illuminated us by His Light, and held us up by His Divine support, permits us, according to our views, which we believe to be identical with those of Providence, to look upon the Russian people as called, in the future, to the universal rule of Europe.

II.

"I ground this judgment on the fact that the nations of Europe are for the most part arrived at the period of decline bordering on decrepitude, and fast hastening to dissolution. From this it follows that they ought to be easily and indubitably conquered by a young and vigorous people, when this people shall have attained its maturity and full strength. I look upon this future invasion of the countries of the West by the North as a periodical movement, decreed by the designs of Providence, which thus regenerated the Roman people by the invasion of the barbarians. These emigrations of the men of the North may be compared to the inundation of the Nile, which at certain seasons rises, to enrich with its rich soil the impoverished lands of Egypt.

III.

"I found Russia a STREAM, I leave it a RIVER; my successors will make it a vast SEA, destined to fertilize impoverished Europe, and its waves will overflow all the dykes which the efforts of weakness may raise to oppose them. For this reason I leave to my successors the instructions that follow, and which I recommend to their careful attention and to their constant observation, in the same way as Moses recommended the Tables of the Law to the Jewish people.

IV.

"(1.) To maintain the Russian nation in a state of perpetual war, so that the soldiers may be always ready for service and ready to act; never to leave them in repose except it be in order to improve the finances of the State, to set the army on a better footing, and to choose the fittest moments for attack. Thus peace will be made to serve war, and war to serve peace, and all to promote the aggrandizement and increasing prosperity of Russia. (2.) To adopt every possible means of attracting from the best informed nations of Europe military leaders in war time, and scientific men in time of peace, in order that the Russian nation may profit by the advantages of other countries without losing any of its own. (3.) To take part on every occasion in the affairs of Europe and the quarrels of European nations, especially in those of Germany, which from its great proximity more directly interests us.

V.

"(4.) To divide Poland, by fomenting in it disturbances and continual jealousies, to gain its great men by bribery, to influence its Diets and corrupt them, so as to secure influence in the election of the kings, to get the nomination of the friends of Russia and to protect them, to bring about the introduction of the Russian troops,

and to quarter them in the country till such time as they shall be able to remain there altogether. If neighboring powers present difficulties, to quiet them for the moment by the partition of the country till such time as the several portions can be recovered again from those to whom they have been given. (5.) To take all that can be taken from Sweden, to force Sweden to take the offensive, and thus to supply the pretext for her subjugation. To this end to isolate Sweden from Denmark and Denmark from Sweden, and assiduously to foment their rivalries. (6.) To take for the Russian princes wives from the princesses of Germany, and thus to multiply family alliances, to identify mutual interests, and to lead Germany to espouse our cause by the diffusion of our influence within herself.

VI.

"(7.) To seek in preference the alliance of England for purposes of commerce, as being the power which has the greatest need of us for her naval affairs, and which might be the most useful to us in the development of our own. To exchange our wood and other productions for her gold, and to establish between her merchants and sailors and ours such continual intercourse as may form those of our own country to navigation and commerce. (8.) Constantly to advance without intermission northwards along the Baltic, and southwards along the Black Sea.

VII.

"(9.) To approach as near as possible to Constantinople and India: to rule these is to rule the world. To this end, to excite continual wars, at one time in Turkey, at another in Persia; to establish timber-yards on the Black Sea; to take possession by degrees of this sea, as well as of the Baltic, both being necessary for our ultimate success; to hasten the decay of Persia and to penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf; to re-establish, if possible, by way of Syria, the old trade of the Levant, and advance as far as India, which is the emporium of the world. Once in India, no more need of the gold of England.

VIII.

"(1.) To seek and preserve assiduously the alliance of Austria; to foster, in appearance, her ideas of her future sovereignty over Germany, and to excite surreptitiously the jealousy of the princes against her. To endeavor to make one or the other call in the aid of Russia, and to exercise a kind of protection over the country, so as to pave the way for future sovereignty. (11.) To interest the House of Austria in the ejectment of the Turks from Europe, and to neutralize its jealousies at the sight of the conquest of Constantinople, either by involving Austria in a war with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion of the conquered provinces, a portion which may be resumed at a later period. (12.) To lose no opportunity of making friends with all the Greek schismatics, scattered whether in Hungary or in the south of Poland; to become their centre and their support, and to establish by anticipation a universal predominance by means of a sort of sacerdotal royalty or supremacy. This will secure so many friends and allies in the very homes of our enemies.

IX.

"(13.) Sweden dismembered, Persia conquered, Poland subjugated, Turkey vanquished, the Black and Baltic seas guarded by our ships, proposals should be made separately and with the greatest secrecy, first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Austria, to share with them the empire of the world. If one of the two accept the proposal, as will infallibly be the case by dint of flattering their ambition and self-love, then one of them must be used to crush the other. Finally, the one that remains will have to be crushed, by engaging her in a struggle which cannot be doubtful, as

Russia will then possess as her own the whole of the East and a vast portion of Europe.

X.

"(14.) If, as is not probable, both of them refuse the offer of Russia, then quarrels must be fomented between the two, that they may exhaust each other. Then, when the critical moment is come, Russia will burst in with her troops, already prepared for the purpose, upon Germany, while two vast fleets will set sail, one from the Sea of Azof, and the other from the port of Archangel, laden with Asiatic hordes under convoy of the armies of the Black Sea and of the Baltic; these, advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, will overspread France on one side, while Germany is being overwhelmed on the other; and when these two countries are conquered, the rest of Europe will pass easily and without striking another blow under the yoke. In this way Europe may *and is to be* subjugated."

The history of this will and its claims to authenticity may be found in the work of Mgr. Gaume, entitled "Le Testament de Pierre le Grand; ou, La Clef de l'Avenir."

"WHY on earth don't you follow *my* example, and *pad* your calves?" asked young Skynniman of Wagley, who was "making up" for *Charles Surface* in their joint dressing-room at the Theatre Royal. "Well, you see," said Wagley, slowly, as he stooped to fasten the buckle of his left shoe, "that has its drawbacks, too. *Some* fellows, you see, Skynniman, who wear *false* calves get taken for *real* ones, Twig?" But Skynniman would *not* "see" it.

DON'T live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulder to the wheel that propels them on to wealth and happiness.

USE OF GLASS THREAD.

To make fine glass thread, the glass is brought to a state of fusion, a glass rod dipped in it, and thus a thread pulled out, which solidifies first in its thinnest parts, and so causes a thread of uniform thickness to be obtained. If this thread is placed over a hot metallic cylinder, and the latter revolved, any length of thread may be obtained; the thread may be obtained finer by revolving the cylinder more rapidly. The heating of the cylinder has the effect of annealing the glass to some extent, while the rapid cooling would let fragments pass that float in the liquid For analysis it is very advantageous, allowing of a ready determination of insoluble matters deposited; also by calcination and fusion of the glass may be found the volatile principles fixed in the passage of the liquid, unmixed with empyreumatic products. Notwithstanding the price of glass silk is still high, it is no great expense to use it, as its excessive lightness admits of a considerable number of filtrations being made with a small weight of it; besides, it may serve an indefinite time, if after each operation it is thoroughly washed with water and dried in the air.

THE rumor has it revived in ecclesiastical circles in London that, at the next consistory, Archbishop MacHale, of Tuam, will be created cardinal. It is said that the desire of the pope to confer this honor on the oldest prelate of the Church was, some time ago, officially expressed to the archbishop, who asked to have his elevation postponed till he could travel to Rome to thank the Pontiff for it.

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN, the poet, has been returned to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Atlanta, Ga., at his request, to have quiet and to arrange and revise his poems, which will be published in book form in a few months.

A VICTIM OF THE FALK LAWS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GERMAN PRIEST IN PRISON AND IN EXILE, TOLD BY THE VICTIM.

Part II.

CHAPTER I.

"Et hæc olim meminisse juvat."

About the end of October, 1874, the royal government began to perceive that I was impenetrable to its lofty ideas of civilization, and that to prolong its endeavors to inculcate them upon my impervious mind was labor lost. In order, therefore, that my person might not longer encumber the tribunals and prisons, it was resolved that I should receive sentence of banishment from the district of Treves.

Before the arrival of my passport, having time to make a little visit in the country, to restore my somewhat shattered health, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that I was under the watchful eye of the police, and that a description of my appearance had been sent to the official gazette of the canton. This description was so perfectly in conformity with the truth, that from it a painter might have sketched my portrait. As I had neither any intention of evading penalties, nor any desire to exile myself of my own accord, I returned at once to my own parish. I found, fastened to the doors of my room, an administrative decree, informing me that I must quit the district within twenty-four hours. Much more than this space of time had already elapsed. I left the paper in its place, and, as far as I am concerned, it may remain there still, to give future generations an idea of the toleration of this enlightened century.

Next morning, while celebrating Holy Mass, I observed a certain agitation among the faithful who filled the church. The cause of it was a police agent, who had made his way through the congregation, and advanced to the altar itself, with other intentions than that of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice.

Scarcely had I quitted the altar, when I felt the hand of the law laid heavily upon my shoulder. I was arrested. The cries and sobs which filled the church brought tears to my eyes. Even the police agent could not help observing, "I have often heard of scenes of this kind, but I could not have believed they were so heartrending." Men and women, aged people and children, with tears streaming down their faces, pressed round to grasp my hand and bid me adieu. I did what I could to calm my faithful flock, and then at once followed my new guide to the mairie.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I do not know, Monsieur le Curé. I had only the order to arrest you."

At the mairie I was informed that I should have to pay my own journey, and also that of the amiable policeman, as far as to K——.

As I was still tolerably vigorous, and as it was pretty evident that my journey was to be no excursion of pleasure, I flatly declined the proposal. Whereupon I was told that I must go on foot.

We had before us a march of three days, through a difficult country. I declared that it would be impossible for me to walk so far. They left me, therefore, in a depot for fire-engines, while they went for "superior orders," and to consult the doctor of the canton. Upon receiving a certificate from him, attesting that my health was not in a state to support the fatigue, they decided upon demanding a conveyance. A gentleman of the place put one at my disposal. I was, then, to travel in a carriage, with an honest policeman for my companion; so, at least, I supposed. My illusion, alas! was not of long duration. We had scarcely reached the high road, when a mounted gendarme sprang at the reins, stopped the carriage, and roughly demanded of us a written permission from the prefect. As neither my companion nor I had anything of

the kind to produce, the mayor having given only verbal instructions, the functionary ordered me to get down and walk, the police agent turning back with the carriage to fetch a commission from the prefect.

Then followed a scene which I shall never forget, and which I should have thought impossible or exaggerated if I had not witnessed, or rather *suffered*, it. The gendarme thrust his horse close upon my heels, and whenever I endeavored to avoid it, suddenly turning, making it rear on its hind legs, and threatening to ride over me. On my request that he would hold back his horse, and promising not to attempt to escape, he made the consoling remark, "Oh, this is only what we do to everybody!"

Hundreds of persons, who were witnesses of this revolting treatment, cried, "Shame!" Happily the horse had more right feeling than his rider. He bounded on one side, and I escaped with a slight bruise. In an hour's time the police agent returned with the carriage. I got in, and we were allowed to pursue our way without further molestation.

I refrain from publishing the name of the man who thought that he deserved well of his country by passing over the body of a poor proscript. May he sleep peacefully upon his laurels! There is, however, but one conclusion to be drawn from this fact, and this is, if such excesses are permitted, whose is the fault? "*This is only how we treat everybody!*" We are, then, in full *melée* and it is allowable to trample an enemy under foot.

For the honor of my parishioners I will add that, although sorely tempted, they did not let themselves be carried away, by the brutality they saw before them, to the committal of any act of violence. They looked on with indignant hearts, but refrained from strengthening their remonstrances by physical force.

At the end of my passport, the mayor had added a few words which merit attention: —

"The prisoner will always prove intractable, and will evidently never be subjugated by any amount of force."

Magistrates to whom I have shown this *testimonium aliunde* have laughed with me over the sagacity and prophetic gifts of their zealous colleague, and his knowledge of men.

The functionary who obligingly awarded to me this certificate of final impenitence, reserved for himself a diploma for high culture, and was wont to interlard his conversation with exotic words of which he did not half comprehend the sense. Before my departure, he had admonished me as follows: —

"The *status quo* in which you find yourself is due to your recalcitratory conduct alone. Beware that you do not renovate your insubordination. The law must be executed, otherwise there could be no question of a state penitence (penalty?). Go; and let their be no re-apparition in this place!"

Who could fail to be touched by a farewell discourse so full of pathos and pretension?

The morning was cold, and we pursued our way in silence. I recited my breviary, and my guardian smoked a short pipe, the fumes of which may have served as a disinfectant to air poisoned by my Ultramontane presence. The sky was completely curtained over with gray clouds, through which there pierced no ray of sunshine. The weather was in perfect harmony with my feelings, and the scowling physiognomy of the policeman was like a reflection of the sombre firmament. When I had finished my prayer, no word was spoken, except that, from time to time, my companion gruffly muttered a few inarticulate sounds into his red beard.

As I have said, I was suffering from the effects of my hundred and seventy days' captivity. My stomach, especially, was by no means in its normal condition, and my sojourn in the country had been too short to allow time for improvement. The fatigue of a

long and trying journey had brought my complaint to an acute state, aggravated by the fact that I was still fasting, for, after my arrest in the church, I had not been allowed to take any food, not even a cup of coffee, nor yet to put a little money in my pocket, so great was the haste to get rid of an enemy of the country.

Is it purposely that the legislators, who call themselves men of progress, allow the victims of their laws to be treated without mercy or pity by the subaltern agents of the government? That a gendarme should ride over you is nothing surprising; it is part of his trade, and no offence must be taken, especially as his instructions take into consideration no extenuating circumstances, and superfine kid gloves are not supposed to form any part of his uniform. But that a mayor, who ranks himself among men *comm il faut*, should send you out on the world fasting, and without a halfpenny, would be somewhat surprising, were we not living in full *Kulturkampf*.

CHAPTER II.

About noon we came to a village, and I asked permission to get down and take some refreshment. My guide accompanied me to an inn, where the kind-hearted people did all in their power to appease my tortured cravings. Not only did they energetically refuse any kind of payment, but the hostess insisted on furnishing me with a loaf, a bottle of wine, and a large piece of ham, which I accepted with gratitude.

Honor to our brave Catholics! These proofs of their love to the Church did my heart good. They show what the people think and feel, and how they respect their priests, even when without home and country, and under guard like criminals.

Towards evening, the cold became piercing. I could not protect myself from it, and was shivering in every limb. It was with no small satisfaction, therefore, that about nine o'clock I found that we had arrived at the end of our journey. We had first to go to the mairie There I found an old schoolmate, whose Greek and Latin translations I had many a time done for him. I was about to salute him with the friendliness of an old acquaintance, when his severely repelling and magisterial air made me withdraw my outstretched hand. I saw at once that he intended to do me the civilities of the *service* and nothing more. It was not amiable on his part thus to treat a pilgrim who had so often helped him to travel with credit through the wanderings of the Odyssey, and I must own that, at the first moment, I was greatly pained and irritated by the behavior of this man. Now, however, I have only pity and regret for one whose heart has been petrified by progress. Besides, how could he, a government employé, accost otherwise a black criminal, whom that same government had turned out upon the road? Several gendarmes were present, and an amicable word might easily have been turned into a sign of hostility against the legislation; and so, like a prudent man, he naturally took into consideration his place, wife, and family, rather than an unfortunate exile.

"You are the curé of N——?"

"I am, sir."

"Muller, take the prisoner to the Thor. You will start with him tomorrow morning, at five o'clock."

My new abode, the Thor, was an old gate-tower, mostly in ruins, assigned by the police as temporary quarters for marauders and highwaymen. The lower story of the sombre pile contained the inevitable fire-engine, amongst a quantity of articles of which it would not be possible to make the inventory with propriety or by daylight. A small chamber was assigned to me, in which the only article of furniture was an old bed. A plate of tepid soup with a piece of bread was brought to me. I had still half a bottle of wine, some remains of ham, and a good appetite. I made an excellent supper.

After commending myself to God, and entreating fresh courage for the struggle, I reposed tranquilly after the fatigues of the day. That night I felt within myself the mightiness of prayer. So long as the government has nothing better than prisons and gendarmes with which to oppose this powerful weapon, it will not conquer.

Next morning, after a bowl of pallid broth, I was on the road again, but this time on foot, the carriage being at our disposal only so far as this place. By way of my next guardian angel, an herculean gendarme, with rifle and ammunition, etc., was appointed to conduct me. His martial countenance — from the mustaches of which nothing was visible but the glowing tip of his nose — gave me an impression that he was well accustomed to the chase of "black game." I found once more that appearances were misleading, for in spite of casaque and carabine, shaggy beard and brows, he was gentle-natured, and whiled away the time by telling anecdotes of his life as a soldier.

As a subaltern officer, he informed me, it was not mere "onions" that he had to command, but the finest men in the company. He was no bad hand at drawing, nor, for the matter of that, at verse-making either, etc. So here was another undiscovered genius.

As we had not more than a seven hours' march before us, I was not sorry to be on foot, for although the wind was cold and the snow-flakes danced about our heads, I preferred the exercise of walking to the jolting of the carriage, and the fresh air of the mountains to the mingled odors of which my previous companion and his habiliments had made me sensible.

On passing through a village, I proposed that we should halt for the refreshment of a light collation and a glass of wine. This somewhat irregular proceeding gave him food for serious reflection: at last, however, he thought the suggestion not a bad one. If we had to suffer in other ways, we had not the additional discomfort of hunger and thirst. Instead of seven, we found that we had a nine hours' march. The people whom we met stood still and wondered, as they gave me the beautiful Christian greeting, "*Praised be Jesus Christ!*" My gendarme was at first a little embarrassed, but he soon began to join me in answering, "*For ever and ever!*" The poor fellow even grew ashamed of having to guard me, and begged me not to be offended with him on that account.

It is impossible for me to relate all the incidents of this journey, or others of the same kind. I can only give a rapid sketch, which will nevertheless suffice, I hope, to let the reader see into what a position we are thrown by the religious war in Prussia. I therefore pass over the episodes, which would necessitate my entering into many details, to arrive at the last.

At nightfall we crossed the frontier of the district. The gendarme held out his hand.

"Now, Monsieur le Curé, I leave you. I am glad that my task is over. And now, where shall you go?"

"I know not, my friend. I hope to find some place or other where I may lay my head. If not, I shall, in this at least only be like my Master and Lord."

He turned, and walked quickly away.

CHAPTER III.

I WAS alone, proscribed, abandoned in the mountains. A keen wind drifted the snow into my face; the bare trees swung their branches over my way, like so many skeletons mockingly greeting me, until I began to feel myself a veritable Schinderhannes, haunting those lonely places, in the mist and darkness. When the defunct "Gazette du Peuple" of Treves, a reptile of the worst species, called the vicaire Schneiders a *Schinderhannes*, it was doubtless thinking of a priest wandering by night among the mountains. The comparison

touched me closely. All around me was solitary and gloomy in the extreme, and the locality utterly unknown to me. I took a sudden resolution, retraced my steps, and re-entered the district of Treves. After another two hours of walking, I found myself again with the good curé whose hospitable roof had last sheltered me. This excellent old man, who knew my name only from the "Gazette de Moselle," was not a little surprised to see me again, after four hours of absence. It had just struck ten by the tower clock. Full of kindness and cordiality, he led me in, drew a chair to the fire, and mixed a reviving glass, to do for the inward what the glowing hearth was doing for the outward man. Had the mayor of my village, who had sent me off with such unctuous words the evening before, suspected me to be still upon forbidden ground, and under circumstances so comfortable, he might have renewed his declaration that it was "no question of a penitence of the state." But as he was far from dreaming anything of the kind, he would doubtless, according to his habit every evening, go to drink his *chope* of beer, laugh at the curés, and congratulate himself upon being rid of me. On this last point he was lamentably mistaken, for his troubles were not by any means at an end from the incurable impenitent.

"It is a hard sacrifice," said M. le Curé Doyen, "which you, and many other young priests like you, are making. Every man who has devoted long years, and also his means, towards the attainment of a particular object, must find it a painful trial, when, having reached the accomplishment of his desires, he finds himself marched about from prison to prison, ranked amongst criminals, and driven from his country. I admire your courage and firmness, — not because I am a priest myself, for, as such, I know that you could not do otherwise, — but as a man, who can appreciate the cost of your sacrifice and devotion. In the times in which we live, how many vile beings are there, always ready to spread their mantle to catch the last change of wind, and ready to sacrifice, ten times in an hour, their convictions and their conscience! How many, who from fear of temporal inconvenience, are cowardly enough to conceal their belief! You also, are you not men? Would *you* not prefer to live peacefully at home, in the tranquil fulfilment of the duties of your calling, instead of being tracked about the world like wild beasts?"

"We endure these things joyfully," I answered. "Why should we priests be less strong and courageous than our bishops? Yes, we are joyful, because all the priests of Germany are united because the Church has not, in her pastors, hirelings who flee in the hour of danger; and because we feel the Catholic people firm and steadfast at our back."

"The present time," resumed my host, after a pause, "strikingly recalls the fate of the French priests at the time of the Revolution. Those who took oath to it were caressed by the state and despised by the people, disgraced as they were by the sacrifice of their conscience to the Moloch in power, as Napoleon himself declared. History honors those who lost all they possessed in this world, who wandered about in disguise, to help and strengthen their brethren, and died at last upon the scaffold. It will also honor the bishops and priests of Germany, who value their conscience above a rich benefice or a prebendal stall."

In spite of excessive fatigue, I remained conversing still for some time, and soon had shaken off all my troubles, and was able to look calmly into the sombre future which lay before me, knowing assuredly that our Father in heaven would not abandon me.

I remained in this hospitable presbytery for one day of rest, and the morning after, the Curé Doyen having furnished me with certain useful little leaves of paper, well known to

the "friends of the empire," I set out for the nearest railway station, and from thence made directly for the jaws of the lion, that is, for the capital of the district I was forbidden to enter. My mayor might have consoled himself with the proverb, *Magnum voluisse sat est.*

At Treves, I immediately exchanged my cassock, with its long folds, for a fashionable little coat, a round hat, and a travelling bag. Thus metamorphosed, I strutted fearlessly in the streets by the side of the *sergeants de ville*, ruminating as to what trade or profession I should appropriate. On the advice of a friend, I decided upon that of a commercial traveller in wines, and this for two reasons: firstly, because the species is innumerable as the sands upon the seashore; and, secondly, because I wished to procure for my clients the advantage of the purest wine. I declared the razor under the same prescription as myself as long as the Kulturkampf should last, hoping that the police would not espy an enemy of the empire behind the shadows of a thick, black mustache, *à la* Doctor Falk.

Before quitting Treves, I took a turn round the exterior of the prison, still the abode of the noble Bishop Mathias, and was not sorry to be outside its walls.

It was six in the evening, and the bell of the establishment let me know that my former companions in misfortune were then seeking their tree-trunks, *vulgo*, their beds, there to suffer and freeze until morning. Then I went to the Cathedral, and prayed fervently for my parishioners, for all the Catholics of Germany, and for myself.

Two days later, a post-chaise took me back to the place which, not a week previously, I was supposed to have quitted "forever." It was getting dark, and there was hardly a glimmer of light within the carriage. On arriving in the court-yard of the inn, a gendarme presented himself at the door of the cab, glanced at the trunks, and retired. It was the same who had ridden his horse at me. I was seated in a corner, and he did not notice me, little suspecting the precious head of game he was permitting to escape. In the street, I elbowed a gendarme, while humming, for greater security, "I am a Prussian: know you my colors?" This patriotic song, by the way, has been of great service to me on several occasions.

I went first to my own house, packed up the things that were indispensable, and retired immediately, suspecting, with reason, that I was less secure in this locality than in any other. I found a safe hiding-place in the house of a good and brave Catholic, who welcomed me with cordial hospitality, and took care to make my presence known to the rest of my flock by announcing that, at a very early hour next morning, I should celebrate holy mass.

When the morning came, not a place in the church was empty. While I exhorted my people to remain true to the faith of their fathers, not to be dismayed or led astray by the troubles of these tempestuous times, but to hold firmly to the church and her bishops, a murmur of tears and sobs arose from the assembly.

Before I entered, one of the churchwardens had, unknown to me, organized a collection, and after mass placed in my hands a well-filled purse, as provision for my coming peregrinations.

I then went into the confessional, administered Holy Communion, baptized two children, and visited a sick person. Naturally the public exercise of all these "illegal" functions could not remain hidden. At eight o'clock the police were on the alert, seeking to lay hand upon me. Had they guessed whose roof it was that sheltered me? Had I been betrayed? I know not. In any case, a gendarme and police agent came to the door, and demanded where I was to be found. The master of the house had

quickly pushed me into a place of concealment not easy to discover. I crouched upon a wooden plank, under the boarding that made a little roof over the well, and behind the windlass. The position was not without danger, for deep water shimmered beneath me; but I was completely hidden, and my seekers would not have risked their precious lives in such a place. The whole house was searched, from garret to cellar, every corner, room, cupboard, and bed visited and overhauled, the granges and stables examined, barrels and water-butts knocked in, and even the door of my hiding-place opened, but I was not found; and the despairing gendarme quitted the premises with a threat, which I heard distinctly: —

"When we can but lay our fists on this cursed fellow, we will wring his neck for him!"

My kind protector, at my request, informed the parishioners that at two o'clock in the morning of the following Sunday, I should say mass in the church. Then, accompanied by a stalwart youth, and still in the garb of a commercial traveller in wines, I decamped at nightfall. We took a circuitous path, across gardens and meadows, until we came to the house of a neighboring curé, where I slept. Next morning found me gayly on my road again, towards the chief town of the canton, to make acquaintance with the prefect, who made it his boast to be one of the heroes of progress.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD ascertained that it was the prefect's custom every evening to repair to the Hotel de la Poste, the casino of the place. Thither I went punctually at eight o'clock, and found seated together at a table the mayor, the doctor, the *percepteur* (or tax-gatherer), the notary, and the prefect. In the same apartment were two other guests, who appeared to be strangers. I installed myself in the vicinity of the men of progress, and was soon in conversation with these two. We touched at first upon indifferent topics, but presently fixed on the question of which all minds are full at the present moment, — the *Kulturkampf*.

"The excitment," I said, "which prevails in this part of the country appears to me extremely serious. A man who, like me, has to travel much, possesses abundant opportunities of ascertaining the feelings of the country people. The conduct of the employés does not seem to be free from blame. The employé, because he is a functionary, does not cease to be a man, and as a man he sides easily with one party or the other. In this question, the highest interests of humanity are at stake, and it is only too common in such cases to substitute the prejudices of party for personal duty, especially in a class lacking the culture of education, and whose very employment precludes refinement of manners. For instance, it seems to me that the proceedings of the gendarmes are not in accordance with the instructions of the legislators and the government, and that they must be condemned by all right-minded men."

The prefect, who had not lost a word of what I was saying, quivered with impatience, and in an agitated manner sat twisting his thick mustache into two ferocious points.

"But what will become of us," asked my *vis-à-vis*, "if the laws of the state are to be violated with impunity? Unless means are employed to keep a sharp bit in the clerical mouth, the people will lose every sentiment of order and equity. I, for my part, say that the government *ought* to interfere with a high hand; and as, in this matter, indulgence would be mere weakness, it ought *not* to be scrupulous in its choice of means. If the priests won't *understand*, they must be made to *feel!*"

"Do you then believe gendarmes and tribunals to be efficacious weapons against conscience? I am not an enemy of the empire. I love my country, but it is precisely *because* I

love it that I deplore the consequences of this unhappy war. It has made a chasm which will not quickly be closed, and struck a blow at the hearts of Catholics of which the mark will not be quickly effaced."

"Things will improve, my dear sir! I am a member of the Lodge, and pretty well *au courant* of the state of affairs. If imprisonment and dispossession will not correct the bishops, their stipends will be confiscated, and a stop put to their relations with Rome. In the first place, the embassy to the *Curia* will be suppressed, and if the pope puts himself into an attitude which will authorize the government to take further measures, it will simply annul the Bull of 1821,—*De Salute Animarum*. Touch the purse of the curés, and they will become supple enough! Should the people make any pretence of disturbance, the district or province will be declared in a state of siege. The Ultramontane papers, the pest of the empire, will be suppressed. We are at the end of the beginning."

"I believe you are right, and that the government will shrink from *no* measures, however violent; but I believe also that the bishops will *never* sacrifice their consciences to their pockets. For my part, I respect every man's convictions."

"*Poperlapapp!* The clergy will and must hold the people in obscurantism, in order to prolong their own existence, and not cut away the ground from under their feet. They are bent upon ruling the masses, and their heads, stupefied by clouds of incense, will take in no suggestions of accommodation or compromise with the law. It is the government which desires to instruct, enlighten, emancipate, and, in fact, give its majority to the people. This is the nucleus of the question. As for the curés, they intrench themselves behind the maxim that God must be obeyed rather than men. They cloak their obstinacy in this biblical sentence, and when they are alone together, laugh among themselves, as did the Roman augurs, at the silliness of the deluded people."

"The accusation is serious, and, it seems to me, somewhat hazardous. I should like to know how it can be proved? The bishops and priests suffer for their principles: this is a fact. Religion must exist: this is another fact, for, without religion, social order is impossible. No amount of instruction will enable the people to do without a positive religion, nor can it ever be inoculated with so-called principles of public morality until it will do what is good and right, because it *is* right and good, or avoid evil simply because it *is* evil. Take away God and eternity from the masses, and they will fall beneath the brutes; their evil instincts and unbridled passions will burst all barriers, and social life will become impossible. What hope, for instance, and what motive for self-restraint, would you give the workingman, worn out with toil, if you rob him of his faith in another life, where he may find a reward for his labors, and a rest from his troubles and privations? That man who charges the Church and the bishops, who are her representatives, with wilfully deceiving the people, is either a blind fanatic or a madman. You just now spoke of the Roman augurs. I could speak of the liberals of our own day. Well, then, was it not political hypocrisy on the part of men calling themselves liberals, to vote laws which in their hearts they reprobated? I will mention only the military law, with its formidable contingents; the law upon the *Landsturm*, and the rejection or indefinite adjournment of the proposition for universal suffrage. Is it liberalism, when the national representation, from love of the chancellor and the government, accepts laws to which the people are utterly averse? And does not this render the constitutional *régime* ridiculous?"

"I confess," replied the Freemason, "that I do not approve in every particular the attitude of the national-

liberal party, and nevertheless, I excuse it, because it is the only support of the government, and without its assistance the state would be unable to pursue its mission of civilization against the Blacks and the Reds. That concessions, little worthy of true liberals, have been made, is a fact to be regretted, but it was inevitable. Believe me, time will change, and we shall then know very well how to shake the government out of its too absolute position."

"Then, from pure considerations of convenience, laws have been made which, it is decided, must be unmade by and by? Well, *mundus vult decipi*. Soley to aid the government in its war against the Ultramontanes, *amen* is said to everything it demands, even when conscience condemns the vote! I also am a liberal, but, exactly because I flatter myself that I am a *true* liberal, I blame this manner of acting. Prejudice not having perverted my judgment, I condemn the measures against the refractory priests, and, placing myself in an objective point of view, and uninfluenced by party passion, I must confess that the governmental weapons do not seem to me to be efficacious, and only yesterday I witnessed something which confirmed me in my opinion. I was at N——: the expatriated priest of the place had returned, and illegally celebrated holy mass. The police were on his track. In vain, the people protected their curé. Is not this a *fiasco* for the government? And do you suppose that things like this can tend to increase love of one's country?"

"You were yesteday at N——?" exclaimed the prefect, turning quickly towards me.

"I was, sir. You are perhaps interested in the place?"

"Assuredly I am. Until this moment I knew nothing of the return of the curé. It must be owned that this man plays too freely with the law!"

"And why, sir? Because he did not let himself be seized by the police? In his place I should not have acted otherwise myself, since, as far as I could ascertain, he felt bound to remain at the post assigned him by his bishop, until compelled by force to relinquish it."

The doctor, sitting next the prefect, muttered in his beard something about a "Jesuit in disguise."

"You are signally mistaken," I answered, smiling. "I am a traveller in wines, a liberal, and a friend of the empire. I have no secret at the inn; my business is to dispose of good wine."

"And so," continued the prefect, "the curé is not arrested?"

"He is not. But I am able to state that the police left no stone unturned to discover him. At least, he was not taken when I left the place."

"If those peasants do not choose to obey me," said the prefect angrily, "I have but to say the word, and a company of soldiers will be billeted on them until they are tamed into submission!"

The company nodded approvingly.

"Since the matter touches you so closely," I said in an unconcerned manner, "you have only to see that the church is guarded next Sunday morning from five to six o'clock. There is no doubt whatever that the curé will be somewhere about the place at that time."

Hereupon I paid my civilities, and left these gentlemen to puzzle their heads on the subject of my personality, and to laugh, to their heart's content, behind the back of the "Jesuit in disguise."

CHAPTER V.

A FEW days afterwards, ont he invitation of a friend, also "exiled" like myself, I repaired to a village on the frontiers of Luxembourg. The Moselle forms its boundary. I arrived on the Feast of the Patron Saint. Besides myself, there were the curé of the place ("the exile") and another priest, *supposed to be in prison*. We

all wore our beards, mine being the least abundant, from its recent date, but those of my comrades presented an imposing aspect. We celebrated high mass at nine o'clock. The Catholics, it need not be said, had taken precautions in order to secure us against surprise. A boat was in readiness to transport us, in case of need, to the Luxembourg frontier, all the other boats being removed to a distance and firmly moored to the bank. Sentinels were posted in all directions, to give a signal if a red or green collar came in sight; but it seemed as if the police, usually endowed with eyes so piercing and ears so long, suspected nothing that day of our clerico-criminal proceedings. Scarcely was mass over (and we had said it rapidly), scarcely was the Blessed Sacrament replaced in the Tabernacle, when a young man rushed breathlessly into the Church, exclaiming, "They come!" The people, who were rejoicing to have their curé once more amongst them, after an absence of several months, became alarmed and excited. We quickly laid aside our sacerdotal vestments, exhorted the congregation to keep quiet, and hastened away towards the Moselle.

We were hardly out of the churchyard before we saw, two hundred paces off, a couple of gendarmes dashing after us at full speed.

"Halt!" roared our pursuers, endeavoring to accelerate their frantic gallop.

As may readily be supposed, we did not slacken our pace, and not being encumbered by cassocks or cloaks, we were quickly on board the boat, and far from shore. It was fortunate that we were, for one of the gendarmes was only twenty paces off, and the other had already one foot in the river. We shouted to them our heartfelt pity for having put themselves into such a violent heat on our account, and begged them to wipe their flushed brows and take a little repose. By this time we were safe on the soil of Luxembourg, which has not yet become acquainted with the *Kulturkampf* and its racing gendarmes. The parishioners stood waving their hats and handkerchiefs on the opposite bank; we returned the salute, and went to get a cup of coffee in a neighboring village where we found ourselves better off than in fire-engine depots or Prussian prisons.

But if these things have their comic point of view, they have also another, which is very serious and very tragic. Matters have surely come to a strange pass when priests, because they offer the most Holy Sacrifice, are pursued by gendarmes as vile criminals, and compelled to wander about *as* they can, and *where* they can, in disguise. Ten years ago, any one who had ventured to predict this as possible, would have rendered himself ridiculous

The same day, bidding adieu to my companions in misfortunes, I took the boat for B——, to seek an asylum at the house of near relations.

On the boat I had the little adventure to which allusion was made in the first part of my narrative, and only escaped certain arrest by presence of mind and the protection of the captain, an old class comrade, who showed himself less a "man of service" than the mayor of whom I have spoken. This worthy man was glad to see me after several years of separation, and knowing that I had been a theological student, was not a little surprised to find me in the dress of a civilian.

"Well, yes," I said to him, "I am one of the dried fruits of progress. We priests, who were formerly regarded as upholders of the throne and props of the state, are now treated as revolutionists, criminals, and traitors to our country. We must wander from town to town, and find nowhere a safe refuge from the gendarmes, who scent us out as dogs scent game."

I then briefly told him my story, and begged him not to betray me.

"No, indeed; you may trust me for that," he answered warmly, and grasping my hand. "As long as you

are on board my boat, you have nothing to fear."

He did not know how soon he was to be called upon to prove his words by deeds. At the last stopping-place but one, my friend who had pushed his horse upon me got into the boat, and announced himself as also a passenger for B——. I promptly withdrew into a retired corner, lest I should be recognized, in spite of my lay costume and the shade of my new mustache.

I confided to the captain the difficulties of the situation. He reflected a moment, smiled, and left me. I, meanwhile, turning my back to the passengers, contemplated the track left by the vessel in the blue waters, which reflected the melancholy beams of an autumn sun, and admired the meandering of the river, winding among hills of romantic beauty. On the right and left, hamlets and villages were artistically grouped amongst rocks and forests, vines grew on the hillsides, and above spread the blue canopy of heaven.

"How exquisitely beautiful is everything around us!" I mentally exclaimed, as I listened to the melodious carillon of bells, and the joyous songs of the grape-gatherers. "How lovely would earth be, were it not turned into a hell by human passions! Life is full of sorrow, troubles, sickness, and weariness, and men persecute their fellows as if they had nothing better to do than render more bitter still the few days allotted to us here below!"

Here a hand laid on my shoulder drew me out of my meditations. It was that of the captain.

"Follow me into this closet," he said, with a knowing look, "the gendarme will not be likely to find you here. You could, it is true, stay here until we get to B——, but it would not be at all amusing to be caged up all that time, and this, too, when the weather is fine, the breeze fresh, and the sky clear. We must look at things from the poetic point of view. You have often helped *me* through Virgil's 'Æneid,' and Homer's 'Odyssey,' and it is now my turn to help *you* to put in practice Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' Always classic, — formerly on the school-benches, now on board ship. Here is a red sailor's jacket, and a cap with metal buttons and a steel anchor in front, at your service. There! now let the gendarme encounter you as soon as he likes. As you were already transformed from a priest into a commercial traveller, this new change will not be too sudden."

The jacket proved somewhat tight-fitting for my broad shoulders, and its seams cracked ominously on receiving so formidable an amount of internal pressure; but, seeing myself in a glass, I perceived, with satisfaction, that I was indeed not easily to be recognized. I lost no time before trying the experiment, and passing boldly by the personage who had practised horsemanship upon me, placed myself by the pilot, and arrived at B—— without any misadventure

I remained with my relations until the Saturday, and then started again for my parish, which I reached about one o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

SHORTLY after my arrival in my own parish, I perceived my people stealing silently to the church, which was in total darkness. Each person gave the watchword before the sacristy door opened to admit him. I heard confessions until two o'clock, and then said mass. Curtains were drawn over the windows, and shades placed over the only two lights burning on the altar or in the church. Although it was full of people, a profound silence reigned, scarcely broken from time to time by the voices of the celebrant and server, and by suppressed weeping. After mass I gave Holy Communion and the benediction, and at four o'clock had left the village far behind me.

I afterwards learnt that the prefect, acting on the advice I had obligingly given him, had the church guarded

from five o'clock, and the hapless police remained vainly shivering at their posts through the coldest hours of the morning.

A few days later I received the following letter from a counsellor-church-warden: —

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ, — The police are on the watch. We must act with prudence. We have put ourselves into communication with the parochial clergy of the neighborhood, and obtained permission for you to celebrate holy mass by night in the villages of P——, G——, N——, and M—— Your parishioners will await you there. All precautions have been taken to prevent your being arrested. Brave and trusty young men will be placed as sentinels. The signal is a sharp, short whistle; and the cry of the cuckoo will indicate that everything is in order. The parish is determined, in spite of everything to remain faithful to the priest whom the bishop has appointed as its pastor. Nothing shall weaken our firm attachment to our holy church, the pope, and the bishops. We gratefully appreciate all the trouble you give yourself in order to remain the faithful guardian of your flock."

The plan indicated in this letter was carried out. On the three Sundays following I was able to say mass in the places named, at one o'clock in the morning. Even aged and feeble women came, notwithstanding the length of the way. After the firm faith and generous self-sacrifice of these good people, I admired their sagacity, which succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police. On the fourth Sunday, matters took another turn.

It was midnight, and I strode briskly across the fields towards the burgh of M——. When about three hundred paces from the end of my journey, I heard a sharp whistle. Another whistle, close at hand, answered the first. I saw no one, and hesitated. This signal warned me that the police were abroad. At the same moment I heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching. I turned quickly, and looked about in vain for anything behind which to conceal myself. It was bright moonlight. Soon I saw the pointed helmet of a mounted gendarme, and heard a rough voice ask, "Who is whistling there?" Immediately a man started out of a ditch and dashed across the fields. The gendarme was turning his horses' head to pursue the fugitive, when he suddenly perceived me.

"Who are you? And what do you want here?"

I pulled my hat over my forehead, and made no answer.

"Come with me. If you attempt to make off, I pass over your body! March!"

There was nothing to be done but obey. My captor did not know what a prize he had taken, for I heard him say as we went along, "You think you are going to make game of the police. Wait and see!"

All the place was in commotion. The people were turned out of the church by the gendarmes. Several inhabitants of N—— were arrested at the same time as myself, and taken to the house of the magistrate of the place, where a *procès-verbal* was drawn up. It was there I was recognized. The rejoicings of the police were worthy of a better cause. The other prisoners, who had committed no crime but that of taking a long walk by moonlight, were immediately set at liberty, and returned to N——. I did the same, with this difference, that I had the honor of being escorted by a mounted gendarme on each side, instead of walking in the midst of my parishioners.

Next day, the mayor administered to me one of his unctuous discourses, which, besides being spiced with foreign words, was abundantly garnished with such epithets as *night-walker*, *violator of the laws*, *disguised vagabond*, etc., and wound up with a peroration announcing that I was to be punished with a month's imprisonment, after which I must quit the empire, being declared by royal ordinance an exile from the country of Germany.

Banished from Germany! Without country and without home!

This sentence moved me more profoundly than I should have expected, for I sincerely love my country, and would never have quitted it voluntarily. And so I was to be banished from my

fatherland, the land of my birth and childhood, the land to which I am bound by every tie of blood, of memory, and of friendship, — thrown into the wide world, towards France, England, America, or New Caledonia, the colony of criminals!

As emigration to France would have laid me under still greater suspicion of being an enemy to the empire, and as America is some way from the diocese of Treves, I resolved to settle in Luxembourg. But for four weeks yet I was to be allowed to breathe the air of my country, in prison; and had writing materials been at my disposal, I should have addressed a letter of thanks to the government for this new favor. I think, however, that I should have felt tempted to regret this act of gratitude, for the four weeks I was permitted to pass upon German soil, in the prison of the canton, were terribly bitter.

The food was bad to a sickening degree, and the treatment did not in any way differ from that of the houses of correction. I had to sweep my cell, make my bed, fulfil other functions by no means delicate, and in which my want of skill often drew upon me violent abuse. I do not say this by way of complaint, for I was prepared for the worst, and knew that the saints have repeatedly done and undergone far more difficult and painful things; but I wish once more to call to mind that priests are not low-minded scoundrels, and that they are in prison for principle and conscience, and not for violence, burglary, or murger.

The deprivation of personal liberty would suffice to hinder the "illegal" exercise of public functions. To put political prisoners under the *régime* of a house of correction is an injustice of which legislators ought not to render themselves guilty.

It must be remembered also, that, in the prisons, the governor is absolute master, and that it rests with him to tighten at will the screw of power, and to tighten it to a pressure so cruel that a man needs all his moral strength and religious fortitude to remain calm under the enormities to which he is subjected. These excesses have, I rejoice to say, been pointed out by Herr Heeremann to the Prussian *Landtag*, and I beg leave to join with him in soliciting that political prisoners may be placed under the *régime* customary in the fortresses. If an officer and a student who fight a duel have their honor, a Catholic priest has also his.

It would, however, on the one hand have been useless on my part to make the attempt to inculcate any such ideas in the mind of the governor of the prison, for he would not have comprehended them; and, on the other, it was not my business to teach him the difference between a highwayman and a priest who fulfils a spiritual function prohibited by the civil law. Besides, this man was a furious partisan of the *Kulturkampf*, and rarely opened his mouth without expectorating the word *prefect*, with an effort fort to exhale it with emphasis. He regarded me with cordial hatred, and with a degree of contempt which I could only explain by the fact that I was an "obscurantist," while he, though unable to write correctly, was a man of progress. One day, when he was wishing that "all the curés might go to the devil," I asked him if he had ever heard of Nero's wish, — that the human race had but one neck, that he might finish it at a blow.

These four weeks came to an end at last, but I own that the last day seemed an eternity. I counted every moment, and trembling with cold, paced my narrow cell a hundred times an hour. The impatience which dwells in the human heart is, under such circumstances, irrepressible, and lengthens days into weeks and months. All my feelings centred upon the one thought, — To-morrow, free! No one who has not experienced this can imagine what it is. Although, together with that of liberty, I had the

prospect of exile, this did not hinder my ardent longing for the morrow.

I was obligingly allowed a delay of forty-eight hours in which to quit my country, — with a warning that if by that time I were not gone, the public force would transport me beyond the frontier. I simply declared that my conscience as a Catholic priest would not allow me to go away of my own accord, and quietly waited the result.

In the evening of that day I had an agreeable surprise, which, though it moved me to tears, made me quickly forget the hard treatment from which I had been suffering. Having received a note to summon me to the house of a friend, what was my joy at finding there my dear and aged mother! She had read in the journals my sentence of banishment, and regardless of the long distance, the snow, and bitter cold, she had come to see me and bid me good by.

It was one of the happiest moments of my life. With what an appetite I consumed my supper, to the peril of a digestion long unaccustomed to good and wholesome food! How excellent were the cigars my good mother had brought me! But why do I relate these trivial details? Because I cannot refrain from lingering a moment to contemplate one spot of brightness, one ray of sunshine, suddenly beaming into the dark night of my sufferings. Besides, when I tell the sympathetic reader that I am the only son of my mother, my excellent mother, who sacrificed her last farthing for the expenses of my studies for the priesthood, and for me willingly imposed upon herself all kinds of privations, who, with tears of happiness, beheld me for the first time ascend the steps of the altar, and who finds me again, without position or resources, a proscribed wanderer, exhausted by prison, on the eve of exile, and about to bid her, it may be, the last adieu in this world, I need say no more in the way of apology.

We remained talking together far into the night, her hands in mine. I told her my history, and she smiled and wept at the same time. Since that night we have never met again

And here I would make an observation to the non-Catholic reader into whose hands these pages may chance to fall. I wish to make distinctly understood, what has often been in my mind on the bleak mountains and along the muddy roads, when exhausted with fasting and fatigue, ill, and not knowing whither I was wandering; and it is this. Not only is prison life, as I have already said, *not* a "cheap martyrdom," but to this I would add, neither is that of the proscribed priest. Let those who so speak recollect that man naturally and legitimately requires repose and refreshment after the fatigues of toil and the weariness of the day. Every one loves the hours which are at his own disposal, when, the day's work over, he once more belongs to himself, and his moments belong to him, to spend as he sees fit. The exiled priest, who is also a man, must renounce all this. He is isolated from all, he dare not show his face in any company, must be constantly upon his guard, keeping out of sight like a thief, and moving by stealth from place to place in the night, the storm, or the snow. And it is not for obstinacy that he undergoes these hard trials, but for conscience' sake, and that he may keep faithfully the souls confided to his care. Well, then, I ask, is not this voluntary renunciation of all that makes life pleasant, all one's daily habits, — is not this incessant state of anxiety, excitement, and suffering a confessorship which has at times ended in the death of the victim, and is not this death a martyrdom?

It was three days before Christmas when I was released from my executive prison, and I was expected, conformably to the order of the government, to shake off from my feet the dust, or rather the snow, of my country, on the great festival itself. I was, however, determined to keep it with

my parishioners, cost me what it might. I could not leave them without mass on that beautiful feast of joy and love.

On Thursday, the 24th of December, I found myself at a village four leagues distant from my parish. The weather was fearful. For eight days the snow had been falling without intermission; it was several feet in depth, and there remained no trace of the road. I did not conceal from myself the difficulties of a journey to N——, but I had promised to be at my post at midnight, and intended to keep my word.

CHAPTER VII.

At three o'clock in the afternoon I set out. I had a pair of long boots, as indifferent to the water as a Winkelried is to death. Each step plunged them into two or three feet of snow, and there they stuck as if they were glued. At this rate I advanced so slowly that I began to fear lest I should lose my way and not arrive in time. Clouds of small snow-particles, driven by a piercing north wind, danced around. I could not see ten paces before me, and vainly strove to keep in one direction. How far I went before losing my way, or how far I wandered out of it, across fields and meadows, I cannot say, but, all at once, what I was walking upon cracked beneath me, and I found myself above the knees in icy water. I had set foot upon a stream, and it was with some difficulty that I extricated myself from this involuntary bath All these hindrances only sharpened my determination, and I experienced the truth of the proverb. "Courage increases with danger." One who dares to defy the powerful Prussian government must not let himself be stopped by snow-flakes and a malicious stream.

It was then quite dark. About six o'clock I passed through a village, and there ascertained that N—— was still two and a half leagues distant. In three hours I had not accomplished half the way, and was ready to drop from fatigue. I halted a few minutes at a small inn, drank a glass of sour wine, and started again on my road.

I will not fatigue the reader with an account of my new difficulties, in spite of which, to my own astonishment, I reached the end of my journey at half past eleven o'clock. This march through the snow, on Christmas eve, 1874, will never be effaced from my memory.

The police were prepared for anything rather than for my reappearance so soon in my own parish, and thus left me in peace all that night, for which I beg them to accept the assurance of my sincere gratitude.

When I entered the church it was already full, and a parishioner was reciting the rosary aloud. A murmur of joy ran through the congregation when I appeared at the altar. No one, not even the gendarmes, had expected me in such weather. The church was lighted, but curtainns covered the windows.

At the first stroke of midnight I began the Holy Sacrifice. Never did I pray with greater happiness and fervor, and when the cantor intoned the admirable hymn,—

"Dispel the darkness, holy night!"

my whole soul was stirred within me.

During the first mass, I gave a brief address to my flock: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men!" My words flowed straight from my heart, I was so happy! Yes, the man of progress and the unbeliever may laugh and mock, but I was completely happy, in spite of persecution and suffering. Fatigue and anxiety had vanished, and the varied feelings which thronged into my heart, the circumstances under which I was celebrating the Feast of Christmas, the love of my dear people for their Church. although drawing from me tears of mingled joy and sadness. yet filled me with a happiness which the world cannot give, nor its hatred take away.

I said the three masses of Christmas day, baptized three children, and gave

a general benediction. At the end of these simple ceremonies — but sublime in their simplicity — my brave parishioners crowded round me, holding my hands and weeping. I said a few more words to cheer and strengthen them, and then, notwithstanding the entreaties of those who invited me to their homes, I plunged again into the darkness.

The snow seemed, that beautiful night, as if it were dancing for joy. In the bleak wind I could almost imagine I heard an echo of the songs of the angels. When at last, after daylight had returned, I reached the door of a presbytery in a distant village, I fell down, unconscious, from exhaustion, and for some days afterwards was a prey to burning fever.

Since that time I have only been twice to N——. It was not possible for me oftener to fulfil my pastoral duties, without deliberately throwing myself into the talons of the police. I have sojourned at Treves, Cologne, and Coblentz, besides spending some time in a cloister. I have no country, or home, or resting-place.

My parishioners are orphans. The nearest church is a league and a half distant. In the depth of a severe winter, a small number of them only can go to mass on Sundays. They have no sermon, no religious instruction, no one to administer the sacraments, to comfort the sick, to carry to the dying the Bread of life. But our Father in heaven is merciful.

These, then, are the fruits and manifestations of the *Kulturkampf*. Similar scenes are renewed daily, and in every direction. The whole country is in tears, and the priests are in prison, proscribed, and wanderers like myself.

But the state cannot come out of the struggle victorious. It may, by new laws, hang the *bread-basket* as high as it chooses: it will see what it is to have to deal with Catholic priests.

If my narrative, the sole merit of which is its accurate relation of facts, should find favor with the Catholic people, I might possibly relate more on a future occasion. The matter is so alarmingly abundant that I could fill volumes. I commend this little account to the grace of God.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

One day a poor little girl, who was coming from school, stopped before the window of a cake-shop. Looking wistfully at the dainties there displayed, she attracted the attention of a lady who was passing at the time.

"Why should I not give the child a cake?" she thought. "It would make her so happy."

She asked her if she would like one. The little child looked up with surprise, and her eyes sparkled with delight. On being asked if she would have one large cake or two small ones, she chose the latter, "Because," she said, "she had a sister at home to whom she could give one."

The little girl's delight when the cakes were put into her hands was worth the pennies that they had cost, and she danced beside the lady as she went up the same street, carefully carrying her treasures, for she would not touch the cake until she got home, and could share it with her sister.

Many of our so-called Protestant friends are bigoted against Catholicity, not through malice, but ignorance. It should be a pleasing duty of every Catholic to explain his belief, or if he is not competent, to give them Catholic books or papers, or at least to occasionally offer up a prayer for their conversion. — *Catholic Columbian.*

"It is awful hard to be a real, good Catholic," say many. Yes, it does take some self-denial, some curbing of human pride; but then how much harder it is to grow rich, or become honored and admired by your acquaintance, and after all to find that your soul's salvation has been endangered. — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE IRISH LANGUAGE: REPLY TO MR. O'DALY.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5, 1879.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ.:

WITH reference to the letter from Mr. P. J. O'Daly in the August number of your magazine, in which he criticises the composition of my Irish articles, I beg to say that from the first of them, he well knew that I was their author; he knows also that some of the errors he points out are typographical ones, or what is about the same, slips of the pen which might occur even in the English composition of the most experienced author, just as one might write "the" for "they." He knows also that it is very hard to have a foreign language set up with absolute correctness, when neither proof-readers nor printers know a word of it. The difficulty becomes still greater when the author is not at hand to correct the proofs. I wish to show how captious the greater part of your correspondent's criticisms are, and how plainly they bear the stamp of uncharitableness, and I think I may say, of envy also. Mr. O'Daly and the "officers" of the Boston Philo-Celtic Society are angry because in five or six months I succeeded in calling more public attention to the Irish language and its claims, not only on Irishmen, but on the literary world at large, than they could have done in the whole course of their natural lives. If they are what they profess to be, lovers of the Celtic language, they should rejoice at what little I have done, even if I am the great "humbug" they think I am. Your correspondent should be the last to criticise too severely the Irish compositions of other people. I never before have written a word about him or his pretensions to education of any kind, but am now obliged in self-defence to give my opinions as to his claims to both English and Irish scholarship. If I say hard things he must blame himself. I would make almost any sacrifice rather than answer or take any notice whatever of anything either he or his "brother officers" would say; and would not take any notice of his article if I were assured that the cause of the Irish language would not suffer by my passing over in complete silence the strictures of men who are led to make them through a spirit of jealousy and spite. I am also tempted to reply to his letter, because I know that doing so will have a tendency to call the attention of educated men to the Irish language. Here permit me to say that I do not want to trespass on you for space sufficient to reply to all the strictures of your correspondent. To do so would be to make me as ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men as he has made himself. He sometimes evidently misunderstands the English translation, and some of his "corrections" make the Irish absolute nonsense. Grammatical rules cannot be strictly binding in any language, exceptions to them must constantly occur; and the person that tries to apply them to the composition of others, without being himself a grammarian, is like a boy of ten years old trying to wield a dragoon's broadsword: he is more likely to wound himself than to hurt his adversary.

We will take the first expression your "critic" finds fault with. "Taobh amuigh." It is one of the commonest expressions in the Irish language meaning, "outside" and sometimes "besides." "Agus feuch, balla *taobh amuigh* don tighe."—*Ezekiel* xl, 5. "Agus *taoibh amuich* dhiobh so uile" (and besides all these). — *Luke* xxiv, 21. "Leith amuigh" is another form of same phrase. He says "de h-Eirinn" is wrong, and that the simple prepositions "do" and "de" never cause the intervention of an *h*. No one knowing Irish grammar would make such a remark as this, for the *h* used in this instance is entirely euphonic, has nothing to do with grammar, is merely inserted to prevent a hiatus, and may be omitted or not. Here are a few passages that settle the question: "Agus do lean cuideachda mhór é ó

taobh thall *de Iordan*." — *Matthew* iv, 25. "Do h-osgladh neamh dhó." — *Matthew* iii, 19. Now if it be correct to write "de Iordan," it *must be* correct to write "de h-Iordan," for the insertion of the euphonic *h* is not governed by any grammatical rule, and may be omitted or not at the pleasure of the writer, just as, in the other example given, "do h-osgladh" might be as correctly written "d' osgladh."

I will just take another example of the criticisms of your "learned" correspondent. He says that "Leabhar Baile Muta," "Leabhar Laigham," etc., are incorrect expressions, and that the genitive forms should be used. There is hardly anything in the Irish language more common than the practice of putting both parts of a proper name in apposition in the same case. Not only has it been done by the best writers of our language, but it is the best way of writing compound proper names, whenever it is possible to do so without violation of grammar, because by putting the last part of the compound word in the genitive, you disguise it to a great extent. The nomenclature of Ireland furnishes innumerable examples of this. "Cill-dair," "Cill-cinnich," Kildare, Kilkenny, are invariably written instead of Cill-darach, Cill-Chinnch, which latter would be their genitive forms. Here is an instance from O'Dugan: "Druideam le triathaibh Tabhtha." (Let us approach the lords of Teffia.) Here Tabhtha is in the genitive case, according to the meaning of the sentence, yet it is put in the dative in apposition with "triathaibh." Here is another from the same writer: "O Chuailgne chrioch leannaigh." (From Cuailgne, land of cloaks.)

The reason I left out the article before the names of France and Germany was because in composition it looks awkward and reads awkwardly to use the article with the names of some countries, and not with others. When we speak of France and mention that country only, it might be counted an error to omit the article. But the rule, although given as a grammatical one, can hardly be called more than a custom that is often not observed by the best writers. In the Bible the article is invariably used with Egypt but Keating does not use it, and writes "as Egipt" instead of "as an Egipt."

I did not mean that "Tiortha Iosala" should be in the genitive. Your correspondent evidently does not know the genitive plural of "tir." It is "tiorthann"; but any one knowing Irish grammar would know that it could not be "tiortha," for that is the nominative plural, which is *invariably** different from the genitive plural. "A meadhan na d-tiorthann." (In the midst of the countries.)—*Ezekiel* v, 5.

Your correspondent makes another grave error when he says that "ollamhan" is the genitive singular of "ollamh." It is the genitive plural, as the following quotation from Bishop Carsewell's book will show: "A d-tamh lorgaibh fileadh agus ollamhan." (See O'Donovan's Grammar, page 455.) Now it is quite evident that "ollamhan" cannot be both genitive singular and genitive plural; and it is plain that it is either a misprint or an omission in O'Reilly where he gives "ollamhan" as genitive; probably the word "plural" was omitted.

I cannot see why "ui Chomhairigh" should not be in the same case with "ollaimh," that is, the genitive, just as you would put the surname in the same case with the Christian name. If "do réir Thómais Ui Mhordha" be correct, "do réir ollaimh ui Chomharaigh" must be correct. The presence of the article "an" before "ollaimh" cannot alter the sense. I never saw the genitive form of "ollamh" in composition except in Scotch Gaelic, where it was made "ollaimh."

"Dá labharamar" is perfectly correct, and in this instance means "of which." (See O'Donovan's Grammar, page 131.) Your correspondent says

*This is true except in about two or three instances of heteroclite nouns, and in nouns of fifth declension.

it should be "dar" because the verb following it is in the simple past tense. Here is an instance from Keating, of its use before a verb in the simple past tense: "Gach gairm sgoile dá d-tugadar uatha." "Amhalgaidh mac Fiachrack mic Dathi, *dá labhram*." (Amhalgaidh, son of Fiachra, son of Dathi, of whom we have spoken.) (*O'Donovan*, page 132.) In the last instance given, we have the exact same words used in exactly the same sense as that in which I used them, "labhram" and "labhramar" having precisely the same meaning. Keating is the author of one of the sentences I have given, and MacFirbis of the other. Talk of "almighty presumption"! A man like your correspondent, that would put himself above the two greatest writers of the Irish language, makes himself so *supremely ridiculous* that any remarks of mine are unnecessary. O'Reilly spells "Saltair" just as I spelled it, and uses the phrases "Saltair Caisil, Saltair Teamrach," *not* aspirating "Caisil" or "Teamrach." (See his dictionary under the letter S.) I think your readers will agree with me in thinking that he is as good an authority as your correspondent. What will Irish scholars think of the man who says "Ba h-i obair mhaith" is bad Irish? Here is a phrase from Archbishop MacHale, of exactly similar construction: "Ba h-iad abhráin duthchais a tír féin do sheinn." I wrote "gur bhathadaois" on the authority of the best speaker of Irish I have heard in this country. He said that if I wrote "go m-bathadaois," however grammatically correct it might be, the people would hardly understand it. "Is na h analaibh Eireann" is more correct than "a n-analaibh na h-Eireann," because I am speaking of *p rt cular* annals. Your correspondent corrects an error I made in writing "san aitibh" into "'sna h-aitibh," the very form he finds fault with in this instance, and wants corrected into something else! for 'sna is but a union of "anns" or "is," and "na." The phrase "Dón Mhor-thir na h-Eorpa" can hardly be called incorrect, for O'Donovan admits that in ancient times it would be considered correct, and quotes from Cormac's Glossary, "Gus an alt na gualand." There are certain phrases which cannot be put into Irish exactly without a violation of the rule.

I think I have now said enough to expose the nature of your correspondent's criticisms; I would say more, but I must confess my inability to understand the English he sometimes uses. If he cannot write Irish better than he writes English, I fear he might make even more errors than myself. I hate to have to write in hard terms of any one having the resuscitation and cultivation of our language at heart; I hate to give Americans an opportunity of saying that we can take up nothing that we will not fight about: but what can I do? Here is a man who, out of personal dislike, the origin and end of which I neither know nor desire to know, abuses me publicly, and exposes not only his own ignorance but his lack of patriotism also. If I make mistakes in writing Irish, he could draw attention to them without saying I was a person of "almighty presumption." I think the reader now knows who has the most presumption. Your correspondent knows very well I would never write "do réir an *t*-ollaimh, *San* aitibh" except through a slip of the pen, just as the best English scholar might write "the" for "they." If I did write such phrases, the chances are ten to one that their correction was overlooked by the proof-reader. Considering how hard it is to have a foreign language properly printed by those who do not understand it, I think you deserve great credit for having it done so well. No matter how plainly one writes a language of which both printers and proof-readers are ignorant, mistakes will occur, if corrected and even re-corrected proofs are not read over by the author. In the Irish versions of some of the melodies in your number for August there are the strangest kinds of typographical errors, yet I

took particular pains in writing the manuscript as plainly as I could.

Permit me to say that I would be delighted to invite the criticism of *fair* men on whatever I write in the Irish language. The best writer that ever put pen to paper will make mistakes. I do not profess exemption from making mistakes in Irish or English; but I can take no more notice whatever of any remarks emanating from your correspondent, simply because he does not make them in a proper spirit. The motives that actuated him are easily seen, and I pity the fate of the Irish language in the future if its cultivation and resuscitation are to be upheld by the use of such expressions as he and some others connected with the Boston Philo-Celtic Society have lately indulged in. Your correspondent told me that "they would kill me" because I protested against their outrageous resolution which strove to prevent Irish from being printed in any but the old type.

By "killing" me they meant destroying my influence as a propagandist of Irish. Let them kill away; but in killing me, let them take care that they do not help to kill the Irish language also, for the expressions they use and the style in which they write must disgust every decent person not only with it, but with those who are doing their best to rescue it from death. T. O. RUSSELL.

"Is the time for making one's Easter duty over yet?" said a person of Catholic name to the writer, a few days since. "Why, yes, some five or six weeks ago." "Well, I guess I'll wait until next year." "How do you know that you are going to live that long?" He "looked a blank stare," and moved off. The prayers of the charitable should be offered for such. — *The Catholic Columbian.*

SILENCE is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stews, and he is quiet enough.

HOW DRINKERS' WIVES MAY MAKE MONEY.

BARKEEPERS in this city pay on an average $2 per gallon for whiskey. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays $6.50 per gallon for his whiskey; in other words, he pays $2 for his whiskey and $4 50 to the man for handing it over the bar. Make your wife your barkeeper. Lend her $2 to buy a gallon of whiskey for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay her ten cents for it. By the time you have drunk a gallon she will have $6.50, or enough money to refund the $2 borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of $2.50. She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by all respectable persons, your wife will have enough money to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave. —*From C. T. Campbell's Lecture in Maysfield, Ky.*

A SNAIL THAT WOULD NOT STARVE. — An Egyptian desert snail was received at the British Museum on March 25, 1846. The animal was not known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into its shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on to a tablet, duly labelled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving, this contented gasteropod simply went to sleep in a quiet way, and never woke up for four years The tablet was then placed in tepid water and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly resuscitated himself, began walking about the basin, and finally sat for his portrait, which may be seen of life-size in Mr. Woodward's "Manual of the Mollusca." During those four years the snail had never eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing at the end of the period as he had been at its beginning.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE TRACK.

It was late that night when Captain Burnet returned to Aston Manor. The old man whom we have denominated the prior, but whose real name was Nicholas Halton, had, despite the captain's earnest wishes, obstinately borne him company for more than half the journey, guiding him through lonely and unfrequented by-ways until they reached the nearest road to Aston, and even then the captain had great difficulty to persuade his voluntary guide to leave him.

The hamlet that lay almost at the gate of Lord Aston's domain was a small, unpretending group of cottages, overshadowed by the thickly clustering trees; and from its midst arose the walls of the modest church, that in its best days could not have commanded a very ample congregation. But, small as it was, there was room to spare for the great family pew that the lord of the manor had introduced for the comfort and convenience of his family; and the farmers and laborers who, in obedience to the law, resorted every Sunday to the little temple, were sparsely dotted over the benches that were furnished for their accommodation.

As Burnet busied himself with the fastenings of the gate, the clatter of hoofs sounded on the road, and looking round, he observed a small party of horsemen approaching from the village below.

The leader pulled up as he came abreast of the gate, and glanced sharply at the captain, who stood in an attitude of expectation, his face turned to the light of the moon.

"This is Lord Aston's, I believe?" said the new-comer, finding that Burnet did not move.

The captain bowed an assent, and, the gate being now open, stood aside to allow the horsemen to enter. There was a momentary hesitation, and the cavalcade passed on; but they waited until Burnet joined them, and, keeping him in their midst, rode up to the house together.

"We are strangers, it seems, sir," said the leader, a heavy, thick-set personage, who had been curiously scanning the appearance of Burnet. "Although I know most people about here, I cannot call to mind that we have met before."

"Probably not," said Burnet. "I have been here but a short time; and I owe it to an accident that befell me lately that I have the honor to be the guest of Lord Aston."

"Accident!" ejaculated the other. "Then you are the gentleman who narrowly escaped being roasted alive yonder with some of my fellows a month since? I am the sheriff of the county, Peter Mandrill, sir, at your service."

The effect of this announcement, made in rather pompous tones, was a little spoilt in the bustle that followed their arrival at the main entrance of the mansion.

Some servants came out with torches, and, in the sudden blaze of light, the sheriff could not restrain a momentary glance of keen inquiry at his chance acquaintance, who leisurely dismounted, and ascended the flight of steps that gave access to the hall, with an appearance of utter indifference to the presence of the august sheriff.

Although it was summer, a large wood-fire burned upon the spacious hearth, and before it were grouped the family of Lord Aston. London manners had not penetrated into rural districts at that time, and, after the manner of his ancestors, Lord Aston usually made the hall the family-room; but as a concession to modern habits, a huge screen was partially drawn across the hall, that gave a little more privacy to the inmates, and hid them from the watchful observation of the servants, who occupied themselves in

their various duties at the farther end.

The peer was sitting near the fire, his hand resting upon the head of a fine mastiff, that rose and growled fiercely, displaying a formidable array of glistening fangs, as the strange footfalls of the visitors resounded on the checkered pavement.

"Down, Wolf! down, sir!" said Lord Aston. "Whom have we here? Some benighted travellers who have lost their way? Ah, good Master Mandrill, welcome, although you come late. Did our friend, Captain Burnet, meet you on the road?"

"I hope you are come to pay us a visit of courtesy this time, Master Mandrill, and not upon any odious business errand," said Lady Aston, a handsome person of middle age, who rose to greet the visitor.

"I never see Master Mandrill but I dream of that terrible scene we witnessed at Warwick. Oh, the horrible butchery!" said a younger lady, with a look of unaffected horror.

The sheriff stood awkwardly gazing at the speakers, as if uncertain whether to take their remarks in jest or earnest; but remembering that he did not make the laws, and that the execution of them must be confided to some one, without regard to his feelings or taste, he strove to recover his dignity by a little rough badinage.

"Who could think of business in such enchanting company, Lady Aston?" he said, trying to modulate his coarse, harsh voice to the tone of flattery, coolly seating himself the while at the board, that displayed the remains of a very substantial meal. "If I had not been so old an acquaintance of these charming young ladies, beshrew me, but I should refuse to believe that they were your ladyship's daughters: but time flies with them as with such old birds as my lord and me. But for you, Lady Aston, he does not budge an inch. You can stay his march like Moses or Aaron — which was it? — who made the sun stand still when the Jews passed through the Red Sea."

The ladies laughed at the absurd compliment; and the sheriff, after plunging his nose into the depths of a capacious flagon of ale, looked round with a complacent smirk, as if he had said a remarkably handsome thing, and then proceeded to attack a huge pie that stood conveniently near him.

"Now I will wager my best nag against the veriest screw that ever was bred," he said, pausing for a moment with his mouth full, "that you would not have laughed at that, Miss Philippa, if a young and handsome stripling had said it. Nor you either, Miss Grace."

"No young man would have had the folly to tell us that we were as old as our mother," said Philippa, with slightly curling lip.

"Nay, but Master Mandrill means a young man of his own sober age," said Grace.

"Oh, worse and worse!" said Lady Aston. "Your gallantry is thrown away upon such thankless creatures, Master Mandrill."

"Ah, it was different when I was young," said the sheriff, with a sigh, trying to look sentimental. "Ladies did not jest at me then. This is a most toothsome pasty. You have the finest venison, my lord, that it has been my good fortune to taste for many a day. But you do not join me, Captain Burnet. My ride has given me an appetite. Did you journey far to day?"

Burnet was engaged in a whispered conversation, on the farther side of the hearth, with a young lady of extreme beauty, — a dark, oval face, with clearly defined, regular features; and her hair, dark and glossy as the raven's wing, was arranged in a cluster of curls above the smooth forehead. And the sheriff was surprised to meet her fixed and somewhat unfriendly glance, as she raised her luminous and expressive eyes as he spoke.

"O uncle," she said, turning from the sheriff and addressing Lord Aston, "Captain Burnet has been to the Priory to-day. I should dearly like to

see the place again. Do let us ride there to-morrow."

"With all my heart, child," said Lord Aston. "But you had best provide yourself with some creature comforts if you do not wish to be starved. The prior keeps no table now, as they did of old times and lives upon simples and water, and the like sorry cheer, they say."

"Those idolatrous remains should be razed to the earth," remarked the sheriff grimly. "They do but keep alive a spirit of sympathy for the superstitious founders. I have heard people lamenting the good times of the monks, as though," he added contemptuously, "there could have been anything worthy of remembrance in those abominable popish days."

Captain Burnet's companion shot a rapid, eager glance at the sheriff.

"But why are you so desirous of rooting out these Papists?" she asked. "There do not seem to be many of them; and I have never been able to learn in what they have offended."

"In what have they *not* offended, Miss Hilda?" rejoined the sheriff, astonished at such a question. "Their religion is unlawful: that is enough for any good subject of King James; it is a mark of disloyalty; nay, it is no less than high treason. They would hand us over to the Spanish cutthroats, people the land with monks and nuns, and heaven knows what besides; or blow us out of our beds with their Powder Plots. Why, if they once got the upper hand, we should be burned or racked, as the holy Reformers were in Queen Mary's time; and what would then become of our religion?"

"They are too few to cause any fears on that score," said Lord Aston.

"Few!" said the sheriff impatiently. "They are far too many to let us live in peace! Like noxious weeds, they grow as fast as we cut them down, or trample them under foot. They are not so few but they can plot with Master Raleigh to seize the sacred person of the king, or seek to blow up his Majesty, with all the lords and commons to boot. And just think for one moment," and he looked solemnly from side to side, "think what would have been the consequences if they had succeeded in their villanous design."

He threw himself back in his chair, as though he had effectually disposed of the question; and seizing the tankard to refresh himself therewith, drank confusion to all popish knaves.

"Well," said Lord Aston, "whatever they did in the past, has been, I think, more than avenged. I am not sure that if I had to pay a fine of twenty pounds every month, and spent half my life in jail, to say nothing of my house being searched from time to time by a lot of rude fellows, — no offence to you, Master Sheriff, — I should find my loyalty put to a very severe test. If a man is driven to utter desperation, I know not what is to be expected of him. if he possesses a grain of spirit, but that he should strike in turn, if he find the opportunity"

"Well, we must draw the dogs' fangs, and render them harmless," said the sheriff, with savage emphasis. "They have been rather active of late; and, spite of all my vigilance, they contrive to slip through my fingers. But I know pretty well all the recusants in the county, and what goes on at their houses. I have them all in my list. I have had news of a cunning fox of a Jesuit within the past week. He is lurking hereabouts, it is said. I shall run him to earth yet."

"How cruel it is," said Hilda, her face flushing indignantly, "to harry these poor creatures in so inhuman a fashion! If I were one of them you should not hunt me so, without getting some hard knocks for your pains. You might kill me, but not before I had wiped out some of the bitter debt I owed."

"Truly, I think you would," said the sheriff, scowling at her, and feeling more angry at the glance of approval that appeared in Burnet's eye, as he

listened to her speech. "But these are dangerous words, young lady; and spoken beneath any other roof than this, might bring you to jail."

Lady Aston, seeing that the conversation was taking an unpleasant turn, now rose; and bidding the rest a good-night and pleasant slumber, left the hall. Her example was speedily followed by the others; and in a few minutes the sheriff and Lord Aston remained the sole occupants of the place.

Lord Aston was getting tired and drowsy, but manfully exerting himself to display his usual courtesy to his guest, whom he heartily wished a hundred miles off, he sat winking his eyes, and vainly trying to repress a frequent yawn.

The sheriff, however, was wide awake and very thoughtful; pondering doubtfully, and trying to find, in the crackling logs, a clew to some vague suspicions that flitted through his brain. Suddenly he asked, "Can you tell me who this Captain Burnet is, Lord Aston? Is he a friend of yours?"

"I cannot tell you much about him," replied Lord Aston, rousing himself. "It is said that he is on some mission from Master Cecil. We got him out of the fire at Fenner's place, when you burnt the cottage."

"Indeed!" said the other slowly, as if thinking aloud. "He was lodging there with a recusant, who is now in jail. I will have Master Fenner racked when I get back again, and see what he can tell. But what can his errand be? Has he told your lordship?"

"No," said Lord Aston sleepily; "I have not cared to ask him. It is, I conceive, no business of mine. Why not question him yourself, if you have any curiosity on the subject?"

"To tell you the truth, Lord Aston," said the sheriff, "I should be afraid to interfere with him, if he be what you say he is. I had the ill-luck to arrest one of Master Cecil's people by mistake, a month or two ago, and was summoned to London to answer for it. It was only my well-known zeal against the Papists that served me, or I should have had to change places with the prisoner. I got soundly rated; and I suspect that I should not be let off so easily if I blundered into the same offence again. But I will know something more of our friend before I leave."

He remained in the same thoughtful attitude for some time, leaning forward, with his hands on his knees, his eyes still fixed upon the fire.

He roused himself at last, and observing that Lord Aston had gone to sleep, he got up and made a clatter with the fire-irons, raking the embers together with such vigor that Lord Aston started up, rubbing his eyes, and muttering some apologies for his drowsiness, offered to show the guest to his chamber.

CHAPTER III.

ROUGH VISITORS AT ASTON.

MASTER PETER MANDRILL, like many other estimable persons, keenly enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. He was quite as much alive to its allurements as any modern country gentleman can be. But although the gratification he derived from his pursuit was considerable, success, in his case, was crowned with much more tangible reward than falls to the lot of him who is first in at the death, and is consequently entitled to carry off the odoriferous tail of a fox as his trophy. The sheriff hunted human game, and his prize was gold, — stained a little, it might be, with blood, but good, serviceable coin notwithstanding.

The morning sun was streaming through the narrow lattice of his chamber, but he lay buried in profound slumber. Lord Aston had been twice to his door, but, finding that his guest was not stirring, went softly away again, without disturbing him.

He roused himself at last, yawned terribly, rubbed his eyes, and finally sat up and looked about him. And

then the recollection of the trust reposed in him smote reproachfully on his mind.

The leathern case, that lay where he had flung it the preceding night, contained a missive from Master Cecil, empowering and commanding him to take, dead or alive, the person of an obnoxious Jesuit, passing under a variety of names, and charged with divers offences, the least of which would suffice to send a round dozen of criminals to the rack or the gibbet, whichever seemed most meet to the dispensers of the law.

It was nearly noon when he reached the hall, where he sat for some time, toying with the food that was placed before him, and inwardly regretting the time already wasted.

In answer to some seemingly careless questions, the servant who waited at table informed him that Lord Aston had gone over to Studley with the three younger members of his family. Captain Burnet had not accompanied them. Since he had been able to get about, he usually went out alone at an early hour, seldom returning before nightfall.

"Now I wonder," he mused, "whether or no I am upon a false scent. I waste most precious time in lingering here without a purpose; yet it may be of use to see and question this fellow. If his errand be identical with mine, we might work together. But, no. I do not believe in this pretended mission of his. What if he be the Jesuit we are in search of! The thought seems too wild. Let me think," and he stood for some minutes with his hands tightly clinched, and brows bent, in deep thought. "He was lodging with a recusant. That need not excite surprise, if he be one of Master Cecil's men. Then he visits many recusants in the neighborhood. Nothing much again, for I do the same myself. And yesterday he went alone to a popish ruin. What for?"

He pondered silently for a time, turning the matter over in his mind.

"I must not make another false step here," he resumed. "I have too fresh a recollection of Master Cecil's angry rebuke, when he railed at me for being too officious. Yet a little too much zeal in such a cause, methinks, might have been pardoned, or met with fairer words. I can make nothing of it. I will stay here, at all events, for the day, and question him when he returns."

Some hours later the peer arrived in a state of much excitement, and after hurrying his companions within doors, hastily gave orders for the summoning of all the men upon the estate. He had brought the alarming news that a great rabble was approaching the manor, with the intention, so it appeared to him, of doing mischief. Apprehensive of an immediate assault, Lord Aston posted what men he had in such positions as would enable them to repel the first attack, and hold the assailants in check for a time; and as the manor-house contained plenty of fire-arms, it was thought that a successful stand might be made, until further assistance could be procured or the precise object of the rising be ascertained.

When he had seen everything arranged to his satisfaction, Lord Aston rode off in hot haste, followed by the sheriff and a few others, to meet the rioters.

Whatever apprehensions the ladies entertained, either for their own safety or for that of Lord Aston, there was little in their demeanor that displayed any signs of timidity. Nor were predatory incursions by such chance assemblages altogether a novelty to the inhabitants of Aston Cantilupe. There was still a vast amount of destitution in the country; and although some provision was made for relieving the wants of the poor, it was hedged about with so many harsh and cruel restrictions as to prove almost inoperative. Those who had shared the spoil of the religious orders were in no mood to distribute their property among the poverty-stricken, homeless tramps that

swarmed the country; and the loyal Scotchmen who had followed their king into his new heritage, sound Protestants to a man, had their own needs to provide for out of the lands that James had showered upon them with regal generosity, and had, consequently, nothing to spare for the poor. It is true that these lands were not his; but the enrichment of his immediate followers at the expense of papists, who were fair game for anybody, was not viewed with much indignation by his English subjects. Charity seemed to have gone out with the monks, and was, apparently, in no hurry to return.

As the tenants came in from the outlaying farms, and were disposed in the most advantageous manner by the steward, who had fought in many a skirmish under his lord, there was little left for Lady Aston to do but to look on. A small culverin, that did not take more than ten minutes to load and fire, was posted at a window in the centre of the building, where it commanded the principal approach to the house; and beside it stood Philippa, with a supply of ammunition in readiness for the gunner whenever it should be found necessary to commence operations.

At another window stood two young girls, attentively regarding the preparations below; and near them, on an iron tripod, was a ponderous-looking arquebuse, of such heavy and ancient make that it seemed more formidable to those who used it than to those for whom its contents were intended.

The taller of the two we already know as Hilda; and although her cheek was pale, there was a flash of determination in the dark, full eye that spoke of a brave heart. Her companion was a slight, pretty girl, with brown hair, and cheeks like a rose, who looked on with a little nervous trepidation, that the deep interest that the fair sex invariably take in a fray forbids us to set down as fear.

At this juncture Captain Burnet was seen slowly approaching the house; and, coming in view of the hostile array, stopped suddenly in mute astonishment, gazing from point to point, quite bewildered. A few words of explanation from the steward caused Burnet to turn his horse's head, and follow with all speed the road taken by Lord Aston and his little party. Hilda noticed the movement with a glance of gratified pride. Turning to her companion she said, "Had you much speech with Captain Burnet? He had been living at your father's for some before we knew him, I think?"

"He was not much with us," said the girl. "He had duties that occupied most of his time, and took him abroad very often, and we seldom saw him but in the evening."

"What was the nature of his business?" inquired Hilda

"I cannot tell that, lady," said Mary, looking down. "You know that we — my family I mean — are Catholics; and as we are obliged to conceal our belief as far as possible, for fear of being put in prison, where my father is at this moment, so we are not desirous of knowing the affairs of others, lest that knowledge too might bring trouble upon us."

"Is he a Catholic too?" said Hilda. "But, no; I will not ask you that. Yet, what matters it?" She paused a moment, and went on thoughtfully. "And your father is in prison, poor child! Why do they persecute your creed so harshly? You do not go to church, but otherwise you differ in no way from other people; and if you harm no one, Master Mandrill and his friends might leave you in peace."

Mary's eyes filled with tears. She thought of the humble home, so rudely destroyed; of her father in his distant prison, from which he might never return; and her mother, dependent upon the charity of neighbors, who had so little to give, yet found means to relieve others more distressed than they.

"You saw a great deal of Captain

Burnet," said Hilda. "Is he a good man? Did you like him?"

"Oh, yes, dear lady," said the girl eagerly. "He was so kind and patient with every one, constantly visiting the poor, and taking food and money to them. I loved him as much as my own father"

"Ah!" said Hilda, with a long-drawn sigh. "He saved you from the fire, I remember, at the risk of his own life. You have reason to be grateful to him, girl."

They lapsed into silence, and the time seemed to drag wearily on.

Lord Aston's experience in the field had taught him the supreme value of the first blow, vigorously delivered, and surrending himself to his soldierly instinct, he had gone out to meet the foe, grappling boldly with danger, and feeling little apprehension for the result.

To the cautious counsels of the sheriff, delivered with difficulty amid the jolts and stumbles of his horse, the peer made very short answers. He nodded sternly, and muttered something to himself, feeling meanwhile for his trusty sword, that had done some service in the North. The Scots, who had felt its weight in many a well-fought skirmish, he looked upon as a race of mere savages, whose irruption into England at the heels of the slovenly, ungraceful king — whom the old peer had determinedly tried to love and honor, but could not — had only served to increase his disgust at a nation whose mean and selfish treachery to his mother, King James had been the first to condone.

A short ride through the woods brought the party nearly to the confines of the estate; and as they emerged from the leafy shelter, the whole force of the enemy was displayed in the meadow below.

A dense, swarming mass was drawn up in rude order, — a wild, dangerous crowd, homeless and destitute, infuriated by hunger, and goaded almost to desperation by suffering.

The work of destruction had already commenced. Fences and walls were disappearing with wonderful celerity. A number of men with pickaxes and shovels were busily engaged filling up the dikes; and another detachment was demolishing the walls of the park, cheered on by others, who frantically tore at the stonework with their bare and bleeding hands.

"Now what, in heaven's name, is the meaning of this?" said Lord Aston, in a low voice.

"Oh, it is nothing new," said the sheriff. "Their purpose is plain enough. They have been very busy in other parts lately, destroying the enclosures. The commons and waste land have been granted by the king to some of his servants, and this has caused much discontent. Yonder rascal on horseback, who carries the leathern satchel, is, I doubt not, the fellow who calls himself Captain Pouch. He is an arrant imposter; affects to be inspired; and the mad rabble believe that he carries with him a charm that renders him invulnerable."

Burnet, who had silently joined them a few minutes previously, started at the name, and glancing at the speaker, gazed intently at the person indicated.

The multitude had halted at sight of the group on the hill, and a consultation appeared to be taking place among the leaders, who, like the horsemen, also wore masks. Tying a piece of white rag to a stick, some of them advanced, calling out that they would speak with Lord Aston alone.

The peer instantly spurred his horse down the declivity, leaving his companions in doubt whether to follow or to return to the house for assistance.

"Well, my lads, what is it you want with me?" he inquired. "There is not much to be gained here but hard knocks; my household are well armed, and we shall not part with what is our own without good reason."

He looked confidently, almost with defiance, at the few who had pressed to the front. Beyond was a dense throng of miserable-looking, half-

starved beings, mainly in tattered clothing, their haggard features begrimed with dust; and as his quick eye glanced upon their formidable numbers, he heartily wished for a troop of horse. The assembled host would go down like a field of standing corn before a disciplined and well-directed charge. Such arms as they had, to all appearance caught up hastily as they came along, smiths' hammers, scythes, forks, and other weapons, gleaned from the fields, were displayed threateningly. Many, who had no weapons, were hastily collecting heavy stones in expectation of an attack. Their shouts and cries fell upon his ear, — some demanding money, and others, by far the most numerous, clamoring for bread.

The leader advanced, as Lord Aston awaited a reply, and doffing his cap with rough courtesy, said, "We mean no harm, sir, to you, or to any others. We claim for the people nought but what is theirs."

"You seem to have done some harm already, whatever your meaning may be," said Lord Aston, looking at his dismantled wall and fences.

"Let the blame rest upon those who have robbed us," said the leader sternly, a stout, athletic man, with a pair of huge horse-pistols thrust into the holsters of his saddle, and a formidable-looking broadsword slung at his side. "We have borne with injustice so long that our lords and masters must needs think there is not the spirit of a mouse left in our starved bodies. What with priests and papist-hunters, sheriffs and their dogs of followers, a poor man has little enow left that he dare call his own. And even these wretched, worthless strips of common land, that have been ours for centuries, whereon our people feed their poor beasts, — even these, that his generous Majesty and his Scottish curs do not disdain to sweep into their insatiable maws, are now taken from us, and enclosed for the profit or pleasure of the few, who fatten upon us, and wring from us our last penny or the last grain of corn."

"But I have done no such wrong," said Lord Aston. "The common lands hereabout are as free as they ever were. And sure I am that none of my people are among your followers, or they would not have suffered you to injure my property. The land on which you are trespassing is mine, and no act of violence will induce me to transfer it to you or to your friends, Captain Pouch, — I believe that is your name."

"The same, Lord Aston; ay, I remember you now," said Pouch, looking earnestly at the peer. "What we have begun, that we shall complete. Kings and nobles must be taught that the land is not all theirs, but for the common good; the people will take their cause into their own hands, and see that right is done."

The fellows who surrounded him nodded approvingly, and regarded the peer with threatening looks.

"Well, having demolished my walls, which I promise you shall be rebuilt," said the peer, who sat his horse in perfect unconcern at their hostile demeanor, "perhaps, captain, you will order your army to retreat. I regret that my house does not contain sufficient space to accommodate so numerous and respectable a retinue as you possess."

By this time, however, the crowd had grown impatient at the delay; many of the number were pressing forward, with shouts of, "To the house! to the house!" and in a moment the peer found himself in the midst of an angry and chafing mob. One man attempted to drag him from his saddle, but the wary old soldier drew his sword instantly, and wheeling his horse, speedily cleared a space about him. Several stones were thrown, and one, striking him on the head, caused him to falter a moment, and he was again seized by a dozen hands at his bridle-rein.

"Cowards!" he muttered. "I came to answer your own flag of truce.

But 't is little ye understand of the courtesies of warfare."

The proceedings had been anxiously watched by the sheriff; and finding that matters were beginning to assume a serious aspect, and being, moreover, not desirous of risking his precious life in a contest of such unequal proportions, turned his horse's head, and rode back at full speed to summon further assistance. But he must not be set down as a coward on that account. Brute courage he assuredly possessed, but it was usually displayed with a posse of armed followers at his back; and he did not feel that the peer's rash exploit was worthy of imitation, nor was he at all satisfied that his person and office would be treated with respect by a gathering such as he saw before him, which, no doubt, contained some who treasured up recollections of past insult and oppression that they had experienced at his hands, and who would therefore neglect no opportunity of retaliation.

His desertion was unnoticed by Burnet, who, seeing the critical position of Lord Aston, found it no longer possible to restrain his indignation, and rode swiftly into the midst of the mob.

"What is it you do?" he shouted, and his voice was heard above the din. "Shame, shame upon you! And you, George," he said, addressing Captain Pouch, "is this the work you have in hand? Can you improve your condition by such senseless outrage as this?" He flung off his cap as he spoke. "Those who know me among you, gather in, and help to defend this gentleman, who has wronged none of you."

There was a pause for a moment, followed by a shout of surprise.

"Master Everard!" was the cry. "God bless you, sir! God bless you!"

Numbers responding to Burnet's call forced their way to the front, making a circle round Lord Aston and his preserver, and kept the rest effectually in check; while Pouch rode hither and thither, with the perspiration streaming down his face, in his efforts to prevent another rush from the rear. His orders to retire were immediately obeyed by the crowd, who drew off slowly, with sullen, dissatisfied looks.

"I owe you my life, Burnet," said Lord Aston, wiping the blood from his face; "and trust me, I shall not easily forget it."

"We are not out of danger yet," replied Burnet. "Unless we can induce them to retire, I fear an attack may be made upon the house. But leave it to me, sir. I have some influence with these misguided men, and with the assistance of Captain Pouch, it may be possible to rid ourselves of their company."

Captain Pouch returned at that moment, looking rather abashed as he met the reproachful gaze of Burnet

"Had I known that Lord Aston was a friend of yours, sir," he said, with a show of compunction, "I would have taken my fellows another road."

"It is folly like this, George," said the captain, severely, "that brings disgrace upon our cause; and if it once became known that any of our people were connected with these seditious riots, more bitter persecution would follow."

"I find it is all a mistake," said Pouch, resettling his mask, that had been displaced by his recent exertions. "It is many years since I was in this part of the country; it seems new and strange to me, although I think my lord would know me, if I chose to remind him of the errand that brought me hither. He does not forget the companion I then had, I warrant."

"Take them elsewhere, for heaven's sake," rejoined Burnet. "There are ladies in the house yonder, who would be terrified at the mere sight of such rude visitors. And this gentleman," he said, pointing to Lord Aston, "has been most generous, giving me shelter and care when most I needed them. Respect him and his, for my sake."

"Fear nothing, sir," said Pouch.

"I will take them beyond the river for the present, and you shall not find one in the neighborhood to-morrow. But they are footsore and hungry, and must have a little rest."

He beckoned to his companions, and, raising his cap to Burnet, was turning away, when Lord Aston said, "They shall have what food I can find them. As soon as I return I will send some of my servants down to you. Stay," he added, handing his purse, "let me offer this contribution to your funds You seem to be sadly in need of a few pieces."

"In the good cause, sir, I accept your bounty," replied the captain, coolly stowing the money into the huge receptacle that hung at his side. And waving his hand, he set the crowd in motion; and Lord Aston heaved a sigh of relief, as he watched the weary, tattered throng trudging slowly and painfully away.

There was an embarrassed silence between Lord Aston and Burnet during part of their homeward journey. The suspicions of the sheriff recurred to the mind of the former, and he glanced furtively at his companion's face. Burnet seemed in deep thought, and rode on unconscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected; and, in truth, the scene he had just witnessed gave him plenty of food for reflection.

"Did you observe, my lord," he said, rousing himself, and watching the peer's countenance as he spoke, "the name those men gave me just now?"

"I did hear a name mentioned," said Lord Aston, "different from that I know you by. But gentlemen frequently conceal or change their names when they have an object to serve thereby, and I am under far too great obligations to you to carry in my memory a circumstance that you evidently desire me to forget."

"I have need of concealment," said Burnet. "I do not tell you who and what I am, — the mere knowledge might prove dangerous to you, — but I will confide in you thus far: I am a Catholic, and as such carry my liberty, perhaps my very life, in my hands. So much you may have already guessed. Forgive me if I think it wiser, not for my own sake alone, to withhold any further explanation of my disguise."

"I seek not to know more of your condition, sir," said Lord Aston "than you are willing to tell me. It suffices me to know that you have saved my life. Nay, it is no less," he added earnestly, as the other was about to interrupt him. "You might have followed Master Sheriff's example and trotted off, leaving me at the mercy of the mob; and had you not come up when you did, they would have made short work with me, by this token." He pointed to his forehead, from which the blood still trickled.

"It was but a trifling matter, after all, Lord Aston; yet, if you will persist in the belief that you owe me aught that has not been entirely forestalled by your charity to me, I will ask one favor in return, — that you would show such mercy as is consistent with your position to those unfortunate people of my creed, who may be brought before you to answer the charge of disloyalty, that is, in our case, but another term for our adherence to the religion that the first Christians of this country professed."

"That would be paying but a very slight instalment of my debt," said Lord Aston. "But, surely, I may be able to serve you in some such fashion, if you will but tell me how."

"I am past pardoning," said Burnet, with a melancholy smile. "I doubt if even the king's power could avail much for me. I have tarried here too long already, and there are duties that call me to far different scenes. You can do me no greater favor than to say a word when it is in your power — and the opportunity may come sooner than you anticipate — for the lives of the miserably oppressed fraction of your country-

men, who, under terrible discouragements, still cling to the faith of their fathers."

A silent, cordial pressure of the hand was the only reply Lord Aston gave; but it was fully understood by his friend, who bowed his head in grateful acknowledgment.

They had nearly reached the manor-house when they met the sheriff and Sir Roger Aston, who had unexpectedly arrived, followed by a formidable body of men, chiefly mounted, who, hastily marshalled by the steward, were on their way to the assistance of the peer.

Lord Aston stopped them, and in reply to his brother's anxious inquiries, said, "It is all at an end. There seems to have been some mistake. It is Captain Pouch and his crew, of whose doings you know something, Roger. But they have retired peacefully, and I have the word of their leader that they will quit our neighborhood this night. It will be as well, Harland," he said, addressing the steward, "to have some men posted, and keep all your fellows under arms, in case our friends yonder should think fit to change their mind. I have promised them food, so let a troop of your men go down with as much as they can carry. Better to feed them at a distance, where there is plenty of room for their accommodation, than have them roaming about the grounds like a pack of hungry lurchers."

To be continued.

THE LAST SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous Gen. Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar, but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than 5,500 men. The enemy's force was 14,000. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady in the garrison fired the first shot. Never did a siege war rage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privateers that ran, amid terrible dangers, with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who sailing off the strait, captured a small fleet of Spanish war-ships and merchant-men, and clearing the strait of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all danger was not yet averted; Gibraltar was again blockaded; scurvy broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. The enemy crept closer and closer to the fortress, but relief coming every now and then enabled the English still to hold out. The bombardments were fearful to endure. The city was almost destroyed; scarcely a house habitable, and those left standing pierced by shot and shell. At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town. Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.

ANTONELLI.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A TELEGRAM from Rome announces that the lengthened litigation between the brothers Antonelli and the Countess Lambertini has terminated in the Roman Court of Appeal by a decision in favor of the Antonelli and against the countess, who, having been beaten in the courts below, appealed from their decision, and has now had her appeal refused with costs. Thus has terminated the famous Antonelli Will Case, which, it was at one time predicted, would bring disaster and disgrace on the court of Rome, the memory of one of its princes, and, indeed, the Catholic Church at large. The facts of the case are few and simple. Cardinal Antonelli inherited from his father a large patrimonial estate, and by his will he left this estate to his brothers and nephews. Before many months elapsed after the death of the cardinal a claimant appeared for his estate in the personage of a Roman lady of rank, the Countess Lambertini. About the birth of this young lady a great mystery hung, but she was possessed of some fortune, and was wedded to one of the Roman *noblesse*. The case which the countess set up was that she was the daughter of Cardinal Antonelli by an unknown lady of rank, and if she proved this case she would have been entitled, under the laws of Italy, to a great portion of the cardinal's estate, for the Code Napoleon does not allow the disinheriting by a father even of his illegitimate children. When the countess appeared on the scene, Protestant England received her case with a shout of confidence and delight. No one questioned the guilt of the cardinal, and we were assured by the Roman correspondents of English papers that the story rested upon proof which placed its accuracy beyond question. In the fulness of time the case of Lambertini *v.* Antonelli ripened into trial, and was investigated before the Roman Court of First Instance. The judges of the Italian Kingdom are not inclined to view churchmen, living or dead, with special favor, but in the Italian courts are some magistrates of great learning and love of justice, and the *cause célèbre* got from the court a fair trial. The result is known to every one. The story of the countess and her witnesses was thoroughly investigated, and, as all the world knows, the result was that it was shattered to atoms, and that it was satisfactorily shown that there was not one word or shadow of truth in the charges against the dead cardinal. The court unanimously gave a decision against the countess, and that lady having appealed from the decision, the Supreme Court of the Kingdom, as already stated, confirmed the decision of the court below. In a word, the myth has been relegated to the limbo of lying stories, of which the tale of Pope Joan is the type. The Catholic world never believed a word of the Lambertini story, but they are glad that it has thus been disposed of forever. The name of Antonelli is an honored one in all the churches. The late cardinal was confessedly a statesman, not a churchman. From his earliest days he was devoted to the stormy paths of politics; he never, we believe, took orders as a priest. But he was the devoted servant and the beloved friend of Pius IX., and standing by the side of his master, he waged for the temporal power a good fight, which, though doomed for a time to defeat, was never equalled in its valorous perseverance and resources. The Catholic world will rejoice that upon the fair fame of such a man no stain or blot will even in the minds of bigots rest. We trust also that the conclusion of the case will have a lesson for the Protestant world, especially in these islands. If to-morrow a charge of this kind was made against a dead Archbishop of Canterbury, the Catholics of these islands would hear the charge with sorrow, and yield credence to it only on the strongest proof. But we cannot forget the shout of joy and

the expressions of unqualified belief with which what was somewhat prematurely called the Antonelli scandal was received by what is called the "evangelical world" in these islands. This No-Popery passion has even worse effects than the shameful readiness shown to believe a foul slander on a dead man. The very same spirit it is which at this moment makes the education question a thorn in the side of governments and parliaments. The millions who swallowed the Antonelli scandal are the bugbear of statesmen who desire to do justice to Catholic claims. The spirit of toleration has done wonders, — it has changed the character of nations and the course of history; it has, however, as yet failed to modify in the slightest degree one of the last relics of an evil past, — the dulness, the spite, and the folly of the No-Popery Englishman. The sword of toleration is a sharp one; it has cut down some giants in its day; but it has, up to this, left unscathed the long ears of the most absurd animal that now walks the earth, — the jackass of Exeter Hall!

Failure of Brain-Power. — The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain force, because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace.

Account him thy real friend who desires thy good, rather than thy goodwill.

HOW TO SLEEP WELL.

Monseigneur Landriot.

The most formidable combat man has to fight is not always on the battle-field, but is rather that which he has to wage with his pillow. Do not let us deceive ourselves; there lies the enemy most difficult to vanquish, and the soldier who has intrepidly faced the cannon's mouth has felt his courage fail him on the plains of down. We must take prudent and energetic precautions against this formidable adversary. First cultivate that firm decision of character which will listen to no wavering, and pay attention to the two following recommendations. If you eat too much at night, there will result a long, difficult, and laborious digestion, and when you want to rise next morning you will feel as if your body were fastened to the bed; the slightest motion becomes a frightful effort, and counselled by sloth, you find it easy to prove to yourself that it is a debt you owe your health not to torment so feeble an organization. Clement of Alexandria says, "We should avoid eating too much, lest the load of food oppress us during slumber, like a heavy burden by which a swimmer is weighed down amid the waves. This practice of temperance will insure us an easy waking." Why do we so often meet persons of robust health, and who enjoy the soundest slumbers, in religious communities?" They eat lightly, and therefore sleep well. Do not mistake the meaning of my words. When I say they sleep well, I do not say they sleep much. They take a light repast in the evening, and then sleep that profound, tranquil sleep which many of the rich and powerful would give thousands to purchase. The repose of the just soul is calm, peaceful, and undisturbed, and his waking is fresh as the dawn of morn in the springtime. Père Lacordaire once said to me, "You cannot imagine the comfort resulting from the short nightly rest of a religious."

TO OUR YOUNG GRADUATES.

The Western Watchman.

At this season of the year a great number of young men and women finish their course of studies, and stand for the first time on the threshold of life's sober and serious realities. For them the days of poetry and dreamy speculation are over. They part company with the heroes and heroines of the past, to mix with the men and women of every-day, practical life. A word to them at such a time may not be out of place.

Young man, just out of college, if you have the door of a livelihood already opened to you, enter it without delay, and bring to the discharge of your new duties all your talents, all your education, all your natural energy and ambition. "Age quod agis" is a good motto in school; it is a good rule in the business of life. If you have not before you a field of labor, lose no time in finding employment. Go to work. Don't all strive to be lawyers, doctors, and editors. If you do, most of you will become paupers or vagrants. Work on the streets rather than be idle. When you cannot find the work of your choice, accept that of your necessity.

Next endeavor, young man, to form steady habits. Rise and retire at a steady hour. Take your meals regularly. Strive to cultivate a domestic spirit. If you lose your love of home, you may never again know the comforts of a home. Above all, avoid the company of the profligate. They will surely bring you into the grog-shop, the brothel, and the jail. A young man who, after graduating, gives himself up to drink, or even drinks at all, is on the slippery decline that leads to poverty, disgrace, and an early grave. Lastly, young man, have stated times for approaching the sacraments. If piety was good for you during your college days, it will be your stanchest friend in the world. Monthly communion has filled the church with her most illustrious scholars and saints.

Young woman, just out of school, don't think about getting married all at once. You are now unfit for many things, but for none more than for matrimony. You know not how to go to market. Learn that. You know not how to cook a meal of ordinary food. Learn that. You know not how to sew and cut and fit and make linen and cotton garments. Learn that. You know not how to work all day without playing. Learn that. When these things you have learned, and all the poetry you have acquired you are able to recast into the hexameters of the sewing machine, then you may seriously think of becoming some sensible man's wife. Young man, put aside your standing collar and white vest; young woman, put away your rouge-pot and your looking-glass; and both go to work. Industry brings husbands; industry makes fortunes.

A Magnificent Dome — Probably the largest and the highest rock in the known world is the south dome of Yosemite, California. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself a solid rocky loaf 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of a Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this till last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder at the spikes driven into the rock by hardy spirits who had repeatedly endeavored to scale it. The shreds of rope dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after thousands of dollars were spent, several persons found their way to the top of the dome, and last summer two sheep were discovered browsing on the hitherto inaccessible peak. How the sheep got there is a mystery. They had plenty of bunch grass to eat, but no water, only the dew that fell on the dome at night.

The maiden's band of hope, — a husband.

HIRED GIRLS.

A Lady, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I AM one of those weak ones who are obliged to keep a girl, and I have always made it a point to have no one in my house but intelligent and virtuous girls, girls that I would like my girls to associate with, and they are treated as one of the family, have the privileges of a home, and they appreciate it, too. I have a girl now who is not really obliged to work; her people are farmers in comfortable circumstances, not rich, but she prefers to be independent, and we do not consider her at all beneath us. When her kitchen work is done she sits with me in the parlor or sitting-room, and, if tired, reads awhile, sometimes aloud to me, and then helps about the family sewing, and is treated in every way as I would wish my daughter to be under the same circumstances. I think that if we would have good help we should make them feel that we do not consider them lowered in the social scale by doing what we should surely do if health had been ours. Public sentiment has got to be reformed, and when, where, and by whom? That is the question. When you get a good girl let her known that you appreciate her Don't be afraid she will strike for higher pay; and what if you do have to pay a little more than you would to an inexperienced hand, you yourself will be the gainer at last. She knows the ways of the house, and if you are obliged to keep your room some days, you know everything is moving along smoothly. The greatest number of women who look down on their help have been kitchen girls themselves, and it is simply affectation, vanity, and ignorance that are at the bottom of it all.

"YOU must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy years ago." *Sally.* — Lor', miss, how the time do slip away!

WHERE IT NEVER RAINS. — In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southeast trade-winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great southeast boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The southeast trade-winds in the Atlantic Ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Travelling to the northwest, they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes; here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that a very low temperature can attract. Reaching the summit of that region, they now tumble down as cold and dry winds on the Pacific slope beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain-tops, they reach the ocean. Thus we see the tops of the Andes become the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.

THE passer-by may smile at your "piety" in attending week-day mass, or when he sees you leave the church, where you have been making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, but the scoff may be taken for our greater humility. He that faces the world and its derisions, in the exercise of his faith, shows that he lives not for its glory, but for that which will last for an eternity. — *Catholic Columbian.*

A MAN, passing through a gateway in the dark, ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions!" was his angry remark. "Better wish it somewhere else," said a by-stander. "You might run against it again, you know."

Useful Knowledge.

A DELICIOUS SUMMER DRINK. — If the virtue of oatmeal and water as a summer drink were better known, it would be generally drunk in summer in place of spirits or beer, or even simply ice-water. In the British navy, especially in the engineer department, it is regularly served out to the men. On land, especially to those exposed to excessive heat, it is very grateful, — say a cupful of oatmeal to a pail of water.

TO KEEP OUT FLIES. — A lady writes: "For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast-table, while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until a few days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained on for a few days longer. Among other things moved were two boxes of geraniums and calceolarias, which stood in my windows, being always open to their full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me, is a new discovery, and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure, namely, window gardening. Mignonette planted in long, shallow boxes, placed on the window sill, will be found excellent for this purpose."

THE FERTILITY OF EGGS. — To test eggs to learn whether they are fertilized and will hatch, it requires very little trouble. The way to ascertain unfertile eggs at as early a period as possible is to take them into a room moderately dark, and hold them between the eye and candle or lamp The eggs under a sitting hen should be examined at least as early as the eighth day after she commences incubation. If the egg be fertile, it will appear opaque or dark all over, except, perhaps, a small portion toward the top; but if it be unpregnated, it will still be translucent, the light passing through it almost as if new laid. After some little experience and careful observation, the fertility of the eggs can be distinguished at an early period; a practical hand can tell unfertile eggs even at the fourth day. Should the number withdrawn be considerable, four batches set the same day may be given to three hens, or even to two, and the remainder given fresh; and if not, the fertile eggs will get more heat, and the brood come out all the stronger.

HOW TO SWIM. — The editor of the London *Truth*, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment. "Nothing," he says, "is more easy. When the air is out of a body, its owner sinks; when the air is in the body, its owner floats. Let any one slowly draw in his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides, and his legs are stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn to swim is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach, the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot."

The Humorist.

WISDOM TEETH. — The tusks sent in by Cetewayo to confirm his desire for peace.

A YOUNG lady, just from boarding-school, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed, "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

"I TOLD her I'd never smoke another cigar," he said softly, "and I won't. A pipe 's plenty good enough for me." And he gracefully drew a match over the leg of his trousers.

"WHAT makes your cows so cross?" said an old lady to a milkman, the other day. "Cross, madam? They are the gentlest things in the world." "Well, the milk is always sour!" the matron replied sharply.

A GOAT browsing on a greensward approached a pig-pen, and said to its occupant, "Why do you stay in that horrid place, when there 's such a lovely spot as this handy?" "The pen is mightier than the sward," grunted the pig.

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. — "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your Honor," he replied with much emphasis.

A MAN who has a red-headed sweetheart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to being classed among the "plain," even though called the loveliest of them.

SCHOOLMASTER. — Now, Miss Jones, what was Joan of Arc Maid of? Miss Jones hesitated in answering. "Miss Jones, did you hear my question? What was Joan of Arc Maid of?" *Miss Jones.* — "Made of — dust, sir," she answered.

"TALK about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife. "I tell you they 're nothing to the jaws of life."

As a party of gentlemen and ladies were climbing to the top of a high church-tower one hot day, a gentleman remarked, "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined, "Yes, perspiral," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

Old Gentleman. — I shall report you, young man. Why did n't you stop before? Here have I been running after your 'bus for the last quarter of an hour. *Conductor.* — All right, guvnor, you need n't turn so rusty. I ain't like a pertater, eyes all over."

THAT was a good though rather an irreverent pun which was made by an Edinburgh student when he asked, "Why is Prof. —— the great revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up," said, "Because at the end of every sermon there is a great awakening."

SPEED THE PLOUGH! — A wag, at a recent agricultural dinner, made an agreeable fool of himself by proposing the toast and sentiment of "Small Profits and Quick Returns," explaining that quick returns of rent by the landlord were needed to permit even small profits for the farmer.

THE Count de V., in the mildest tone, to his servant: "Joseph, you have been drinking my rum again, and you have put water in it to make up the deficiency." "I admit it, sir; but I swear I will drink no more of it." The Count de V., slightly elevating his shoulders: "You always exaggerate! I did n't ask you not to drink it; I only ask you not to put water in what 's left. For really it is n't fair that you should drink rum pure and that I should drink rum and water."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

BEAGÁN TUILLE TIOMCHIOLL GAEDHLIGE ALBANACH.

Cuirfimíd sios annso tarruing as an g-ceud leabhar do clóbhualadh a nGaedhlig, air a labhramar ann ar g-ceud alt 'san teanga so. Tarrwingthear e as an leabhar aistrighthe ó Bhearla go Gaedhlig leis an Easboig Carswell, agus bhi se clóbhuailte a n-Duinedin ann Albain 'san m-bliadhain 1567. Cuirimíd annso i le taisbéanadh dhóibh so a ghrádhuigheas sean teanga a sinnsear, an malairt do righneadh innte le drochdhaoinibh; agus le taisbéanadh do na h-Albainibh "a ghrádhuigheas an fhirinn nios mó 'na grádhuighid Alba," an peacadh mór do righne a sinnsiora 'nuair do mhill siad teanga uasal as eadmhorachd agus fuath.

"Acht atá ni cheana, is mór an leathtrom agus an uireasbhuidh atá riamh orainde, Gaoidhil Alban agus Eireand, tar an gcuid eile don domhan, gan ar gcanamhna Gaoidheilge do chur a gcló riamh, mar ataid a gcanamhna agus a d'teángtha féin a gcló ag gach uile chinel dhaoine oile sa domhan; agus atá uireasbhuidh is mó ina gach uireasbhuidh oraind, gan an Biobla naomhtha do bheith a gcló Gaoidheilge againd, mar tá sé a gcló laidne agus bhearla agus ann gach teangaidh eile o sin amach; agus fós gan seanchus ar sean no ar sinsear do bheith mar an gceadna a gcló againd riamh; acht ge tá cuid eigin do

Translation.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT SCOTCH GAELIC.

We will put down here an extract from the first book ever printed in Gaelic, of which we spoke in our first article in this language. It is taken from the book translated into English by Bishop Carsewell, and was printed in Edinburgh, in Scotland, in the year 1567. We give it here in order to show to those who love the old language of their forefathers, the change that was made in it by evil-disposed men; and to show to such Scotchmen as "love truth more than they love Scotland," the great sin their ancestors committed when they marred a noble language through jealousy and spite.

"But there is one thing, it is a great distress and want that we, the Gaels of Alban and Erin, have ever labored under beyond the rest of the world, that our dialects of Gaelic have never yet been printed, as their dialects and tongues have been of every race of people in the world; and we labor under a want which is greater than every want, that we have not the Holy Bible printed in Gaelic as it has been printed in Latin and English, and in every other language whatsoever; and also that we never had in print the history of our ancients or our ancestors; for though there is some portion of the history of the Gaels of

tseanchus Ghaoidheal Alban agus Eireand sgriobhtha a leabhruibh lámh agus a dtamhlorgaibh fileadh agus ollamhan, is mór tsaothair sin re sgriobhadh do laimh, ag fechain an neithe buailtear sa chló ar aithbresge agus ar aithghiorra bhios gach én ni, dhá mhéd, da criochnughadh leis.

' Agus is mór an doille agus an dorchadas peacaidh agas aineolais agas indtleachda do lucht deachtaidh agas sgriobhtha agas chumhdaigh na Gaoidheilge, gurab mó gnathuidheas siad eachtradha dimhaoineacha buaidheartha breagacha saoghalta, do chumadh ar Thuathaibh Dedhanond agus ar Mhacaibh Mileadh agus ar na curadhaibh, agus ar Fhind Mac Cumhaill go na Fhianaibh, agas ar mhorán eile nach airbhim agas nach indisim annso, do chumhdach agus do choimhleasughadh, do chiond luadhuidheachta dimhaonigh an tsaoghail d'fhaghail doibh féin, ina briathara disle Dé, agas slighthe foirfe na firinde do sgriobhadh agas do dheachtadh agas do chumhdach."

Tá an alt so bainte as graimear Ui Dhonabháin, agus do bhain O Donabhán as leabhar Charsewell, e Samhluighthear e leis an d-teanga sgriobhann h-Albanuigh aniu agus ni measfar e bheith 'na teanga cheadna. Is fior go bh-fuil an litiriughadh atá ann aosda, agus éagsamhail a bh-focalaibh éigen, o'n modh a cleachdthar anois; acht ag an am ann a sgriobhadh e, do sgriobh na h-Eireannuigh air an modh ceadna.

Air feadh laimh le dá cheud bliadhain tar éis clóbhuailte leabhair Charsewell, do sgriobh na h-Albanuigh deagh Gaedhlige; ni righne siad malairt innte no go righne Searlas Stuibhart cogadh anaghaidh na Sacsanach. Is cosamhuil gur chuir an cogadh sin uathbhás a g-croidhe Sheághan Bhull agus go n-dubhairt se leis féin, "Dá m-beidheadh na h-Eirionnuigh a d-taoibh na n-Albanach mar ba gnáth leo do bheith anallóid ann gach treas ar n-aghaidh, bheidheadh se nios measa dhuinn; go d-ti seo do bhidís 'na n-deagh caradaibh re na chéile; Scotland and Ireland written in manuscript books, in the compositions of poets and ollavs, and in the remains of learned men, there is great labor in writing them with the hand, whereas the thing which is struck off with the type, how speedily and expeditiously it is completed, be it ever so great.

"And great is the blindness and darkness of sin and ignorance, and of the intellect of the teachers, writers, and preservers of Gaelic, that with a view of obtaining for themselves the vain rewards of this world, they are more desirous and more accustomed to compose, maintain, and cultivate idle, turbulent, lying, worldly stories concerning the Tuatha de Dananns, the sons of Melesius, and the heroes; and concerning Finn MacCumhaill with his Fians, and concerning many others which I do not here enumerate or mention, than to write, teach, and maintain the faithful words of God and perfect ways of truth."

This extract is taken from O'Donovan's Grammar, and O'Donovan took it from Carsewell's book. Let it be compared with the language that the Scotch Highlanders write at present, and it will not be accounted the same speech. It is true that the spelling is ancient, and in some words different from the form practised now; but at the time of its production, the Irish wrote in the same manner.

During wellnigh two hundred years after the printing of Carsewell's book, the Scotch Highlanders wrote good Gaelic; they did not make any change in it until Charles Stuart made war against the English. It would seem as if that war put terror in the heart of John Bull, and that he said to himself, "If the Irish were on the side of the Scotch, as they were wont to be in old times in every fight against us, it would have been worse for us; until now they used to be good friends with each other. Let us find some means of breaking their friendship, in

faghmaoid modh éigin a g-cairdeas do bhriseadh, ionnus a g-cás trioblóide eile, nach m-beidh siad air an d-taoibh ceadna; labhrann siad aen teanga; tá meas mór aca air a bh-filidheacht, a seanchus agus a g-ceol; deanamaoid mar do righneadh ag an d-Tor Bhabel; buaidhrimíd a d-teanga, agus as sin leanfaidh buadhairt eatorra; faghmaoid daoine do dheanamh sin." Fuair siad Seamus Mac Phearson agus ministiridhe Albanacha, agus o'n lá sin go d-ti aniu faghann siad a saith Albanach le dul air aghaidh leis an obair chealgach air na tusughadh nios mó 'na ceud bliadhain ó shoin; agus faghann siad Albanuigh le sgriobhadh focloiridhe agus graimeara de theanga nach bh-fuil 'san domhan anois agus nach raibh choidhche ann. Acht nior thanaic leo caint na n-daoine aineolach mhalairtiughadh, oir labhrann siad fós deagh Gaedhlig ann áitibh ann Albain, cho maith a's a labhrann siad a g-cuig Ulladh, agus leis an m-blás ceadna.

Ag so tarruing ó'n Tiomnadh Nuadh a n-Gaedhlig Albanach noch thaisbeanas an malairt do righne na h-Albanuigh a d-teanga a sinnsear: —

"Agus fhreagar Simon Peadar agus thoirt e, Is tusa Chriost mac De bheo. Agus fhreagar agus thoirt e ris, Is beannuicht' thusa a Shiomoin Bhar Iona, oir cha d'fhoillsich fuil a's feol sin duitse ach m'Athair ata ar neamh. Agus a deir mi riut gur tusa Peadar agus air a' charruig so toguidh mi m'eagluis, agus cha toir geatan ifrinn buaidh oirre. Agus bheir mi dhuit iuchraiche rioghachda neimhe; agus ge b'e ni a cheanglas tu air talamh bithidh i cheangailte air neamh; agus ge b'e ni a dh'fhuasglas tu air talamh, bithidh i fuasgailte air neamh."

order that in case of another trouble, they may not be on the same side. They speak the same language; they hold their poetry, history, and music in great esteem: let us do as was done at the Tower of Babel; let us confuse their language, and out of that, other differences will rise up between them; let us find persons to do this." They found James MacPherson and the Scotch ministers, and from that day forward they found plenty of Scotchmen to carry on the treacherous work that was commenced more than a hundred years ago; and they find Scotchmen to write dictionaries and grammars of a language that is not in the world now, and never was in it. But they could not change the language of the uneducated people, for they still speak good Gaedhlic in parts of Scotland, as good as they speak in the province of Ulster, and with the same accent.

Here is an extract from the New Testament in Scotch Gaelic, which shows the change the Highlanders have made in the language of their forefathers: —

"And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art Christ, the son of the living God. And he answered to him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar Jona, for flesh and blood has not revealed it to thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE new wool materials to be worn in the fall are in dark cloth colors in new shades of amaranth red with purple shading, Rembrandt green, golden-brown Burgoyne, a plum brown, duck's breast blue, and prune. The materials are cloth, camel's hair, cashmere, and a new fabric called *toile de Sanglier*, which resembles bunting but is heavier and warm enough for winter wear. The trimmings for woollen dresses are satin of the same shade, or gay contrasting silk in Scotch plaid or in Persian patterns of many rich colors, silk plush borders, wide woollen braid, or several rows of machine stitching. Gay Stuart and Rob Roy plaids that have a great deal of red and yellow are liked for brunettes, the blue and green for blondes; small fancy plaids of wool and silk combined are used for trimming plain wool dresses. For instance, a gendarme blue wool is trimmed with bars of pale blue, olive, and old gold on a dark blue ground. The coat basque and plaited round skirt is one of the stylish designs for woollen dresses. The basque is short and even all around, or curved shorter on the hips. It may have a vest, or a square plastron made of the material used for trimming, or a plastron vest which is pointed below the waist and made by sewing two revers together down the middle, extending from the neck down, and curving narrower at the waist line. This may be of plain cloth, silk, or satin. The back has flat postilion plaits in the middle seam, which may be of the wool goods or its trimming. Other basques are slightly double-breasted, only two or three buttons being required for the double part which discloses the vest set in beneath. Surplice trimming continues in favor, also wide belts beginning under the arms and fastening in front. Blouse effects are also popular. A new suggestion has a blouse basque made in this way: The gay plaid satin is laid on the basque lining straight down each side of the front two and a half inches broad, or at least extending to the first dart The wool material is cut the shape of the lining, and its front edges are shirred crosswise in two clusters, one at the waist line, and the other at the top of the dart, and are drawn back to the edge of the plaid vest. The fulness below the waist line is pressed in flat plaits, and the lower edges are simply piped. The plaid is used in postilion plaitings, standing bias collar and cuffs. The most dressy design for a basque is round, medium length, and has the panier effect given by a broad piece of either the dress fabric or trimming material laid upon the skirt of the basque; it begins in a point at the front of the basque, and ascends sharply on the hips and is widened to form four deep plaits on the hips, and then terminates by being sewed in the seams which join the side forms to the middle of the back. The middle forms are quite plain and merely piped on the edge and ornamented higher by a voluminous bow of ribbon. There are various arrangements of panier polonaises. That with the newest features, and which consequently meets with most favor, has long points rounded away from a vest to make voluminous folds on the hips, the ends gathered up in the back beneath a graceful basque. Two long single breadths are added behind under the basque, and bunched up irregularly. The vest comes to a sharp point in front, just where the panier begins. The fronts of the polonaise are edged with fringe or plaiting. Lower skirts have four breadths of ordinary single-width material. The

front and side gores should be made the entire width of the goods at the bottom and only slightly sloped at the top. The back breadth the whole width, besides a small piece joined at each side. A drawing string not far below the belt across the back masses the gathers behind, but this is not drawn back to give the clinging effect for which it was first used. A flounce ten inches deep, laid in a cluster of seven knife-plaits, with a box-plait or tab of silk, velvet, or other trimming material between, is an effective skirt trimming. The overskirt and lower skirt are usually attached permanently, and put on as one garment. There will be the usual variety of plaiting, from fine knife-plaiting like crimping, to the broadest kilting and box plaits. Cluster plaiting will be greatly used to border skirts; when contrasting materials form the trimming, clusters of plaits of the gay trimming will alternate with others of the plain dress material. Box-plaits, both wide and narrow, are used for borders. Plaited flounces, covering the front breadth horizontally, will be used by tall ladies. The *religeuse* plaiting, extending straight from the belt to foot down the front and sides, is becoming to stout figures. Few skirts are plaited all around in kilt fashion, yet very few are seen without plaiting somewhere. A deep, square apron, covering the front and sides, the back covered by three or four plaiting, remains a favorite style.

Two extremes are represented in the first importations of fall bonnets. The large are pokes, with close sides and large brim projecting over the forehead. The generally becoming hats with flaring halo brim are also shown. The small bonnets have square crowns and scarcely any brim, and are without face-trimming, plumes, or flowers, being simply trimmed with ribbon loops and bows. Other shapes serve either as round hat or bonnet. Rolled brim English turbans promise to be a favorite round hat, but will be shared in favor by the Derby hats and Scotch caps. The large, picturesque Gainsborough hats are also shown. All these shapes are represented in smooth felt, fur, beaver, silk plush, and feather felt, — a novelty, with shreds of feathers forming the pile. Many round hats have the brim widely bound with silk or satin the color of the felt, ornamented by several rows of stitching. The new tints of cloth shading are shown in the fall bonnets. In light shades there are beige and cream, ivory white, and old gold. Fancy feathers in natural colors, mounted in pieces to conform to the shape of the bonnet, will be the most fashionable decoration. Whole birds are poised naturally on the front or side of the bonnet. Five or six tiny birds are clustered together as if in a nest. Sometimes an Alsatian bow is formed of small birds or of many small wings. Golden pheasant and Guinea hens' feathers are used for turbans; natural long ostrich plumes are much used. Pompons are in great variety.

THE fashionable style of hearing mass on Sundays during the "heated term" is for the ladies to use a Japanese fan; and for the gents, a frequent handling of a blue-bordered silk handkerchief. The colors blend *so* beautifully that the observer would think he was at some fashionable gathering did he not here and there see some one on bended knees reading his prayer-book or telling his beads. — *Catholic Columbian.*

THE same parties that decry the efficiency of Catholic schools, the ability of Catholic preachers, the beauty of Catholic churches, their comfortableness in all seasons of the year, the quality of Catholic choirs, etc., are the same sort of "liberal," easy-going Catholics that say the Catholic press is not interesting. The reception of the sacraments, too, is not sensational enough for that class. — *Catholic Columbian.*

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

164.

LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I signify to drink excessively; behead me, and I am to awake; again, and I mean the same; again, and I am a river; again, and I denote habit or custom; transpose me, and I am a nickname.

165.

Whole, I am a house for beasts; behead me, and I am found in your parlor; again, and I am skilful; transpose me, and I am a name found in Scripture; again, and I am a pack of goods; behead me, and I am a liquor; again, and I am a French pronoun.

166.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

My first and last are the same; subtract my first from my last, and it will give you my second; multiply my last by ten, and then you will have my third; divide my first by my last, and it will give you my fourth; and, if you are my whole, you are a jolly companion.

167.

CHARADES.

He who bravely does my first,
Ere ever youth be past,
In age will own my second,
Nor need my whole at last.

168.

My first I may in truth declare,
Its name and nature both is air;
My second when smoked is a perfect bore,
Yet makes sweet music evermore;
My whole, in many a crowded street,
Lies in its bed beneath your feet.

169.

On the margin of the desert,
In my first, the camels lay,
Waiting for the heavy burdens
Borne by them day after day.

'T is said in the olden times
'Neath the light of midnight moon,
Rode my second on their broomsticks,
Or were hung up high at noon.

Where the brimming river rushes
By a pleasant, woodland grove,
There we ate my whole; then onward
Down the banks far did we rove.

170.

My first is an article of fuel; my second moistens the earth; my whole is a town in Ireland.

171.

LOGOGRIPH.

I 'm a word of one syllable, though rather long,
And seldom am found in the midst of a throng;
I am true, I am false, to many a tongue,
And oft in disguise you will find me do wrong.
Take five sixths of this word, and then you will find
The object reversed, and intensely unkind.

172.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pear, but not in fruit,
My second is in dress, but not in suit;
My third is in color, but not in dye,
My fourth is in mine, but not in my;
My fifth is in come, but not in go,
My sixth is in parade, but not in show;
My seventh is in sentence, but not in word,
My whole is the name of a web-footed bird.

173.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

1. Would you dye Robert's coat green?

2. I caught a crab beside the seaside.

3. One sou they gave the poor, and only one.

4. "Go along, old Smith!" the driver cried.

5. John, son of Mr. Smith, is dead.

6. The birds chatter to Nellie all day long.

174.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in chair, but not in stool,
My second is in rapids, but not in pool;
My third is in fight, but not in row,
My fourth is in face, but not in brow;
My fifth is in king, and also in knight,
My sixth is in eagle, but not in kite;
My seventh is in teeth, but not in toes,
My whole is a game that every boy knows.

175.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

Syncopate a dotard, and get an agent. Syncopate shore, and get price. Syncopate a Greek nobleman, and get an animal. Syncopate a shrub, and get pious. Syncopate a measure, and get cells for honey. Syncopate a child's toy, and get a mineral. The syncopated letters give the name of a distinguished American who died abroad.

176.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Cut a liquor, and leave to gain.

2. Curtail small, and leave a metal.

3. Curtail a sound, and leave a weight.

177.

SQUARE WORD.

1, In the smallest degree; 2, vehement; 3, past; 4, the leaves of the cassia; 5, to walk.

178.

1, Grateful; 2, to insert; 3, corroded; 4, an incident; 5, a tithe.

179.

CROSSWORD ENIGMAS.

My first is in twice, but not in once,
My second is in teacher, but not in dunce;
My third is in oar, but not in sail,
My fourth is in mountain, but not in dale;
My fifth is in ocean, and also in sea,
My sixth is in shrub, but not in tree;
My whole is a Christian name.

180.

My first is in joint, but not in vein,
My second is in storm, but not in rain;
My third is in silly, but not in fool,
My fourth is in school-house, but not in school;
My fifth is in Patrick, but not in Jim,
My sixth is in handle, but not in brim;
My whole is the name of a great saint.

181.

ENIGMA.

The friend of man, the foe of beasts,
My days on earth I spend;
My life from man's own hand I take,
Though oft he dreads my end.

Sometimes I am much admired,
Sometimes an ugly gnome;
Sometimes I hiss and roar, and fright
A family from their home.

182.

DECAPITATIONS.

Complete, I signify increasing; behead me, and I am a delightful pastime; again, and I signify due; ditto, and I am part of a bird; ditto, and transpose me, and I am a liquor; behead me once more, and I am a preposition.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

135, Kate, date, fate, hate; 136, Scare-crows — s, ace, scare, era, e, — c, ere, crows, ewe, s; 137, Kettle-drum; 138, Opal, pine, Anna, lead; 139, Bob-o-link; 140, Grasshopper; 141, Bremen; 142, Hanover; 143, Lyons; 144, Rhine; 145, Coblentz; 146, Frankfort; 147, Bingen; 148, Baden; 149, Stuttgard; 150, Munich; 151, Verona; 152, Venice; 153, Dresden; 154, Aunt, ant, lead, lad, plea, pea, tome, toe; 155, Mercy, because it is "a sentence reversed."

156, It 's good to be merry and wise,
It 's good to be honest and true;
It 's good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with a new.

157, Ear-ring; 158, Hair-brush; 159, Vacation.

160, Enjoy the present moments,
Be happy while you may;
For life is like a forest
Where the sunbeams play.

161, Grandson; 162, Eight; 163, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Of the August puzzles Lizzie Murphy answers 21; W. H., 16.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

THE yellow fever still prevails in Memphis.

WE give in this issue Mr. T. O. Russell's reply to Mr. O'Daly. This ends the controversy, so far as we are concerned.

LADY GORMANSTON gave birth to a son lately in London. Lord Gormanston, who is a Catholic, is the Premier-Viscount of Ireland, and the fourteenth of his line.

THE second part of the interesting article, "St. Vincent's Home for Boys," is unavoidably laid over till our next issue. It will contain a description of the new Home.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September is out bright and early, with a large and varied list of contents. We would like to see this very excellent home magazine receive a world-wide patronage.—*The Catholic Columbian.*

MR. PARNELL, M. P., intends to address a series of meetings in Ireland, beginning in Dublin, immediately after the end of the Session, in vindication of the policy of the "Irish National Party" in Parliament.

THE Ecclesiastical Seminary, Mount St. Mary's of the West, after an existence of twenty-seven years, has been closed by the Archbishop of Cincinnati, on account of the sad condition of his financial affairs.

BOSTON COLLEGE opened on the 1st of September with bright prospects for the coming scholastic year. Father Fulton still presides over its destinies. No such word as fail while he is at the helm.

MR. DONAHOE is under deep obligations to the reverend clergy and to the gentlemen who aided him in getting subscribers for his magazine on recent visits to various towns in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

IT is said that the Holy Father has had a carriage-road made in the Vatican gardens, and that he drives there every morning, accompanied by some members of the Noble Guard on horseback, and by the members of his household.

EVERY subscriber to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will receive a beautiful picture, entitled "Erin's Home Treasures," on the payment of two dollars for a year's subscription in advance. The picture will not be sent until the two dollars is received.

WE are gratified to repeat the statement of an influential Irish paper that "drunkenness on Sundays has virtually disappeared from the public places." There could not be a more conclusive justification for the Sunday Closing Act. Fancy the county of Leitrim yielding only three arrests for intoxication during a period of six months.

To stab a priest is accounted as exemplary a feat as to shoot a king amongst some of the hardly human creatures trained by the revolution in Italy. At Rome a ruffian plunged a knife into a Dominican he had never seen, solely because his victim was a clergyman. Victor Hugo's universal republic would give us myriads of such wretches.

THE Rev. Campbell Mackinnon, pastor of the Lima Church, Peru, has become a Catholic. The *South Pacific Times* published a letter addressed to the secretary of the Church, announcing his intention and stating that he had been moved by the clearness of history on the right of the Pope to supremacy. A later copy of *La Sociedad* contains an interesting report of the reverend gentleman's formal and public reception into the Catholic Church. It may be added that Mr. Mackinnon is a B. A. of Oxford.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — Mr. Donahoe's venture is intended chiefly for the people, — the working classes, who rarely read such publications. There is no reason why the workingman should not at the end of the month purchase a work of the kind, containing a hundred pages, and filled with miscellaneous articles and scraps, all amusing or instructive, or edifying, and never unhealthy. We have noticed the Table of Contents growing in bulk, and we take it that our American brethren are encouraging Mr. Donahoe by their support. The field open to him is all his own; other monthlies go round or over it; and we shall be very much surprised if he fail to make this magazine one of the most popular in the States. We have the August number before us, and it deserves every word we have said. — *Liverpool Catholic Times.*

NEW subscribers can be furnished with our magazine from January 1, 1879. New subscribers would do well to get the numbers from that time, as continued articles are in all the issues. For instance, the "Bar Life of O'Connell" commenced in January.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 11, 1879.

My Dear Sir:—I should have sent the enclosed amount of my subscription to your magazine before this time. I am gratified to learn that it receives the cordial support it so well deserves, and that the Catholic public duly appreciate your long years of service in the Irish Catholic cause.

Very faithfully yours in Christ,
† P. J. RYAN, C. Bp.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.

OUT in Natal, when volunteers were asked for to serve against the Zulus, one Methodist mission congregation provided sixty, and it is noteworthy that seven local preachers were amongst the braves. There was some surprise that men of peace should buckle on the sabre without any special reason, for the authorities only requested fifty men from the station; but if we bear in mind that the volunteers were guaranteed ownership of all the cattle they might "lift," perhaps the explanation will be at hand

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE contains this month thirty headings in its index of original and selected articles; and has, besides, stepped proudly forth into the select circle of illustrated periodicals, being embellished this month with admirable likenesses of the eloquent Bishop Ryan of St. Louis, and the brave Irish General James Shields of Missouri,—two characteristic specimens of Ireland's native nobility. Every Irishman should be a subscriber to Donahoe's excellent magazine.—*Catholic Messenger, New Orleans.*

IN the library of Georgetown University may be seen a copy of a very remarkable engraving. It refers to the institution of the Eucharist. In it Jesus Christ is seen distributing the Holy Sacrament to the apostles, and by his lips are uttered these words: "This *is* my body." On the right Luther offers the Holy Communion, and says: "In this is *contained* my body." At the left Calvin does the same, and declares: "This is the *figure* of my body." At the bottom of the picture the artist has written in prominent letters: "Whom shall we believe?"

IRELAND AND AFRICA.—The Society of African Missions established at Cork is already giving signs of a promising vitality. A brave young Frenchman has lately been ordained, and goes out to the African field of labor, and we learn that about a dozen other young men are fast preparing themselves to follow. The fertility of the Church in missionaries is wonderful. The supply never seems to fail, though of all the avocations a youth could select and embark in, that of the Catholic evangelist is the most trying to mind and body. We are glad to find that the new college at Cork has been successfully established. There were many difficulties to encounter in the beginning, but the perseverance of the founders, and the unfathomable charity of the Catholic body, have dispersed the clouds of uncertainty.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Aug. 9, 1879.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.:—Many thanks, my dear sir, for your handsome, elegant, and neat magazine. I received the two last copies, and have shown them to three or four judges of the first abilities here, and they all agree with me in classing it "Très bon." My warmest wishes for the *Reddy* person who first acquainted me of its existence

Enclosed is P. O. for the pleasure of reading it for the next year. My "bosom friend" wishes "Erin's Home Treasures" sent to adorn the walls of an Irish-American cottage. May success attend your efforts, as well as all others of your race and creed, in the field of literature.

Very respectfully,
PETER KIERNAN.

THE consecration of RT. REV. DR. MCMAHON, as bishop of Hartford, Conn., on the 17th of August, brought together a large number of the faithful. In the procession were one Archbishop, six Bishops, one hundred and seventy priests and seminarians. The celebrant of the consecration mass was the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston; Assistant Bishops O'Loughlin of Brooklyn, N. Y., and O'Reilly of Springfield, deacon of the mass, Rev. M. Moran, pastor of St. Stephen's, Boston; sub-deacon, Rev. Wm. Daly, St. Joseph's, Boston; deacons of honor, Rev. M. McCabe, Woonsocket, R. I., Rev. Philip Grace, D. D., Newport, R. I. The officers of the mass were: Assistant priest, Very Rev. Thomas Walsh, Meridan; master of ceremonies, Rev. M. Tierney, of St. Peter's, Hartford; 2d master, Rev. M. F. Kelly of Windsor Locks; notary, Very Rev James Hughes, St. Patrick's, Hartford; chanters, the Rev. Fathers Campbell, Kennedy, Joynt, Broderick, O'Keefe, Fagan, McCabe, Sheffrey, W. Rogers, Bernard O'R. Sheridan and E. Gaffney; mitre bearer, the Rev. J. Cooney; crosier bearer, Rev. P. Mulholland; cross bearer, L. J. O'Toole; censer bearer, Rev. J. Rogers, Bridgeport; bougie bearer, Rev. J. T. McMahon, East Hartford; acolytes, Rev. Fathers Lawler, of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, and Shahan of Norwich; book bearer, Rev. Father Mulcahey of Thompsonville; assistants at the faldstool, Rev. E. Vignan of Putnam, and Lawler of Danbury. The sermon in the morning was delivered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland, and in the afternoon by Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, Pa.

A CELTIC memorial cross has been erected on the famous rock of Cashel, Ireland, over the grave of the Rev. J. B. Hanley. Father Hanley expressed a wish to be buried in the shadow of the glorious old pile of ruins, and it is noteworthy that the cross now set up is the first monument planted there since the Reformation.

DANIEL FISHER, *now or formerly of London, Ontario, is no longer authorized to receive subscribers for our magazine.*

CODIFICATION OF THE BULLS.—It is reported that the object of all talk and conversations at the Vatican, at the present moment, is a document of the highest interest, which is being carefully and elaborately prepared by the Pope, who diligently works several hours daily at his task, with the help only of his *Cameriere Segreto*, Mgr. Boccali, in the capacity of secretary. This work embraces the vast topic of the Government of the Church, its dogmas and its organization, and would be destined to serve as guide-book to the Catholic world at large, containing as well advices to bishops and to the clergy generally. Leo XIII. at the same time occupies himself in reviewing, examining, and noting all the Pontifical Bulls that are on record, and from these various compilations is about to issue a new Bull, which contains the germs of the old ones in fuller force and vigor, and more concise in form.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKSTORE.—Mr Eugene Cummiskey, Catholic publisher and bookseller, has opened his new store, northeast corner of Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, with a large and well-selected stock of Catholic works of Prayer, Meditation, Devotion, Controversy, and Fiction, to which are added religious articles and requisites of every kind that go to make up the wants of Catholic buyers. Mr. Cummiskey has all his life made the book trade a study, and his well-selected stock proves that his experience is valuable. We need a Catholic bookstore in that section of the city, and we are glad that Mr. Cummiskey has taken it in hand.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

REV. THOMAS CONLAN died at Cleveland, O., on the 20th of August.

AUGUST 4, REV, EDWARD DOYLE, of Memphis, Tenn., died of yellow fever.

AUGUST 6, REV. JOHN FAHEY died at Memphis, of yellow fever.

JULY 18, REV. JAMES KELLY, of St. Joseph's Church, San Francisco.

ON Monday, August 11, REV. J. A. CONNOLLY, died at Spencerport, New York.

THE REV. P. MAHER, P. P., Carlow Graigue, died on the 23d of July, deeply lamented by his sorrowing flock.

IN Philadelphia, August 17, REV. WILLIAM COLLINS. He had been sick at St. Joseph's College for upwards of two years.

REV. J. B. SASSELL, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, Daviess County, Ind., died August 10.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN O'BRIEN, D. D., who was consecrated Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Kingston, Ontario, in 1875, died suddenly on August 1, at the St. Louis Hotel in Quebec.

REV. FRANCIS O'CONNOR, for many years past Pastor of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Manayunk, Philadelphia, died at his pastoral residence, on Friday, August 22d. Father O'Connor was in the 54th year of his age.

WE regret to announce the death of the Very REV. JOHN CANON DUNNE, P. P., of Horeswood, who departed this life on the 7th inst. The deceased clergyman was one of the oldest in the diocese of Ferns, and at the time of his lamented death was in the seventy-sixth year of his age and forty-fifth of his sacred ministry.

SISTERS.

A SISTER of Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., named JOSEPHINE, a religieuse in the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, Canada, died in that city last week, of consumption.

DIED, on the 12th of July, at the Mother House of her order in Hochelaga, Ontario, Canada, SISTER M. GABRIEL, in the world Teresa Nagle, in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

SISTER PATRICK, of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Washington, D. C., died in that city on Thursday, July 24th. She was one of the oldest Sisters in the House.

LAYMEN.

DR. WILLIAM M. BURKE, Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages for Ireland, and head of the General Register Office, Charlemont House, died on the 13th of August at his residence, 88 Stephen's Green, South Dublin, at the age of sixty years.

THE Sydney *Catholic Times* reports the sudden death of the HON. E. BUTLER, Q. C., leader of the Bar of that colony. Mr. Butler was a native of Kilkenny. He began life at the Antipodes as a journalist, and made a wide reputation. It was while addressing the court that he suddenly became ill and died in a few minutes.

DEATH OF MR. MICHAEL CAREY, T. C.—We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Michael Carey, T. C., a melancholy event which took place on the 8th of August, at his residence in Dublin. Mr. Carey was prominently connected with the vintner's trade in Dublin, and was president of the society for many years. As town councillor of the Woodquay Ward he was, until very lately, a constant attendant at the chief municipal body.

AUSTRALIAN papers lately to hand announce the death of an Irishman who has won distinction at the Antipodes, and who, some quarter of a century ago, was not unknown to fame in Ireland. Edward Butler was a colleague of Charles Gavan Duffy on the revived "Nation," and was much respected by those associated with him. He entered into the public movements of that day with much enthusiasm, but when Duffy left Ireland as he thought "a corpse on the dissecting-table," he too lost heart and deported himself to Australia.

Events of the Month.

THE unbroken line of the Sovereign Pontiffs has stamped its impress on the centuries of history. Empires go down, monarchies fall, kings don shrouds, but the Vicars of Christ rest on an everlasting decree.

DURING the solemn dedication of a new church at Kilkeel, diocese of Down and Connor, an appeal for funds by the Most Rev. Primate of all Ireland resulted in the extraordinary collection of £1,000.

THE Rev. Messrs. M'Glade and Gibbon, of Maynooth College, and the Rev. Mr. M'Glinchy, of the Irish College of Paris, have been recently ordained priests by the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, for the mission of the diocese of Derry.

IN places where Catholic schools have existed in the Diocese of Buffalo since 1876, it has not been allowed to admit children to First Communion who have not attended a Catholic school previously for at least one scholastic year.

THE seventeenth annual collection of Peter's pence for the archdiocese of Dublin has been completed, and has yielded over £2,000. It was feared that the depression in trade would affect the amount yielded, but the overflowing charity of the people has lost none of its force.

THE Pope, it is said, has pronounced a blessing upon the proposed Panama Canal, and expressed the hope that it might prove morally, even more than materially, a bond of union between the Old and the New Worlds. The indomitable Lesseps will set out for Panama next November, bringing with him his wife and four children.

SOCIALISM is rearing its head in Spain and making itself unpleasantly felt. Much alarm has recently been caused, in the neighborhood of Xeres, by the killing of sheep and numerous acts of incendiarism. These outrages are believed to be the work of Socialists, and seven persons belonging to that organization have been arrested on suspicion.

BY the death of Lord Trimleston, of Trimleston, County Meath, an old Catholic barony becomes extinct. The deceased peer was the sixteenth of his line, and succeeded his father so long ago as 1839. He has been an invalid for a considerable time at his house in Park Lane, London, where he died on Monday, at the age of eighty-three. Lord Trimleston married a niece of Lord Dunsany, and leaves one daughter, who became the wife of Mr. Robert Henry Elliot in 1868.

THE new Nuncio at Paris brings with him a brilliant reputation for culture and ability. His Holiness has broken through a traditional custom in employing in this capacity a prelate of other than Italian nationality. Mgr. Wladimir Czacki is a Pole of noble birth. His first employment in an office of state was in the later years of the late Pope's reign, when Cardinal Antonelli, weakened by infirmities, divided the functions of the Secretaryship of State with him. All religious Paris is disposed to welcome with enthusiasm a prelate who recommends himself by a thousand attractive qualities.

THOUGH the time for the next promotions to the Cardinalate is uncertain, the nominations to the seven vacant posts in the Sacred College are already clearly hinted at. Six candidates are already designated by name. Two foreign prelates come first on the list, and interest us most at home. They are Monsignor MacCabe, Archbishop of Dublin; and the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Monsignor Strain. It is thought, however, that one of the two, not both, will be promoted, and the choice must depend on various local circumstances, and the removal of certain difficulties in either case.

THE ENNIS ELECTION, — A COINCIDENCE. — Mr. Finigan (says the "Liverpool Mercury") is well known in this town, and took an active part in the temperance movement. He was secretary for the League Hall, and it is a curious coincidence that as a member of the Parliamentary Debating Society he was, while in Liverpool, "member for Ennis." There are now three professional journalists in Parliament, and it is singular that they are all Home Rulers, namely, Mr. Justin M'Carthy, of the "Daily News," Mr. O'Donnell, of the "Morning Post," and Mr. Finigan, of the "Daily Chronicle."

THE summer assizes all through Ireland have now concluded, so far as criminal business is concerned, and everywhere the presiding judges were constrained to compliment the grand juries upon the peace that prevailed in the several counties. This is a remarkable fact, having regard to the outcry made by the English press about the disturbed state of Ireland. There is the consciousness of guilt in all the charges that are made against us in this respect, for those persons who are constantly writing us down, judge what we are from what they would make us, and possibly from what we should be. The Irish are the most patient people on the face of the earth, and it is proven by facts. Nowhere in all the Irish circuits were there serious crimes to be investigated, and this at a time when the country is in an impoverished condition.

ACCORDING to the "Annuaire Catholique" for 1879, there were on the 1st July 1.143 Bishops or Archbishops in the Catholic Church. The senior of those prelates was Mgr MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam in Ireland, who was appointed "in partibus infi-

delium" by Leo XII. on the 8th March, 1825. Of those dignitaries 61 were named by Gregory XVI., 998 by Pius IX., and 82 by Leo XII.

AN INVENTIVE PRIEST. — The *Scientific American* of July 12 says: "A patent has been issued to Father E. W. J. Lindesmith, of Leetonia, Ohio, for a compound for incense coal. It consists of charcoal, an adhesive material, saltpetre, and a suitable perfume, mixed together with water and dried." We have seen several pieces of the above coal, and find it is made in small, square blocks, and is used by priests. Father Lindesmith says it is much more convenient, cleaner, and can be ignited much easier than the charcoal formerly used. He is making a great deal of it.

FRUITFULNESS OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT. — If, says a writer in a German contemporary, we reckon that a single grain of wheat produces 50 grains, and that these 50 will each produce 50 grains more, we find :—

In the second year		2,500 grains.
" third	"	125 000 "
" sixth	"	15,625,000,000 "
" twelfth	"	244,140,625,000.000 "

The third year's crop would give 300 men one meal, leaving enough bran to feed eight pigs for one day. The produce of the single grain in the twelfth year would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth with food during their lifetime.

THE POTATO BLIGHT IN IRELAND. — Unmistakable signs of the potato blight have made their appearance in and around Drogheda and the surrounding district. Potatoes were retailed in Drogheda market at 11d. and 1s. per stone. They appeared to be in pretty good condition. The price afterwards fell to only 5d. to 6d. per stone, the disease in the short space of one week having made such extensive ravages as to cause that great decline in price. All the early potatoes are affected, — kemps, flounders, etc. The leaves are at first covered with dark spots, which become perfectly black. On removing the skin, a dark, greenish watery substance is discovered, which in a short time covers the entire potato.

A BISHOP'S ADVICE. — "Let Catholic parents," writes a distinguished English bishop, "if there be any so sunk in wickedness as to neglect the Catholic education of their children, reflect how grievously they sin in sending their children to non-Catholic schools, to the eminent peril of their Catholic life, when Catholic schools are within their reach. It needs many precautions and a grave reason indeed — one so grave that we know not whether any exists in this diocese — to excuse a parent from sin in sending a child to a non-Catholic school. It is no justification to plead that nothing is taught against the Catholic faith. The absence of the teaching of Catholic doctrines, and still more of Catholic practices, is a deadly evil in itself."

FRENCH OPINION OF THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI. — The *Republique Française* thinks it lucky for the English arms that Cetewayo gave battle at Ulundi, instead of retiring to Amanzekanze, in which case Lord Chelmsford, whose advance had been phenomenally slow on account of the difficulties of conveying provisions, would probably have been fain to retreat without taking his revenge for Isandula. As it is, the *Republique Française* thinks that since the English troops, though victorious, do not pursue the enemy, and are returning to the base of their operations, leaving the Zulus masters of all their territory north of the Umvolosi, they have thrown up the game after brilliantly repairing a series of military checks, and are content to reap no result from their campaign. The terms of peace, it opines, will be much more advantageous for Cetewayo than those it was lately thought to impose on him, and if the basis of peace should be the *status quo ante bellum*, the Zulus will be entitled to say they have the best of it.

MEETING OF ENGLAND'S TWO CARDINALS. — Cardinals, at any rate in England, are the busiest of men, and they do not get many opportunities of gratifying the instincts of private friendship. Last week, however, when Cardinal Manning was on his way to Birkenhead to consecrate Canon Knight, he made a detour to Birmingham, and stole from the year's round of duty some precious moments to lay on the altar of friendship. What the two Cardinals said to each other was, perhaps, of little moment to any but themselves; nevertheless clustering round the interview are associations which made it one of the most memorable of modern times, both to Catholics and to Anglicans. Who could have foretold, five and thirty years ago, that the two men, who above all others were then the props and the hope of the Anglican Church and her children, would ever take counsel together within the four walls of an Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham as Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church? No such prospect had entered even into their own remotest calculations, — so uncertain are the ways of man, and so compelling is the grace of God! Of late years meetings between the two great men have been few and far between, the latest before last Thursday's being on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Hope-Scott, about 1873.

THE VATICAN AND TURKEY. — We have already often alluded to the excellent relations now existing between the Holy See and Turkey; and Leo XIII., who loves to put his ideas into execution, seeing the occasion was favorable to his intentions, has lost no time in writing a letter to the Sultan, which, starting from the fact of the re-establishment of concord in the bosom of the Armenian branch of the Church, is intended to thank his Majesty for his powerful help in establishing the Catholic Church of the East in the full liberty and exercise of its functions, and for his co-operation in this mighty work of pacification. His Holiness remarks that, though Christian influence is eminently a pacific and religious element in the governing of nations, this result cannot but augur well even for the temporal grandeur of the Ottoman Empire. Encouraged by the feelings of friendliness and good-will which the Sultan has openly expressed and manifested as regards the Holy See, Leo XIII. proceeds to express his hope that their respective relations may be established in a more regular form in future, the Vatican having the intention of nominating an apostolic delegate at Constantinople, for the welfare of the subjects of the great Turkish Empire, as well as for the Catholic interests in that country.

A NUMBER of excommunicated Fenians recently held a meeting in Manchester, England, to consider the best steps to be adopted with reference to the refusal of the Roman Catholic clergy to admit them to the benefits of religion, Fenianism having come under the interdict against secret societies. A proposal to build a chapel and have a priest of their own was not received with much favor, and it was agreed to present an humble and respectful address to Dr. Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford, on the matter, and to await his lordship's reply before going any further with the matter.

MEMORIES OF HOCHELAGA.

BOSTON, August, 1879.

HOME again! How delightful it is to again be amongst one's friends after a year's absence, even though that year was spent most pleasantly with the sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Marie at their Convent at Hochelaga, near Montreal; and though the pleasant companionships with schoolmates are broken now, but to be renewed in the fall, it is with a feeling of pleasure that I turn back to linger over old memories connected with that beautiful institution. Never shall I forget the grand views from its large roofs. In front, but a few rods distant, the majestic St. Lawrence flows on its way to the sea, bearing on its surface innumerable vessels, some carrying the products of our great West, and bound for the Old World; some from a voyage from that Old World, bearing luxuries to our new civilization; and others passing and repassing, loaded with pleasure-seekers and travellers, each intent on its own destination.

To the right is the city, — it is but three miles distant, — the convent being in the town of Hochelaga, which has but lately been annexed to the city of Montreal. Beyond the city is the mountain from which the city and island derives its name. This mountain towers far above everything, to the sky even. The prominent points in the city are: The French Cathedral, which seats 13,000 people, and whose spire contains the largest bell on the continent; it is said to weigh 27,000 pounds. From the spire is one of the finest views to be obtained of the surrounding country. Another point is the Hotel Dieu, a hospital which is free to all. This is the largest and most commodious establishment of its kind in the country. The sisters in charge are of the Franciscan order, and a welcome is given to all who are in need of their ministrations.

The Jesuit Church is another fine object, containing, as it does, the finest frescoing and paintings to be found on this side of the Atlantic. In connection with it is the Seminary, a large building with accommodations for several hundred students. Still another object in the city is the Gray Nunnery, almost under the shadow of the mountain the largest establishment of this kind in the country. The work is entirely charitable, and is freely given to all in need of it. To the left of the convent is a pleasant open country, mostly occupied by a farming population of the descendants of the old French, and who all speak the language of their ancestors. The grounds are in extent of a mile and a half long by a quarter in width. The building is of Montreal granite, four stories in height, and contains in the basement the refectories and kitchens, also the heating apparatus. The second floor contains chapel, music-room, reception-room, library, private rooms for studies, and large hall. Third floor, class and recreation rooms; this floor contains the museum, a most magnificent and complete collection of all things that are, both animate and inanimate. Fourth floor is occupied entirely by dormitories, where we have sometimes had a quiet lark even under the eyes of our good-natured though severe sister.

Nor shall I forget the pleasant times I had in class under the trees by the lake within the limits of our grounds, where we studied our French under the supervision of our directress.

I shall also remember our semi-monthly picnics to the woods and other points of interest. While on these excursions we lost all feelings that we were away from home, and in a far-away country, so happy and pleasant a time we did have.

Still there remains a shade of sorrow from my parting with the dear sisters, ever regretting the motherly, parental care of Mother Scholastica, and the ever-watchful, firm, yet gentle Sister Alexander. CARRIE.

Notices of Recent Publications.

P. O'Shea, New York.

Catechism of Christian Doctrine; or, a Comprehensive Summary of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, prepared chiefly for the use of schools, academies, and colleges, with a Short Catechism for the use of young children, to which is appended a small prayer-book, in which will be found the necessary prayers for those who wish to lead a Christian life. By Rev. James Gleeson, C. S. C.

The title of this book fully explains itself. The Archbishop of Baltimore recommends it.

The American News Co., New York.

A simple, orderly, and comprehensive Catechism of the Catholic religion. Prepared by Rev. M. L. Glennon, assistant pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Jersey City, and approved by Rt. Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Bishop of Newark.

This little Catechism is more particularly designed for the use of small children. The answers are brief and simple, and may be easily retained in the young minds of new beginners in the study of Christian doctrine.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Messrs. Rivington, London, are preparing for reissue the "Lyra Apostolica," with a preface by Cardinal Newman. The volume contains poems by the Cardinal and others, and the reissue will be the first edition of the work recording the authors' names.

DEGREE OF ENTERED APPRENTICE MASON.

"BINDING MYSELF UNDER PENALTY OF HAVING MY THROAT CUT ACROSS FROM EAR TO EAR, MY TONGUE TORN OUT BY THE ROOTS, AND MY BODY BURIED IN THE ROUGH SANDS OF THE SEA."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1879. No. 5.

"IF any will not work, neither let him eat." "Thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands."

"AN Irishman without faith is a shame to his mother and to Ireland."—MANNING.

"IMMORAL and illegal combinations, disowned by right reason and reprobated by religion, cannot be enlisted in the service of our country."—ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

"I ACCEPT with pleasure the ensign of St. Patrick's Society, distinguished for its firm adherence to the glorious cause of American independence in which we are embarked."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"BLESSED be the name of Jesus Christ!" should be our ejaculation when we hear the holy name so frequently taken in vain. A Catholic should immediately leave the company of those who swear, blaspheme, or curse.

NEVER WAS a more thoroughly terse, plucky, and thoroughly English speech made in the House of Parliament than when Lord Denbigh, with all a convert's zeal, boldly stood up and said, "I am a Catholic first, and then an Englishman."

IRISH AND ENGLISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS:

THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASSWORDS.

MICHAEL DI GARGANO.

"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven!
Ye shall have mysteries, —ay, precious stuff,
For knaves to thrive by, —mysteries enough,
Dark, tangled doctrines; dark as fraud can weave,
Which your blind votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe."
MOORE.

INTRODUCTION.

ENGLISH freemasons live in a Christian country, Irish freemasons live in a pre-eminently Catholic one, and in the midst of millions of the most religious Christians in the world; hence, leagued in a close brotherhood, guided and inspired by the worldly prudence of the serpent, they are obliged to mask and conceal, by sham and merely verbal changes, in their ritual ceremonies, forms, and expressions, that antichristian and antisocial spirit which is the very soul and essence of freemasonry. Let Englishmen speak for England, but certain it is that the public and private feeling of high-principled and religious Ireland recoils in horror from the blood-stained, plundering, unprincipled, and blasphemous freemasonry of the Continent. Owing to the strength and pressure of the Christian order-loving element in these countries, British and Irish freemasons are constantly compelled, in words at least, to disclaim all connection or identity with the craft on the Continent. I shall prove, in the following chapters, that these words are untrue, that the mark of Cain is upon them, and that they are not innocent of their brother's blood. I shall prove that the most intimate connection and solidarity exist between them and the freema-

sons of the Continent; that, in the words of the Ritual, for receiving a Scotch Ancient or Grand Master in the Chief Patriotic Lodge of Germany, "no matter how much scattered over the face of the earth, they form only one body, because one is their origin and one their aim, one the mystery by which they are initiated, one the path by which they are led, one the gauge and measure applied to each and all of them, and one the spirit by which they are animated."

This connection and union I shall prove: firstly, from the warrants issued by England for the foundation and institution of those foreign lodges; secondly, from the official Irish and English masonic calendars for the present year, published by their own authority and for their own use, giving, as they do, lists of names of elected representatives of Irish and English freemasons of those foreign lodges, as also lists of elected representatives of foreign masons in the Grand Lodges of Ireland and England; thirdly, from the fact of a quarterly correspondence carried on with those foreign lodges; and lastly, from their own speeches, their own declarations, and their own rules. I am also confident of convincing the impartial and unbiassed reader, from the facts which I propose to bring forward in the following chapters, that the spirit of freemasonry is essentially antichristian and antisocial; that it aims at the destruction of every throne and every altar; that in the words of Joseph Mazzini, the very incarnation of European masonry, it aims at universal union of European families without "people-made king or hereditary king." He, type of a freemason as he was, has distinctly laid down the principles which are the foundation of freemasonry in Europe and throughout the world. "Europe," he says, "I might say the world, for Europe is the lever of the world, no longer believes in the sanctity of royal races. Europe no longer believes in aristocracy, the royalty of several. Europe no longer believes in the papacy. Europe" (take notice, aristocracy of England and Ireland!) "no longer believes in any privilege, be it what it may. See the actual organization of Europe; is it not altogether based upon privilege, by whatever name it may be known? How, then, can we wonder at the struggle which is engendered within it? We hold that whatever denies or shackles liberty is impious, and ought to be overthrown, and as soon as possible destroyed. This it is which is set at the bottom of the ever-recurring struggle in Europe; this it is which prevents either armies or persecutions or *coups d'état* from conquering it; this it is which will insure final triumph."*

To show how freemasons propose to work out these ideas and to form this great human family of fraternity and equality, I may quote the instructions laid down in a work written by a Professor Hoffman, of Vienna, afterwards translated into Dutch in 1792:— "Superstition (Christianity and the law of Moses) has hitherto been the mainstay of the tyranny and deception by means of which princes and priests have drawn mankind into their net. . . . As man is chiefly worked on by his passions, these must be excited, and Christianity must be made ridiculous ere the dominion of faith can be overthrown in the heart. Secondly, to effect this a literary association must be formed to promote the circulation of our writings, and suppress, as far as possible, those of our opponents. Thirdly, for this end we must contrive to have in our pay the publishers of the leading literary journals of the day" (Bismarck's "reptile press"), "in order that they may turn into ridicule and heap contempt on everything written in a contrary interest to our own. Fourthly, 'he that is not with us is against us'; therefore we may persecute, calumniate, and tread down such

* Life and Writings of Mazzini, Vol. VI. pp. 222, 223.

a one without scruple; individuals such as these are noxious insects, which one shakes from the blossoming tree, and crushes beneath one's foot. Fifthly, very few can bear to be made ridiculous; let ridicule, therefore, be the weapon employed against persons who, by no means devoid of sense, show themselves hostile to our schemes. Sixthly, in order the more quickly to attain our end, the *middle classes of society* must be thoroughly imbued with our principles; the lower orders and the mass of the population are of little importance, and can be easily moulded to our will. The middle classes are the principal supporters of the government: to gain them we must work on their passions, and above all, bring up the rising generation in our ideas, as in a few years they will be, in their turn, masters of the situation. Seventhly, license in morals will be the best means of enabling us to provide ourselves with patrons at court, persons who are nevertheless totally ignorant of the importance of our cause. It will suffice for our cause if we make them absolutely indifferent to the Christian religion. They are, for the most part, careless enough without us. Eighthly, if one's aims are to be pursued with vigor, it is of absolute necessity to regard as enemies of enlightenment and of philosophy all those who cling in any way to religious or civil prejudice, and exhibit this attachment in their writings. They must be viewed as beings whose influence is highly prejudicial to the human race, and a great obstacle to its well-being and progress. On this account it becomes the duty of each one of us to impede their action in all matters of consequence, and to seize the first suitable opportunity which may present itself of putting themselves entirely *hors de combat*. Ninthly, we must be ever on the watch to make all changes in the state serve our own ends; political parties, cabals, brotherhoods, unions, in short, everything that affords an opportunity of creating disturbance must be an instrument in our hands. For it is only on the ruins of society, as it exists at present, that we can hope to erect a solid structure on the natural system, and insure to the worshippers of nature the free exercise of their rights."

Here we have a summary of the spirit of freemasonry, its doctrines, its ends, and its plans for the attainment of those ends. Freemasonry professes to leave politics outside the lodge door, and all party feeling; and within the lodge she lays her plans, and sinks her mines, and trains her votaries, sometimes by her ceremonies and sometimes by gradual enlargement in speeches and declarations for taking part in the great end and work she has in view. "How would not the masonic mysteries have degenerated," says the Italian Ritual at the twenty-ninth degree, "if, according to the programme of the common herd of masons, the adept was never to occupy himself with politics or religion!" Freemasonry would not only degenerate in its mysteries by the exclusion of politics and religion, but it would fall, crumble, cease to exist. The air it breathes, the foundation it stands upon, is the levelling of all rank and distinction, the tearing down of throne and altar for liberty, equality, and fraternity. "Freemasonry," said brother Emile Grisar, the Belgian Masonic orator, on the 15th June, 1845, "is a robust body, a Colossus with a thousand heads, with a hundred thousand arms, the great instrument of social reforms; the laboratory of all new ideas, . . . the precursor of that democratic spirit which is advancing with giant strides. . . . The number of our holy militia extends, day by day; our arms are multiplied, and very soon we shall be able to clasp the whole country in our embrace." * I hope to show in the following chapters how in every country of Europe freemasonry has not only mixed in politics, but has made

* M. Neut, T. I. p. 290.

use of every source of political or religious disturbance for the furtherance of its ends. The Communists of Paris, the Carbonari of Italy, the Orangemen and Fenians of Ireland, the heaving masses of *malcontents* and revolutionists throughout the world, have been, and are in turn, the tools and accomplices and outbranches of freemasonry. Domenica Angherá, the Grand Master of the Neapolitan masons, boasted that "the mallets of the masons beat harmonious time to the axes of the Carbonari." And when Joseph Mazzini died, the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Italy ordered that all the lodges of Italy should go into mourning, and requested that all the freemasons of every nationality who had it in their power should attend the funeral. When the Orange lodges were dissolved in America, the Orangemen smiled, for they knew that in the lodges of masonry they had an identical institution. We shall also see how the ceremonies and oaths of the degrees and ascending steps of freemasonry gradually instruct the initiated mason, and prepare and train his mind to masonic ideas. "The lodges of freemasonry," says the orator of the Grand Orient of Belgium, "are schools where men must be formed to certain convictions, so that they may be able to struggle with vigor in the profane world, and especially in the political arena." And this truth is still more clearly put forward by another masonic authority, M. Louis Blanc: "Darkness, mystery, an awful oath to pronounce; a secret to learn for every trial courageously borne, a secret to keep under pain of execration; particular signs whereby brethren recognize each other at the ends of the earth; ceremonies referring to the history of a murder, and seeming to hatch and foster ideas of vengeance, — what more fit to form conspirators?" The entered apprentice, commencing with his lessons of benevolence, never to see a brother mason destitute without going to his assistance, and his oath to assist brother masons, their widows and orphans; the master mason, learning to become a martyr sooner than reveal the secrets of masonry; the Royal Arch Mason, with his oath to espouse a mason's cause whether he be *right or wrong;* the Elected Knight of Nine, with his Joabert, the avenger of Hiram Abiff, and his password *Necum* (vengeance); the gradual familiarizing and lowering of religion and holy things, first treating them as playthings and craft-symbols, and lastly, as objects of contempt and hatred, — all are harmonious parts of a well-planned training system, which makes the true and perfect freemason what he is, and what he ever has been, in every country of Europe, an enemy of God and man.

Now I must bespeak the reader's patience and attention. Patience to read through each of my chapters as successive proofs of the serious charges I bring against freemasonry. As these proofs must be taken from their own books, speeches, and papers, they will occasionally be found dry and heavy; therefore, if my reader wishes to judge for himself, he must be a patient reader. He must also pay attention to what he reads. Masonry, on principle, cloaks and masks its designs and morals, not only that it may secure its success against its adversaries, but that it may even employ its natural opponents as tools for their own destruction, as in the case of crowned heads and nobles; therefore my reader must be attentive, or he will not understand the ambiguous language of the double-faced masonic Joab. If he be both patient and attentive he will fully understand the depth and the social danger of the system of freemasonry, which I will exemplify in the uniform conduct of freemasons in all classes and situations. On corporations, and poor-law or mendicity boards, grand juries, railway and bank companies, and public offices, he will find that

system equally uniform in army, constabulary, law court, elections, etc., everywhere justice forgotten and merit overlooked for masonic fraternal love, and I think he will agree with me that the freemason is a public and private enemy of God and man.

I shall explain and manifest the secrets of freemasons, and conclude with an advice to the honest, sound, and "uninitiated public," as to how they should deal with an organization which, for the furtherance of selfish and ambitious views, to say the least of them, enrolls its members under a banner which is neither Christian nor national, and which, suiting itself to circumstances, is ever ready to use any or every means, whether fair or foul, to accomplish and secure its ends. As an Irish citizen, I say that the lord lieutenant, and Irish judges and Irish magistrates and Irish officials, and men holding offices of public trust, whether on corporation or poor-law or railway or harbor or educational boards, deciding and directing the public interests of this country, should be ashamed, instead of making it their boast, that they are members of a secret society, the members of which were declared by an act of George III. felons, and liable to transportation for life;* which is secret because it cannot bear the light, which is stained with blood, cradled and baptized with the most contemptible and tomfoolery ceremonies, used only to conceal and cloak villany, and sealed and branded with bloodthirsty, blasphemous oaths. As a citizen of the Christian world I say, that it devolves on all who would uphold, in Europe or America or elsewhere, the banner of Christianity to make freemasonry their study, and to consider if they ought not, in self-defence, to oppose the onward march of an organized society, which is, in principle and in aim, antichristian and antisocial. Their own interest and that of their children demand it of them. It is not when the deluge is come that we should seek the ark. The Prime Minister of England said, but very lately, that the storm-cloud of the East, which now threatens and shadows Europe, has been raised and charged by the secret societies. He does not specify the one great society, the centre of all others; but were he to speak his mind, he might use some such words as the ex-Grand Master, the Prussian minister, Count von Haugwitz, when, at the Congress of Monarchs at Verona, 1830, he bid the rulers of Europe be on their guard against masonry, adding, "I feel at this moment firmly persuaded that the French Revolution, which had its first commencement in 1788, and broke out soon after, attended with all the horrors of regicide existed heaven only knows how long before, having been planned, and having had the way prepared for it by associations and secret oaths."

Would it not be well, then, if such high dignitaries as the royal master of the freemasons of England and the noble master of the freemasons of Ireland were to pause and consider what society and organization it is which they so boastfully patronize? Freemasonry has boasted ere this of the crowned heads whom she held at play in the antechambers of her mysteries, using their names and influence to undermine their thrones and wrench their sceptres from their hands. Nothing is so dangerous to an individual, a family, or a nation, as false, presumptuous confidence. Fools are ever over-confident and foolhardy. Presumption is the origin of the most fatal consequences. *Quos Deus vult perdere dementat.* The presumptuous young nobles of Pompey's camp brought chains wherewith to bind Cæsar's soldiers. Not to go so far back in the annals of Europe, we may still remember the jubliant cry of the French soldiers in 1870, calling to their comrades at the railway stations, "Take their places for Berlin!" That cry was soon answered by the

*50 George III. cap. 102.

cheers of the Prussian soldiers as they passed in Paris under the Arch of Triumph, and the French soldiers did indeed take their places for Berlin, but it was for Berlin prisons and Berlin hospitals. Let the Irish and English self-confident people beware that the conclave secret societies which are brewing war and devastation in the East, do not some day explode in the mine, and factory, and laboring millions of England and Ireland. Is there not, or can there not be found, under present favorable circumstances, an English Catiline, a Mazzini, a Garibaldi, a Kossuth, or a Robespierre? The English millions are capable of organization and secret union, as Dr. Kenealy's agitation proved some time ago, when petitions came from provincial towns, one signed by 11,000 persons, another by 14,000, requesting that meetings should be convened in those localities. A public demonstration was arranged in London, and 40,000 persons responded to the summons. No one could tell what power it was that marshalled the rank and file of the unlettered masses, put pen and ink into their hands, or conducted the successful election at Stoke. Dr. Kenealy afterwards said that we were "walking on the crust of a volcano," and the *Times* seemed to agree with him so far, if we may judge from its leading article on April 26, 1875, in which it said, "We are warned that there is, in this sensible, sober, and calculating England, a stratum of society about as unaccountable and as little to be depended upon as a quicksand or a quagmire. There is no saying what it may be 'terribly in earnest' about to-morrow; and when we see it is terribly in earnest there is no knowing whether it is terribly in earnest with good reason or for none at all, just some notion of its own imagination, or some object of the grossest credulity. This is a sad conclusion to come to. We wish to believe in popular earnestness, and to recognize in solemnity of tone, gravity of demeanor, and combined action the natural vouchers for truth, reality, and sense. But if we are to believe both Dr. Kenealy and the House of Commons, the majesty of the people is terribly in earnest for a creature of its own imagination, or, still worse, of its own corrupt and dishonest will."

Be that interest what it may, the terrible earnestness of the English masses may not always be so easily lulled into peace. A Gordon or Chartist riot, a corn-law or Hyde Park upheaving, may not always be so easily put down as formerly. The successful history of yesterday does not always repeat itself in the victory of to-morrow. The victor of Austerlitz may become the prisoner of St. Helena, or the Emperor of Magenta the conquered man of Sedan. If we may believe history, nations have their tide and their ebb in fortune, and as they rise so do they fall. Babylon and Persia and Greece and Rome have risen to glory and sunk again. Thrones and races and nations that were once great are now but shadowy names on the record of the past. And each may retain its turn till the cup is filled up; till amidst the rejoicings of their proud confidence, their sentence is written on the wall. Let us pause and beware. The guardians of a powder magazine should not play with nitroglycerine, though cased in tin. In England are inflammable millions of democracy who acknowledge no moral law, and can be governed only by the strength of brute force. Let adverse circumstances arise, let hunger and thirst and want come upon them, whilst a self-confident and unfeeling aristocracy superabounds, and tell me if a government, weakened and overwhelmed by a foreign struggle, shall be able to guard the social chasm bridged over by the bodies of the famished dead and dying. There was a time when the Turkish crescent swept in triumph over every sea, and frowned on every coast; but now, according to Lord Beaconsfield, the secret societies sit round to wake the

Turkish corpse, and in their sovereign power call the nations of Europe to join in the Dead March of their victim. We may be lulled in the false calm that only precedes the storm, —

"Till in some treach'rous hour of calm,
They burst like Zeilan's giant palm,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pygmy forest round."

Let the government of to-day fail to succeed, and the secret societies become the triumphing commune of to-morrow. Secret societies are governed by selfish interest and by unrestrained passion. When opportunity arose, the freemason Communists were as hostile to the government of their own country, as the Prussian invaders. Freemasonry ruined the army of the king of Naples; and from the bulwarks of besieged Paris, French freemasons exchanged their craft signs with their mystic brethren in the Prussian ranks. Freemasonry, with its diabolical training and its fatal oaths, will yet prove the scourge and the ruin of Europe.

Religion is no bond for those who believe but in its name, and nominal loyalty is equally unstable. Respect for the lion and the unicorn could not prevent the Orangemen of Ulster from declaring by their orator that they would "kick the queen's crown into the Boyne," though Lord Clarendon, in 1848, sent them cases of arms from Dublin Castle to protect it. And the sound loyalty of the Orange Grand Master of the city of Dublin, Thomas Caldbeck, J. P., proclaimed itself at the Orange meeting in the Rotundo, on the 12th of July, when he declared that they would support their Protestant queen *as long* as she supported the principles which had placed the house of Brunswick on the throne. It is a poor chance for any reigning house, if the people take the scales of judgment into their own hands, and decide their duty to the Constitution according to their own notions of the government or of the religious views of the sovereign. They might soon execute their sentence with sword and guillotine, and then the foreign house would be more careful about running down English "Mistletoes," when on a hasty pleasure-trip to a Highland dance.

England has been, as we shall see, the mother and mistress of freemasonry throughout Europe. She has fostered it and guarded its children of revolution throughout Europe and the world. We all remember how English men-of-war anchored between the vessels of the king of Naples and Garibaldi's landing-troops. In 1848 Lord Palmerston and Lord Minto patronized the Italian Carbonari lodges of Rome, and fanned them into revolution. Her turn may come, and the Russian general, Tchernaieff of Servia, prove in a little time to her what her *protégé*, the revolutionary Garibaldi, proved to the crowned heads of Italy. She would do well while there is yet time, if there is yet time, to carry the lamp of experience before her, and direct her footsteps by its light, and not, like Dante's Virgil, carry it behind, lest another Statius say to her, —

"Thou didst as one, who, journeying through the darkness,
Bears a light behind, that profits not himself,
But makes his followers wise."
Purgatorio, Canto xxii, v. 97.

Chapter I. in our next.

Mr. O'Sullivan, M. P. for Limerick, said in Dublin, that his election, though conducted very economically, cost him £1,100, and he justly observed that it was hard to expect men who were not rich to run such pecuniary risks. His constituents wished to pay his expenses, but he declined the offer, although ill able to afford the self-denial.

Most of people look forward to a future day, when they will be "well fixed" in this world; but how very strange that so few look forward as to how they will be in the next world! — *The Catholic Columbian.*

MONUMENT TO PERE MARQUETTE.

THE meeting of the Marquette Monument Association, at Mackinac, Michigan, on the 8th of August, was largely attended by prominent Western citizens, clerical and lay, while letters were received and read from Most Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Hon. David Davis, senator of Illinois, Mr. Francis Parkman, the author, and other distinguished personages, all commending the object of the Association, and eulogizing the great Jesuit missionary. Speeches were made on the occasion by Rev. Father Jacker, Professor Kemp, of Detroit, Rev. Dr. E. P. Goodwin, Congregational minister, of Chicago, and others; and a very fine poem, written for the occasion, was read by Rev. P. Cronin, of Buffalo. In the language of the eloquent Archbishop of Baltimore, "It is, indeed, a gratifying spectacle, and one that does honor to those engaged in it, to witness gentlemen belonging to various religious denominations uniting to pay homage to the illustrious pioneer Jesuit, whose venerable name is intimately and inseparably associated with the great Northwest."

HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

Father Jacker, of Point St. Ignace, in his address presented a point in history which we had not read, or before heard mentioned, and which is of much interest to the historical student of the early settlements of the Northwest, or what we have heretofore called the Northwest. The worthy father said the establishment of the missions at Sault Ste. Mary and Point St. Ignace, at that early date, prevented a coalition of the Northwestern tribes with the Iroquois, then the dominant Indian nation, and the allies of the English. The consolidation of all the tribes, and welding together their strength in one compact mass, would have constituted a danger which would have prevented the colonies from declaring their independence of Great Britain. The Indians saw with alarm the encroachments and growing power of the whites, whether French or English, and no treaty formed with them would restrain them from hostilities when an opportunity, really or seemingly favorable, presented itself for an outbreak.

There is no doubt that a consolidation of the entire Indian strength of the Northwest would have constituted a formidable menace. The Jesuit missionaries, in holding the other tribes aloof from the Iroquois, divided the aggregate Indian strength. The result was not foreseen. The establishment of the mission of St. Ignace was more than a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was made, but the numbers and strength of the Indian tribes had not decreased, in the Northwest, in 1776. The French, by becoming allies of the colonies, could exert their old-time influence over the Indians, and the division caused by the establishment of the missions — or rather, the prevention of consolidation of the tribes — freed the colonies from a fearful foe on their border. Thus the labors of Marquette, and his associates in missionary work, formed one link in that chain of circumstances leading to the birth of our nation. The subject is not the less interesting because political ends formed no part of the purposes of the single-minded and self-sacrificing missionary.

THE POEM.

Rev. P. Cronin, Editor Catholic Union, Buffalo, N. Y.

To this scene of sylvan glory,
Rich in gray and dreamful story,
Gather we, this August morning,
'Mid the summer's bright adorning;
While the woods, in fragrant leaf,
Wave o'er fields of golden sheaf,
And the wild flowers' rich perfume
Mingles with the laurel's bloom,
Where the fresh'ning island breeze
Sweeps along the dew-lit heather;
And the honey-laden bees,
From the sighing forest trees,
By these blue and limped waters, —
Weird as their once dusky daughters, —
Sing a dreamy song together.

A devoted pilgrim legion
Come we to this gorgeous region, —
To this green and lovely island,
Sleeping sweetly 'mid the wild-land;
From our homes in distant tracts,
Over lake and stream and river,
Where the dark pines groan and shiver,
And the wrathful tempest sweeping
Sends the torrent madly leaping
Down the foaming cataracts.

Hasten we from eastern city,
With its tearful cries for pity.
And its restless heart all throbbing,
And its laugh and sigh and sobbing,
And the Attic wit that flashes,
And the pungent pen that lashes,
There beside the summer sea;
While the rapid ringing hammer,
And the whir of flying spindles,
Wake a music that enkindles
(While the turbulent grow calmer)
Health and wealth and jubilee.

From the land of rushing waters,
Sturdy sons and bloomful daughters;
Where the swelling western breeze
Wooes the fragrant forest trees,
And the purple mountains rise
Over vales of golden plenty;
And the eagle from his eyrie
Scans the broad and pathless prairie;
Come we with the joyous chorus
Of the teeming west that bore us,
For the grateful task before us,
On which smile propitious skies.

And the Southron, though not here,
Hath a generous emotion
In our work of deep devotion;
For above the livid fear
And the pallid consternation
At the yellow desolation,
South winds bear the tender tone
That sweet sympathy discloses,
And joy mingles with his moan
In his sunny home of roses.

But why do we gather thus proudly to-day,
What grand thought awakes all this brilliant display?
To honor a hero come we from afar,
Whose brow is enwreathed with laurels of war?
Or come we to kneel round a sanctified shrine,
Where angels keep watch with the stars as they shine?
Or rear the proud marble full high on this shore,
And fling to the breeze a loved name evermore?
Ah, yes! 't is a hero, all glorious, I trow,
Whose cheek never blanched 'mid the darts of the foe;
Whose heart was as pure as the foam on the wave
That chants his sad dirge 'round his yonder lone grave,
And throbbed but to lessen life's poor human woes
And make the dark wilderness bright as the rose.
In him saint and scholar, explorer, combined,
Whose deeds shall be blazoned on every wind;
The first who spoke peace on this land red with slaughters
And sang Christian songs o'er the Father of Waters.
'T is a name at whose sound swarthy cheeks have grown wet, —
"The Ottawa Angel," the sainted Marquette.
His fame shall endure, the proud boast of the West,
To epic his story our sweetest behest.

At old Laon, beside a mountain stream,
In far, fair France, he dreamt his youthful dream.
Slender his form and pale his beauteous face,
His high-souled honor spoke a noble race.
Young genius sparkles in those starry eyes
And deep devotion in their dark depths lies.
How fair is all, how sweet the world appears,
And bright the promise of the coming years!

O great, grand soul! e'en in life's festive hours
To list the Master's voice 'mid pleasure's bowers,
To see His beauty in awakening day
And view His mercy in the moon's sweet ray;
To feel His power and vastness o'er the deep,
And His dread wrath when fierce tornadoes sweep!
Thy fresh young virgin heart He sought to gain;
Early He knocked, nor did He knock in vain.

But thine own France, the fair land of the vine,
Whose ev'ry glory swells that heart of thine,
Shall ne'er be witness to thy deeds afar,
Which dim the lustre of those feats of war
In which her Christian knight bore Moslem down,
And rode triumphant through each crescent town.

O pale, pure priest! from far beyond the wave,
The pitying angels beckon thee to save;
For there, amid a smiling paradise
Of flowers and fruits and stream and sunlit skies,
The swarthy Indian broods in darkness lone,
And demons rear their undisputed throne;
And while the virgin vales in beauty sleep
The guardian spirits of the wild-woods weep.
Sure they will bear thee safely o'er the foam,
And soothe thy heart 'mid starlight dreams of home;
There the grand epic of thy life's young story
Shall woo the muse and crown thy name in glory.

Nor Spaniard sought the fabled Fount of Youth,
Nor minstrel knight e'er sang his lady's ruth,
Nor hungry miser in his greed for gold,
Nor dreamy alchemist in days of old,
E'er sought the prize on which his soul was set
With half thine eager heart, O brave Marquette!

'Mid wild Canadian woods and snowy wastes
He taught him bar'brous tongues and savage tastes;

In lone canoe along these stormy lakes
He bears the Cross, and their wild echoes wakes
With Christian song, which, oft more swift than speech,
Can the rude children of the forest reach.
His memory greets us wheresoe'er we go,
'Mid summer flowers or winter's frozen snow.

What recks he of the perils round his path
From beast and flood and wood and savage wrath?
What matters that his scanty food alone
Is oft but moss, plucked from the wild-wood stone?
Jesu is near, the Virgin guards his sleep,
And sweet his slumbers o'er the billows deep;
He has his cross, his breviary and beads;
These be his weapons — he no others needs.
O white-stoled priest, in all thy wand'rings lone,
O'er lake and wild and river then unknown,
Thro' all those toilsome days and nights of pain
While thou wert reaping the ripe gospel grain,
Didst ever dream, or kindly Heaven unfold,
The wondrous story that has since been told
Of this great land, — how its vast power should rise
And woo young Freedom from propitious skies;
How to its outstretched arms and fond embrace
Should haste the children of each suff'ring race,
And find by Eastern sea and Western streams
The Eldorado of their wistful dreams,
Till its free flag should proudly be unfurled
And wake or love or fear o'er all the world?
The birch canoe is gone, which erst awoke
The lonely waters by the wigwam's smoke;
And in its stead the white sail cleaves the tide,
Or ploughs the steamer thro' the waters wide,
Bearing a world of wealth far o'er the deep,
From northern blasts to where soft south winds sleep.
Where forest waved and roamed the bounding game,
And quiver-laden the swart hunter came,
The fierce, hot breathing of the iron horse,
With fiery nostrils, wakes the echoes hoarse,
Till far and far the frightened deer rebounds
O'er the long track and through the wild-wood grounds.
The red man 's here no more, and by each brave
The blood-stained tomahawk rusts in its grave;
And where the savage war dance wildly rose
And rudely broke lone Nature's sweet repose,
The busy hum of cities wakes the day
And festive Pleasure holds high holiday;
And o'er the sward once red with horrid sight
Of human sacrifice and demon rite,
The cross of Jesu rises high in air
And sobs the soul away in tearful prayer;
The Christian Sacrifice is here renewed
And pours again the rich red stream from Holy Rood.

O brave young Christian herald, from afar
Comes thy bright story as a guiding star.
Neglectful centuries could not hide thy fame,
Nor dim the lustre of thy glorious name.
That name the red man knows, and his swart face
Reveres the angel of his vanished race,
While the lone mariner o'er waters dark,
When the fierce tempest crowds his trembling bark,
The same invokes, as guardian of these lakes,
Nor dreads the danger that the wild wind wakes.
They dig him a grave on the wild wet sand,
On the banks of the lonely river,
And lay him to rest
With cross on his breast,
Far, far away from his own sunny land,
While the night dew falls and the sad winds sigh,
And none but the angels and two are nigh.
But his faithful braves will not let him sleep
So far from his own loved mission;
So in decked canoe
When soft winds woo,
They bear him away
'Mid blossoms of May
To Point St. Ignace, while they pray and weep.
But tho' centuries pass, yet the wild winds rave
Round the unlettered stone of Marquette's grave!

TRUTH AND WHEN TO SPEAK IT. — There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue ; concealing it is often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another, and communicates all he sees or hears ; we never stop to inquire whether he speaks the truth or not. He is, perhaps, all the worse for speaking the truth, for truth is particularly offensive in such cases, and never fails to set families at variance. Silence is discretion, and concealment of facts is judicious.

THE government of Canada has decided to rescind all permissions to American troops to visit Canada under arms, alleging as a reason for the adoption of such a course that these visits may lead to future complications.

YOUNG MORTARA'S SCATHING REPLY TO A FRENCH DEPUTY.

Translated for the New York Freeman's Journal.

REV. FATHER MORTARA makes the following reply to a passage in a recent speech by M. Madier de Montjeau, in the French Chamber of Deputies: —

PARIS, July 10, 1879.

MONSIEUR LE DEPUTÉ, — I have just read in your speech, delivered in the Chamber of Deputies during the session of July 7. these words, which I transcribe textually: —

"When the heirs of those who have ruined Pagan worship by decrees known to us, speak of the freedom of heads of families and ask for toleration, *they who applauded the conversion of young Mortara*, we have the right to say, with Danton: 'So much impudence at last begins to weary us.'"

Your language, Monsieur le Deputé. reminds me of the cry of alarm raised by M. Jules Simon, in 1873, *àpropos* to liberty of conscience: "*What about little Mortara?*" Now, it is that same Mortara — "little and young," as you please — who takes upon himself to tell you that you are no more fortunate than your illustrious predecessor. It is, moreover, high time to appreciate how ridiculous it is to recall at every opportunity the memory of that old polemic with which my name is connected. I would be content with laughing at all this, if your language did not present a more serious side.

In the first place, if you had been willing to consult history, you would, perhaps, have discovered that I am not a young convert. Baptized when I was two years of age *in articulo mortis*, I belong to a Church whose right and duty it was to instruct me in conformity with the baptism I had received, and which you have dared to outrage. I will not here attempt to allege reasons which would, doubtless, strike against prejudices as opposed to the supernatural as they are to good sense. I am aware, moreover, that the theology of the party to which you belong is to have none at all, and to combat the Church precisely because, as you well say in your speech, she possesses the power of dogma and of morals. Yes, monsieur, this power exists, it is formidable, it will prevail over yours. Moreover, your attitude towards the Church gives me the right to show the incompetence which makes you lament for Pagan worship.

What I will not tolerate, monsieur, is for you to abuse my name in this war to the death declared against the freedom of the Church. What I will not tolerate, is for you to qualify as impudent the Catholics who, after having applauded my pretended conversion, demand at least a part of that liberty which you confiscate entirely to the advantage of the state. Strange inconsistency to confiscate liberty in the name of liberty itself! Indeed, monsieur. no little impudence is necessary to cast such an accusation in the face of Catholics, in the very same speech in which, appealing to the basest passions of the masses, you give the whole Church over to an unqualifiable ostracism.

As far as concerns me, monsieur, I declare to you that I am a Catholic in principle and by conviction, ready to meet every attack, and to defend at the price of my blood the Church you are combating, the Church which saved my soul. I declare to you that your words deeply offend my honor and my conscience, and that they oblige me to protest publicly.

All will agree with me that it requires singular audacity to venture to diminish before France the exercise of the most sacred individual liberty, and to qualify Catholics who uphold it as impudent, at the very moment when you make yourself the appointed defender of a despotism without name, and the advocate of certain laws which are at once the destruction of all liberty and the odious profanation of the most august rights of heads of families.

Others may applaud wou, mon-

sieur; as for me, I pity you, and if I have anything to wish you, it is the conversion you attribute to me, and which you hold up to public contempt.

Be pleased, Monsieur le Deputé, to add the assurance of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be,

Your very humble servant,

P. E. MORTARA.

FAITH.

Cardinal Newman.

FAITH is not a mere conviction in reason; it is a firm assent, it is a clear certainty greater than any other certainty; and this is wrought in the mind by the grace of God, and by it alone. As then men may be convinced, and not act according to their conviction, so may they be convinced, and not believe according to their conviction. They may confess that the argument is against them, but they have nothing to say for themselves, and that to believe is to be happy; and yet, after all, they avow they cannot believe, they do not know why, but they cannot; they acquiesce in unbelief, and they turn away from God and His Church. Their reason is convinced, and their doubts are moral ones, arising in root from a fault of the will. In a word, the arguments for religion do not compel any one to believe, just as arguments for good conduct do not compel any one to obey. Obedience is the consequence of willing to obey, and faith is the consequence of willing to believe; we may see what is right, whether in matters of faith or obedience, of ourselves, but we cannot will what is right without the grace of God. Here is the difference between other exercises of reason and arguments for the truth of religion. It requires no act of faith to assent to the truth that two and two make four; we cannot help assenting to it, and hence there is no merit in assenting to it; but there is merit in believing that the Church is from God; for though there are abundant reasons to prove it to us, yet we can, without an absurdity, quarrel with the conclusion; we may complain that it is not clearer, we may suspend our assent, we may doubt about it, if we will; and grace alone can turn a bad will into a good one.

LIBERALITY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE *Liverpool Times* remarks: "The younger generation of royalties, the sons and daughters of the Queen, have none of them inherited the anti-Catholic sentiments which their father, the Prince Consort, almost fiercely entertained, and in the Princess of Wales, who attends a Ritualistic church in London, and who decorates the altar at Sandringham, we may foresee a future Queen not altogether unfriendly to Catholic doctrine and discipline. The Prince of Wales has always shown himself to hold kindly intentions towards Catholics, whether by visiting, as he did in India, our churches, convents, and convent schools, or by treating Cardinal Manning with marked courtesy, or by including one or two Catholics among his most trusted counsellors and friends. The Princess Beatrice attended High Mass when she and the Queen stayed at Baveno in the spring; and of Prince Leopold, who has studied philosophy and theology more carefully than is common with English princes, it has been prophesied that he will die, like his kinsman, the last of the Stuarts, a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

THE *Unita Cattolica* gives a detailed list of donations and devises to Catholic charities by private individuals in France from 1872 to 1877. The amount is over $11,000,000. The *Cattolica* derives its information from French bureau statistics.

"THAT MEEK YOUNG MAN WITH THE SPECTACLES."

Justin M'Carthy in The Lamp.

Oh! that meek young man, you mean? That meek young man with the sweet, mild face and downcast eyes was the object of my deep admiration for six blessed months. For six whole months there never passed a morning but we met, ah! well I remember the first morning I saw him. I happened to drop my parasol while closing it after a short April shower, and he politely stooped and, picking it up, handed it to me, and meekly lifting his eyes — oh! those deep blue eyes behind his spectacles — to mine, gracefully raised his hat while he bowed profoundly. I muttered something meant for thanks, and turned away with a strange fluttering at my heart and a vexing consciousness that my face was like the blushing rose. Ever after when passing he raised his hat. It was not a salute, for he had his eyes cast meekly on the ground, but as it seemed to me, a token of his admiration; for I flattered myself then — Heaven help us! my face is deeply furrowed now — that I had some pretensions to be called, if not pretty, at least attractive. What am I about? I set out with the intention of telling you only about that meek young man with the spectacles! His face was closely shaven, and, as I said, his eyes blue, his nose long and nicely shapen, his mouth small and his lips firmly kept together, his hair of a light-brown color, which he wore long behind. In height he was five feet and a half, and he invariably wore black clothes, and strange to say, I never saw him wear a scarf or a necktie, always a turned-down, or as I heard my brother call it, a Shakespearian collar, and a spotless white shirt-front. Out of pure curiosity I inquired who and what he was, but always received the same answer, "Don't know." Pointed him out to my brother, who was a clerk in the city, and who, I supposed, knew every one, but he said he had n't the slightest knowledge of the person, but that if I was particularly interested, would make it his business to find out all about the young man. Of course I disclaimed any interest in the person in question, and attributed my curiosity to his being the only one I ever saw with any claims to respectability who did not wear a necktie. Six months passed away. Every morning I met "that meek young man with the spectacles" as I used to call him, for I could not learn his name, but one evening, as I was preparing tea, my brother (I came home from business an hour earlier than he) came in, and I knew there was "something up" by the quizzical look he threw at me, and the air he assumed as he pocketed his hands and leaned his back against the mantel-piece.

"O John," said I, "you need n't look so at me because Mr. Frennel saw me home this evening. I know you heard it from Jane Reilly, because she is jealous, though indeed, John, I assure you it was only the second time he came."

"I see. So John Frennel saw you home?" he said. "You may very safely leave Miss Reilly alone. It was not about John Frennel I was thinking, but of one in whom you seem to be more deeply interested."

"Oh, that meek young man?" I exclaimed, convicting myself in my haste and curiosity, and stopping abruptly as I saw my brother smile significantly.

"You are right," he answered, "but even if you are, that is no reason that you should be pouring the tea into the sugar-bowl instead of into my cup."

This little accident confused me more, and I was hiding my blushes by stooping down to offer some bread to my favorite poodle, when my brother broke the awkward silence by saying, "He came to-day to the office and is installed as head book-keeper in place of poor Meredyth. I must confess, though, I do not like him."

"Why?" I asked.

"I cannot say," answered John,

"but I imagine him too sweet and slippery to be good and wholesome; there 's too much of the Uriah Heap in him for my taste."

"Judge not, John," said I; but he made no reply, only sipped his tea, and remained strangely silent for the rest of the evening.

"I am glad to say I am mistaken in that 'meek young man,' as you call him," said my brother one evening as we sat in our room. "He has done me a turn to-day that I may well thank him for. He pointed out to me a serious mistake in one of my books, which I can't remember making, but there it was in my own handwriting and I could not gainsay it. I should have come in for a pretty sharp reprimand from the governor if he had not seen it. I am more than thankful, especially as I have never treated that young man but with the coldest civility."

"There now, John," I cried triumphantly, "I knew you were wrong when you said that young man was too meek to be good."

"Well, dear," said John, "to show you I have changed my opinion entirely, I have invited him to spend to-morrow evening with us."

"What!" said I, in astonishment, "you have asked that young man. Well, John, *that* is a surprise — "

"And a pleasure," he interrupted, smiling.

"Somewhat," I murmured. "And I suppose I had better wear that dark merino dress; you know I always look better — "

"'Pon my word," John put in, "you *are* a strange girl. Because I invite a friend of mine to spend the evening with us, you must become enthusiastic about what we 'll have, and what we 'll do, and what we 'll wear. Is it so unusual a thing, Ellie, to invite a friend? You were n't in such a fuss when Tom Lewis came, nor when Henry Good spent a week here. Have you any particular — a particular — a — ?"

"Tom Lewis and Henry Good!" I exclaimed, almost contemptuously, evading the half-asked question as much as I could, "two musty, fusty, dry old mummies, who ought to be put into glass cases and exhibited as the only living specimens of the seventeenth-century bachelor. I declare you could almost blow the dust of ages off them."

"Very nice, indeed. Very charitable remarks, my dear," said my brother, and he took his candlestick and retired for the night.

The next evening my brother came home accompanied by that meek young man, and after I was introduced, we sat down, and I must say I spent a very agreeable evening. That young man was perfection in my eyes, so meek, so gentle, and so gentlemanly, so full of interesting anecdotes and laughing little stories, that I never wearied of listening to him.

After that he came very often, and I could see, even when some lady friends were with us, he was very attentive to me. My heart was in a perpetual flutter. I used now to look for his coming once or twice a week regularly.

Four or five months passed over, and one evening, in his own meek way, he came and asked me to be his wife. Oh! I cannot put it so nicely as he did; nor can I tell you how mildly he asked me, with downcast eyes. I told him to ask my brother. After that he came every evening, and we were very happy in our own quiet way. He was n't exactly the sort of person I would choose to be the partner of my future life, if I had the choosing; but I suppose if every girl in my then position — my brother and I were alone — had the choosing of any one they would wish, they could n't fix on any. Still, I liked him very much; but I imagine I would have liked him better if he had been a little more manly and a littleless ladylike, but I hoped to make him a good wife, and love him after my own fashion, when I knew him better.

My brother John was at this time

chief clerk in the firm in which both were employed, and for my intended husband, and in a short time "that meek young man" enjoyed the full confidence of the head and managing partner, thanks to my brother.

It was just within a month of my marriage, when some irregularity, I believe, in a branch-house in a distant town required my brother's presence there. The books, I heard afterwards, were in such a complicated state that my brother was totally unable to set them right. In fact, for want of proper management the whole concern was in disorder, and for months previously was involving the firm in heavy losses.

When this became apparent, from my brother's examination of the books, the head partner thought it advisable that he himself should look after the matter, so he joined my brother, leaving the management of the city house in the hands of my future husband, and a junior partner who knew little or nothing of the business. Two or three days sufficed to make the head partner master of the situation, so he returned, after giving full instructions to my brother to see that his orders were carried out. I can scarcely tell you how lonely I felt at this period without my brother, and more so without the society of my betrothed, who could now seldom leave the business before late at night, since the principal was absent.

Four days after the principal returned, my brother was peremptorily recalled, and a junior clerk sent in his place. Serious defalcations, erasures, and misrepresentations were discovered in his books. He was totally unable to explain them: there was his own writing, at least, so he believed himself; yet he protested that he never remembered writing the entries attributed to him.

This was Friday, and pending a full and close examination of the books, he was told that his services could be dispensed with. My mind was a perfect burden to me from the moment John came home and told me what had occurred. He was positively bewildered; he scarcely knew what he did, and seemed to almost doubt the evidence of his own senses. He could not rest nor sleep, and I almost feared his reason would give way.

"Ellie," said he, late one Friday evening, when my intended husband had left us, after expressing the deepest concern for our misfortune, and declaring his firm belief in my brother's innocence, and that all would yet be right, — "Ellie, I will go down by the 9.15 train to-morrow morning to B——r, and spend the day with Fanny" (a married sister, who was living down there), "it will help to divert my mind from dwelling on this dreadful affair."

Early next morning John started, and the anxiety of my mind during the few following days I cannot describe. Monday morning came, and, O God, grant that such a day may never come again!

I really feared my strength and reason could not stand the strain, for to add to my already distressed mind, the news of a terrible accident that morning to the train, by which I expected my brother to return, drove me almost frantic. The time was passed for his coming, and he came not. I drove to the station, determined to see for myself, and asked for a ticket to B——r; but the clerk at the booking-office informed me I could go no farther than the C——l Junction, as an accident, in which from thirty to forty passengers had been killed, had occurred that morning at the next station beyond. I scarcely knew what to do. I telegraphed to my sister, and waited for a reply, as I had plenty of time before the next train started. The reply came that John left B——r that morning, and I ascertained from the clerk that it was the up train from B——r which contained most of the passengers who had been injured. I tried to calm myself, and tottered as best I could to a carriage, and was soon whirling away towards the C——l Junction. From the Junction

I hired a cab to the next station; and there, after many anxious inquiries and many disappointing errands, I found my brother. Oh, the awful suspense as I examined the distorted features of the dead that lay before me in the station-house! A prayer went up from my heart that he was not amongst them. Eventually I found him — Oh thank Heaven! — alive and well. He told me I had many things to be thankful for, after the excitement of our meeting had passed away, not alone for his escape but for my own. He deferred any explanation until he had more time, as he was very busy, hastening from one room to another, and, what frightened me not a little, mostly always attended by a policeman, or one whom I imagined should be if he were not a detective. In an hour or so we were on our way home John looked so thoughtful and moody, I could not understand his manner nor his words when he muttered to himself, "It was an accident for me. Only for it I was a ruined man. The vengeance of the Almighty came in the very hour of his success."

I did not ask him what he meant, as I knew I should know all in good time and that any interference would only annoy him.

"Where are you going, John?" I inquired when I found the cab we took at the station was driven in a different direction from home.

"To the office, Ellie, to the office," was his reply as he relapsed into silence.

"Where is the governor?" asked my brother as he closed the office door behind himself and me.

"In the private office," was the clerk's reply, "but he is at present very—"

My brother did not wait to hear any more, but hurried me before him through a side doorway into a cheerful-looking, parlor-like little office in which a pleasant little fire was burning brightly. A few pictures and ornamental calendars decorated the walls, which were otherwise hidden by rows of solemn-looking books. After a hasty glance around the room my eyes rested on two persons seated at a table strewn with books and papers. On our entrance both looked up, and seemed astonished at seeing my brother.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I know you are surprised to see me here, but you will not think it unseemly when you hear what I have to tell you. I have taken the liberty of bringing my sister with me, that I may be spared the second recital of the painful story I have to tell you."

After seating ourselves at the table opposite the two partners, and after a few cursory remarks, my brother commenced: "Gentlemen, no one but myself could tell the agony I have suffered since I saw you last, and I was certain, but for the convictions that my conscience was clear and my honor unsullied, I should have been unable to bear the disgrace heaped upon me, and I fear if such a state of things had continued longer, the dark waters of the river would have been my shroud. For some time back a person has been in your employment, who by steadiness and perseverance (alas! that such acquirements should have been for an evil purpose) has gained your confidence, my friendship, and my sister's trust and love, for she was to be married to him in a few weeks. I have his own written words, gentlemen, that during my absence at the branch house he has falsified my books so as to have less eyes upon his doings, and during the temporary absence of you, sir (the senior partner), has by means of false keys possessed himself of certain bonds and securities belonging to the firm, and value for several thousand pounds. This is a fact, gentlemen, you can see for yourselves."

Here he pulled a bundle of papers from his pocket and handed them across the table.

The two gentlemen examined them very carefully, with many exclamations of astonishment and surprise.

"How came you to get possession

of these?" said the elder gentleman.

"I shall tell you, sir," my brother answered. "On Saturday last, in order to divert my mind from my position, I went to see my married sister, living at B——r, and on this morning came as far as the station to the C——l Junction. When the train stopped there, I just got out for a moment or so as I felt cold from sitting so long in the carriage. I was scarcely half a dozen yards from the train, when the express coming from the city dashed into and wrecked every carriage in the train I had just left."

"Really a most providential escape, John," said the younger gentleman, "and one for which you ought to be thankful."

"Ay, sir," returned John; "and for more than that. I will not attempt to describe the awful scene that lay before me. Carriages shattered and broken, friends hurrying hither and thither looking for some one, the moaning of the wounded, and the awful torture depicted on the features of those unhappy beings who had been hurried into eternity. Every one present who was able set to work to succor the sufferers. Soon from beneath a pile of *débris* a person whom I recognized was taken; it was your clerk, sir, who came here in place of Mr. Meredyth, and my sister's intended husband. Calm yourself, Ellie," he continued, turning to me, "as more terrible news has yet to come. He was removed to a neighboring cottage, where the doctor pronounced his injuries fatal. In about an hour he recovered consciousness. 'What brings you here, John?' said he in faint accents of alarm. 'Did you come to apprehend me?' I imagined then that his mind must have been wandering, but presently he called me to him, and asked me to bring him pen and paper, as he felt he was dying and wanted to make some reparation. Two witnesses were called, and in their presence he made a declaration that he had falsified my books to get me out of the way, that he had secured those bonds and securities, which he told me to take from his breast-pocket, that he had forged the signature of the firm to a check for a large amount, which is now, gentlemen, in the hands of the constabulary, and as he signed his name to the paper he fell back dead."

Few knew that amongst the list of dead from the accident there was this one thus cut off in his sins by the Dispenser of all justice. No one came to claim his remains, as probably he appeared under a false name. I need scarcely tell you that my brother John was reinstated in his old position, and is now one of the partners. A very liberal and substantial present was made to him by the firm, and this beautifully carved golden crucifix shows they did not forget me. So now you have heard all concerning "That Meek Young Man with the Spectacles."

In 1775, when O'Connell was born, there were only a few thousand Catholics in England, Wales, and Scotland, and these chiefly of the middle and higher classes. The few who adhered to the faith of their fathers were pariahs, excluded from many of the civil and political rights of citizens. There are now upwards of two millions of Catholics in Great Britain, at least 90 per cent of whom are Irish born or of Irish descent, while the English and Scotch element of all classes, but especially the higher, has been largely recruited by converts. There are four millions and a half of Catholics now remaining in Ireland to bear the brunt of the struggle for the old faith. They are especially charged with the preservation and defence of all the historical and traditional associations connected with O'Connell. This is admittedly one of their national heirlooms. The British Catholics inherit the same duty.

Is a carpenter unhealthy when he's a nailing man?

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

Dr. Todhunter.

Dr. John Todhunter delivered the fourth of his series of lectures on the "Art of Italian Renaissance" in the New Museum Buildings, Trinity College, on the subject of Venetian art. They had to study to-day, he said, the rise of art in a new centre, to a great extent independent of the influence of Pisa, Florence, or Siena. As early as the 11th century Venice had made her mark as a great maritime power, the Venetian fleet, together with those of her rivals, Pisa and Genoa, being employed to transport the armies of the first Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon, while in the 12th century she had become the mistress of Eastern commerce and the banker of Europe. In the 14th and 15th centuries she was in the height of her affluent prosperity, though Mr. Ruskin dates the beginning of her spiritual decline as early as 1418. The characteristics of Venetian art are as different from those of the art of Florence or Siena as her political history is from theirs. The feverish changes, not only in government but in principles and methods of government, which astonish and puzzle us in the history of most other Italian cities, are at least much less prominent in the history of Venice. The Florentines, like the Athenians, or the French of the Revolution, lived in a whirlpool of new ideas; their political life was a series of catastrophes and metamorphoses; the eager and subtle Florentine mind was constantly planting new ideas, as children plant slips of whatever takes their fancy in their gardens, to be grubbed up again before they have had time to germinate in the ill-prepared soil. The Venetians had something of the ponderous adhesiveness and conservatism of the English. They were practical rather than theoretic, and instead of splitting into murderous and suicidal factions, they consolidated into a homogeneous state, with an intense insight into their own material advantages, which Mr. Ruskin very aptly compares to "our own" English temper. With a distinct reference to England, he further notices the strange phenomenon presented by the Venetians in their private religiousness and public want of religion, — as if there ever was a state whose policy was religious, except when religion has taken the form of fanatical conquest, as in the Mohammedan invasion of Europe and the Christian crusades! But, be this as it may, we find in Venetian painting something of the same homogeneousness that we find in Venetian politics. The spirit of Venetian painting is in the main neither Christian nor pagan, but simply Venetian, that is to say, imaginatively sensuous, the rich, decorative art of a practical people, with a splendid sense of beauty, not much affected by hobbies of any kind, classical, anatomical, or scientific. The Venetian painters were painters for excellence, who, having obtained from Germany the art of oil-painting, rapidly mastered this, and brought it to such a pitch of perfection as has never been equalled. The Venetian school was from the first a color school, from the time when the modified Byzantine architecture was incrusted within and without with gorgeous mosaics and variegated marbles, and the city began to shine with gilded pinnacles and painted domes. There was something Oriental in the mistress of the East herself, — this city, where the Byzantine, Gothic, and Italian imaginations met and mingled. The early Venetian painters carried down the Byzantine traditions to a much later period than the painters of any other of the Italian schools. They remained unaffected by the influence of Giotto, until, as late as the middle of the 15th century a new school of painters, influenced by Gentile da Fabraino, sprung up, not indeed in Venice itself, but in the neighboring island of Murano. This Gentile da Fabraino was an Umbrian painter, and a pupil of Fra Angelico, whose art, as compared with that of

his Florentine contemporaries, was of a very debased kind, outrivalling the worn Siense painters in profusion of barbaric ornaments, had just the qualities to captivate the Venetian mind, and to him is attributed the change of style which began with the Vivarini in Murano, and Jacopo Bellini, the father of Giovanni, in Venice. Having glanced at the history of the Vivarini, the barbaric stucco ornamentation of the elder Vivarini and the advance in color and oil-painting by Bartolomeo, and of the works of their disciple, Crivelli, whose works are an interesting epitome of the changes in Venetian art, from the Byzantines to the Bellini, the lecturer came to speak of the two Bellini, who took the torch of art from the Vivarini and carried it through the 15th century down to the times of Giorgion and Titian. After an ample account of the lives and works of Jacopo and Giovanni Bellini, and of their distinguished followers, Carpaccio and Cima, he said, the school of the Bellini is of great importance in the history of painting, if for nothing else, because even the smaller men were at least masters of oil-painting, who were perpetually trying slight innovations, perfecting the process and discovering new capacities in the art. There is probably not one of them who has not left a few pictures of such beauty that they have been attributed to one or other of the greatest men with some plausibility. At this time in Venice the secret bower of that sleeping beauty whose name among men is Color, was discovered, and every one crowded in for a share of her kisses.

The next lecture will be on Montegna, Siznorelli, and the other great pioneers of the perfect Renaissance art of the 16th century.

"A SOURCE of weakness to every nation under heaven," said Josh Billings, "comes from the fact that its women have so little to do and so much to say."

THE THUNDERING LEGION.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

THE rumor recently published in the Protestant papers that the Jesuits have bought a place in the Island of Jersey is perfectly true. The English Jesuits, however, have no concern in the matter, beyond that of fraternal interest in all that is undertaken by the members of their renowned Order all over the world. It is the French Jesuits who are immediately concerned in the new acquisition; and when that is once known their object will perhaps be suspected by the reader. It is no other than the foundation of a college in Jersey, which, in view of the expulsion of the Order from France, will take the place of the educational establishments in which the sons of French gentlemen have hitherto been trained on their own soil. No great extent of sea divides Jersey from the mainland, and the island will hardly seem a foreign habitation to the French boys, for they will find that their native tongue is largely spoken (though not in a very pure form), and that it is the language officially employed in the courts. Another college will probably be established just over the Belgian frontier for the convenience of those clients of the Order who live in the Northwest of France, as, indeed, was done on the occasion of a previous expulsion. When M. Jules Ferry hears of the Jersey scheme, of the admirable arrangements which have been made for carrying it out, and when he finds that the property supposed to belong to the Jesuits in France is really held by a committee of laymen, and cannot therefore be sequestrated, he will no doubt recognize the fact that he has been outwitted by a body of men who, for pluck, energy, and insight, have no rivals.

A LAWYER objected to the evidence of a little girl who "could not tell where lawyers went when they died."

THE CHILD OF FRANCE.

London Weekly Register.

For a hundred years together history has made it only too plain that it is a most perilous and ill-fated privilege being born in the purple under the shadow of the Tuileries. One after another, during this last century, the only son and heir of three sovereigns has illustrated this terrible truth. To be the *Enfant de France*, it would almost seem, is, by necessity, to be the child of misfortune. The lamented prince who is to-day being laid in his honored grave at Chiselhurst has, in this respect, had but the customary heritage of glory and of suffering. He has passed in his turn also, very prematurely, as it appears to our poor human sense, the way to dusty death; as before him, years ago, passed in succession the heirs of two, it might even be said of three, French sovereigns. Since the outburst of the great French Revolution, it is remarkable that the son and heir of no monarch who has reigned there has succeeded to the throne. Each heir in turn has perished prematurely. One, a mere child, died under the most miserable circumstances while held in durance as a prisoner of state. Another was destroyed by a deplorable accident in the heyday of his career, while his father was yet reigning. The two others, who aspire to be the Second Napoleon and the Fourth Napoleon, breathed their last in exile, the latter dying the death of a true soldier, with his face to the foe, and in his grasp the sword of the modern Sesostris, the founder of the imperial dynasty. The sorrowful and for the most part tragic death of each of these heirs to the French sovereignty, now that it comes to be looked back to, reads like the record of a succession of fatalities.

The Dauphin Charles Louis de Bourbon, titularly King Louis the Seventeenth, the only son of Louis the Sixteenth and Queen Marie Antoinette, leads off the melancholy procession, the last sorrowful figure in which will to-day be laid to rest for a while in a little village in Kent until the inanimate remains may be exhumed, with those of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, for more fitting sepulture under the golden dome of the Invalides. Born on the 27th of March, 1785, in the Palace of the Tuileries, that descendant of a long line of kings who will always, in the history of France, among many successive dauphins, be distinguished as peculiarly and by the pre-eminence of misfortune the Dauphin, was, while yet but in his eighth year, proclaimed by the Royalists and recognized by the European sovereigns, in the January of 1793, *Roi de France*, by the name, style, and title of his Majesty King Louis the Seventeenth. When at the touch of the hand of the executioner Sampson, the blade of the guillotine descended in the Place de la Revolution, familiar for years past as the Place de la Concorde, the traditional voice, choked though it was for the time being by blood and tears, was as audible then as ever to the loyal ears of the Bourbonists, announcing as articulately from the platform of the scaffold as from the windows of the Tuileries, "Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!" The little dauphin, then titularly, at all the courts of Europe, transformed into a child-king, was, at the moment of his nominal accession to a throne which had already vanished, a prisoner with his mother and sister in the Temple. Seven months afterwards, on the 3d of July, 1793, he was separated from the widowed queen, Marie Antoinette. From that time for five months together, namely, until the December following, he was committed to what was ironically said to be the guardianship (!) of his brutal keeper, Simon the shoemaker. Afterwards for seven yet more terrible months, from the January to the July of 1794, he was pent up, more like an animal than a human being, in a foul and darkened den in solitary confinement. While yet but in his

tenth year this Child of France, and of innumerable agonies and humiliations, on the 17th of November, 1795, mercifully died the death of the just as an infant confessor.

The King of Rome (so called), Napoleon Francois Charles Joseph, the only son of the Emperor and King Napoleon the Great and of the Empress Marie Louise, was sixteen years afterwards born, on the 20th of March, 1811, in the Palace of the Tuileries, heir to what was then the mightiest empire on the European continent. While yet a little creature of four years of age, the title of Napoleon II., two days after the battle of Waterloo, was accorded to him during but a little more than a few tickings of the clock by the Legislature of France, his father Napoleon the Great having, on the 20th of June, 1815, abdicated in his favor, only, however, to have that condition of his second and final abdication immediately afterwards annulled. The ex-King of Rome, the ex-Emperor Napoleon II., being on the morrow of the general pacification removed to Vienna, and there placed under the care of his grandfather the Emperor Francis, was created Duke of Reichstadt; and seventeen years later on, being then but a little more than twenty-one years of age, he breathed his last, the sceptreless, dethroned, and exiled heir of Napoleon, in the palace at Schonbrunn.

The Duke of Orleans, Ferdinand de Bourbon, though not born in the purple, succeeded to it while yet but in his twentieth year, when in the July of 1830 his father, Louis Philippe, the son of the notorious Egalité, was proclaimed Citizen King, as the head of a constitutional sovereignty. Named Duc de Chartres in 1814, the young prince became Duc d'Orleans at the moment of his father's accession. Having retained that title for exactly a dozen years, he succeeded only to the heritage of fatality, which seems peculiarly to belong to the heirs of sovereignty in France, being killed on the 13th of July, 1842, in Paris by a fall from his carriage.

The Prince Imperial, the last of these ill-starred heirs to French sovereignty, Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Bonaparte, was born in the Palace of the Tuileries (which forty-eight years previously had been the birthplace of his father), the only son of the Emperor Napoleon III. and of the Empress Eugenie. As nearly as possible a twelvemonth prior to the disruption of the Second Empire, the young prince, on the 15th of August, 1869, though at the time no more than a boy of thirteen, reviewed the troops, during the temporary illness of his father, on that gala day of the empire, otherwise the Fête Napoléon. A year afterwards the boy, then fourteen, had his "baptism of fire," on the 2d of August, 1870, at the capture of Saarbruck. Passing into exile with his mother, here, in England, on the 6th of September, he not very long afterwards was rejoined by his father on the latter's release from his temporary imprisonment at Wilhelmshohe, the imperial family, very soon after their reunion, settling down permanently in honorable retirement at Camden House, in the little Kentish village of Chiselhurst. Entered as a student at the Woolwich Academy, the Prince Imperial soon won his way to distinction there as an embryo soldier. Upon his coming of age at eighteen — namely, on the 16th of March, 1874 — he tersely enunciated his political programme by saying that he awaited the result of the eighth *plébiscité*. For himself, that eighth *plébiscité* was never to come. The Child of France, he was, in the good providence of God, it would almost seem, by necessity, the child also of misfortune. As the Dauphin perished while yet only in his tenth year, as the King of Rome expired while just entering upon his twenty-second year, as the Duke of Orleans was destroyed by a mere casualty in his thirty-second year, the Prince Imperial in his turn, also, has passed away when but very

little more than twenty-three, with the dreams of his loyal adherents in no way realized. Nevertheless, prematurely though in his historical character, he may seem to have perished, his life and death were rounded symmetrically to their appointed circle. His life was pure. His death was heroic. He died with his face to the foe, pierced with seventeen wounds, all of them in front, wearing still around his neck, as his stark form lay there stripped by the savage Zulus, the fragment of the True Cross, the medal of the Immaculate Virgin, the Scapular and the Agnus Dei, — leaving behind as a most precious memorial a prayer for his beloved France, for his bereaved mother, for the preservation of his own purity, and holding in his grasp to the last, while confronting the enemy, the sword of Napoleon. Of him might be said, as Lord Strangford sang of his compatriot, Armand Carrel, —

"He died in his youth, as the brave should die,
His spirit still burning with chivalry."

CATCHING COLD.

THE season of the year is now upon us when people everywhere will be taking cold, and in many cases they will suffer much and die. A little care would often prevent it. In the first place, as one of the means to prevent a cold, the daily bath in a warm room, with much friction, is very important. In no case should the body be chilled. Use much friction over the chest and throat, and snuff into the nostrils a little of the water warmed to a comfortable temperature. Next after the bath, take daily exercise in the open air, neither too much nor too little, exposing the body somewhat to the cold and sun for a short time, but never exhausting it. One chief danger from colds is the exhausted state of the body that first occurs, so it is not able to resist unfavorable influences. People who are not very vigorous should avoid overexertion and keep the strength up to the highest point. It will help those prone to a cold to sleep all they can. Another cause of colds is eating too heartily after a day's work, when there are not forces enough to digest the food and keep up the circulation. Eat moderately at night, if you would avoid a cold. A cold in its early stages may be broken up by hot footbaths, warmth to the body, especially a hot pack or a hot bath in the middle of the day, with much friction and quiet, in a comfortable room. It is not advisable to take a hot bath at night in such cases. When you have a cold, don't eat much or work much unless you have great physical strength, when a hard day's work may be a good thing to equalize the circulation and restore the action to the skin, which always suffers when one takes cold.

A MAGNIFICENT DOME.

PROBABLY the largest and the highest rock in the known world is the south dome of Yosemite, California. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself, a solid rocky loaf, 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of a Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this till last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder at the spikes driven into the rock by hardy spirits who had repeatedly endeavored to scale it The shreds of rope dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after thousands of dollars were spent, several persons found their way to the top of the dome, and last summer two sheep were discovered browsing on the hitherto inaccessible peak. How the sheep got there is a mystery. They had plenty of bunch grass to eat, but no water, only the dew that fell on the dome at night.

A COMPETING hotel out West says generously of another that "it stands without arrival."

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

STATE TRIALS CONCLUDED.

Trial of Hugh Fitzpatrick, publisher of Scully's "Statement of the Penal Law." — Scully's "Penal Laws," published in 1812. — Nature of the work. — Note to page 229 regarded as a libel upon the government. — Criminal information against Mr. Fitzpatrick, the publisher. — O'Connell and Peter Burrowes, K. C., retained for defence. — Memoir of Mr. Burrowes. — His early career. — Friendship of Flood. — Called to the bar in 1785. — Letter from Hon. S. Butler — The hostile meeting. — Singular escape of Mr. Burrowes. — The peaceful meeting — He is suspected of disloyalty. — Letter to the Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clare. — Seeks for a silk gown. — Returned to the Irish Parliament as Member for Enniscorthy. — Repels Lord Castlereagh's attack on Henry Grattan. — His appearance and voice. — Information against Fitzpatrick. — Attorney-general's statement. — Mr. Burrowes conducts the defence. — Verdict. — O'Connell's argument on motion to set aside the verdict.

THE government seemed determined to crush the popular voice speaking through the press Cox and Magee were in prison, and a fresh victim was sought. This was a highly respectable bookseller named Hugh Fitzpatrick, who published, in 1812, Scully's "Statement of the Penal Laws." Read by the calm light of our day this volume seems no more than a well-reasoned statement of the oppressions which the great majority of the Irish people suffered through partial and unjust legislation.*

The publication of this work gave great offence to the dominant faction. It showed the importance of the Catholics in the state, their rapidly increasing numbers, their wealth and talents, how unjust were the laws, which excluded them from Parliament, from municipal offices, from the various offices of the law and the state, that in all the affairs of property, liberty, and life, the Catholics of Ireland were completely and exclusively subject to the domination of Protestants. It gave, as an instance of the indifference to the safety of Catholic prisoners, the following occurrence: —†

"At the summer assizes of Kilkenny, 1810, one Barry was convicted of a capital offence, for which he was afterwards executed. This man's case was truly tragical. He was wholly innocent. He was a respectable Catholic farmer in the county of Waterford, in good circumstances. His innocence was clearly established in the interval between his conviction and execution, yet he was hanged, publicly avowing his innocence. There were some shocking circumstances attending this case, which the Duke of Richmond's administration may yet be invited to explain to Parliament."

This note was considered actionable, and a prosecution for libel, at the instance of the government, decreed. O'Connell was retained for the defence, and with him one of the most able as well as most amiable of the liberal Protestant barristers, Peter Burrowes, of whom I proceed to give a short memoir.

Peter Burrowes, the Goldsmith of the Irish bar, was born in Portarlington, Queen's County, in the year 1753. He was not distinguished for a precocious display of abilities, but was very industrious, and fond of acquiring knowledge of any kind. When of sufficient age to enter college, he repaired to Dublin, but does not appear to have become a student of the University until 1774, when he was in his twenty-first year, an age at which most young men earn their degree. He was fortunate enough to obtain a scholarship, and was very popular with his fellow-students. At the historical society he acquired considerable fame as a forcible and impressive

* It has been cited on the bench, and when recently giving judgment in the case of Simms *v.* Quinlan, his Honor the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, one of the most conscientious and painstaking judges who ever adorned any bench, referred to several cases contained in it to illustrate his judgment, calling it "Mr. Scully's admirable work on the Penal Laws of Ireland."

† Statement of the Penal Laws, page 229, in note.

speaker, and it is no small tribute to his talents to have shared in the applause, when exposed to rivalry with Plunket and with Bushe. He filled the office of auditor during the session commencing in March, 1779, and obtained the "remarkable thanks" of the society on the 24th of April, 1782, having received the largest number of returns for oratory on record. Some hostility having arisen between the board of senior fellows and the members of the society, which occasioned its temporary suppression, it devolved on Mr. Burrowes to close its sitting.

Having selected the bar as his profession, he became a student of the Middle Temple, and before his call to the bar was engaged in advocating the rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. A spirited pamphlet, in which, in 1784, he urged their right to the elective franchise, attracted the notice of and led to the introduction of the writer to Henry Flood, and this soon ripened into friendship. Afterwards Mr. Burrowes lived in strict intimacy with that very able man, and had some thoughts of writing a memoir of him, but procrastination frustrated his intention, and time destroyed the means of performing the work.

Easter Term, 1785, is the date of Mr. Burrowes's call to the bar. He went to the Leinster Circuit. During his student days he had become well versed in the laws relating to elections for members of Parliament, chiefly through his connection with Mr. Flood, and this got him early into practice in Ireland. Together with Mr. Plunket, Mr. Burston, and Mr. Smith, he supported the petition of Sir Laurence Parsons against the return of the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson as representative of Trinity College; and his speech before the committee was considered the best made on that occasion. The scathing eloquence and able manner in which he spoke on this memorable occasion disclosed his commanding talents, and placed him in a proud position among his brothers of the bar.

In 1794, in consequence of having appeared as counsel against Lord Mountgarrett, and being obliged to express himself in stronger terms than suited the taste of the defendant's son, Mr. Burrowes was favored with the following note: —

GREEN'S HOTEL.

Sir, — I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, that your conduct in bringing my father's name into a public court, when you must have known that I was present, was treating me ill, and behaving unlike a gentleman.

Your obedient, humble servant,

S. BUTLER.

Mr. Burrowes wrote at once to say that any reference to Lord Mountgarrett was unavoidably necessary; that he was not conscious of having used any disrespectful or insulting language; and having thus directly and decidedly obviated the grounds on which Mr. Butler expressed so strong an opinion on his conduct, expected him to change that opinion, and to certify his having done so. Mr. Butler not complying with his request, Mr. Burrowes, according to the usual practice then observed in such cases, sent him a message, and was shot in the side by Mr. Butler. He was not killed or, strange to say, even wounded. He had got change for some small coin, and a penny piece intercepted the ball and saved his life.

Once again, after a long interval, the opponents met. Burrowes had quite forgotten the appearance of Mr. Butler, and having enjoyed together a very agreeable evening at the house of a mutual friend, they walked towards Mr. Burrowes's house in Lesson Street. The conversation turning on duelling, which Mr. Butler condemned as a wicked practice, Mr. Burrowes (who fully agreed with him) related how nearly he had been a victim to having once given way to the habit, and, to the great amusement of Mr. Butler, related the circumstances. On reaching Mr. Burrowes's mansion, Mr. Butler avowed that he

had been his opponent, and after a hearty laugh, both separated excellent friends.

During the troublous times of the United Irishmen, Mr. Burrowes often exerted himself to induce such of his acquaintances, and any one over whom he believed he had the least influence, to withdraw from so dangerons an association. His intimacy with some of the most remarkable members caused him to be regarded with suspicion, and he was recommended to remove the impression from the mind of the Lord Chancellor (Earl of Clare), for, until he did so, he never would be appointed of the king's counsel. He accordingly wrote to his lordship, and having vindicated his opinions as a stanch adherent to British connection, went on to say:—

I fear I shall swell this letter to a most unreasonable length by stating to your lordship why I am desirous of obtaing a silk gown. I cannot, however, close the subject without removing the possibility of your lordship's imputing it to vanity, or some vain or frivolous motive. I have gone circuit ten years, my principal professional emolument is derived from circuit, and its consequences in town. Since I went circuit but one barrister in business has left it; almost every man who is employed in a single record is my senior by standing, or put above me by a silk gown. Barrington and Smyth, almost the only persons junior to me who had business, have obtained silk gowns. I thought my business rendered precarious, and consulted my friends and, amongst others, some of the judges: they all concurred in my opinion that a silk gown would serve me. Judge Downes, in particular, urged me, by all possible means, to endeavor to obtain it. His perfect knowledge of my situation and of the circuit which I go, rendered his opinion decisive. He was so kind as to add, that if he were referred to by your lordship upon the subject, he would, in the strongest manner, express his opinion of my fitness for the situation. I entreat your lordship's excuse for this tedious letter, with which nothing but the extreme anxiety I feel to vindicate myself from a very heavy imputation would have induced me to trouble your lordship. I am, etc.,

PETER BURROWES.

He received no reply from the Chancellor, but his friends exerted themselves in his behalf, and he was called to the inner bar. He sat for a short time in the Irish House of Commons, being returned in 1799 as member for the borough of Enniscorthy. During the debate on the Union, Grattan, in his absence, having been attacked by Lord Castlereagh, there was a general call for Mr. Burrowes to defend his absent friend. Nor did he hesitate to do so. His speech was as follows: —

"I feel but little any portion of the noble lord's obloquy which may attach to me or my humble efforts; but I own I cannot repress my indignation at the audacious boldness of the calumny which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that in a country which owes its liberties and its greatness to the energy of his exertions, and in the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labors and splendid achievements. I remember the man, the theme of universal panegyric, the wonder and the boast of Ireland for his genius and his virtue. His name silenced the sceptic upon the reality of genuine patriotism. To doubt the purity of his motives was a heresy which no tongue dared to utter. Envy was lost in admiration, and even those whose crime he scourged, blended extorted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered over the unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents, as the eagle covers her young; like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favor or of royal anger, with undazzled, unintimidated eye. If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth and to decay with the decline of our country, be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even in the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots who only become visible when their country vanishes."

Mr. Burrowes was singularly ungainly in figure, with a rolling gait. He had an unpleasant, grating voice, husky in its tones; yet despite these, he riveted attention and delighted the hearer. His mind was of a very high order, and no one who witnessed his inelegant figure could imagine the

brilliancy of the gem set in so rough a frame. Some idea of the pathos and power which he possessed may be gained from the extract of his defence of Grattan. A better idea may be formed from his celebrated speech against Robinson for bigamy.* His defence of Fitzpatrick may be taken as a good specimen of his court style, combining sound argument with graceful diction.†

The information against Mr. Fitzpatrick stated that William Saurin came into court, and gave that court to understand that Hugh Fitzpatrick, "being a wicked, malicious, and ill-disposed person, and wickedly and maliciously contriving and intending to scandalize, traduce, and vilify his Grace the Duke of Richmond, and his Majesty's ministers in Ireland, . . . wickedly and maliciously did publish, and did cause to be published, in a certain book or pamphlet, a certain false, malicious, and seditious libel of and concerning his said Grace the Duke of Richmond, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and his Majesty's ministers in Ireland," etc. Here the passage relating to Barry which we have given above was quoted, and the jury having been sworn, Saurin stated the information and plea. "This is not an ordinary libel," said the attorney-general, Saurin; "it is not a sudden effusion of faction and malignity, sent in a hurry to a daily paper, but it is contained in a very elaborate work, prepared with extreme art and deliberation. It is contained in the second part of that work, which came out a considerable distance of time after the first part of the same had been published. It is entitled 'A Statement of the Penal Laws which aggrieve the Catholics of Ireland, with Commentaries.' The number of grievances which are alleged in this book to exist are found sufficient to fill two volumes octavo. . . . This book has the audacity to represent, without any regard to truth or decency, that the administration of justice by judges and juries is partial; and the object of it is to impress upon the mind of the Roman Catholics of Ireland that they have not the benefit of the laws, and cannot obtain justice under the present constitution and government of the empire. . . . I cannot avoid taking notice that this work — 'The Statement of the Penal Laws'— is reported to be the production of a barrister. I have no authority or evidence to warrant me to say it is so. I would to God I had the authority to say it is *not* so. But if it be the work of a barrister, I must take leave to say that I am sorry for it; because I should be sorry that there should be a barrister such a disgrace to his profession as the author of this mischievous and malignant libel. If he be a barrister, I trust he will learn, from the verdict of that jury and the judgment of the court, to appreciate the magnitude of the crime of which he has been guilty. Sheltered as he may be, under the anonymous character in which he has issued forth his poison to the public, from the sentence of the law, he will yet stand convicted, in the mind of every honest man who loves the constitution and the peace of the country, as a great criminal and malefactor, and the remainder of his life cannot be so well employed as in making the best atonement possible for this violation of the law and the wicked attempt which he has made to disturb the peace and happiness of the country."

"My lords," said Denis Scully, rising in the court, "I have an observation to make on this subject. If the attorney-general will undertake to put the truth of the 'Statement' into a proper course of candid investigation, I can inform him who the author is — and I throw out this challenge to him."

"I did presume and had anticipated," said the attorney-general, "that such an attempt would be

* *Vide* Life by W. Burrowes, Esq.

† Mr. Burrowes was appointed Commissioner of the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors in 1821. He died in 1841, having attained the venerable age of eighty-eight.

made, and I am now confirmed in my opinion. The gentleman knows right well, as he takes the matter upon himself, how and where to bring the acts of the government into question. . . . I am here prosecuting a libel, and would not stoop, even if the law would permit, in such a case to defend the government on the arraignment of the libellous author of 'The Statement of the Penal Code.'"

When Saurin ceased to speak, Bernard Higgins was sworn and examined by the solicitor-general. He proved the fact of his having purchased the book at Mr. Fitzpatrick's.

Similar evidence was given by a witness named Watson. The case for the crown having closed, Mr. Burrowes rose and spoke for the traverser: "This old man, Hugh Fitzpatrick, the defendant in the present case, is now for the first time arraigned at the bar of his country for publishing a scandalous and seditious libel, and it will be for you to decide whether he is to be immolated upon the altar of the offended laws, or offered up as a victum to appease the feelings of, as we are told, a brave and amiable viceroy. If the defendant has not offended the law, there is, I hope, no fear of his suffering such immolation; and although the prosecution goes to impeach the work entitled 'A Statement of the Penal Laws,' and written to expose the severities which they inflict; and although, upon such a subject, I address a jury exclusively Protestant, in a city where many Catholics of wealth and rank might easily be found, yet I know some of you, and I am convinced that if I satisfy your judgments that my client (abused and reviled as he is) is not guilty of the criminal intention imputed to him, whatever your feelings must be upon the general subject, you will not justify future charges of partiality by proving that the advocate of Catholic rights cannot have any chance before a Protestant jury, selected by the emissaries and instruments of the castle. You are about to act in one of the most interesting cases of alleged libel that ever has been discussed in this or any other country. You are called upon, on an information such as I shall state, supported by evidence that goes to a certain extent and no further, to pronounce a verdict of guilty against the traverser. Gentlemen, let not my eloquent and long-attached friend,* when he comes to reply, mislead your judgments. He will not misrepresent me as making an appeal to your feelings to induce you to violate your consciences. No; I appeal to your sense of right, to your conscientious feelings. My appeal to you is to discuss this subject without prejudice or bias of any kind. Although I cannot call in aid of my defence the circumstance that the defendant is not himself the author of this work, yet whoever he may be, if I can discover in the pamphlet which has been given in evidence, any justification for the author, that will be a justification for the publisher, and I desire no more. You will not find the publisher guilty if you would not find the author guilty, because the former has exhibited an example of fidelity, which in itself is not to be reprehended, when he comes forward and braves the consequences of a government prosecution. . . . Having made these general and preliminary observations, I will turn your attention to the real source from which this work has originated. You are apprised that it purports to be 'A Statement of the Laws which aggrieve the Roman Catholics,' and the object is, by exposing to public view the nature, magnitude, and the extent of the restrictions upon the Catholic body, and by demonstrating their unconstitutional tendency, to induce a repeal of them. It was written and published in consequence of its being giddily and rashly asserted by very high authority that the restraints under which Roman Catholics labored were very

* Bushe, then Solicitor-General.

slight, few, and trivial. That statement was followed by another which was published in a government paper, and which was four or five times reprinted, giving but a partial statement of the disabilities under which the Catholics labored, and inviting any man on the other side to show that they extended further, or deprived the subject of fair enjoyment. Was it criminal in the author to obey the summons, and take up his pen to disabuse the public, and show that, however high the authority was which asserted that the Catholic grievances were few, slight, and trivial, he was mistaken? I conceive it was not only not criminal, but was laudable; it was work which a proud man might bequeath to his posterity as the best legacy he could leave them."

Mr. Burrowes then detailed the case of Barry, and called witnesses, who proved the correctness of the statement respecting him.

The solicitor-general replied, and the chief justice having subsequently charged the jury, they retired for a short time, and then returned with a verdict of "Guilty." Mr. Burrowes objected to the charge that had been given them. "The learned judge," he said, "ought not to have directed the finding of the averments."

In pursuance of his objection, Mr. O'Connell, at the sitting of the court on the following day (Thursday, Feb. 11, 1813), made an application to set aside the verdict which had been obtained in this case, as originating in the misdirection of the learned judge who had charged the jury, and as being against both law and evidence. The attorney-general just came into court when Mr. O'Connell had proceeded thus far, and called on Mr. Fitzpatrick to appear in person. Mr. Fitzpatrick came immediately into court and the attorney-general moved that he should then stand committed. Mr. O'Connell observed, "that such a motion on the part of the right honorable attorney-general was just what had been expected." The court complied with the attorney-general's motion, and ordered that Mr. Fitzpatrick should stand committed. Mr. O'Connell then resumed. He said, "he made his motion upon the grounds alleged in the notice which had been served on the other side. The first of which was the misdirection of the learned judge who had charged the jury; and the second ground was, that it should not be permitted to stand, inasmuch as it was contrary to law and against evidence. He said that in case this motion should be refused, it was his intention to submit a further one in arrest of judgment, grounded on the pleadings alone; but as the two motions were perfectly distinct, and as the second one would not become necessary unless the first was refused, he should confine himself solely to that which had for its object the setting aside of the verdict."

Having concluded a long and able argument, he submitted to the court that he had made out a case sufficient to induce their lordships to set aside the verdict; and if Mr. Attorney-General thought it prudent to file a fresh information, that a new investigation should be entered into.

The chief justice said, "Mr. O'Connell had made much more of the argument than he thought could have been done, yet the motion must be refused."

A suggestion having been made that it should remain over till next term, O'Connell said, "But, my lords, Mr. Fitzpatrick is in actual custody; it would be very oppressive that he should remain in confinement the whole of vacation, when it is strongly relied upon there are sufficient grounds to arrest judgment."

He prayed the court that Mr. Fitzpatrick's recognizance might be immediately taken, in order to avoid his remaining in custody all night. He was a respectable man; there was no danger but he would be forthcoming. He presumed that his own recognizance would be sufficient.

The court, after some consideration,

required security, himself in £1,000, and two others in £500 each.

The bail was immediately produced.

To be continued.

GOD'S SCOURGES.

Rev. Dr. Mahar in the Catholic Universe.

ONLY a year ago the lower valley of the Mississippi was visited by a plague, which has now again appeared in the same quarter. The fact is suggestive of a few reflections. In our age of infidelity, when men are ashamed almost to mention the name of God in connection with human events, every means is taken that human ingenuity can devise to free the infected parts and protect those not yet infected against the terrible affliction, while few think of having recourse to Him whom "the winds and the sea obey." Yet from our reason, from revelation, from the teachings of the Church, it is clear that all such scourges are sent by God to punish us on account of our offences, to renew a sense of our duties to God.

It is nothing to say that these effects can be traced to natural causes. That is precisely of the providence of God, — to make use of secondary, natural agencies to further his purposes. The forces of the Chaldeans conquered the Jews, yet the conquest was a punishment inflicted on the unfaithful people of God, as Scripture clearly shows. We almost feel ashamed to advance anything that would bear the appearance of a proof of such providence of God, so clear ought it to be to Catholics, though many certainly fail to appreciate it.

Whenever in Catholic countries, and especially some years ago, any such visitation of God came upon the world, public prayers were offered up for the deliverance of the people.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau is a pious memorial, an act of devotion, performed at stated times on account of the protection which God, in answer to earnest supplications, vouchsafed to that faithful people when a plague was desolating Germany. Not long since a flippant writer in the Cleveland *Herald*, speaking of this origin of the Passion Play, mentioned some natural causes as a more satisfactory explanation of the freedom of those pious mountaineers from the pestilence. It is an illustration of the coexistence of professed Protestantism and thorough infidelity.

The fever now commencing to show itself again in the South reminds us of something more narrowly concerning ourselves. We have no reason for self-gratulation in the fact that we are free from the affliction, as if we were better than those now suffering. Our time will come. There are crimes, terrible crimes, fearfully prevalent now amongst us, one especially that, like most of our curses, has come mainly from New England. Some day the scourge will come. It may be "at the gates," and it may be yet at a distance: but come it finally must. We can and ought to take all possible precautions our natural resources afford, yet we must never forget that "Except the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

THE Lake Shore *Visitor* calls attention to "Johnson's Cyclopædia" as a wretched anti-Catholic production. Catholic exchanges generally should notice this fact. The surest way to put down bigoted authors who appeal to the general public for support, is to inform that part of the public which is Catholic of the malign tendencies of such publications. Then we hit these unworthy authors and publishing houses in their only vulnerable part, — their pockets. To be sure, the more ignorant and lying their works, the more they injure their cause, but that is not the point. Let our readers refuse all canvassers who approach them with "Johnson's Cyclopædia." — *The Catholic Universe.*

How would you measure your lover's sincerity? By his sighs.

BISHOP HEALY ON THE PRIESTHOOD.

The Western Watchman.

We have received the telegraph report of the sermon delivered by the Bishop of Portland on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop MacMahon at Hartford on Sunday, the 18th August. We might on such an occasion expect the preacher to speak solely of the episcopate and its grandeurs. We were both surprised and delighted to find that he spoke only of the priesthood. He said that the glory of bishop or pope was his priesthood. How true is this, and how often lost sight of! That one is a bishop is a great deal, that he is a priest is a million times more. As the greatest generals delight in being called soldiers, so the true bishop prides himself most on the privilege of his priesthood. O'Connell was once quizzing a stubborn witness, whose freaks of passion were the cause of the mischief for which he wished to punish another. He happened to be an officer, and the defendant was a common soldier. O'Connell wished to give the jury a sample of the man's unbridled temper, so he addressed him: "You are a soldier?" "I am an officer," he replied. "Just as I expected," the great pleader answered, "an officer, but no soldier." The sallies of rage which characterized the rest of his tesitmony resulted in the man's acquittal. Good bishops are priests, first, last, and all the time. We have neither respect nor sympathy for the heresy which was called Presbyterianism long before Calvin appeared. Neither have we much respect for the Episcopalianism which has grown up in the world since his time. Of the priesthood which forms both the honor and dignity of the bishop, the right reverend speaker said: "Kings and princes must bow to the authority of the priest, though they have always rebelled against it. Priests claim and exercise a power that is independent of all earthly power; they rule the souls of men, while princes only rule the body. They are ambassadors of God, and there is no glory to be compared to that of the priesthood. With this incomparable dignity the priest's life must be an angelic life, for he is the consort and companion of angels, and his life should be worthy of such companionship. We, my brethren, understand," said the speaker, addressing himself to the priests before him, "how terrible a judgment we are hastening unto unless our lives correspond to the dignity that has been bestowed upon us. The priest," he continued, "represents our Lord himself, — he is another Christ." Priesthood is nine tenths of the sacrament of order; the episcopate is the other tenth. We hope the new bishop will illustrate these truths in his life; for on judgment day he will be examined as a priest, without mitre, crozier, or ring. We hope he will put the laws of Rome in force in his diocese without delay, and convince his clergy and the world that he is a Roman Catholic bishop.

TO CLEAN COOKING UTENSILS.

Musty coffee-pots and teapots may be cleaned and sweetened by putting a good quantity of wood-ashes into them and filling up with cold water Set on the stove to heat gradually till the water boils. Let it boil a short time, then set aside to cool, when the inside should be faithfully washed and scrubbed in hot soap-suds, using a small brush that every spot may be reached; then scald two or three times, and wipe till well dried. It must be a desperate case if the vessels are not found perfectly sweet and clean if this advice is strictly followed. Pots and pans or plates, that have been used for baking or grown rancid, may be cleansed in the same way. Put the plate into a pan with wood-ashes and cold water, and proceed as above stated. If no wood-ashes can be had, take soda. If cooks would clean their pie-plates and baking-dishes after this fashion after using, they would keep sweet all the time.

THE LADY-KILLER.

Characters.

Celia Bowman — The Belle of the Ball-room.
Emil Sinclair — A conceited Fop.
Charlie Sefton — Friend of Sinclair.
Ladies and Gentlemen — Guests at the Ball.

Scene I. — *A gentlemen's dressing-room.* Emil *standing before looking-glass, giving the last touches to his immaculate toilet.*

Enter Charlie.

Charlie (*goes up to* Emil, *grasps his hand*). Welcome! a right royal welcome! I am delighted at meeting you again, my dear Emil. I just heard of your arrival, and hastened to invite you to meet the club to-night; and you may consider yourself a fortunate fellow, for I promise you a delightful evening. We have sent invitations to all the fashionables of the city, and there will be a perfect rush. I am glad you returned safely. How do you enjoy "a life on the ocean wave"? and how did you pass "the long weary hours"? and how *are* you?

Emil. I am here, safe and sound; but, upon my word, Charlie, your volubility in putting questions began to make me doubt if I could ever answer all of them.

Charlie. Then your looks shall answer, for I never saw you look better; for, though you are a little sunburnt, I assure you it is an improvement.

Emil (*gives a stroke to his whiskers with brush*). I am aware of that — perfectly. (*Looks complacently in glass.*)

Charlie. Ha! ha! As much of a fop as ever, I see!

Emil. Well, Nature has been lavish in good gifts to me. Certainly I cannot complain. (*Conceitedly.*)

Charlie. Then I give you timely warning. You will require all your endowments to-night, for the reigning star is a cruel one — a cold fair one.

Emil. Why do you say so? Have *you* been captured finally, or have you capitulated quietly at discretion?

Charlie. Ah, my dear Emil, that has been the lot of all who have basked in the sunshine of her smiles; but she moves on, breaking hearts without an effort.

Emil. May I ask the name of this dangerous siren?

Charlie. Charming Celia Bowman.

Emil. And bewitching as cruel, eh?

Charlie. Ay, her presence is enchantment. The most stupid grow inspired as they catch the light of her smile. Then their woes she prettily derides! All feel the stroke, but kiss the hand that smites them.

Emil. The pretty tyrant!

Charlie. Such as you never saw before.

Emil. And nothing can be done with her?

Charlie. Nothing! Love, money, position, all that a beautiful, ambitious woman craves, are nothing to her. We have stacked arms *en masse*, and declared the fort impregnable.

Emil. I desire nothing more than to encounter this coquette. (*Dashes perfume on his handkerchief.*)

Charlie. I see you intend to make the attack, but I warn you. Beware!

Emil. I may be more lucky than the rest.

Charlie (*rises to go*). Perhaps; but still I say — Beware!

Emil (*confidently*). Charlie, this tyrant has had her day. The hour of retribution is near. I will teach her a lesson.

Charlie. I trust your victory may equal your confidence. I must go now, some friends are waiting. Good by, till we meet. To-night, remember! (*They shake hands.*)

Emil. We will meet at the club. (*Exit* Charlie. Emil *draws on white kid gloves slowly.*) I will teach this saucy belle a lesson, and revenge the wrongs of her victims. Of course she is some pert miss with a pretty face and a sparkle of wit, without elegance and refinement. I will simply make a plaything of her; take her to pieces and put her together, as a child does

a chopped monkey-puzzle. I'll flirt with her, and then expose her imperious affectation! I will place the ridiculous parts of her character in the most prominent light, and then overwhelm her with my wit, till she cries out for mercy! But I must be off, so as to be first in the field. (*Seizes hat and cane, takes a farewell look in the mirror. Exit* EMIL.)

SCENE II.—*A ball-room; couples of handsomely dressed* LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN *promenading; others seated or standing in groups of three or more. At one side several* GIRLS *together.*

Enter EMIL.

CHARLIE (*comes forward, meets* EMIL). Come, I will introduce you to my sisters, and they will soon initiate you. (*Takes* EMIL *to group of* GIRLS, *introduces him to* MISSES SEFTON, *who present him to the other* GIRLS *present, but* EMIL *does not catch the names. He singles out the prettiest.*)

EMIL (*to* YOUNG LADY). Will you dance?

YOUNG LADY. I have refused several.

EMIL (*entreatingly*). But you will dance with me?

YOUNG LADY. I suppose I must. (*They dance. Here the dance may be a quadrille or round dance. When the dance ends,* EMIL *draws his partner's hand through his arm, entranced with her beauty.*)

EMIL. Do you sing?

YOUNG LADY. Allow me to answer by asking another question. It is a woman's privilege, you know. (*Smiles bewitchingly.*) Do you write poetry?

EMIL. You see my "eyes are not in fine frenzy rolling" But do not you write as well as sing?

YOUNG LADY (*gayly*). I am too merry to string rhymes together.

EMIL. Then, to be poetical, you think one must be gloomy?

YOUNG LADY. N-o, not exactly. But one should be lofty, thoughtful, dreamy. I am at a loss for words; but I fancied I saw symptoms of a poetical nature in your voice — your air — in your — but perhaps I am saying too much! (*Casts down her eyes.*)

EMIL. I would like to know what you think of me?

YOUNG LADY. You are bold. Suppose my opinion should not be flattering? (*Looks archly at* EMIL.)

EMIL. Then you mean to intimate it is not?

YOUNG LADY. Never ask a woman what she means. (*Laughs.*)

EMIL. Why not?

YOUNG LADY. Because she means anything, or nothing, just as she is in the humor.

EMIL (*persistently*). But you conveyed the idea that I should hear nothing flattering.

YOUNG LADY (*coquettishly*). Do not believe my *words*. (*Looks up sweetly in* EMIL'S *face.*) (*On opposite side of stage* CHARLIE *stands near a lady dressed elegantly. Around her are several gentlemen. One holds her fan, another her bouquet, while she is looking at one, smiling on another.*)

EMIL (*looks toward* CHARLIE, *aside*). I see he is paying court to Miss Bowman. Bah! I would n't give one of this charmer's little fingers for that coquette's whole body. (*To* YOUNG LADY.) Will you give me those flowers in your hand?

YOUNG LADY. Oh, they are not worth giving! They are torn and faded. I will give you something prettier. (*Looses a rose from her hair, hands it to* EMIL.)

EMIL (*seizes it*). I will look on this when alone, and dream of a far lovelier flower. (*Takes her hand, presses it; she returns the pressure.*) Could mortal man resist the intoxication of this hour!

GENTLEMAN (*to* YOUNG LADY). This is our set. Come! (*Offers arm;* YOUNG LADY *accepts; casts a "long, lingering look" on* EMIL.

EMIL (*crosses to where* CHARLIE *is standing alone, while the company arrange for another set*). Hallo, Charlie!

I 've come to claim an introduction to the wonderful Miss Bowman.

CHARLIE (*surprised*). I don't understand.

EMIL. I saw you basking in her smiles awhile ago, but was too much interested at the time to seek an introduction.

CHARLIE. Are you insane? I thought you had received an introduction to Miss Bowman when you first came.

EMIL. Why, my dear fellow, I have not met her.

CHARLIE. Not met her? (*Laughs immoderately.*)

EMIL. No, indeed; but why do you laugh?

CHARLIE. Because it would make a hermit laugh, when you have been by her side the whole evening! (*Laughs.*)

EMIL (*amazed*). S-u-r-e-l-y — surely that angel cannot be Celia Bowman?

CHARLIE. No; she is Celia the tyrant; but, nevertheless, Miss Bowman.

EMIL. Well, whatever she may be to others, she is all that is charming to me. She can never be cruel to me, Charlie; she will be the soother of my cares, the partner of my declining years, the —

CHARLIE (*interrupts* EMIL). Let me *beg* you, Emil, not to submit yourself to the mortification of a dismissal. She is either fooling you or you have fooled yourself.

EMIL. Why, Charlie, I never thought to see *you* jealous. (*Looks compassionately at* CHARLIE.) I begin to suspect you.

CHARLIE. Then I 'll say no more, but go, as Miss Bowman is coming this way. (*Falls back.*)

EMIL (*approaches* MISS BOWMAN). I will do myself the honor, Miss Bowman, to call on you, if you will give me permission. Say — to-morrow.

MISS BOWMAN. Oh, no, not to-morrow!

EMIL. Why not to-morrow? (*Tenderly.*)

MISS BOWMAN. Because — to-morrow — but is it possible you have not heard? To-morrow — to-morrow — I AM — TO BE MARRIED! (EMIL *looks round to see a dozen faces grinning with savage delight; rush s from stage amid shouts of laughter.*)

THE ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL.

THE ever-watchful and affectionate care with which the archangel Raphael discharged his mission is a type of the constant and tender solicitude of those heavenly spirits, who, in the merciful dispensation of Divine Providence, have been appointed our guardians and protectors amid the perils of this mortal pilgrimage. From how many unseen dangers have we been preserved, out of what countless snares, laid by the infernal enemy for our destruction, have we been rescued by his powerful, vigilant, and loving protection! What feelings of gratitude towards our Heavenly Father should be awakened in our breasts at the thought that he has deputed one of the brightest spirits of heaven to watch over and protect the lowliest among us through the many dangers of this life! He is a faithful guardian and a true friend. He has watched over us in childhood and offered our trembling prayers before the throne of the Most High. He guards us in youth to preserve inviolate the purity of our baptismal innocence. In the hour of temptation he is present to do battle for us against our hidden foe, and endeavors to prevent us from yielding to his violent assaults. In the hour of repentance he folds us with more than maternal tenderness in the loving embrace of his spotless wings. And in the darkness of the night, when sleep has overpowered our weary frame, he watches, a bright sentinel to guard us from all evil, while he pours forth his ceaseless prayer for our salvation. Through joy and through sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, he is ever ready to guard, to assist, to console us, and to direct our steps to the threshold of our eternal home.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF CATHOLICS.

ARCHIBALD J. DUNN, LONDON.

THE marvellous and deplorable revolutions which have taken place, both in religion and politics, during the past hundred years, have totally altered the position of the Catholic population of Europe in their social relations.

Previous to the great French Revolution, the great mass of the peoples of Europe were Catholic in faith. But the propagation of the anarchical theories of the French and German philosophers of the seventeenth century soon began to work upon the half-educated and wholly vicious nobles who thronged the principal courts of the Continent, and speedily corrupted and undermined their faith and morals.

The alluring theories of man's independence in religions and political life found ready acceptance by the many, who felt the irksomeness of the restraint of divine and human laws upon the free indulgence of their passions and their ambition, and the middle classes soon followed the example of their superiors. From that time, the poison of infidelity has steadily spread among the people of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and has worked so powerfully that it can hardly be said that any of those countries is now entitled to the name of Christian. All the governments of Europe are in the hands of the enemies of Christianity, whether infidels or Jews, who use their power as their predecessors have done throughout history.

Hence the Catholics of Europe find themselves in much the same relation to their rulers as did the Christians of the first three centuries to the Roman emperors.

The endowments which their fathers left for the maintenance of the religion under which they lived and died, for the support of schools, for the relief of the poor and infirm, or for missions to the heathen, have been forcibly confiscated, and the Ultramontanes (as they are called) of the Continent look with envy upon the comparatively happier lot of Catholics in England, who are at least tolerated — though in scorn — and allowed to practise their religion as they feel inclined. There is one notable difference, however, between the relations of the unbelieving rulers and the Catholic ruled, on the Continent, and those of the early Christians. The latter were few in number, and for the most part extremely poor. At the present day, however, the Catholics are enormously in the majority as regards numbers. It is true they are in a minority in the great cities and towns, where the greatest movement of life and work is seen, and where the great fortunes are speedily made, and sometimes as speedily lost. But in the country districts, the agriculturalists — who are the backbone of every community — are even yet possessed of surpassing power, did they but choose to use it.

But the countryman is generally a quiet and undemonstrative person, mixing comparatively little with his fellow-man outside the small group of his immediate neighbors, taking little heed of politics, or of the franchise which is given him, and the use of which he does not understand. He devotes the whole of his intelligence to the cultivation of his farm or vineyard, and to the rearing and sale of his produce. He lives as his fathers lived before him, bringing up his children, as they did, in the fear of God, and the practice of their religion under the direction of the *curé*. He pays little

heed to the fine theories of so-called "philosophers," looking upon them with as little sympathy, and much in the same way as a soldier regards a lawyer, — a clever fellow, no doubt, but unscrupulous, and likely to get the best of you in any argument you may be weak enough to commence with him.

But these hard-working peasants, with their limited ideas, and ignorance of the "*Cultur-Kampf*," are, as a rule, not bad men of business. They know how to get the best price for their produce, and how to keep it when they get it. They thoroughly appreciate the value of money, but they also know the importance of religion to themselves and to their families, and endeavor to keep up to it. They cannot surely be blamed for trying to make the best of both worlds; indeed, they prove themselves by doing so to be the best and most practical of philosophers, for theirs is the philosophy of common-sense and of experience.

These Ultramontanes of the provinces, with their great accumulated wealth and their bigotry against the new ideas of the philosophers and freethinkers, are the subjects of scornful and bitter diatribes by their fellow-subjects in the towns. These latter hate and fear them; they fulminate their denunciations of them in eloquent leading articles in the press, and by speeches in the Chambers and the workshops. But the countrymen are too strong in their independence and their wealth to be directly interfered with; they are animals who, if they do not bark, can bite. But the freethinkers have found a safer means of attacking these impassible Ultramontanes. If they cannot estrange them from their devotion to their church, at least they can influence the laborers and their children. And this has been cleverly effected by the introdnction of godless education into the free schools. The enemy has guessed wisely that the surest means of corrupting a generation is to deprive youth of the religious training of the priest and of the family.

They can also indirectly attack Ultramontanes of all classes by oppressing the clergy. Here at least they will be safe, for the principles of a priest are a guarantee of unresisting submission in temporals. Accordingly his living is sequestrated for the benefit of the state, and the endowments left by pious ancestors to the Church are applied to military purposes and costly wars.

The parish priest in France has now realized the bitter sneer of the English poet, for he is actually and really "passing rich on £40 a year," that being the exact sum allowed him by the government which enjoys the endowment left him by previous generations. The members of the anti-Christian party in the world are strong in their freedom from the restraints imposed by the divine law upon Catholic subjects. The latter are weak by their very principle of non-resistance, and still more by their want of united effort, and by their disinclination to take part in parliamentary and municipal elections. They are therefore as a flock of sheep before the shepherd's dog, or as a crowd before a disciplined regiment. Verily, "the children of this world are wiser in their own generation than the children of light."

It is time for Catholics in every country to take steps to oppose the frightful evils which are threatening their faith on every side. Their enemies are unanimous in their object, which is the annihilation of Christianity, hatred of which is their sole bond of union. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Catholics must emulate the liberals and freethinkers of the world in their union and determination. Upon these conditions, and these only, the victory can be theirs. They must organize associations for united action in the elections, and return members to represent them, who can be trusted to guard their common interests. No

government could then afford to ignore the Catholic vote. Much has been done already in this direction in England by the admirable "Catholic Union," and in Germany, Italy, France, and other countries by kindred societies, but there is still much to be desired in their development. No parish in which Catholics live should be without a branch of these organizations, under the presidency of one of the leading members of the parish.

But there is another, and if possible a more important manner, in which Catholics are deeply interested to cooperate. My readers will perhaps be startled to hear that this field is — Finance.

Money is at the present day, more than ever before in history, one of the powers of the world. It is more powerful than the sword, for it is the motive power which enables sovereigns and statesmen to carry out their schemes of ambition, conquest, and of national organization. In most countries the great revolution which has taken place during the past century has resulted in placing the wealth of the country under the control of the people who own it. Kings have no longer, with few exceptions, unlimited power over the property of their subjects. Forced loans are now things of the past, and governments are now compelled to make their ambitions wait upon their credit with financiers.

Within the last year we have seen the autocrat of a great and aggressive empire compelled to forego his schemes of conquest, and the dearest aspirations of his people, because the Jewish financiers, upon whom he trusted, declined to supply the funds necessary for his purpose.

It is notorious that the Sardinian aggressions of 1859 against the Principalities of Italy, the conquest of the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, and the robbery of the Patrimony of St. Peter, were brought about solely by means of the financial aid which Cavour and his colleagues succeeded in obtaining from the great Jewish houses of Europe. Without their aid, these disastrous wars could never have taken place. Failing them, the world might have witnessed a bloodless revolution in the Italian peninsula, and the people of that unhappy country might have peacefully secured the necessary improvements they desired, in their laws and liberties. Napoleon III., with far-seeing statesmanship, suggested a solution of the Italian difficulty, which, if adopted, would have averted all the bloodshed and misery which have devastated the fairest and richest provinces of Europe. He proposed that a federation should be formed of all the states of Italy, united under a central Congress, of which the pope should be *ex officio* the president, each state retaining its own laws and national administration for internal affairs, while the Congress should watch over the relations of the whole peninsula with foreign countries. But the ambition of Cavour, aided by the greed of the Israelitish vultures who surrounded him, prompted the rejection of this solution, and the Italian people are suffering to the present day under the consequences of this wild and irrational lust of power. They were formerly the lightest taxed people in Europe, they are now the most heavily burdened of all.

We pity the infatuation of the gambler, who squanders his means and those of his children in chasing the *ignis fatuus* of Fortune, but we have nothing but scorn and contempt and reprobation for him, when, to make good his losses, or to indulge in further *coups*, he lays his hands upon the property of his neighbors; we rightly stigmatize him as a robber. And this, *mutatis mutandis*, is what the government of Italy has done. The property left by pious Catholics in past ages for the support of their church, of their clergy, of the religious orders, for the support and solace of the poor, the infirm, the

orphans, has been sacrilegiously confiscated for the support of a large army of repression, and the luxury of courtly parasites. The Sovereign Pontiff himself is a prisoner in his own palace, and the sentinels of a hostile power mount guard at his very portals. Immorality and crime are yearly increasing throughout the country, and even in sacred Rome itself; the prisons are overcrowded with criminals; Naples and Sicily are in a state approaching anarchy; and the new kingdom is only held together by military force.

This is only one example of what the Jews have done for order and good government; they have shown themselves now, as in every preceding age, the enemies of Christianity, the foes of order, and the very types of greed and selfishness.

And how has this been done? Not with their own money, for though possessed of enormous wealth themselves, this wealth would be utterly insufficient to supply the millions necessary to prosecute a costly war. The indebtedness of Italy to foreign countries, despite the spoliation of the property of religious corporations, is upwards of £200,000,000 sterling. Where, then, did the money come from? The answer is a simple one.

The Jews have been bankers in all ages. They have learned the secret of inducing the owners of money to intrust it to their keeping, in order to gain larger interest, with less personal trouble, than they could by employing it in legitimate business. Besides, nobles and the upper classes generally have come to look upon trade as beneath their dignity. But there is no indignity in receiving interest. The banker or money-broker is more enlightened in his own generation, and gladly accepts the contumely of trade, in consideration of the wealth he makes by it.

The system of depositing surplus capital with bankers, or of investing it in interest-bearing securities, has become almost universal. It is a recognized principle of political economy that money should never lie idle and unproductive, but that it should be always profitably invested. Even the religious orders, the bishops and clergy, and the millions of Catholics engaged in commerce and agriculture, are fully impressed with the wisdom of this principle, and habitually invest their capital in paying securities. Such persons, feeling themselves disqualified, either by ignorance of finance, or by preoccupation of their business, to make a just choice of safe investments have been accustomed, especially during the past fifty years, to have recourse to bankers of acknowledged standing and credit, to choose for them the most suitable employment for their capital, and these bankers are chiefly Jews.

Now it is a matter of notoriety that the Catholics of every country in Europe have always been large holders of Italian bonds, principally because they have thereby obtained a larger amount of interest than they thought they could receive elsewhere. By this means they have become the actual aiders and abettors of a government which has brought more evils upon the Church than any other since the days of Diocletian and Nero.

Catholics have bought these bonds, not from any personal predilection for the Italian government, but because they were recommended to them by houses they thought respectable and trustworthy. Under other advice, they would have invested their money in enterprises which would have contributed to develop national industries, which would have benefited their native country, instead of foreign ones. The shares of well-conducted banks, for instance, uniformly pay a higher dividend than the stocks of any foreign state, and have the advantage of being within control and observation.

It is quite time that Catholics should begin to recognize their power in the financial world, as they are beginning to do in the political arena. They

should assert their position as the vast majority of the wealth-producers of the world, and unite their capital for employment in legitimate channels by their friends, instead of intrusting it to those who must by necessity be always enemies to everything they hold dearest.

The sad events which have happened on the Continent during the past twenty years have forcibly impressed our fellow Catholics in France, Italy, and other countries with the immense importance which the financial question is destined to assume in the future. Over and over again it has been found that every change in the body politic has been followed by a spoliation of church property, and by manifold attacks upon the religious rights of Catholics.

The Italian war of 1859 was followed by the confiscation of the goods of the religious corporations, and by the suppression of the Orders themselves. The Franco-Prussian war was doubly disastrous to the interests of Catholics. The newly formed German Empire at once commenced a bitter persecution of the bishops, priests, monks, and nuns, whose property was, of course, appropriated. The fall of the French Empire was the signal for the massacre and persecution of the French clergy, and the seizure of all their portable property which could be got at. Had the Communist government of Paris enjoyed a longer reign, there is every probability that a clear sweep would have been made of all the property of the church in France, of whatever kind. What they left undone will most certainly be completed by their representatives, under the auspices of M. Gambetta and his friends, who control the present government. There are rumors afloat, which we fear are too well founded, of new laws affecting the religious orders, and it is probable that the existing session of the French Chambers will not pass without some of them being enacted.

Here, in England, we can with difficulty realize the virulence which that dreadful mental disease, the *odium theologicum*, has assumed on the Continent.

Happily the narrow and cruel bigoty which prompted the Penal Laws in this country appears to have worn itself out in insane ravings, and a spirit of greater moderation has taken its place. But on the Continent the non-Catholic is extremely militant. He is not content with expressing his non-conformity, or showing his dissent from Church principles passively; he is not happy unless when actively persecuting Catholics, who hold the doctrines he abhors. But it is not only in matters relating to churches, convents, or schools that his activity is displayed. He loses no chance of outraging the feelings of Catholics in every way. He organizes grand banquets and festivities to be held on Good Friday. He shows his scorn for believers in divine revelation, by treating the Catholics with whom he comes in contact in much the same manner as the Puritans of Cromwell's time did.

But there is one other means, the saddest of all, which the Jews and freethinkers of the Continent have discovered, of persecuting those who still believe in Christianity. Its bigotry and narrow-mindedness are amazing, and would be incredible were it not attested by indisputable evidence. It is now an almost invariable rule in financial and mercantile houses conducted by Jews and freethinkers, that no "Ultramontane" (as Catholics are so absurdly called) is permitted to hold an appointment, either in their counting-houses or in any enterprise which they control. I will give one remarkable and striking example of this. A few years ago, one of the principal railways of France fell under the control of some of the greatest and richest of the Jewish banking-houses. Their first step was to turn out all the Catholic directors who had formerly managed the line. This was a proceeding which, of course, might be jus-

tified. But their next proceeding was perfectly amazing in its cruel injustice. An order was issued by the new board to the effect that no persons who were professing Catholics, or who sent their children to Catholic schools, should in future be employed by the company. This cruel order was ruthlessly and literally carried out. At the present time there is scarcely a Catholic clerk, station-master, guard, or even platelayer, in the service of the railway in question. And this is no solitary exception, horrible as it is; for in numberless factories, foundries, and workshops throughout France the same rules prevail. Of this fact there is ample and undeniable evidence.

"War to the knife against religion" is the motto of the Liberal school which now governs unhappy France, and it is difficult to foresee what will be the end of this fearful persecution. As I have said, it is hard for Englishmen to realize the existence of such active and furious bigotry in the nineteenth century, and in a country which claims to be so advanced in civilization; but in France, Germany, and Italy its existence is well enough understood and appreciated.

So deep has been the impression made by facts of the kind I have alluded to, that efforts have been already made to find a solution for the difficulty. A group of eminent and wealthy bankers, capitalists, and nobles, in France and Italy, recognizing the importance of meeting the anti-Christian alliance by financial union, have resolved to found a Catholic bank of sufficient magnitude to encounter the greatest combinations upon equal grounds.

Two years ago a small bank was established in Paris, with a branch in Rome, as a tentative measure. This bank has been extremely successful, and has attracted large amounts of deposits and agency business from many of the religious orders, and the clergy in France and Italy. The institution has already met with the greatest encouragement from eminent ecclesiastics, nobles, and capitalists in many countries, who have expressed their desire to see the sphere of its usefulness further extended. It has been, therefore, decided that a large and important bank shall now be established, — Catholic in the widest sense, — upon the basis of that already founded, the offices of the existing institution acting as branches.

It has been deemed desirable that the new bank should possess a thoroughly English organization; that its operations shall be conducted on the strictest principles of sound banking, as understood in England; and that the whole of the business shall be under the exclusive control of the English board. There are many reasons for this decision, which will be obvious; among which, the stability of political institutions in this country as compared with others holds a foremost place.

Here, then, is a standard of unity, which it is to be hoped will in time attract much of the capital belonging to the Catholics of the world. Should this be so, there is little doubt that the new bank will before long play a distinguished part in the international transactions of Catholics.

The first thought occurring to an English man of business, when he hears of the proposal to found a Catholic bank, will be, "I do not approve of mixing up religion and business."

But this objection is not valid as applied to the proposed institution. It is true that the capital and deposits of the bank will be chiefly the property of Catholics, and they will not be used (as has been too often the case in past years) in opposition to Catholic interests; but here the religious character of the bank ends. The funds will be employed exclusively in the same channels as those of every other solid English bank. There is no idea of building churches, schools, or convents, or of devoting the money of the bank to the furtherance of any religious object.

As a matter of fact, there are many

points of contact between religion and business, as there are between religion and politics, or religion and science. Finance enters into the daily life of bishop, priest, or monk, nearly as much as it does into that of any layman.

Without a knowledge of business, and strict attention to its requirements, no diocese, no parish, no community, no institution, could be carried on successfully. Money is power, in a truer and wider sense even than the saying, "Knowledge is power."

To resume. We have seen that the most pressing want of the age among Catholics is union; that, for want of coherence in recent years, they have seen their best interest violated, the children of the poor perverted in their faith, and iniquitous laws passed triumphantly by their enemies.

It is necessary, therefore, that Catholics should unite their forces against the common foe, not in attack, but in defence. These forces are greater and more powerful than the opposing ones, and are sufficient to insure the victory upon every field, if properly utilized.

Now there are two practical means of utilizing this strength. First, by Catholics taking part in every election, whether parliamentary or municipal, and returning representatives upon whom they can rely. Secondly, by taking care that their capital is not employed, unknown to them, in attacking Catholic interests. This they can secure by intrusting it solely to the care of some such bank as that indicated above.

One thing is certain. We have before us, in Europe, the prospect of stormy and tempestuous times, — most probably times of bitter persecution and oppression, such as we have seen examples of in Germany and Switzerland during the last few years. It is certain that the determination of our common enemy will not falter, nor his assiduity flag, in his efforts to injure the Catholic cause.

We have, therefore, need of all our energies and of our closest union, if we wish to hold our own, if we have any care for the interests of the generations who are to come after us, which will be vitally affected by our energy or slothfulness at the present time.

SHAVING. — The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterwards shaving was practised in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the Middle Ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that, in its turn, was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet the majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

YOUR professional pedestrian may be said to be a man who profits by his extremities.

THE real phantom sail — a mock auction.

Original.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S WORK. — THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ST. JOSEPH'S UNION. — ERECTION OF THE FIRST HOUSE OF THE MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN.

THOMAS DE CANTILLON CHURCH.

PART II.

IN our last paper we traced the history of St. Vincent's Home, Warren Street, New York, from its establishment in May, 1870, to the founding of St. Joseph's Union by Father Drumgoole.

St Joseph's Union, one of the most remarkable and successful Catholic organizations of modern times, was appropriately founded in July, 1876, the historical month of the centennial year. It was launched forth on the religious sea under humble auspices. The lukewarm and careless and cold predicted an early collapse, the cynic and sceptic sneered, the worldly-wise shrugged their shoulders and went on their way dubiously; but the Union was destined to be linked unto all time with Charity, — fairest child of God's love, — viz., the protection and support of the destitute and homeless waifs of the great metropolis, and thus the blessing of heaven attended it from its inception. From its foundation the Cardinal Archbishop of New York has been the warm patron of the Union; and, under his fostering care, Father Drumgoole has steered the goodly bark into the haven of success.

In this cold nineteenth century of ours, men measure everything by the standard of success. As St. Joseph's Union rolled on over this continent, ay, and over the storied lands across the world of waves, daily adding to the long roll of members, and enlisting recruits everywhere, speeding on its way calmly as a summer sea, quietly and unostentatiously appealing to the faith of the people, and evoking noble and generous responses, men opened their eyes and wondered. The cold and dubious became warm and earnest friends of the institution, the cynic became a philanthropist, the wordly-wise paused and pondered, and said there was something after all in caring for God's little ones, "whose angels see their Father's face," all were carried away by the high tide of the success of St. Joseph's Union. New York, fair city of charities, rallied round the Union with enthusiasm. Priests and people vied with each other in generosity toward the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, that struggled painfully for existence during many previous years. The great abiding faith of our people, as well as of Catholics of all nationalities, was aroused, the while they marvelled that Father Drumgoole could supply certificates, papers, supplements, and tracts for the moderate sum of *twenty-five cents per annum* from each member, apart from the wonderful spiritual advantages of the Union. The great ones of the earth noticed the organization that had its origin in that humble home in Warren Street, and they applauded the zeal of its founder and sent in their application for membership. Our holy Church, the peerless bride of the world's Redeemer, with the charity that followeth beyond the grave, encourages, nay insists, on the prayerful remembrance of our dear departed ones, and of course the mortuary list of St. Joseph's Union is a long and distinguished one, comprising our late saintly pontiff, Pius IX., of happy memory; Daniel O'Connell, the great tribune of our race and nation; the Prince Imperial, whose bright young life was lost in a bad cause; and many others, besides the

"rank and file" of all classes of citizens. Amongst the living members of St. Joseph's Union may be reckoned our holy Father, Leo XIII., hundreds of the hierarchy of all nationalities, thousands of priests and nuns; generals, naval officers, statesmen, journalists, men of all professions and trades, besides hundreds of thousands of the faithful people. Hundreds of sectarians have also joined the Union, either of themselves, or through near and dear friends, who forwarded their names, and received cards of membership for them. Scores of conversions to the old Church of the centuries have been effected already, and the converts ascribe their "good luck" to St. Joseph and his Union. Father Drumgoole has districted the city of New York, through the following praiseworthy motives: As soon as he is able to open an office in the new house, the building of which has been commenced, besides publishing his paper, "The Homeless Child," he intends to issue Catholic tracts, to be sent to all members, in the city and elsewhere, free of charge, that they may be able to distribute them to those who have not yet joined the Union. In order to save time and expense, it is necessary to know the number of papers and tracts to be published and distributed. This could only be done by finding out the number of Catholics living in each district, and in order that all should be supplied, it is necessary to know the exact residence of each one living in the district. This is herculean work, and the good father has a large and efficient staff of canvassers, bookkeepers, etc., to whom he affords honorable employment. Father Drumgoole told us, one time, that he wished he could afford employment to hundreds of men, feelingly remarking that there are *homeless men* as well as homeless children in this weary world. We again repeat for the benefit of our readers that St. Joseph's Union has been established for the erection and permanent support of the first house of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, for the protection of homeless and destitute children. By paying twenty-five cents a year, all persons may become members, and enjoy all the spiritual benefits of the Union from the first of March till the last day of the following February, every year. Members can be enrolled any day during the year. *No other expense whatever is incurred.* Every member is entitled to a copy of Father Drumgoole's paper, "The Homeless Child and Messenger of St. Joseph's Union." The benefits of all the masses can be obtained for the dead by securing certificates in their names. Subscribers are requested to be exact in sending their names and address to Father Drumgoole, so that they may receive his paper, supplements, and tracts, to which they are entitled, free of charge. All persons living in New York or elsewhere can become members of St. Joseph's Union by procuring certificates of membership. The certificates, papers, etc., will be sent to all subscribers, no matter where they are living.

The spiritual benefits, so dear to all the members of the Union, are five Masses each week, during the year, besides the ten Novenas of Masses, as mentioned in the certificates. These Novenas begin nine days before, and end on the Feast itself, except the two last in May, in honor of the Annunciation, and the nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God.

The word *Novena* (we quote Father Drumgoole) is applied to the practice of preparing by prayer and good works for certain feasts, during nine days. The first Novena that ever took place was after the Ascension. We are told the apostles returned to Jerusalem, and in obedience to a formal command of Jesus Christ remained in the upper room with the Immaculate Virgin, and the other disciples to the number of one hundred and twenty. They continued in prayer, expecting the coming of the Holy Ghost, during nine days. This practice is therefore not only

apostolical but a divine institution. What then must be its excellence and with what devotion ought the members of St. Joseph's Union observe it! We ought to make every Novena mentioned in the certificate of membership with extraordinary fervor, in order to dispose and prepare ourselves to receive the innumerable blessings attached to this pious devotion. We are not greater than the apostles, to dispense with the gracious gifts of heaven, or to arrive at that degree of perfection necessary to secure our own salvation and that of others.

The members of St. Joseph's Union, wherever they reside, are requested to unite their intentions with the priest, and offer up these Novenas, for any special purpose, either for themselves or friends, or the spiritual benefit of the dead.

All the Masses are offered up for the living or the dead, according to the intention members had in their minds at the time they paid their annual subscription. The members of the Union can change their intention every day, if they wish to do so. The certificates are printed on the backs of beautiful French steel engravings, with various religious devices, representing the Infant Jesus, the Sacred Heart, the Holy Family, etc.

No wonder solicitors sprang up everywhere when Father Drumgoole kindly held out the following easy conditions: any one who procures four names or more, in his or her own family or circle of acquaintance in New York City or elsewhere, becomes a solicitor, and is entitled to all the spiritual benefits of solicitors. Members are entitled to the spiritual benefits of three hundred and seven Masses every year, whilst solicitors and all who help them to obtain names and distribute certificates to subscribers, not only participate in all the Masses of the Union, and in the additional monthly Mass, but also enjoy the special privilege of participating in all Father Drumgoole's private Masses, and share in all his spiritual works.

Father Drumgoole wisely determined to have a paper of his own, in order to disseminate his views and give news of interest in connection with the Union founded by him. For this purpose he published the first copy of "The Homeless Child" in July, 1877. The paper attracted widespread attention, and was hailed favorably everywhere. And well it might. It contained the most accurate engraving of Cardinal McCloskey we have ever seen. Its contents were varied and valuable. "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," the first of a series of exhaustive papers, appeared, from the pen of a brilliant writer. "The Aims and Object of St. Joseph's Union" was the subject of an able and interesting article. Father Drumgoole's letter to the cardinal, explanatory of the struggles and triumphs of St. Vincent's Home, was a cheering and instructive document. The description of the Charity Bazaar and Concert in aid of the Home was brilliant and graphic, whilst Commissioner of Charities, Wm. P. Letchworth's report of St. Vincent's Home, submitted to the legislature in Albany, was a lively and interesting paper. The make-up of "The Homeless Child" was all that could be desired, and over 100,000 copies were distributed. "The Homeless Child" published March 1st, 1879 (unfortunately we cannot lay hold of the earlier numbers), of which half a million copies have been distributed free, all over the world, is a valuable number.

It contains a fine, full-page engraving of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as manifested to Blessed Margaret Mary, December 27th, 1674. The gentle nun is in the attitude of prayer, reciting the rosary so dear to Catholic hearts, and our Divine Lord is represented as directing Margaret Mary's attention to His Heart, — that Heart that welled out its last precious drop for the lost world on Calvary's rugged steep, that Heart which, Christ be praised! still pulses and throbs, "always living to make intercession for us."

The engraving has been admired everywhere, and may be found framed in thousands of Catholic homes.

The paper on the Sacred Heart, the origin of the devotion, etc., is valuable in the extreme. The information contained therein is beyond price, and the style is sparkling and running over with the "wine of rhetoric." "The Efficacy of the Mass" is concluded, and is a remarkable winding up of a brilliant series of papers. "A Victim of Godless Education" is powerfully written and pleads for virtue and temperance. "A Homeless Child" is a beautiful poem, with flashes of fancy bright as the "northern dawn," and a musical metre skilfully attuned to sweetest song. "The Rights of Homeless Children and Our Duty towards them" is a little pamphlet in itself, and pleads the cause of the poor waifs wisely and well.

In this March number of "The Homeless Child" we are delighted to find the first great victory of St. Joseph's Union recorded. Father Drumgoole purchased, in January last, the property at the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, New York City, consisting of nearly four city lots, on which stood the old Church of St. Bartholomew, and for which the sum of $68,987.20 was paid down in cash. This sum was the proceeds of the united "mites" of the grand army of St. Joseph's Union.

On Thursday, January 23d, Feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin to St. Joseph, a most beautiful ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Immaculate Virgin at the Home. High Mass was celebrated at 6 A. M. The choir, composed of the children of the Home, as usual sang most sweetly. After the gospel Father Drumgoole narrated the history of the day in appropriate terms. He next referred to St. Joseph's Union, which came into active operation in March, 1877, with the blessing and cordial approbation of his Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey. Its first object was to secure the site for the erection of the first House of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the protection of homeless and destitute children. It was a great joy to him, and he knew that joy would be shared by the 300,000 members of St. Joseph's Union (the number now considerably exceeds 350,000 members), scattered throughout the world, who were all there that morning in spirit at the one altar to offer up the holy sacrifice in union with the guardian angels of these poor, homeless children. The salvation of their souls was the bond of union which united them all together in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that enabled them to make a free offering to the Immaculate Mother of God of the property purchased for the sum of $68,987.20, and paid for; not one cent of debt remaining on it. Then advancing to the side altar of the Blessed Virgin, which was aglow with lights, and radiant with all the wealth of floral glory, with the parchment offering in his hands, Father Drumgoole knelt at the foot of Mary's shrine saying, "In the name of our late holy father Pius IX., who was a member, and in that of our present glorious pontiff, Leo XIII., and our beloved Cardinal McCloskey, who are members of St. Joseph's Union; in the names of the bishops and priests, and all the religious who are members of the Union; in the names of all the members of St. Joseph's Union; living and dead; in the names of the holy souls in purgatory, and of all the angels and saints in heaven, and above all in the name of our holy father St. Joseph, and in commemoration of his espousals to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which feast we celebrate this day, we present as a free offering to the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God through our holy father St. Joseph, the property we have purchased and paid for, for the erection of the first House of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, as the first-fruits of the united efforts of the members of St. Joseph's

Union." Then intoning the first two lines of the dedication hymn,

> "O Mary, my beautiful Mother!
> This day we give thee our gift,"

Father Drumgoole laid the parchment at the feet of the Immaculate Mother of God. The choir took up the remainder of the hymn, and as the representatives of the Union, their sweet young voices uniting with those of the congregation, ratified the offering to their Immaculate Mother that morning. It will remain there as the first gift of the Union until the members are able to make another free offering, the house erected on the property paid for, which will complete the gift, and will accomplish the first object for which the Union was formed. Father Drumgoole told his hearers that before saying Mass at this altar to-day twelvemonth, he placed the whole work under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, and we have great reason, he said, to be thankful to our Heavenly Father for the great success which, through their intercession, he has bestowed upon us. Therefore, let us unite in offering up, this day, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass in commemoration of the Feast of the Espousals, and in thanksgiving for the wonderful blessings granted to the Union and all its members, during the last year; moreover, for the signal favors vouchsafed to families and individuals, members of the Union all over the world. Let us earnestly pray that God may, through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, and our holy father St. Joseph, continue to prosper the Union, and continue to bestow those blessings on it and all its members, this year as he has done in the past.

After the last gospel the choir sang, "Hail, holy Joseph, hail!" set to soul-stirring music. The whole congregation took up the alternate verses, and the chapel rang again with melodious strains, as the priest entered the sacristy.

The supplements of the "Homeless Child" are issued frequently, and scattered all over this continent and Europe. Certificates are printed in English, French, and German, and will be printed in Spanish, etc., in addition, next year. In the supplement for June 12, 1879 (Feast of Corpus Christi), we find an able article entitled "The Aims of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin: Its Motives for publishing Catholic Tracts," from which we quote: —

"The members of St. Joseph's Union have a great and noble work before them. Besides aiding and protecting homeless and destitute children, Christian charity calls on them to make an effort to counteract the demoralizing influences of Protestant tracts and other anti-Catholic periodicals, which are for the most part gratuitously distributed among a certain class of Catholics. The deadly effects of these publications are quite perceptible in the morals and habits of those who drink most greedily of these poisonous streams; hence it is, they have no remorse of conscience in committing the blackest act of ingratitude and the most enormous treason against God. In defiance of God and his holy church, they are living in open violation of the most solemn contract made to him at the baptismal font. They have in reality, by their public and private actions, renounced their faith by protesting against God and the authority of the Catholic Church. Under the complete dominion of the Evil One, they live in a continual neglect of all the positive and most sacred duties of religion. They, like their Protestant brethren, claim the right to judge for themselves in matters of faith, and in accordance with their depraved tastes, form their own ideas of right and wrong. They still claim to be Catholics, although every act of their lives is a positive denial of, and a burning disgrace to the true religion of Jesus Christ." The remainder of the article is written in a bold, manly, and aggressive style.

In the supplement for May, and recent editions, we find the following gem of song, from the racy pen of one who has "borne the heat of the day" for faith and fatherland: —

MARY IMMACULATE.

I.

O spotless Maid of the Godhead's choosing,
The only rose of the human race,
In the occult depth of whose fragrant bosom
The thorn of sin never found a place,
From the jasper throne that the angels builded —
Builded by Heaven's divine decree —
Lean down and list to a sinner's pleading,
Mary Immaculate, pray for me!

II.

Flowing, they tell us, with milk and honey,
Blest by nature and nature's God,
Was the fertile land on whose fertile stretches
Thy high progenitors proudly trod;
But when thou cam'st forth, a Gilead fountain,
Deep and exhaustless as the sea,
Overflooded the land with celestial sweetness.
Mary Immaculate, pray for me!

III.

Black on the world lay sin's foul shadow,
For Adam's defection and Eve's disgrace,
Till thy sun-like coming dispelled the darkness,
O fairest daughter of David's race.
So wondrous bright the immortal lustre
Thy advent shed over land and sea
That even God's angels gazed and marvelled.
Mary Immaculate, pray for me!

IV.

No tongue can tell, O predestined Mother, —
Mother, and yet virginity's queen, —
The infinite height of thy exaltation,
What thou art and what thou hast been!
Of Him who dominates all dominions,
In heaven, on earth, and eternity,
The chosen Nurse and the guardian Mother.
Mary Immaculate, pray for me!

From the supplement we are noticing we are glad to find Father Drumgoole in the *rôle* of a temperance reformer. Some time ago, the reverend gentleman was invited to the second annual reunion of the New York Post Office Temperance Association. After expressing his regret that a previous engagement prevented his attendance, he writes as follows, in sentences glowing with zealous fervor for the welfare of humanity, and beautifully interwoven with patriotic sentiment: "I am heart and soul with you in your noble efforts to crush the demon of intemperance which is spreading ruin and desolation in so many Christian families all over the land, especially in our own city of New York, where so many bright and promising young men, very often the only hope of depending families and the sunshine of the circle they daily move in, are snatched away by this vice from a life of usefulness in the very bloom of manhood, and consigned to a life of misery and degradation.

"There is no tyrant that exacts more unmanly, slavish, and degrading obedience from his subjects than this foul monster of intemperance.

"Before these slaves clothe themselves in rags and degradation, the livery that all the votaries of this foul monster and those who depend on them for a living wear, they must offer at the shrine of this insatiable viper their own ruined characters, the desolate homes, the broken hearts of mothers and fathers, of wives, of sons and daughters, and their own respect and standing in society. By their dissipation they bring upon themselves the scorn of all who know them, render themselves unfit to perform their duty to God and their country, and become the very pests of society.

"Why is it that so many of our worthy and chivalrous American citizens, young and old, men who would not quake before the armed minions of the proudest or most despotic monarch that ever wielded a sceptre, men who in their sober moments would shed the very last drop of their heart's blood in defence of their country's honor, and to preserve that liberty which was bequeathed to us by Washington and his band of noble warriors, — the most valiant soldiers that ever died in a noble cause, — why is it, I ask again, that men so brave, with the blood of such heroes coursing through their veins, how is it that they crouch so miserably before the tyrant Intemperance, that has brought so much ruin upon themselves and their families?

To satisfy a most base passion they unman themselves, and give up everything that is dear and holy and great for the gratification of swallowing one glass of intoxicating drink. It is the great question of the day, and one hard to solve, how a man can be so untrue to his own interests. Let every one who wants to reform, nobly abstain from *one* glass of intoxicating liquor, and *one* glass *only;* but that must be the first glass. And if he abstains from the first, he will never take the second glass, and if he never takes the second glass I will give him a written guarantee that he will never be drunk again. This is the only way that a man can atone for the past, and in a great measure recover all he has lost by intemperance. Let every friend endeavor to impress this upon the minds of all weak-minded men who are already or are likely to become victims, and it may be of great benefit to them."

This letter attracted considerable attention, and deservedly so. Very many influential friends of temperance in New York City, and throughout the country, wrote to Father Drumgoole, requesting him to publish his letter in his own paper, and scatter it broadcast over the continent.

In the organ of St. Joseph's Union we find Father Drumgoole battling stoutly for his young *protégés*, to whose services he has dedicated his "manhood's sturdy prime." He pleads as follows for the integrity of the ancient faith, handed down to him by his ancestors, pure and unsullied, in spite of famine, fire, and sword. Hearken, reader, to the good priest's earnest pleading: "We appeal to the members of St. Joseph's Union, now numbering 200,000 in New York City alone, to advocate the cause and defend the rights of homeless and destitute children, whether Catholic or Protestant, against all individual and official injustice. Any attempt to take advantage of the poverty or destitution of children to compel them to embrace any religion, contrary to that professed by their parents, is a violation of the true spirit of our constitution, and is, in itself, an act of spiritual oppression, and tyranny of the worst kind. No honorable man, worthy of holding the responsible position of judge or magistrate, would be guilty of such a violation of the dearest rights of every child. As the existing law of New York leaves it optional with the judges or magistrates to send all destitute children brought before them to either Catholic or Protestant institutions, as they may deem proper, to the honor of many of these noble-minded judges, Protestant and Catholic, men who do not allow their own religious convictions, or any illiberal motives, to interfere with their decisions, they take a most impartial view of the matter. After thoroughly investigating the case, guarding against any fraud or injustice to the city, as they are bound in conscience to do, and seeing that the child is really destitute, without any visible means of support or protection, they commit him to a respectable institution under the control of the religion of the parents of the child, be it Catholic or Protestant. This is all that can be required from the dispensers of the law, and by acting so they prove themselves worthy of the position they hold. But sometimes, to judge from the acts of a few of these officials, we cannot help thinking that they act under the supposition that *no child, under any consideration, ought to be brought up in the Catholic faith;* in fact, they claim the right of choosing a new religion for the child, by committing him to an institution of their own selection, where he will be brought up in a faith entirely different from that of his parents.

"There is no trouble in having Catholic children committed to Protestant institutions, at any time, but when destitute parents, or friends interested in Catholic children, protest against this, they are very often subjected to insults and humiliating annoyances. We hope the members of St. Joseph's Union will pay special

attention to this matter, in their respective districts, throughout the city of New York and elsewhere. We also ask all friends of homeless children not to forget that the rights of these poor little ones have been very often tampered with and trampled on."

We understand that the next issue of "The Homeless Child" (now in preparation) will be full of interest for all the members of St. Joseph's Union. It will contain a full-page engraving of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and an elaborate history of the origin and rise of the beautiful devotion to the Heart of Our Lady. It will also contain an engraving of the new House that will be so dear to every member of the Union.

The following beautiful Novena, never used in vain by the members of St. Joseph's Union, has been published by Father Drumgoole, and amply deserves reproduction here: —

NOVENA TO THE QUEEN OF MARTYRS.

"O most holy and afflicted Virgin! Queen of Martyrs! Thou who didst stand motionless at the foot of the cross, beneath thy expiring Son, through the sword of grief that pierced thee then, through the unceasing suffering of thy life of sorrow, and the bliss which now amply repays thee for thy past trials and afflictions, look down with a mother's tenderness and pity on me, who kneels before thee, who venerates thy sacred dolors, and places my request with filial confidence in the sanctuary of thy wounded heart. Present, I beseech thee, to Jesus Christ, in union with the infinite merits of His death and passion, thy sufferings at the foot of the cross; and through the efficacy of both, obtain the grant of my petition. To whom shall I recur in my wants and miseries, if not to thee, O Mother of mercy, who, having drunk so deeply of the chalice of thy Son, canst compassionate the woes of those who are doomed to sigh in this land of exile? Offer to my Divine Saviour one drop of the blood which flowed from his sacred veins, one of the tears which trickled from his divine eyes, one of the pangs which rent His adorable Heart! O Refuge of sinners and Hope of all mankind, reject not my humble petition, but mercifully hear and graciously grant my request. Amen.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following wonderful results of membership with St. Joseph's Union (selected out of hundreds of cases), bearing testimony to God's providence and the efficacy of prayer, written from New York and elsewhere.

No. 1.

A lady writes: "A sister was telling me about a man who was brought in seriously hurt. She said he had not been to confession for over ten years, and when she spoke to him about seeing a priest he said, 'No, I want to be let alone.' She said they could not get him to see a priest. Things were in this state when a friend brought him a card of admission to St. Joseph's Union, with a paper of the Sacred Heart ["The Homeless Child"]. He read the paper and a day or two after he asked for a priest, and left the hospital cured in body and soul. Sister said he became very devout, and she told him when he was leaving that he should ever cherish a great devotion to the Sacred Heart, for by that he was converted."

No. 2.

A lady writes thus: "In reply to your kind favor, I am happy to be able to say my dear father is very much better, so much so that he went to church to confession last evening, and to holy communion this morning. It seems to me this day is the happiest of my life. . . . The second day of the Novena which I at once commenced, as you directed me, my father changed for the better. Please help me to thank Jesus, Mary, and Joseph."

No. 3.

A sturdy Celt writing, says: "I am thankful that you attended to my request, as I obtained what I sought for, through those masses you offered for me (as we were both members of St Joseph's Union). We are now the best of friends. We made our Easter duty together, and the past is forgotten."

No. 4.

A lady writes: "I thank you very much for that beautiful prayer you sent. I gained something I asked after reciting it a few times."

No. 5.

A young lady sent the following cheering news: "It will be a great consolation to you, dear father, when I tell you that several who joined the Union last year were of very intemperate habits, but now they have taken the pledge, and attend to their spiritual duties, which they had neglected for many years, thanks be to our heavenly Father!"

No. 6.

A member of the Union writes: "My wife thanks you for the Novena. She has made it and obtained the grant of her request."

No. 7.

A pious and gifted young lady writes thus: "Your prayers have already been heard with regard to my relations, for one of my brothers went last night to confession who has not been for more than two years. I cannot thank you enough for your kind interest, and beg that you will continue to pray for us all."

No. 8.

A lady bears testimony to the efficacy of the Novena thus: "I thank you for the novena prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows. I performed it and received all I asked for, thank God."

No. 9.

A good priest bears testimony to the good work: "My parish is doing fairly for your orphans, and for its own spiritual welfare. I am very glad to see it so. I wish you every success."

No. 10.

Another lady writes: "The poor soul whom you promised to pray for, after having neglected her duties for eight years, has returned this Easter, and has been twice to confession and holy communion."

No. 11.

A gifted clergyman writes cheerily thus: "I am happy to report that St. Joseph's Union is winning the hearts of all to whom I have had an opportunity of making it known. I sent a ticket of admission to my own good bishop, for which he sincerely thanked me. I think that you can safely send me a couple of hundred more certificates, papers, etc. There is a peculiar charm about St. Joseph's Union, which wins the hearts of all."

No. 12.

A true-hearted young priest sends his message of love: "I wish we could do more for you here, for I take a special interest in your good work. New York is my native city. I know the great good you have accomplished, and pray that Almighty God may long continue you in your good work."

No. 13.

An Irish-American girl discourses eloquently: "We have had the satisfaction of knowing that my brother (who has been careless for a long time) has complied with his Easter duties. I cannot tell you the burden it has removed from our hearts, and how rejoiced we are to think our united prayers were heard at the Throne of Grace and answered. From the innermost recesses of grateful hearts we thank you, and our prayers, like incense, will daily arise to our heavenly Father to give you life, health, and strength, to aid you in the good cause in which you are engaged, in bringing back poor wanderers to the fold."

No. 14.

A happy Catholic wife writes jubilantly: "Last year one of the nuns sent me one of your certificates in my husband's name (who was a Protestant). He paid no attention to it, but I think the Masses that were offered up for him were the means of his conversion in February of this year, 1879, for his conversion was as miraculous and as instantaneous as St. Paul's. We had a mission here in January. Although he did not attend until the three last nights of the mission, he was baptized the day after its close. I hope you will say a little prayer for him every day that he may persevere to the end."

No. 15.

And yet another daughter of the Celt writes: "Have I told you about a dear brother, who gave up his religion for years? He has returned to his church, and is trying his best to be good. He is, indeed, a kind husband, son, and brother. Mother and I are dependent on him for a home. I am sure it is the prayers of your Home that have done it all."

No. 16.

A gentleman writing says: "I must inform you that one of the parties for whom I asked, some time ago, your prayers and those of the children, has given up entirely the secret society of which he had been a member. He has come back into the church and made his Easter communion. The other party is doing a great deal better in the way of attending to his church."

No. 17.

An accomplished lady writes gracefully and gratefully thus: "I am happy to be able to tell you that there seems to be a decided change in my nephew. He volunarily went to confession and to holy communion. He has, within the past fortnight, obtained a position in a store, and I hope will be steady and obedient, and so be retained. You will pardon my intruding upon your leisure in this way. My excuse is, that you wished to hear when there was an improvement in the poor boy; again, I feel bound in charity to say good of him when I can. I must and do attribute the favorable change to all the prayers and holy Masses which you have united with others in offering for his spiritual necessities. I left home last month, but have received these good accounts of him, since my sojourn in the mountains, from my friends at home. With the deepest gratitude for your great charity in his regard, and asking forgiveness for my intrusion, I am ever sincerely your debtor."

No. 18.

A distinguished priest says of Father Drumgoole's work: "I have long been an ardent admirer of your holy work, although at a distance. I now have occasion to send you a little donation sent to me for you by a friend in Ireland. I also send you a dollar on my own account that I may be a member of your most admirable society."

We will content ourselves, for the present, with the above remarkable extracts from a massive pile of documents, carefully preserved by Father Drumgoole, all bearing testimony to spiritual or temporal benefits received since the writers became members of St. Joseph's Union.

On the 11th June last, laborers commenced pulling down the old Church of St. Bartholomew preparatory to the erection of the first house of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. The work has since been expeditiously pushed, and on the 8th September, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God, at 8 A. M., the foundation stone of the new building was laid. The corner-stone of the house will be laid on the Sunday within the octave of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the 14th December next. By that time Father Drumgoole hopes to have the second story of the building completed. The house will be enclosed by the middle of June next. The building will be a stately one, eight stories high, and fire-proof. It will contain all the modern improvements. A beautiful chapel, dedicated to Our Lady, and a spacious lecture-hall, will form two prominent features of the Home. Separate apartments for all the inmates will be an original and very laudable feature, also. In that new Chapel of Our Lady, how often will not the sweet lines of a writer in the *Ave Maria* be realized: —

Silence and rest, as on the first great Sabbath
While thro' the slumbering air
The incense of grateful hearts is wafted
In solemn vesper prayer.

Now little white-robed children softly whisper
Good night to heaven above, —
Pure as the scent of blossoms in the spring-time
Their lisping words of love.

. . . . . .

But when at last the weary world is sleeping,
From heaven's jasper walls
In golden showers, like a king's rich largess,
The radiant starlight falls.

O vision of the patriarch in the desert,
One heart your lesson learns, —
Those angels, still ascending and descending,
The poet's eye discerns!

In drawing our paper to a close, we can appropriately say that the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin has long been reckoned one of the great Catholic institutions of the Empire City. The name of its worthy pastor, Rev. John C. Drumgoole, will remain associated unto all time with the great charity that has already done so much for the homeless and destitute children of the vast metropolis. Thousands have already been rescued from a life of sin and sorrow at Nos. 53 and 55 Warren Street, New York, where the work of charity — fairest child of God's love — goes on daily, quietly and unostentatiously, 'midst the bustle and roar of the great city. Verily, it is a noble work, appealing to the tenderest sympathies of the heart, and the members of St. Joseph's Union, scattered everywhere and reckoned by hundreds of thousands, may well feel proud of the noble part they have taken in contributing to the erection of the stately building, now being made ready for the boys, at the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street. St. Joseph's Union is a mighty lever in the hands of Father Drumgoole for working his noble institution for the protection of the poor waifs received by him.

It was a delightful sight to witness eighty children, literally picked off the streets, receive first communion a few Sundays ago in the beautiful Chapel of the Immaculate Virgin, at the hands of Father Drumgoole. No wonder the pure-hearted *soggarth* felt consoled after distributing the Bread of Life amongst these bright young souls "whose angels see their Father's face." After Mass two hundred children were invested with the scapulars — the livery of the Immaculate Virgin — after an affecting and simple discourse by the good pastor.

Towards the close of August between one hundred and two hundred children, comprising all old enough, together with all the older inmates of the Home, accompanied by many members of St. Joseph's Union, and headed by Father Drumgoole, visited three of the churches in the city on two different occasions, and with the usual appropriate prayers, interpersed with beautiful hymns, performed the stations of the Jubilee.

As the well-dressed, fine, healthy children marched through the principal streets on their way to and from the churches, with their beautiful Jubilee banners bearing the legend, "Come, all faithful Christians, make the Jubilee; it will do more good to your souls than all the wealth of the world can do for your bodies," floating in the evening air, they evoked the most complimentary comments from all classes of citizens.

Returning homeward, on the second occasion, the procession stopped at the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, where the boys gazed on the site of their future home, the first house of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, now in course of erection. Reader, it was an affecting sight to see hundreds of poor waifs bending lovingly round the site of the great building that will be raised for them by the "grand army" of St. Joseph's Union.

The religious triumphs of that week were fittingly supplemented by a royal day's amusement on bay and river. Some kind friends of the institution chartered the excursion steamer "Blackbird," and were good enough to accompany Father Drumgoole and his boys.

The weather was superb, earth and air and sky looked strangely beautiful, creature comforts were inviting and abundant, river and bay and grove

were brimful of pleasures for the little fellows, who enjoyed the trip hugely; ice-cream and lemonade were well patronized; songs were sung, and even the "poetry of motion" was indulged in by the little bits of manhood, to the accompaniment of "merry maddening music."

At the next excursion may we be there to see! Of Father Drumgoole we can appropriately say,

> Never till the latest day
> Shall his memory pass away.

ADVANTAGES TO THE CHURCH BY THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND.

The "London Weekly Register" draws attention of English Catholics to the immense value of the prosperity of Ireland; for "prosperity creates power; power in Ireland means power in the Catholic portion of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom; and an increase of power means an increase of influence to the principles of the Catholic religion and in the action of the Catholic Church." The Act of 1774, by which Irish Catholics were allowed to take an oath of allegiance to the reigning sovereign, was potent in its bearing. It is good for English Catholics to study this Act, because it is through the Catholics of Ireland that the Catholics of England have been freed from the penal laws, and acquired equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, — equality, that is, before the law, however much the law may be thwarted by the prejudices of the nation. The extraordinary way in which these prejudices act is illustrated in the following words of a provincial newspaper in reference to Lord Bury's conversion to the faith: "Lord Bury's accession to the Church of Rome disposes altogether of the chance of his becoming Lord Redesdale's successor as Chairman of Committees, a post on which Lord Bury is said to have set his heart." What is to be said of English justice to Catholics after this? Because an English nobleman becomes a Catholic he is, as a matter of course, excluded from a post to which, had he continued a Protestant, he would have been allowed his claim. This intense prejudice of Protestants against Catholics has existed ever since the time when, in the sixteenth century, the first reformers succeeded in poisoning the minds of the English. In the reigns of Elizabeth and the first three Stuarts this prejudice produced a bloody persecution; in the reigns of William the Third, Anne, and the early Georges, it led to the most searching and grinding laws, enacted for the express purpose of destroying, if possible, the very existence of the Church in the British Isles. And the prejudice included in it the notion that Catholics are, as such, disloyal; and an effect of the legislation in agreement with that prejudice gagged the Catholic, and he was literally prohibited from the use of his tongue in protestation against the calumny. No love of justice, only the fear of numbers, in Ireland, led to the Act of 1774, by which Catholics were allowed to profess their allegiance. This humiliating concession obtained for them the right of citizens, and was the first instalment of the concessions wrested at last from an unwilling power by O'Connell.

Failure of Brain-Power.— The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

London Weekly Register.

THEY who have read the encyclical of Leo the Thirteenth, which we published at full length in our last issue, will have appreciated its singular aptitude to the wants of the time in which we live. Philosophy, not in a scholastic, but in a popular sense, has become fearfully misused in the last twenty years; we say emphatically not in a scholastic (nor in a Christian) sense, for the vast majority of modern sceptics are not philosophers. They do not recognize many of the essentials of true philosophy, many of its primary aspirations and sublime end; they only grovel upon the earth and underneath the earth, and make their researches, not the divine wisdom, their supreme worship. The object of philosophy must be divine knowledge; this was its object, even to many pagans. Though they did not know whom it was they were inquiring after, they at least searched with the aspiration of finding Him. Our modern sceptics are less elevated, less rational. They do not recognize that the whole dignity of the creature consists in the knowledge of the Creator; that reason, in itself partly divine, becomes degraded when it ignores its own origin, or when it forgets the chief object of its powers; and they treat the mind as they would treat any mechanism of which the compass and the design were but material. This is the degradation of philosophy. It is the inversion of the objects of thought. For whereas thought should rise higher and higher, till it rests on the wisdom of God, the modern sceptics affirm that the only true wisdom is the conviction that the Creator is "unknowable."

Leo the Thirteenth has shown that innumerable evils, evils moral, political, and social, have been begotten by false systems of philosophy; that is, by false methods of reasoning. He has argued that divine faith is the first auxiliary of the reason, and that without divine faith there is false philosophy. The method of this argument is irrefutable. Philosophy being primarily the love of wisdom, the aspiration after the divine wisdom being our wisdom, a philosophy which does not first seek to know God is not a philosophy but a puerility. In other words, a philosophy which, A. D. 1879, ignores revelation and divine authority, and even strives to go back beyond the period when the pagans, at least, aspired to a divine message, is a philosophy which, besides rejecting divine message, treats divine message as an evil. Our modern sceptics do not hesitate to do this. They treat the Incarnation as a misfortune. They cannot disprove it, but they argue that its hypothesis, apart from its may be or it may not be, is in itself a grave injury to pure science. Now a study of the great works of Christian philosophers, and notably of the works of St. Thomas, "the incomparable Thomas Aquinas," as Leo the Thirteenth has styled him, and as also Œcumenical Councils have styled him, must convince us that even the hypothesis of the Incarnation, apart from the divine fact of the Incarnation, is a supreme elevation of the natural reason. The whole system of theology, doctrinal and moral, intellectual, spiritual, and disciplinal, is the building up of the grandest faculties of the reason upon a foundation which is absolutely divine. So that to ignore such a system as if it had no claim, nay, as if it had no appreciable existence, is to treat with contempt not only a divine fact, but an hypothesis which alone is satisfaction. Nothing short of the Catholic religion can satisfy; the Catholic religion rests on rational bases: to ignore it is to be supremely unphilosophical.

It may be replied that philosophy does not accept or reject either the fact or the theory of the Incarnation; it only works on a given ground of natural reason. This cannot be true *if* the natural reason has received any

measure of assistance from a divine message. It is exactly where this natural reason stops short that the divine message takes up the further process. At the present session of the British Association it has been declared by an eminent professor that there are two points on which we remain ignorant: the origin or cause of organic life, and the origin or cause of human thought. But profoundly interesting as are all such investigations, there are others which are infinitely more important; such as the object of man's mission on earth, and the condition of man's happiness hereafter. Now if Catholic theology takes up these greater questions and treats them scientifically and philosophically, it must follow that Catholic theology has a claim on every philosopher, which at least merits profound deliberation. What shall we say, then, of the would-be philosophers who, affecting to search for the highest wisdom, do not recognize the claim of its highest masters? If all men of lofty intellect and aspiration have regarded St. Thomas Aquinas as a splendid thinker, as an "incomparable" doctor in pure science, and at the same time as a saintly Catholic Christian, how comes it that his philosophy is not respected, not even recognized, by the would-be brilliant leaders of modern thought? Is it simply because he was a Catholic Christian? But if he proved that pure science received its first adequate homage at the hands of the Catholic Church, and that the Catholic religion alone put the crown on the dignity of every admitted natural discovery in pure science, he must be admitted to have profoundly honored natural discovery, in allying it with the witnesses to divine truth. The chief object of true philosophy being the knowledge of divine truth, and natural science being contributive to such knowledge, a philosopher who could combine natural knowledge with divine message, and could show how the two perfectly harmonized, must be entitled to "rational" veneration.

It is demonstrated in the Encyclical how the gravest Catholic philosophers have "robbed the Egyptians" of their treasures; in other words, how they have utilized and perfected all the knowledge which the natural reason had developed. Natural reason had got so far, as his Holiness has stated, as to "demonstrate that there is a God"; and it had even got further, and had proved, by logical process, that "God excels in each and in every degree of perfection" Here natural reason was bound to stop. But Christian philosophy could take up the processes, and finish them, with equal logic, with more rejoicing. It could show that human reason, that is, the natural human reason, by its own strictly logical processes, could "reconcile the fullest faith and authority with the Word of God." that it could tell that "the doctrine of the Gospel was distinguished, even from the beginning, by some wonderful signs, as sure guarantees of a certain truth; and, accordingly, every one who attaches faith to the gospel does not attach it rashly thereto, as one would to well-known fables, but gives up to divine authority his intelligence and judgment, with a submission which is altogether reasonable." So that reason is only purely philosophical when it submits itself to the authority which it recognizes. It is just here that we see the utter fatuity of those cavillers who say that to submit the reason is to be irrational. It is irrational not to submit to reason's God. "The human mind," says his Holiness, "is hemmed in by certain lines, and these exceedingly straitened; it is prone to a multitude of errors and to an ignorance of many things. On the contrary, the Christian faith, resting on divine authority, is the surest mistress of truth, and whoever follows it falls not into the snares of error, 'nor is tossed about on the waves of doubtful opinions.' For this reason it is that those who bring to the study

of philosophy a dutiful submission to Christian faith are the best philosophers; since the splendor of divine truths taken into the mind assists the intelligence, and instead of lessening in any degree its dignity, only imparts to it much more of nobility, acumen, and solidity." How different is this rational modesty to the egoism of the declaimers of their own ignorance! Here we have the pontiff of the Christian Church, not extolling his own authority, his "infallibility," but affirming that revelation, as constantly preserved by the Holy Spirit, is the supreme source and foundation of "divine" philosophy. It is nearly two thousand years since "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us"; and during the whole of that period Christian philosophers have contended against philosophy which is "falsely so called"; and now in these last days, they are still busy in defending the very first principles of divine right, the very elements of belief in the supernatural, the most primary recognition of primary truths. While the result of false philosophies has been to split up the world into ten thousand "religious" sects and hostile camps, culminating in the open denial of even the duty of obedience to authority, and in the publication throughout Europe of countless impious attacks, not only on revelation but on natural truths, the Catholic Church, by being always philosophical, is to this day impregnable in her unity. Philosophy and unity go hand in hand, for the simple reason that true philosophy is divine. As there is unity in heaven, so there is unity in the Church, because the philosophy of the church is to know God. No one can read through the Encyclical of his Holiness without arriving at these two firm convictions: the one that true philosophy is based solely on revelation, and the other that the Catholic Church is its sole guardian.

A SUITABLE dower for a widow is a widower.

CONVERTING CHURCHES INTO THEATRES.

THE revolutionary government of Italy which dethroned Pius IX. and made Rome a nest of murderers and thieves, endeavors to promote morality by theatres of the worst class, wherein those spectacles are most favored which caricature and vilify the Catholic priesthood. The convents out of which monks and nuns were expelled are occasionally turned into museums and theatres. In Cagliari was the ancient Church of San Niccolo di Bari, and this church was seized by the government, and divine worship therein was inhibited. Shortly afterwards the church itself was put up to public auction, and was purchased by a merchant, the Chevalier Michael Carboni. The buyer altered the church into a theatre, placing the stage at the high altar. Ballet girls danced where the holy sacrifice of the Mass used to be celebrated by the consecrated ministers of God. The other day this theatre was destroyed by fire, and the very dresses of the ballerine and the musical instruments of the orchestra were reduced to ashes. The origin of the fire was attributed to chance, but perhaps this was one of those cases wherein may be discerned something more than the finger of accident. It is now asserted that the authorities are about to hand over the Convent of S. Lorenzo in Lucena to the Roman Accademia Filodrammatica, to be changed into a theatre. The president of this musical academy is the Marchese del Grillo, but few of the members are Roman. Most of them are Italians and foreigners who entered Rome by the breach of Porta Pia, and care nothing for the sacred places of the Eternal City. To them the transformation of a Catholic church or convent into a theatre or sectarian conventicle seems a natural consequence of the downfall of the temporal power. They would gladly seize St. Peter's, and turn it into a monster ball-room.

MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

The interview which took place recently at Arcachon between the young widower, King Alphonso, and the Austrian princess to whom his Majesty is now affianced, the Archduchess Marie Christine, appears to have been opened with much state and ceremonial, and to have closed to every one's satisfaction. The young king, on arriving at his destination, accompanied by the Duque de Tetuan, took possession of the Villa Monaco, which had been, of course, duly prepared for his reception. At a few minutes to seven o'clock on the same evening he set off for the Villa Bellegarde, the temporary residence of the two Austrian princesses. The presentation was not wanting, we are told, in that ceremonial for which the House of Hapsburg is famous. "His Majesty Alphonso XII, King of Spain," said the Duque de Tetuan, approaching the Imperial ladies. "Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Elizabeth," "Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Marie Christine," said the Baron von Scholossing, addressing the king. With this presentation, however, the formalities ceased. A sign from the Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Princess Marie Christine, sufficed for the noblemen in attendance to retire, and king Alphonso remained for nearly an hour with his future bride. On his return to Villa Monaco, his Majesty summoned the Duque de Tetuan, with whom he conversed long and earnestly. The following morning the king received the Marquis de Molins, and was about to visit the Villa Bellegarde once more when he found the street in front of his house crowded. "What is to be done?" he asked. "I hoped that I should be totally unobserved here and quiet." Thereupon his Majesty was conducted to the end of a long corridor, opening on the garden at the back of the villa, and was thus enabled to reach the Villa Bellegarde unperceived by the villagers. Having breakfasted with the Austrian Archduchesses he took a drive with them, and later in the afternoon a row in a six-oared boat. The month of November is confidently mentioned as the date of the marriage. Spain and Austria, once closely united, will again be intimately allied, the union to France foreboding none of the evils which an alliance with the Prussian or Bavarian houses would all but infallibly have engendered.

Analysis of the Milk of the Cow-Tree. — Alexander Humboldt remarks that among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had, during his extensive travels, witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of the cow. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long, alternate leaves, and was described by Linden as *Brosimum galactodendron*. The milk, which flows from any wound made in the trunk, is white and somewhat viscid; the flavor is agreeable. M. Boussingault has given a detailed analysis, the samples analyzed having been some of those sent to the Paris Exhibition, and concludes by stating that this vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matter, but also sugar, caseine, and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being in about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive powers.

Mrs. Smith, as the summer came on, said she would so much like a little change. Smith offered her two shillings and sixpence for half a crown.

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER.

THE official organ of the Chinese government, known as the "Pekin Gazette," is certainly a most remarkable journal. Not only is it the oldest newspaper in existence, but it is highly probable that it was the first journal ever published, and what is more, the first that was ever printed; for it is pretty well settled that the spread of news by means of written documents was attempted in Europe at certain periods long before the days of the printing press. The contributors to the "Gazette" are now, and have been for many centuries, the ablest men in a country noted for the attention paid to education. On this account the files of the paper must at some future time prove of immense service to the historian who desires to write an account, not only of the Chinese Empire, but of the Asiatic nations with which in times past she has held diplomatic intercourse. Although the paper is published under the immediate supervision of the government, this much must be said of it, — that its columns have been open to those holding divergent opinions, and from this point of view it has carried out the modern idea of a review more thoroughly than the modern conception of a newspaper. An instance of this impartiality can be found in the recent publication by it of the letter written by Wu-ko-tu, one of the Board of Civil Office, just before his suicide, reflecting severely on the usurpatious actions of the Empresses-Regent. The intent of this document was to force them to abdicate, and the arguments against their further continuance in power were very strongly given. A civilized despot would have deemed it advisable to suppress this seditious communication, but the Chinese rulers have, perhaps, shown their good sense, as they certainly have their consciousness of strength, by giving it the publicity its author desired.

ENVELOPES were first used in 1839.

SIBERIAN DOGS. — There may often be seen in the streets dogs of huge size, sometimes white and black, but oftener of a mouse-color, or yellow tan. These are Siberian bloodhounds, the original stock of which, we believe, was brought from the Ural Mountains, where they are employed for hunting wolves and other fierce beasts of the chase. In the city, of course, they are kept merely as curiosities, and are not half so useful as a smart Scotch terrier, who will kill rats in the cellar and give warning should any strange footsteps come prowling about the house at night. A more useful kind of Siberian dog than the majestic one referred to is the breed much prized by the Samoyedes, Tungusians, and other northern tribes, as beasts of burden. Those of Kamtschatka are said to be the best. Four of these animals yoked to a sledge will easily draw a man with two hundred pounds of baggage, and will run from thirty to sixty miles a day, according to the condition of the snow and the character of the country traversed by them. During the winter these dogs are fed upon dried fish. In summer they are expected to provide for themselves, and the facility with which they catch fish is very remarkable. They remain out of doors throughout the fine season, living like otters or seals, but as soon as the hard weather sets in they leave the shore and betake themselves to the huts of their respective owners. These dogs are endowed with an instinct for locality so wonderful that their masters, when driving them, leave the selection of route entirely to their judgment. When a heavy storm obliges them to stop, they crouch in the snow, close to their master, so as to keep him warm. In return for all this, when one of the dogs grow old and is past work, the individual that owns him kills him for his skin, out of which he makes clothes for his own less worthy carcass.

A GROWING evil, — that clothing won't grow with the grower.

THE SKYLARK.

THE following is the celebrated address to the "Skylark," by T. O'N. Russell. A literal translation is annexed.

AN FHUISEOG.

Eun bheanuighthe 'n cheoil bhinn,
A chanas suas 'san aer,
An tu spioraid o bh-flathas,
No teachdaire thanaic o Dhe?

Nach m-beireann tu guth De leat
Anuas on g-crioch na n-ard,
Lán de luathghair na n-aingeal
'S nios binne 'na ceol na m-bárd?

Chuala me clairsigh na h-Eireann,
A's ceolta na d-teampull mór; —
Ba bhinne liom guth do bheilín,
A's luathghaire lán do ghloir.

Se mola do Dhia a chanair,
Gan leabhar gan buidhin gan cléir;
Si d'altoir doimhneacht na bh-flathas,
Se do theampull fairsing' na speir'.

Ni adhrair mar adhraid na daoine,
Le glunaibh cromtha shíos, —
Le suilibh dúnta air eagla, —
Ni thuigeann an drong so Dia.

Deirid gor mian leis deoiridhe,
A's go ngrádhann se truagh a's brón; —
Is sailleir nach saoiler sud dé
Nuair eirgheann tu suas um neoin;

Oir teidheann tu suas 'sna neultaibh,
Go seunmhair led mhola reidh
D'a chantain a meadhan neimhe
Go dana a suilbh De.

Is aoibhin an chrioch ann a chanair,
Gedh iosal a riaghail 'sa réim;
Is mairg don tir ann noch g-cluinfear,
Fuaim bhinn lan do bheil.

Ni thig linn ar g-ceolta chantain,
Ta bruid a's brón air ar sliocht;
Acht ni fheidir le righibh na talmhan
Ceol fuiseoige chur 'na thosd.

Literal Translation.

THE SKYLARK.

Blessed bird of sweet music,
That singest up in the sky,
Art thou a spirit from heaven,
Or a messenger fron God?

Bringest thou not the voice of God with thee
Down from the regions on high,
Full of the joy of angels
And sweeter than the strains of poets?

I have heard the harps of Erin
And the music of the great churches;
Sweeter to me was the voice of thy little mouth.
And the full joy of thy strains.

'T is the praise of thy God thou singest,
Without book, congregation, or clergy,
Thy altar, the depths of heaven,
Thy temple, the breadth of the sky.

Thou worshippest not as men worship,
With knees bowed lowly down,
And with eyes shut from fear:
Such understand not God.

They say He loves the tearful,
And also wretchedness and sorrow;
'T is plain thou believest not this of Him
When thou risest up about noontime;

For thou goest up into the clouds
Joyfully, with thy praise ready
To sing it in the midst of heaven,
Boldly in the presence of God.

Happy it is for the land where thou singest,
However lowly its rule or sway!
Woful it is for the country in which is not heard
The full, sweet sounds of thy voice!

We cannot sing our music,
There is sorrow and trouble on our race;
But it is not in the power of the kings of the world
To silence the voice of the lark.

THE CATHOLIC SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—A return issued as to the religious persuasions of the non-commissioned officers and men of the British army shows that of a total of 94,842 men, 62,860 belong to the Church of England, 20,872 are Catholics, 7,125 Presbyterians, and 3,985 are Protestants of other denominations. Of the Church of England men, 21,314 were in receipt of good-conduct pay and 9,790 held third-class school certificates; 5,623 Catholics received good-conduct pay and 2,418 held third-class school certificates; of the Presbyterians, 2,224 were in receipt of good-conduct pay and 1,141 held third-class school certificates. Of the other denominations, 1,205 received good-conduct pay and 610 held third-class school certificates.

THE Catholic societies of workingmen have conceived the idea of founding at Lille, France, a Catholic school of arts and handicrafts. The buildings are in course of erection.

THE first air-pump was made in 1654.

OUR HEROINES.

The Catholic Union.

You will not find them among the queens of fashion, neither have they places in the assemblies where women are clamorous about rights and wrongs. The homes of elegant ease and idleness are not their dwelling; and the bewildering eloquence of human passion is to them a foreign tongue. They are not among the throng who seek a "mission" and "a field of labor." God chose *their* mission, and called them to it; and at the sound of his dear voice they rose up gladly saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"

Come with us to the plague-stricken cities of our land. The strong spirit of desolation is there: the rich have fled from the tainted atmosphere, the street once echoing with the din of traffic, and populous with an ever-shifting crowd, are silent and deserted. Death is ruler, and all things bear the impress of his zeal.

The priests are there, — they are always *there* in the thick of danger, — but they are only a handful, already overtasked, hastening from one death-bed to another, preparing the frightened, trembling soul to go to judgment. And the plague searches them out also, and strikes them down at their post.

Who will aid them in their ministrations of mercy? Oh, thank God! the Sisters of Charity have heard the wail of the stricken cities, and the Sisters of Mercy, and the "valiant daughters of St. Dominic," and have hastened to their relief. Oh, what a terrible task is theirs! The dead and the dying are all around them, — men and women, children and tender babes. The pestilence spreads and their work multiplies; but they do not falter.

And some of them are young and fair, and have left happy homes and loving kindred, and fame and rank and fortune, for this dreadful life of risk and privation.

But hush! one of them has fallen a victim to her charity; and another, and yet another; and now but a few are left. But still, thank God! for new voices are singing his praise in Heaven. And shed no tears for them; but rather rejoice, as ye place upon their graves the virgin's lily-garland and the martyr's crown of blood-red roses.

PETER PENCE.

When England was Catholic, there was a King of Wessex, named Ina, who built a college in Rome for his fellow-countrymen, where the pupils were fed and lodged and instructed gratuitously. The piety of the king led him also to subsidize the Vicar of Christ, and for this purpose he obtained from each family in his kingdom a penny a year. The benevolence was called Romescot, and being paid to the reigning Pope on the feast of St. Peter, June 29th, it received the name of Peter's Pence. King Ina and his wife retired, each of them, to a monastery, but the annual remittance was secured by law. The practice was taken up by Offa, King of Mercia, and was extended over the whole of England, and continued from A. D. 720 to 1534, till the inauspicious reign of Henry VIII. The offering of "Peter's Pence" continues in our days, an external sign of filial affection and solicitude towards the Holy See. An organization set on foot at Alby in France is suggestive to the two hundred millions who possess the dignity of being children of the Holy Father. The Catholics of Alby are classed into as many sections as there are canonized Popes, and as each section has a sainted Pope for its patron, it is also under the direction of a leading inhabitant of the town. The latter collects every month a penny from each enrolled associate, and in June the annual amount is forwarded to its destination. "Go and do thou in like manner."— *Catholic Progress.*

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

DOGS *VS.* SHEEP.

W. D. P., in Sunday Budget.

By the report of Major Grinnell to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, published in the secretary's report for 1878–1879, which communication, by the way, is a most sensible and practical paper, it appears that Massachusetts keeps about three dogs to every sheep; that the damages done to sheep by dogs and paid under the dog law, in 1878, was $10,584.53, while the whole number of sheep in the State is but about 55,000.

It also appears in the same report that the testimony of nearly all the farmers who answered the circular of the Board calling for information, agrees in saying that the chief drawback to the profitable increase of sheep-raising is the inadequate protection of the dog law, and the consequent great risk of loss.

It is the object of this communication to discuss the working of the present law of Massachusetts and suggest other remedies. As is commonly known, all owners of dogs are now taxed $2.00 for every male dog and $5.00 for every female dog, while the town officers are required to license all dogs for whom the tax is paid, and the owner must put the number of the license with his name on the collar. The money thus raised is kept apart as a fund for the remuneration of the owners of sheep and other domestic animals or fowls injured by mischievous boys.

That the law serves its purpose in part is shown by the fact that the sum of $10,584 was paid last year in this way, but that it fails to protect the owners of sheep is shown by the fact that in 1860 Massachusetts had 114,000 sheep, and in 1878 less than 55,000, while all sheep-owners agree that sheep would be very profitable stock if the dogs did not disturb them.

At present a man who suffers loss of sheep or cattle by dogs has remedy as follows: *First*, if he is lucky enough to catch the dogs in the act and have his gun at hand, he can shoot them whether licensed or not. *Second*, he may prosecute the owners of the dogs, if he can prove whose dogs did the mischief, and recover double the damage, or threefold damage if the owner of the dogs has been previously notified of the mischievous habits of his dogs; or, *Third*, if he considers the owners of the dogs not worth prosecuting, or don't wish the expense of a suit, he can claim through the selectmen's certificate the actual value of his loss from the county treasurer.

All these protections are inadequate. In the first place, it is very difficult to catch the dogs in the act or to prove whose dogs did the mischief. The harm is always done by night, and the remedy through the county treasury is tardy and inefficient, selectmen being slow to grant certificates for the full value of costly bucks and ewes, while the money is only paid by the county treasurer once a year in January.

The only efficient means of protection is taken from the sheep-raiser, — the use of poison. If he is known to have poisoned a dog he is liable to $50 fine, with costs added. If sheep-owners were allowed to trap or poison mischievous dogs as freely as if they were wildcats, or the wolf from whom the dog descended, I believe that there would be more sheep and fewer dogs at the end of five years.

If a sheep or cow strays from my pasture into a neighbor's corn, it is easy for him to prove that my cattle did the damage and require damages. But when damage is done by dogs, it is notoriously difficult to find out whose dog did it, or whether committed by a dog or some other rapacious animal. I see no reason why a farmer should not be allowed to trap and poison dogs on his own farm, as freely as rats, skunks, or wildcats.

My first is unfathomable, my second odoriferous, and my whole is a people of Africa — *Abys-inians.*

WHAT AN OLD ENGINEER SAYS ABOUT A MILE A MINUTE.

"How fast do you think we are travelling?" Charlie Fraser, one of the oldest engineers of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway, asked a "New York Sun" reporter as they were standing together on the footboard of Locomotive No. 309, rushing over the meadows toward Rutherford Park.

"I should think we were going nearly a mile a minute."

"A mile a minute!" said Fraser. "I doubt if you ever rode a mile a minute. Few locomotives have driving-wheels over five feet, and I have my doubts if a five-foot wheeler can be pushed a mile a minute. People have a very erroneous idea of the speed of railroad trains. We are not going now more than thirty-five miles an hour, and this is very fast. Few trains make this speed. The passengers in the cars would think we were going a mile a minute sure, if I was to pull out the throttle so as to send her forty miles an hour. The express trains make no such time as the local trains. Where we lose is with so many stops. No man could stand on a platform-car and face the wind, going a mile a minute, and live. The breath would actually be blown out of his body. You couldn't count the telegraph poles going a mile a minute. Talk to an old engineer of that rate being made by a passenger train, and he would laugh. I made a mile a minute once, however. It was when I was but eighteen years of age. I was an engineer then, in charge of a fine six-foot wheel locomotive. There were a lot of railroad moguls on board, and the object was to make the best time we could. They were to ring the gong when the speed was a mile a minute. I thought we were going it for some time before the bell rung. At length on a down grade, with a full head of steam, when we were spinning along as if we were all going to destruction, and the motion of the piston going over the centre could no longer be distinguished, the bell rung. We had reached the rate of a mile a minute. It was the fastest I ever rode before or since. I tried hard to make a mile a minute on subsequent miles, but lacked it three or four seconds every time. I couldn't squeeze another mile inside of sixty seconds. When you hear a man telling about riding in a passenger car that ran a mile a minute, don't say anything, but mentally scratch off a good allowance."

SHAVING.

THE custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterward shaving was practised in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the Middle Ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that, in its turn, was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet the majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

THE AFGHANS.

BEING a race of warriors, accustomed to a mountain life and to vigorous exercises in the open air, the Afghans are alert and hardy, and their personal apearance is striking. Though for the most part swarthy and black-bearded, they are not unfrequently as fair as Europeans. This would seem to indicate diversity of origin, and indeed the Afghans of the Cabul Valley, the original home of the race, from which successive conquests have spread the Pushto dominion over other parts, look upon their most distant countrymen with some degree of contempt, as coming of mixed blood. The houses of the rich are stately after the Eastern fashion, with court-yards, gardens, and fountains, and are not wanting in the adornments of rich stuffs, carvings, paintings, and mirrors; but the poor have little to mitigate their lot, and pass their day in squalid misery. The Afghans are Mahometans of the Sunnite communion, and therefore regard the Turkish sultan as the head of their faith. They are remarkably tolerant, however, admitting on terms of equality into their country not only Hindoos and Christians, but even members of the Shiite branch of the Moslems, whom the Sunnites generally detest more than the outer infidels. Many Persians, who belong to the Shiite body, are employed in high official stations, and it is only required that they shall abstain from uttering the curses on their opponents which are often considered by them a part of their religious duty. The whole Afghan nation is divided into tribes, each of which has considerable power in itself, though all are subordinate to the Ameer. The tribes are subdivided into clans, which elect their own chiefs out of the oldest families; and amongst these bodies a strong feeling of republican independence seems to prevail. Certain it is that Asiatic despotism is far less apparent in Afghanistan than in most other countries of the East. This freedom from personal rule the Afghans are willing to purchase at the expense of continual turbulence and frequent bloodshed. Elphinstone, the traveller, after representing to them the many advantages which would attend the establishment of a more settled government, received for answer the emphatic declaration, "We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood; but we never will be content with a master." Those who speak thus, however, are the ruling military class; the tillers of the soil, belonging to another race, are mere serfs, compelled to acknowledge the mastery of their feudal lords, and, though industrious, intelligent, and honest, systematically oppressed by men who will brook no oppression of themselves.

OCTOBER FOR DYING.

B. F. Taylor.

WHEN October comes,
And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of snow,
And maples bursting into flame set all the hills afire,
And Summer from her evergreens sees Paradise draw nigher, —
A thousand sunsets all at once distil like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods, and stain them through and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng —
He comes in pomp, October! To him all times belong;
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks,
September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he speaks.
The elms lift bravely, like a torch within a Grecian hand,
See where they light the monarch on through all the splendid land!
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold,
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old;
For in the Burning Bush that blazed as quenchless as a sword,
The old Lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!
Ah, then, October, let it be,
I 'll claim my dying day for thee!

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MASTER PETER MANDRILL WAS IMPOSED ON.

THE unexpected events of the day gave Burnet much cause for anxiety; and amid the solitude that reigned undisturbed in the spacious pleasaunce of the manor-house, he walked slowly, giving himself up to the reflections that forced themselves upon him

He had entered the hall with the others; but desirous of escaping the notice of the many strangers with whom it was crowded, he withdrew to the pleasaunce; and now that he was there, and in comparative safety, he found to his dismay that he was caught in a trap. The grounds were closely surrounded by a dense, impenetrable thicket, overgrown with bramble and hawthorn, in which, after a careful examination of the place, he had been unable to find a single loophole of escape. And to render matters still worse, his few personal effects were in his chamber, his horse was in the stables at the other side of the house; and to regain either, he could pass but by one way, and that lay through the hall wherein still sat the two men whom he was most anxious to avoid.

That the sheriff strongly suspected him, was clearly apparent; so also was the animosity with which that worthy regarded him, and was at no pains to conceal; and a new cause for alarm had arisen in the person of Sir Roger Aston.

This knight's vigilant zeal had marked him out for preferment; he was justice of the peace in Yorkshire, and in that capacity had done eminent service to the state. Invested with his brief mantle of authority, it was most assuredly from no neglect of his if he had failed to make angels weep,—a class of persons, by the way, whose society he did not affect, and of whose existence he ventured to doubt. But among the recusants whom the law delivered up to his tender mercies, and who occupied by far the greatest share of his time and attention, he was catchpoll, judge, and executioner combined; and he vigorously smote them hip and thigh, as being disturbers of the land, disloyal, and heretical.

To Burnet his character was well known; and there were certain awkward passages in his past life, well known to Sir Roger, that Burnet would gladly have buried in oblivion.

A light, quick footstep pattered on the grass, and Burnet, looking round apprehensively, found himself in the presence of Hilda.

"How you startled me!" she said. "I thought you were with the rest of our friends, yonder. But I am glad to meet you here. I have both news and a warning for you."

"For me?" said Burnet.

"What is there between you and Master Mandrill?" she asked. "You do not seem very friendly; yet I think you are well known to each other."

"I had heard of him many times before he came here," said Burnet; "but I know as little of him personally as he does of me."

"Do not be so sure that he does not know you," said Hilda significantly. "Why then should he wish to see what baggage you carried and what papers you had?"

Burnet's face expressed alarm; and the sudden change did not escape the notice of Hilda. There was a slight tremor in his voice as he inquired with assumed indifference, "Did the inspection afford him any pleasure?"

"I will tell you," she said, smiling at his serious aspect. "He bribed Ayliffe to show him your chamber, telling him that he suspected you to be a secret agent of the minister; and Ayliffe met me on the stairs leading from the long gallery, and told me of the matter. The sheriff went to your room a few minutes later, and I heard him tapping softly at the walls, and stamping impatiently about, quite

in a fury at his disappointment. But your trunk was all the while in Lord Aston's chamber, where I had concealed it."

"This is news indeed!" he said thoughtfully. "He would have found something after his own heart, could he have effected his purpose. There are matters there that would give employment and delight to a score of sheriffs, — papers that concern the lives of others. You have acted nobly, Hilda. But, if I may ask such a question, what induced you to interfere to protect me?"

The girl's eyes drooped, and a slight flush mantled her cheek.

"You are our guest, Captain Burnet," she said, in a low tone, "and until lately our patient. In either case we are bound to shield you from the rude curiosity of strangers."

"You load me with favors that I can never hope to repay," he said, with some warmth. "My gratitude and my earnest prayers for your welfare are all that I can offer in return for your kindness and for your generous, unquestioning hospitality to an alien, who had no claim upon your charity, and from whom even you might, perchance, turn with abhorrence, could you but know him as he is. Home and friends are strange words to me; but I shall ever treasure in my heart the memory of the few days I have spent beneath this roof, that will still shelter those who are not ashamed to call me friend."

"Do you mean then to leave us?" she inquired. "This is a sudden resolve."

"I am obliged to go this night. To hesitate now would involve me in needless difficulties; and in truth, I fear some opposition to my departure will be made by the sheriff, perhaps, too, by Sir Roger."

She looked round anxiously, and remembering that there was no outlet from the grounds, shook her head despondently. After a few moments' consideration, she said, "You cannot leave but by way of the hall, and if you remain here you will certainly be discovered; for my uncle never omits to play a game or two of bowls in the evening, and his brother will doubtless join him. Try to pass to your chamber. I will go in first, and while I am speaking to Lord Aston, you may find an opportunity to steal past. We can but make the attempt; for in any case you must confront the sheriff."

He followed her reluctantly, and not being able to suggest any better way out of his difficulty, surrendered himself to her guidance.

Opening the door cautiously, she peered in. There were not many persons in the hall, but around the table of Lord Aston, a few paces from where she stood, there still lingered several guests, conversing noisily; and the clink of the wine-cups broke with an unwelcome sound upon Burnet's ear.

She entered; and in a few moments Burnet followed But the moment he appeared, Lord Aston, who had turned to speak to Hilda, observed him; and calling him by name, forced him into a seat. Finding there was no help for it, Burnet quietly submitted; and Hilda, seeing that her little device had failed, quitted the apartment with a gesture of profound despair.

Directly facing Burnet sat a gentleman in whose features could be faintly traced a rough resemblance to Lord Aston. Beneath his gray, bushy eyebrows there flashed a pair of watchful, hungry eyes; and his bloated appearance evinced his devotion to the pleasures of the table, to which the brimming flagon in his hand bore silent testimony. He started as his eye fell upon Burnet, whom he honored with a broad stare of wonder, as he seated himself in compliance with Lord Aston's request.

"I have been looking for you these two hours past," said the nobleman. "But I warrant you found your companion's converse more attractive than the society of a few wine-bibbing graybeards. Tush, man, 't is small blame to you. I have known the time when

a pair of bright eyes would have sent out of my head all thoughts of dinner, ay, and of dogs and horses to boot. This gentleman, Roger," he continued, addressing his brother, "saved my life a while since; and but for him my house would now have been in the hands of Captain Pouch and his rascals. You do not know my brother, Captain Burnet. This is Sir Roger Aston, so high in favor at Court that Master Pouch has grown envious of his good fortune, and threatens him with the fate that was likely to befall me."

"I think Captain Burnet and I have met before," replied Sir Roger, slowly, fixing his eyes with a searching look, as if trying to recall some memories that floated hazily through his brain. "Is it not so, sir?"

Burnet looked at the speaker for a moment, and replied with assumed indifference, "Perhaps, sir. An eminent public man, like Sir Roger Aston, must see, in the discharge of his duties, many faces that are speedily forgotten. It would indeed be surprising if he remembered them all. But Lord Aston overrates the little service I had the privilege to render him. I recognized in Captain Pouch, which is, I believe, an assumed name, a man with whom I had some dealings in past days; and for old acquaintance' sake he complied with my request to seek other quarters in which to pursue his questionable avocation."

Lord Aston broke in with great earnestness; and being rather warm and flushed with wine, endeavored with much solemnity to impress upon his auditors the heroism displayed by his friend.

"Yet why they should single me out as the object of their attentions is more than I can divine," he said reflectively. "There was some method in their mistake, as Captain Pouch called it I have harmed none of them; and as for the enclosures, why, they were made a score of years ago. All the land I own was my father's before me; my fingers have been in no Papist pie. If they had come to you, Roger, worthy pillar of the state, and upholder of the Protestant cause as you are, no one would have wondered.

"Bah!" returned the knight disdainfully. "The knaves are not worth a thought. There are means enow to repress their insolence. They dare not wag a finger in my neighborhood; their zeal speedily cools in jail."

"I wish there were a few more Papists in Warwickshire," said the sheriff pensively. "That is, Papists of quality. They are growing scarce birds. Such as there are, for the most part, hardly reward the trouble we take to hunt them down. And we are cheated of our lawful share; for the best estates are given, not to stanch English subjects, but to needy Scottish adventurers, to repair their ragged fortunes."

"Ay, curse them!" said Sir Roger. "They eat us up like a swarm of hungry locusts. It was with much difficulty that even I contrived, some time since, to get hold of two Papists to make profit of; and those had been previously begged by that cormorant, Lord Hay."

"How do you make profit of them?" asked Lord Aston. "I understood the fines went to the king."

"So the law says," rejoined the knight. "But the process is very simple. The fines that Papists are condemned to pay are allowed to accumulate, until they become so heavy that it is impossible for the recusants to pay them. Then the king is empowered to take two thirds of the recusants' lands; and what his Majesty can take lawfully is his to give again. The two thirds that I have the king gave to me, as I said, to make profit of. I go to the recusant with a posse of my men, and demand my land. Then we haggle together, and in the end Master Recusant pays me its value, and it is his again for a space. Then we summon him to take the oath, and for every neglect a new fine is incurred, and for other matters fines are inflicted, such as twenty pounds a

month for persistence in their false belief; ten pounds a month for every Popish servant they keep; and if they let a Popish priest baptize a child of theirs, it costs them a hundred pounds. All these fines are duly certified to the Exchequer, and when they amount to a good round sum, down we go again to our recusant and demand the whole. And in the end a Papist will esteem himself a very fortunate man if he have not to redeem his house and lands more than once in the year."

The sheriff raised his eyes in mute despair. No such windfalls ever fell to his unlucky lot.

"Is there any opening in your parts, good Sir Roger," he asked, "for an active man, — one firmly attached to the glorious Protestant cause, and who hates Popery worse than the devil?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the knight. "Do your palms itch, Master Sheriff? Would you put your sickle into our harvest? Oh, these are grand times indeed! Rightly is it termed a golden age!"

And he drank, with loyal fervor, the health of his sovereign lord the king.

Lord Aston was deeply offended, and glanced deprecatingly at Burnet, to whom, he felt, such rude boasting must be strongly distasteful. As his brother ceased, he said indignantly, "That such laws should exist in a country professing the Christian religion is a shame and disgrace to us who live in it; but that they are put in force in a manner so harsh and revolting is enough to make one forswear the Protestant faith altogether. And what is the crime of these recusants? They obey the laws to the letter, so far as they are able; they ask but our leave to serve God as their fathers did; and if they are sometimes goaded into resistance by such unmerited cruelty, dare we blame them? It is such as we, who persecute, who are the evil-doers."

He struck his hand violently upon the table, making the cups dance again, and left the hall with his face purple with anger.

Sir Roger and the sheriff seemed a little abashed at the rebuke; and although they kept their seats for some time after the departure of Lord Aston, the conversation was not resumed; and Sir Roger, finding that his head was getting rather confused, at length staggered off, drowsily muttering to himself, "Where have I seen that fellow? Where was it?"

Darkness had set in; and but for the presence of a few of the servants at the lower end, the hall seemed empty, when Captain Burnet, emerging from the long gallery, cautiously descended the stairs. He was congratulating himself at the ease with which he had escaped, when a man who had been sitting near the chimney-corner suddenly rose and confronted him.

It was the sheriff, and he looked from Burnet to the small leathern trunk he carried in his hand, and then again at the captain's face, his suspicions now fully aroused.

"A word with you, Sir Captain," he said, seeing that Burnet paused. "Guard the door there!" he called out. "Where are my men? Go and fetch them instantly, one of you."

The serving-men stood gazing at one another; but, not understanding what the sheriff wanted, remained in the same attitude of surprise.

"I demand an explanation of the scene I witnessed yonder to-day," he said to Burnet. "And I would know, moreover, your name and condition. If you do not choose to give an account of yourself, I shall arrest you in the king's name. In one word, sir, who and what are you?"

Burnet's face was pale, but there was a look in it of calm determination that made the sheriff flinch, hardened as he was.

"Lord Aston has already acquainted you of my name," he said quietly. "I deny your right to stay or question me. If the account I have given him fail to satisfy you, I shall give no other."

"You dispersed that mob by a word," resumed the sheriff. "It is evident that, if not in league with those lawless desperadoes, you were sufficiently well known to them to cast the gravest doubts upon your honesty. We know a man by the company he keeps, and yonder scurvy crew are no fitting friends for one who affects to hold the king's commission. Explain this to me, sir, or — "

"I refuse utterly to answer your questions," said Burnet firmly. "I am here on a secret mission from him who is your master as well as mine, — a mission whose object I am not at liberty to disclose to such as you. I derive my authority neither from commissioner nor secretary, but from one whose power is supreme "

"From whom, then, do you come?" asked the sheriff, a little daunted by the confident bearing of the speaker. "Do you mean to say the king?"

"Ay, sir; from the king himself," said Burnet, with emphasis "You have already been thoroughly censured for your indiscreet zeal; beware how you repeat the offence. And I warn you, sir, to stay me at your peril."

Master Mandrill shrunk back in positive fear; and while he stood uncertain what course to take, Burnet passed lightly down the hall, mounted his horse, that stood ready saddled at the door, and the sheriff listened to the clatter of the hoofs until their sound died away in the distance.

"I will not believe it," he said, stamping his foot with rage, and clinching his fist. "The rascal has cheated me with his impudence, and I have let him go! Where is Sir Roger?" he called savagely to one of the servants. "Take me to his chamber. He knows something of this fellow," he muttered, as he followed the man through the dim, tortuous passages. "Let me see if I cannot help to revive his memory. I shall have you yet," he added, with a scowl. "What an arrant fool I was to let him go!"

To be continued.

A PROTESTANT KING AND THE PRESENT POPE.

When Lever, the Irish novelist, resided at Brussels, his house was near the ambassador's, Sir Hamilton Seymour. Receptions at the embassy closed for the public at eight P. M., and none remained later, save on special invitations which constituted them private guests. Lever always opened *his* house on the reception evenings at eight P. M., when all who could not remain at the envoy's poured in on him. Strangest meetings were the consequence. Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, when his guest, would have no one near him for the evening but the papal nuncio. Stranger still, this nuncio was no other than the present pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., better known, perhaps, as the genial Cardinal Pecci, whose relations with a Protestant king were so cordial and conciliatory. He sat beside Queen Victoria one day at dinner, and afterwards attended her drawing-room, presented by Lord Palmerston, — the only pope of whom such things can be told. . . . Some of these conversations have been recorded, from which it is clear that Cardinal Pecci added the grace of the courtier to the culture of the ecclesiastic. Leopold said, "I often forget Pecci is an Italian, and his French is so fluent that, if I were not a German, I should certainly find myself some day converted by the charm of his diction as well as by the the logic of his reasoning." Leopold one day said to him at Laeken, "I am sorry I cannot suffer myself to be converted by you, but you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the pope to give you a cardinal's hat." "Ah," replied the nuncio, "a hundred times more grateful than the hat would it be to me to make some impression on your heart!" "Oh, I have no heart," exclaimed the king, laughing. "Then, better still, on your Majesty's mind."

PINS AND NEEDLES.

The business of pin-making was established in this country in 1812, when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, the price rose from six cents to $1 per paper. Invention was consequently stimulated, and pins were manufactured at Greenwich, N. Y., or what now constitutes that part of the metropolis, in the vicinity of Christopher Street, West Side. At the close of hostilities the effort was abandoned, as we could no longer compete with English cheap labor and low rates of interest. In 1820 the business was resumed at Bellevue Almshouse, but soon was again abandoned. In 1824 Lemuel Wright, of Massachusetts, invented and patented in England the first machine that made solid-headed pins, but the enterprise lacked encouragement, and it was nearly ten years subsequent before pins of his make were sold in London. Perfect pins by this process were manufactured during the Revolution on a single wheel, and his machine, since considerably improved, is the one used at present in the largest manufactories of Birmingham.

Since 1824 several Americans have patented machines for making pins, but the most successful invention was the work of a Mr. Fowler. But the entire process is a mystery to the uninitiated, and the secret is carefully kept hidden from curious eyes. Most of the best American pins are made in Connecticut after Fowler's process. In one establishment are eighty-five machines, which consume annually many tons of brass or iron wire, and turn out millions of pins. Brass pins are whitened by long boiling in copper vessels containing block tin. The process of making white iron pins is still a secret. There are eight pin factories in the United States, with an annual production of about 7,000,000,000 pins.

The first pins manufactured in England were made at Gloucester in 1626; but subsequently this industry was established in Birmingham, and that city is now the headquarters of the pin trade of Great Britain. The best English pins are of superior excellence, and are put up in green paper; but inferior pins are also put up in the same way, and are frequently palmed off upon the unsuspecting purchaser as the genuine production. When pins were first made in England the raw material passed through fourteen different processes before completion, and each of these processes employed a separate operative. The operations consisted of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin lengths, twisting wire for heads, annealing heads, stamping heads, cleaning, whitening, washing, polishing, winnowing, paper pricking, and putting in papers.

English needles of the best makes are very elastic, the metal being suitably tempered, and the eyes all finely finished and burnished, so as not to cut the thread. A great many needles are spoiled while in process of tempering, as the steel of which they are made is apt to be so variable in quality, and in a heated state, while undergoing chemical action, they are easily injured. Scouring is also a delicate operation, and needles when not properly hardened and polished are always of inferior strength, and quickly accumulate rust.

Pin papers are marked by the use of a moulded piece of wood, which corresponds to those portions representing the small folds, through which the holes are made for the pins to be secured. The pin-sticker, usually a girl, gathers two of the folds together, and places these between the jaws of a vise having grooves to serve as a guide for the entry of the pins. When filled the paper is released, and held up so that the eye of the expert at once detects every defective pin, and causes its removal.

Pins are of very ancient invention, as they were manufactured by the Egyptians in the time of the Pharaohs. Many of these useful articles were

found in the tombs of the kings in the Pyramids. Some of them were of quite elaborate manufacture, and must have been costly, as they had gold heads and were six to eight inches in length. Needles are also supposed to be of great antiquity, and their introduction into Europe is said to have taken place at the time of the Saracen invasion and conquest of Spain The first needles made in England were manufactured at London by a negro who came there from Spain during the reign of Queen Mary. He died without imparting the secret of his art; but it was subsequently recovered in 1565 by one Elias Growse. A century later, one Christopher Greening was instrumental in establishing a factory at Long Creadon, in Buckinghamshire.

DIVORCE LAWYERS.

The Catholic Mirror.

To engage in the work of procuring divorces, even under the most excusable circumstances, is a dirty business. To make a specialty of it, to have no qualms of feeling over desolated homes, to be willing to pander to lust, to prostitute one's talents for money, — this marks out a man of low instincts, of obtuse conscience, of corrupt heart.

But what words can characterize the monster who uses the forms of law to deceive the simple, who obtains signatures to documents by false pretences, who invents evidence, who suborns perjury, who imposes upon courts, and who, when necessary in the pursuit of his villanous occupation, forges names? What words can do justice to the being who procures bogus divorce papers?

In New York, as in other large cities, there are unscrupulous divorce lawyers, who have the effrontry to advertise their nefarious business. They promise to procure legal separation without publicity or scandal, and for various causes. "The World," believing that these men are engaged in extensive fraudulent practices, recently gave a reporter, an unmarried gentleman, a commission to expose one of them. The journalist has succeeded

In January last, he went to the office of one of these rascals and asked for a divorce. He bluntly based his plea on the ground that he had grown tired of his wife, and wanted to marry another one. The lawyer laughed, said that was generally the case, and agreed to procure the decree. After getting the imaginary wife, in Canada, — personated by a friend of the reporter, — to waive service of papers in the suit by means of false pretences in part, and by suppression of truth in part, the scamp, on receipt of forty dollars, handed the journalist a decree of absolute divorce. It purported to have been granted in Walworth County, Wis., on motion of Henry C. Colt, attorney for the plaintiff, by John T. Wentworth, Circuit Judge.

The newspaper-man's next move was to proceed to Elkhorn, Walworth County, Wis., and there he ascertained that there was no such person as Henry C. Colt, that the decree was dated on the day after the court had adjourned, that the seal of the court was a counterfeit, that the judge was a real personage, but that his signature had been forged, — that. in a word, the decree was a fabrication from beginning to end.

How many persons has this divorce lawyer, and others of his kind, deceived and swindled? How many homes have been desolated, how many true women have been discarded, how many children have been wronged, by divorces, no man knows. The Western States have earned an unenviable notoriety for the laxity of their regulations concerning the marriage bond, and have given decrees of separation on most frivolous gounds. It would be well for the whole country if the people would listen to the church, which in the words of its founder says, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!"

NOT WANTED IN ROME.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

THE Buzzurri or Piedmontese invaders begin to find that they are not wanted at Rome. No one takes to them in the Eternal City except carpet-baggers like themselves or rowdies of the kind known by the name of scalawags in the Southern States of America. One of them, Signor Petrucelli della Gattini, said some little time ago in the Chamber of Deputies: —

> We have come to Rome. We are there. Some day we shall leave again, but not of our own accord. May this be soon!

In the "Gazzetta di Torino" the same Piedmontese deputy wrote of late as follows: —

> The Romans feel instinctively that Rome cannot remain the capital of united Italy, and on every occasion they give us this clearly to understand. The people look upon us with ill will and consider us as enemies. Not more than one or two out of a thousand of us have yet been able to find their way into Roman families. Everything is shut up against us. If the people of this day cannot see it, our descendants will understand it, and they will call out, Away from Rome! Away from Rome!

It is a good thing that they begin to see it. Signor della Gattina is only one of many, but by and by others may come to the same conviction, and then Rome may be restored to its lawful sovereign.

TYPHOID FEVER GERMS LURKING IN ICE.

Popular Science Monthly.

ABOUT eight years since, Dr. Flint, who had studied and written a great deal on the subject, became satisfied that a source of typhoid fever existed that was little dreamed of, and which at first thought would seem impossible. This source, as he then enunciated it to his home medical society (and not to his knowledge having been before suggested), is found in ice. If this idea is thoroughly investigated, it will not appear to be very problematical. In the first place, the poison is not destroyed or impaired by freezing (some one long ago remarked that the ice often masks or conceals what it does not kill). Now, whence comes our ice supply? Often from shallow reservoirs in the midst of neighborhoods of large towns, purposely made to receive surface drainage from all around, under the erroneous idea that no harm will ensue, as freezing is supposed to purify and render harmless what otherwise may be objectionable. Great quantities of ice are taken from canals, from creeks, from stagnant ponds, and from streams that are either the natural or artificial recipients of surface drainage, of outpouring of sewers, and of uncleanliness of various sources. The danger of ice taken from improper places is not only from that which is drank, but from its issue in refrigerators where milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, and meats are subjected to its saturating influence as it vaporizes. Several instances have fallen under the doctor's observation where the disease, by the most careful investigation, could not be traced to any other source; and if we accept as a fact the statement positively made by Budd in the "London Lancet," in July, 1859, that it never originates *de nova*, but proceeds from a specific poison, which is capable of diffusion to a great extent, and which preserves its noxious quantities for a long period, even if buried for many months, we cannot reject the hypothesis of the infection; and it is hoped that it will be made the subject of very thorough and careful investigation.

THE proprietor of a Scotch hotel informs "commercial gentlemen and tourists" that they can rely on comfortable accommodation at his establishment, and that "carriages and other conveyances, including a first-class country hearse, are kept on hire."

A LITTLE girl, watching a conjurer "eat fire," asked her sister if that was "the *light* fantastic *toe*" which she had heard spoken of.

MASSACRE AT CABUL, INDIA.

BURNING AND SACK OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

On the 4th of September, two regiments of Afghan troops, clamoring vainly for arrears of pay, arose in revolt against the Ameer, whom they shut up in his palace. The general populace, inflamed by the tumult, rushed to the arsenal, which they sacked, and then made an attack on the British Embassy, which contained Sir Louis Cavagnari, Dr. Kelly, Mr. Jenkins, and eighty men of the Guides. Sir Louis barricaded the building and organized a vigorous defence, which was successfully maintained for several hours; but in the end the insurgents set fire to the doors, burst inside, and made a complete slaughter of the garrison. Afghan troops presented themselves in front of the British Embassy demanding pay, and upon being refused, immediately broke out into riotous conduct, culminating in rebellion. The embassy proceeded to defend themselves, and an exchange of shots took place directly. A great sacrifice of lives ensued. The fury of the mob now became uncontrollable, and the people closed in upon the British troops, and ultimately succeeded in firing the whole of the ambassadorial residence, driving the British out, and butchering them in the most frightful manner, like a second Cawnpore.

The Dublin "Irishman" says, "The slaughter of the British troops at Isandula caused scarcely as much consternation in England as the massacre of the English embassy and their guard of about eighty men. Kaffirland is now eclipsed by Afghanistan. Europe was astonished at the news from Cabul, but England was horrified and humiliated. It is but slowly that the details of the massacre are coming from Simla to London. At first it was stated that three Herat regiments mutinied because they could not get their pay. Now it appears there were twelve regiments engaged in annihilating the English. On the 3d, the roar of the tumult outside the residency was heard. Backed by the people, the military attacked the ambassador's quarters, which were soon surrounded by a great multitude, which must have been composed of the major portion of the population, for there was no effort made to interpose for the protection of the hated foreigners. The besieged were well armed with the best rifles and revolvers, and as they had no alternative but to defend themselves, they resisted until the torch was applied to the premises, which consisted of two houses connected by a spacious court-yard. This was, it seems, on Thursday, the fight having lasted for a day and a night. As the assailants had no cannon, nor dynamite, they had to set fire to the houses; and as the English did in Zululand, so were they done by in Cabul; they were forced by the burning mass of the conflagration to rush from the flames upon the bayonets of the people whom they had foully robbed of their freedom. Then the slaughter ensued; British blood flowed down the channels of the city, British bodies were trampled in the streets, British brains were dashed out against the walls of their own strongholds. This was how the Cabulese avenged one, at least, of the bloody butcheries which make up the history of Gen. Roberts's march over the country. On the 21st of September, 1878, Major Cavagnari was flouted at Ali Musjid; on Sept. 4, 1879, he was cut to pieces in the streets of Cabul.

ANOTHER AFGHAN WAR.

Just twelve months ago the English were infamously provoking an Afghan war, as a pretext for robbing the people of their country and their freedom, protesting hypocritically and falsely that they had no cause of quarrel with the inhabitants, but with Shere Ali only. In truth, they had no cause of quarrel with either, but they were practising their usual deception in order to obtain an easy conquest

of the nation. Now, a second Afghan war begins immediately, under circumstances far less favorable to the English than the first. Cabul is in the hands of its own citizens. All access to its roads is cut off, and it will be defended from the greedy Giaour, whose minions have polluted the sacred city. This time the Afghans, who have learned to their sorrow the character of the treacherous enemy within their frontier, appear to be in earnest. The northern provinces are getting ready for action, there is revolt at Balkh and Badakshad, and from Herat there will surely come forth a determined contingent of patriots. We may soon hear of the hill-tribes being on the war-path, and then woe to the marching columns! Redan Massey should have reached Cabul on Saturday or Sunday, but he did not. Thereby hangs a tale. Gen. Roberts was within three days' march of the sturdy city. But he has no means of transport; one third of all the camels have perished; in fact, sickness and disorganization have crippled the whole British force. It is calculated that he will take nearly a month to reach Cabul. If he is well peppered on flank and rear he may take longer, if he can ever get clear of the guerillas that will follow him like a swarm of gadflies. Thus the second campaign opens under auspices most unfavorable to the enemy.

IRISH OFFICERS KILLED.

Besides Major Sir P. Louis Cavagnari, two of the four officers of the English Embassy, killed at Cabul, were Irishmen. The physician to the Resident was Dr. Ambrose W. Kelly, son of Mr. Russell Kelly, solicitor to the Board of Works in Ireland. Dr. Kelly had seen considerable service in India with the Corps of Guides under Major Cavagnari, and being a man of powerful physique and a keen and ardent sportsman, he was regarded from his manly qualities as an acquisition in that branch of the Anglo-Indian army, whose special service confined them amidst the mountains and fastnesses of Afghanistan. The military attaché, Lieut. Hamilton, V. C., was son of Alexander Hamilton, Esq., of Inistioge, county Kilkenny. Young Hamilton started with great promise, having gained the "Victoria Cross" for personal bravery in the late campaign; and Dr. Kelly's services were also sure to be rewarded by mention and promotion in the "Gazette."

The commander of the English troops at Ali Keyle is another Irishman, Gen. Dunham Massey, one of the youngest brigadier generals in the service, a "bold Tipperary man." He is son to Major Massey, of the South Tipperary Artillery, and is the identical ensign of the 19th Foot immortalized by Russell for his intrepidity and fortitude at the storming of the Redan, when, as he lay wounded on the ground, he urged his men to go ahead and do their duty, and calmly lit a cigar amidst the tempest of shot and shell. His comrades gave him thereafter the sobriquet of "Redan Massey."

Lieut. R. T. Hamilton, who was only twenty-two years of age, was the brother of the well-known cricketer of the same name, who recently arrived in this country as one of the "Irish Eleven" He was a grandnephew of Gen. Sir George Pollock, who bore such a prominent part in the first Afghan war.

It is a curious fact that the two envoys from the Indian government who have at different times fallen victims to Afghan violence were born in adjoining Irish counties, Sir William MacNaughton (killed in 1842) being a native of Antrim, and Sir Louis Cavagnari of Leitrim.

RUSSIA'S REVENGE

It is most probable that the Russian government were not ignorant of what was brewing in Cabul. The English authorities ought to have had an idea of the volcanic eruption that

has taken place, for on the 13th of August some of the English escort was attacked and well beaten in the city. Moreover, Yakoob Khan was growing cold towards Major Cavagnari, and now the British are beginning to think that he is not as innocent of the massacre as he pretended to be when the embassy was assailed. Last week we commented on a telegram from Calcutta, stating that affairs were so troubled at Herat that Major St. John was warned not to pass through that city on his way to Astrabad. There was also a question of allowances to the hill tribes, which plainly told that these unconquerable warriors were clamoring for more gold. There were more decided evidences of hostility apparent to the English, but the true condition of Afghanistan was concealed by the government of India and of London. The Russian "Golos" is biting in its remarks. Very truly it says that the Treaty of Gandamuck is torn to shreds, and the conquest of Afghanistan becomes as fatal a necessity as the routing of Cetewayo's army after Isandula. With cool contempt the "St. Petersburg Gazette" declares that the massacre of the English mission obliterates the scientific frontier, and it cautions England that if she contemplates occupation she will have to consult Russia about that.

HOW THE SEA IS SALTED.

MANY people imagine that ocean water is naturally salt, and will be surprised to know that the salt comes from the rocks and is washed into the sea. The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for its saltness. It does not originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition, and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution it accumulates in masses at very deep points, which, in the revolution to which matter is subject, may again be a stratum of salt somewhere remote from where the mass was formed. Thus the salt mines of Portland, and the vast horizontal bed of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock-salt in Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from water is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed up with soil. The negroes of Kalhul in Northern Africa, having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. By evaporating the water holding it in solution, an excellent article for domestic purposes is produced. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses, and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is as necessary as with ourselves for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply, and blindness would be universal.

A MINISTER once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go South where they were to do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business!" said Mr. Phillips.

BENJAMIN WEST said it was a kiss from his mother made him a painter. How our fashionable young ladies must have been kissed by their mammas!

IRISH GAMES.

THE ANCIENT SPORTS INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA.

CONSIDERABLE interest has of late been awakened in the sports and games of Ireland. Clubs have been started in some places to introduce them into this country, one of which, the Irish Athletic Club of Boston, is already an assured success. Its first meeting for field sports occurred on Monday, Sept. 29th, at the Centennial Grounds, ten miles beyond Salem, Mass. The programme consisted of the following games: Goaling, Foot-ball, Trap-ball, Stone-throwing, High and Long Jumping, Geathaidhe Arda, and Irish National Dancing. As some of these games are unknown to many of our readers, we propose giving an explanation of the leading ones.

GOALING.

The ancient and exciting game of "Baire," or Goaling, is played in the following manner: Two parties or clubs, of equal numbers, meet by mutual agreement on a large field or plain, for the purpose of playing this game. The two leaders stand opposite each other, one holding a hurly, handle uppermost, then tossing it upward and toward his adversary, who catches it at a point which must, of course, be governed by chance; then each, alternately, with his right hand grasps the handle, one above another, until one arrives at the upper end, and, as a resultant, has the right of choice of position, or the right of first choice in a call of the members of the respective parties, should the respective parties be selected on the ground.

[NOTE. — It often happens that the hands do not evenly measure to the end of the hurly, in which case, if a small part can be caught so firmly by finger and thumb as to enable the catcher to swing the hurly three times around his head, he is the winner of choice of position, or of first choice of call.]

On the ground are placed, at any convenient distance, the two goals, generally eight feet wide and six feet high, and through this space the ball must be driven before the game is won. A man from each party is selected, whose special business is to stand by the goal, and prevent the ball from being driven through it, and when the ball passes over it, or at either side, he alone follows, brings it back to the goal, and is privileged to strike it without opposition, sending it once more into the midst of the opposing parties. This man is called *fear cuil*, a term which in English would be called goal keeper, although not the literal translation of the Irish term. Next, each party selects two men, one as advance guard, the other as rear guard; in each case the rear of one party is opposed to the advance of the adverse party. These men are stationed nearer to the goals than the main bodies, varying their distances according to the exigencies of the game, their main aim being to remain nearer the goals than the main bodies.

The occasions of playing this game in Ireland have generally been occasions of hilarity, festivity, exuberant joy, and overflowing mirthfulness to multitudes of spectators, as well as to the participants in the game. It is specially an Irish game, and the etymology of its Irish name takes us back into the remotest antiquity. The following rules are strictly observed in playing this game: —

1. The game begins at a point (the middle) equidistant from both goals by the throwing of the ball high in the air by either leader, indifferently, when both strive earnestly for the first blow. The nearest man to them at this time must be three hurdles' lengths distant.
2. Each man must keep at his own side, *i. e.*, with his right hand toward his own goal, and opposite his adversary in every position, never, for any reason, being allowed to come side by side with his opponent.
3. All tripping-up, "houldering," and reckless striking are forbidden.

4. No man is allowed to take the ball with his hand from the ground, but must, with his hurly or feet, cause it to hop from the ground, and then catch it in his hand to strike it.

5. A goaler has the privilege of running to any desired position from whence to strike, even to the near front of the goal, if he keeps the ball hopping from the flat of his hurly during his run, without hindrance from any member of the opposing party. Extraordinary runners only can profit by this privilege.

[NOTE.—The ball may be driven beyond the goal any number of times, yet a complete victory is not gained until it is driven through the goal, though the sentiment prevails that when the ball is driven three times successively beyond the goal, the party thus driving it is the superior party.]

The next game in importance to goaling is that of

TRAP BALL.

This game is played by two parties or clubs, as in goaling. The ground is lined out by an inner and outer line, and two side lines, forming generally a long parallelogram. The inner line may be eight or ten yards, more or less (according to the consent of the players), from the hole and outer line, at such a distance that the ball is rarely driven beyond it. Both these lines are parallel, and cut at right angles the side lines, which may be twenty to forty yards apart. A hole just large enough to receive the ball is dug, and a latch or lever placed in it, the part of the lever which is out of the hole being longer than the part in it. The ball is then placed on the lever in the hole, and the top of the lever hit with a hurly or bat, which causes the ball to bound upwards, when it is struck by the player and driven beyond the inner line amidst the adverse party, who are distributed over the parallelogram formed by the inner, outer, and two side lines. The following rules are strictly observed in playing this game: —

1. The player must strike the ball *clear* over ground, on its bound from the hole, and drive it beyond the inner line.

2. If it falls within the inner line, the player's hand is out, in technical language, but he may repeatedly strike the lever, or trap stick, as it is called, until a favorable bound is had.

3. The ball must not be driven beyond the outer line, or outside the side lines; if so, the ball is null, but the player's hand is not out as a consequence.

4. If the ball be caught clear over ground by any of the adverse party, within the parallelogram, the player's hand is out; if not, the ball is rolled or thrown towards the hole.

5. Should the ball rest within a hurly's length of the hole the player's hand is out

[NOTE.—All of the "in" party are watching the returning ball, and if it cannot be struck clear over ground, in its boundings back, the ground is measured, by hurly lengths, from where it rests to the hole, provided it does not come within a hurly's length of the hole, in which case the player's hand is out.]

6. Should the ball, when rolled towards the hole, be struck clear over ground, back again, it is under the same law as the ball driven with the first stroke, with regard to lines, except the inner one. Driving the ball back in this manner is called a "rebound blow."

7. If the rebound ball is caught above ground, within the parallelogram, the hand is out; if not, the ground is measured, by hurly lengths, from where it rests to the hole.

A certain number of hurly lengths constitutes game, — which may be one hundred or five hundred, or any determined number.

The usual custom was to have a straight pole or staff, six feet long or less, for measurement.

The "in" party take their "hands" as called in succession, but it has often happened that the inning of a party had accomplished nothing toward a game. The "out" party become in and the "in" out, alternately.

First hand in is determined by chance, as a "toss up," or any other way, at pleasure. Whichever party scores the required number of pole or hurly lengths first is the winner.

FOOT-BALL.

This game is so well known, even in this country, as to need little explanation. When the match is made up, one of the "sides" proceed to the centre of the ground midway between the two goals, and toss the ball in the direction of the opposite party. A rush is then made after the foot-ball, and whichever "side" kicks it to the outside line of the other party, makes a goal. Any determined number of goals makes a game.

HEAVY AND LIGHT WEIGHT THROWING.

This game is measured by the distance the stone is cast, as in this country.

OTHER GAMES.

Such as "high and long jumping," "running and walking races" are well known, and the same rules regulate them everywhere.

GEATHAIDHE ARDA.

This is a game of fun, in which the ladies take the principal part. A circle is formed of both sexes; a lady and gentleman alternates around the ring. Sufficient space is allowed between each couple to allow a person to pass through, in or out of the circle. One of the ladies (always an odd one) walks around outside the circle, and slaps on the back the "boy" she desires to "run" after her. When she slaps him, she rushes through the circle, thread-needle style. He follows to catch her; but must go through every "in" and "out," and figure she goes through. The chase is always exciting, for, should he catch her — and the circle usually gives him a chance — the forfeit is that the lady must allow herself to be kissed in the centre of the circle. The lucky "boy" then touches the next lady, who leaves her place and passes outside the ring, and so the game goes on until all get a slice of "thourem pogue."

THE DANCES.

The Irish dances are well known; they are composed of the hornpipe, the jig, reel, double slinging jig, commonly called a "break-down," and the Irish contra-dance, which is the same as "Sir Roger de Coverly," well known in this country.

FIELD SPORTS.

On Monday, September 29, the early trains from the Eastern Depot, Boston, carried out thousands of Irish ladies and gentlemen, with scores of American and Scotch visitors, to the first picnic of the Irish Athletic Club of Boston. The picnic was held at the Centennial Grove, Wenham, Mass., and it being the first tournament of Irish national games ever given in Boston, it was well patronized. Thirty-six cars were required to transport the great concourse to the grove. The gentlemen of the committee on reception were busily engaged in receiving the invited guests of the club, amongst whom were the following clergymen of the archdiocese: Revs. D. J. O'Callaghan, of South Boston; John J. Gray, of Salem, Mass.; J. P. Bodfish, of the Cathedral; Christopher McGrath, of South Boston; Father Murphy, of St. James' Church, Boston; Patrick Cavanagh, of Chelsea. A delegation from the Boston Caledonian Club, consisting of Chief William Grant, Second Chieftain, Mr. Hayes; and Messrs. Gordon, Stewart, Monroe, Gibson, and McGilvray. Mr. James Smith, Vice-President of the Scots' Charitable Society, and George Davidson, champion athlete of Scotland, were also present. Most of these gentlemen were apparelled in the national costume of their country; nearly all of the prominent Irish-Americans in Boston and vicinity were present. Oliver Stevens, Esq., district attorney, and Patrick Donahoe, were among the invited guests.

The Irish National Band of Boston, twenty-three pieces, furnished the music The uniform of the band consisted of a green coat and blue pants. The grounds presented a lively scene, when the sports of the day were begun. Quadrille dancing was going on in the large pavilion, while in another part of the grounds the national dances of Ireland, comprising jigs and reels, were being indulged in. In two places on the grounds a most amusing game was being played. A sheet was stretched across on a screen, in the centre of which was a hole large enough to admit a negro's head. A number of rubber balls were given to the player, who endeavored, almost invariably in vain, to strike at the protruding head. The negro ducked his head as soon as he saw the ball leave the hand of the thrower. This game afforded much amusement.

THE GAMES.

The games commenced with jumping. The three standing jumps, for which there were eight entries, were won by Michael Coughlin, who covered thirty-five and one fourth feet, thus winning the prize, which was a five-dollar gold piece. The running jump was won by Patrick Sullivan, who covered seventeen and two thirds feet, receiving a prize of the same value as the above. There were eight entries for this game. The hop-step-and-jump was also won by Sullivan, the distance covered measuring forty-two feet, seven inches; four entries. Sullivan showed his great proficiency in this series of games by winning all of them, save three standing jumps. He won the high jump, for which there were only two entries, by jumping five feet seven and a half inches.

The next sport was the two hundred and fifty yards race. The entries for this race were John Manning, Wm. Lennox, John Donohoe, and Joseph Welsh. The first prize was won by Manning, Lennox winning the second. The prizes were $7 for first and $3 for second. After this came a five-mile "go-as-you-please" spin for prizes of $10 and $5, and the entrance money to be equally divided between the two winners. This was an exciting race, the course being around a fenced-in circle, in the centre of which were the guests and the newspaper reporters, the latter acting as scorers. There were fifteen laps to the mile, making seventy-five per five miles, but seventy laps were to be the length of the race. There were ten entries. The following is the score for the contestants: 1. Patrick Sullivan, 12½ laps; 2. Kenneally, 64 laps; 3. Jno. Sullivan, 29½ laps; 4. Jere Hourahan, 69 laps; 5. John Hourahan, 71 laps; 6. Goting, 68 laps; 7. Gorgan, 34 laps; 8. Riley, 70 laps; 9. Healy, 58 laps; 10. Jones, 11½ laps. John Hourahan completed 71 laps and Riley 70 laps, thus winning first and second prizes respectfully. The race was so closely contested that the competitors were obliged to run throughout the entire race.

After this race dinner was served in a large tent on the grounds. The dinner served was an excellent one, and every one was heartily satisfied with the arrangements. The reception committee entertained the invited guests in a special tent. The dinner tables were loaded with the choicest viands of the season, and were handsomely decorated with flowers. After dinner came the feature of the day, —

THE GREAT HURLING MATCH.

This took place in a large ten-acre field, surrounded by high groves. The scene on the field was picturesque and animated. The marshals, who were mounted on spirited horses, and represented the five provinces of Ireland respectively, were Timothy Deasy, representing Tara; Patrick Greeley, Connaught; James Dowling, Leinster; Roger F. Scannall, Munster; and T. McDonnell, Ulster. They soon cleared the field, and kept back the vast concourse of spectators. The green-coated band was stationed at one end of the field and played lively Irish airs. The hurlers took their place in the centre of the field as they were called off by Mr. P. J. O'Daly, forming at opposite sides, until thirty-two men, representing the thirty-two counties in Ireland, were in line, sixteen on each side, waiting for the toss of the ball. The positions of goalmen were taken by Mr. Luke Corrigan, and Dr. E. J. McGrath, of Fall River, who were stationed in the rear of their respective sides. The sides were taken by the following persons, who represented the counties printed after their names respectively: —

FIRST SIDE.

Luke Corrigan, Wexford.
Epp O'Looney, Antrim.
James Cahill, Carlow.
P. J. O'Connell, Clare.
Jno. Murphy, Donegal.
Thos. Curtis, Dublin.
P. J. Riley, Galway.
Jno. P. O'Sullivan, Kildare.
R. S. Cooney, Kings County.
John Fitzgibbon, Limerick.
John McCarthy, Longford

Peter Fitzmorris, Mayo.
Michael O'Leary, Monaghan.
Jas. D. Conboy, Roscommon.
Lawrence Tobin, Tipperary.
P. Leonard, Waterford.

SECOND SIDE.

Dr. E. J. McGrath, Kerry.
Francis Fitzpatrick, Armagh.
Wm. O'Shea, Cavan.
O'Crowley,,Cork.
Michael Griffin, Down.
Bernard Gillespie. Fernaugh.
James Murphy, Killkenny.
Cornelius Sullivan, Leitram.
Eugene Sullivan, Londonderry.
Henry O'Hagan, Louth.
John Downey, Meath.
John Power, Queen's County.
Patrick Bigley, Sligo.
John Hurley, Tyrone.
Thomas Frawley, Westmeath.
Michael Hayes, Wicklow.

At each end of the field two flags, — an Irish and an American — were placed at a distance of about fifteen yards apart. To gain a goal it was necessary that the ball be hurled between these flags.

On the ball being tossed, a rush was made by the contestants, when a lively scene ensued. It was played around the field, each side having the mastery at times, and bringing it, in turn, near the goals of their opponents. The game at this point became intensely exciting The hurlers were rushing after the ball, which frequently was driven among the spectators, six thousand of whom lined the margin of the field. The band was playing stirring music, the horses of the knights rushing to and fro clearing the space, when, finally, the spectators, after enthusiastic shouts, closed in on the field, the hurlers having by this time got the ball within line of and very near the goal. From this point the ball was hurled back to the middle of the field, with the hurlers madly racing after it. Here the excitement became intense, and the throng of spectators hampered the players. Many of the hurlers and spectators came to grass in the hurry-scurry and wild confusion of the race after the bounding ball. Many shins were barked by the merciless hurlies. The hurlers who fell were not long in regaining their feet, and after a sharp contest to hurl the ball to the opposite goal, the mass of spectators closed in around the players, and impeded further play. Here the ball was taken up by Dr. McGrath, who retained possession of it until the marshals cleared the field, when the ball was again tossed. A spirited and well-contested match was again played, but so even was the playing that although the ball was hurled near the next goal, the match was declared a draw in consequence of its having been driven over the lines amongst the spectators, when it would have to be retossed.

By this time it was getting late, and many of the games in the programme were dispensed with. The spectators were loud in their expressions of admiration at the splendid game of "Hurly"; and when the next sports are announced, the crowd will certainly be trebled.

At 5.30 the whistle of the locomotive announced the readiness of the first excursion train to start for Boston. It was a late hour when the last of the picnickers reached Boston.

The judges of the day were John Boyle O' Reilly, representing Tara; Col. L. J. Logan, representing Connaught; John Quinn, representing Leinster; John H Walsh, representing Munster; and Hugh H. Campbell, representing Ulster.

The active committee on the field were as follows: Jno. H. Walsh, Judge; L. J Logan; Dr. John G. Lane, Rev. Father McGrath, Hugh Campbell, P. J. O' Daly, Timothy O'Daly, Wm. Coughlan, and Robert O'Dwyer.

The caterers of the day, who did their work well, were Messrs. Wyman & Ballou, the pastry being supplied by J. L. Boardman.

The Irish Athletic Club of Boston cannot be praised too highly for the magnificent success of this their first endeavor to bring the national games of Ireland into prominence. We are sure that their efforts will be fully appreciated, and that the organization will continue to grow in numbers and influence. —*The Pilot.*

Useful Knowledge.

In dusting, use a soft cloth instead of a brush or a wing; the cloth will catch all the dust, and you can shake it from the window, while the others set it floating again.

Sick Headache. — This distressing complaint can generally be relieved by soaking the feet in very warm water, in which a spoonful of powdered mustard has been stirred. Soak as long as possible, or till the water gets cool; it draws the blood from the head.

To broil Chickens without Burning Them. — Remove occasionally from the fire and baste them with a gravy prepared as follows: Simmer together one half cup of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and salt and pepper to the taste. Keep it hot to use.

The latest sensation in the way of *materia medica* is the cockroach. Bogomolow, a Russian, is the name of the person who has investigated it. The insect, dried and powdered, is given in doses of four and a half grains in Bright's disease, chronic or acute. It has also been used with great success in various forms of dropsy.

Oatmeal Tea for Invalids. — This is a good drink in sickness, as it both nourishes and refreshes. Put three tablespoonfuls of meal into a quart jug, with a small pinch of salt. Mix with a little cold water and then fill up with boiling water, stirring briskly the while. Let it stand to settle, and use either hot or cold. This also makes a capital drink for the harvest or hay-field and the less salt put into it the better.

How to Eat Milk. — There are many who say, "I like milk, but milk does not like me"; that is, it does not agree with them. The reason for this, in most cases, is that the milk coagulates in the stomach in too firm a curd to be easily digested. But many who cannot drink milk, or eat bread and milk, find no difficulty in digesting a bowl of baked apples and milk. Upon this hint the experiment has been successfully tried by a physician of large experience telling his patients who could not digest milk to use apple-sauce as a concomitant, taking a spoonful of apples alternately with a spoonful of bread, crackers, or pudding and milk. The apple prevents the formation of a solid mass in the stomach, and its juice also aids digestion, so that no distress or sense of heaviness follows after a meal thus taken. This information is given for the benefit of all readers, and we think it will be worthy of trial, though, perhaps, not successful in every case.

The Influence of Temper on Health. — Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all the former, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous of preserving "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amid rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

The Humorist.

WHY is the tailor the poor man's best friend? Because he settles the rents.

THERE are a good many people who are beginning to believe that the man who said "There is no such word as fail," lied.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE. — "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer!"

"YOUR colors are beautiful," said a highly rouged lady to a portrait-painter. "Yes," said he, "your ladyship and I deal at the same shop."

"No, darling," said an undertaker to his wife, "I can't afford to give you a silk dress at present. Just wait a few weeks until green apples are in the market."

"CUFF, why don't you kick that dog?" "What am de use ob kickin' every cur that snarls at you? Don't you know dat am de way he wants you to bring him into notice?"

FATHER (*to sleepy boy*). — Come, James, you ought to be up with the lark on such a beautiful morning. *Matter-of-fact boy.* — "All right. But how 'm I going to get up there?"

A NEW YORK woman says, with much truth, "Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men, the number of tramps would be largely increased."

"JULIUS, why did n't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis cullud individual wid stealing the spoons."

IN struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

"CUFFS for ten cents!" exclaimed Mr. Jollyboy, gazing out of a street-car at a sign. "Why, I can get more'n I want jest by aggravatin' the first man I meet, and he'll throw in the choler for nothin'."

A TOWSONTOWN mother can't understand how it is that her girls can play croquet for half a day and not feel tired, and yet if one of them is asked to wash the dishes she reaches for the camphor-bottle.

A JUNIOR met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to annoy him inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

MRS. SMITHERS has a great idea of her husband's military prowess. "For two years," she says, "he was a lieutenant in the Horse Marines, after which he was promoted to a captaincy in a regular company of sapheads and minors."

A FOND mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend's in the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from the friend, saying, "Take your boys away and send along the earthquake instead."

"WHAT have you got there that 's good?" said a hungry traveller, as he seated himself at a dinner-table in Salt Lake City. "Oh, we 've got roast beef, corned beef, roast mutton, boiled and fried ham, and broiled curlews." "What is curlew?" said the stranger. "Curlew! why, curlew is a bird something like a snipe." "Could it fly?" "Yes." "Did it have wings?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew. Anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this country, I don't want for dinner."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

CREUD FÁTH NACH G-CLEACHDANN NA H-EIRIONNAIGH A D-TEANGA FÉIN?

Is minic a fiafruighthear an cheisd seo, agus ni urus i fhreagradh. Measann iomad daoine go m-bidheann náire orra i labhairt, de bhrigh go saoileann siad gurab teanga ghránda i, agus sonann si go neamhchosamhuil ó'n m-Beurla. Is éigan dúinn rádh go bh-fuil gach teanga garbh doibh seo nar chuala acht Francach no Beurla, ann a d-tigid na gothanna ó sgórnach; air an adhbhar sin measann na Francaigh agus na Sacsanaigh gurab teanga neamhthaithneamhach an teanga Ghearmanach, acht measann na Gearmainigh féin a d-teanga do bheith milis agus breágh, agus deirid de'n Bheurla gurab caint aithreach neimhe i, agus de'n Fhrancach gurab caint ban i, agus dimheasann na Gearmanaigh an dá theanga so.

Ni thuigimid creud fáth dimheasann na h-Eirionnuigh a d-teanga féin má tá siad cho tiorghrádhach le daoinibh na d-tiorthann eile; agus is caithfidh sinn rádh gurab tuille tiorghráidh atá tasduidhe uatha. Ni'l leithsgeul air bith ag na h-Eirionnuibh air bhás a d-teangan. Is fior gur gérleanadh na h-Eirionnuigh air son a g-creidemhe agus a g-cineadh, agus is truagh an sgeul é nar gérleanadh iad air son a d-teangan; oir má bhiodar air na ngérleanmhuin um a d-teangan anal-

Translation.

WHY DO NOT THE IRISH PRACTISE SPEAKING THEIR OWN LANGUAGE?

This question has been often asked, and it is not easy to answer it. Many persons think that they (the Irish) are ashamed to speak it, because they think it is an unpleasing language and sounds differently from English. We must say that every language in which the sounds are guttural, or proceed from the throat, is harsh to those who have heard only French or English; therefore the French and English think the German language unpleasing, but the Germans themselves think their language sweet and fine, and say of the English that it is the language of serpents, and of the French that it is the language of women, and the Germans despise these two languages.

We do not understand why the Irish despise their own language if they are as patriotic as the people of other countries; and we must say that they want more patriotism. The Irish have no excuse at all to make for the death of their language. It is true that they were persecuted on account of their creed and race; but it is a sorrowful story that they were not persecuted on account of their language in old times, for if they had been, there would not be to-day a man

lóid, ni bheidheadh duine ann Eirinn gan Gaedhlig andiu.

Feuch na Branuigh; ni'l a d-teanga air na teagusg 'sna sgoilibh, acht cho luath a's a tigeann na clann ó'n sgoil ann a múintear Beurla dhóibh, múintear a d-teanga féin dóibh le na n-aithreachaibh no maithreachaibh. Ni cluintear focal Beurla le Branach go Branach eile; do mheasfaidís mar pheacadh mór e, aon fhocal Beurla do labhairt le chéile. Na smuainímís go d-tugadh cabhair no meisneach do na Branuibh ó'n * righail na tíre, a g-caint féin do shaorthughadh no d'fhoghlaim; ni † tugadh cúngnamh is lugha dhóibh ó na Sacsanuibh, acht ann ait de sin, magadh agus tarcuisne. Ni'l suim ag na Branuibh a m-baramhuil na Sacsanach d'a d-timchioll; ni'l náire orra a d-teanga do labhairt, agus ni'l buaidhirt orra an tan a deir an "London Times" gurab amadáin móra iad teanga a m-bárd do ghrádhughadh nios feárr 'na teanga Shakespeare.

in Ireland without a knowledge of the Irish language.

Look at the Welsh; their language is not taught in the schools, but as soon as the children come from the school in which English is taught to them, they are taught their own language by their fathers or mothers. A word of English is never heard when one Welshman speaks to another; they would think it a great sin to speak English to one another. Let us not suppose that the Welsh got help or encouragement from the government of the country to learn or cultivate their language: they never received the least help from the English, but received scorn and ridicule instead. The Welsh do not care what opinion the English hold concerning them; they are not ashamed to speak their language, and they are not troubled when the "London Times" says they are great fools for loving the language of their bards more than the language of Shakespeare.

"Let us be collected," as the water-rate said to the income-tax.

What is better than a head full of notions? A heart full of grace.

The present wet summer is just the time for a general election; it would put all England under canvas.

Cards are never "sent in" when the persons called on are at home. The gentleman should give his name distinctly to the servant, who will announce him. If only the lady is at home, he should, on departure, leave his card in the hall for the master of the house.

Felons.—For the past ten years we have treated felons with hot water with unerring success. No cutting, no blistering, no anything but immersing the finger, hand, or even the whole arm, if necessary, in water, as hot as can be borne, until the pain is gone and the core is loosened and drawn from the bone. When rusty nails have produced wounds, the same course has been tried. If on the hand or foot, keep it in hot water.

* The use of the article "an" here is a violation of a rule in modern Irish grammar; but it is hard to see how the violation can be avoided without being ambiguous; for "ó righail na tíre" means from *a* government of the country, as well as from *the* government of the country.

† In this instance "ni" is used instead of "nior," which latter is an adverb compounded of "ni" and "ro," sign of the past tense. The reason "ni" is used here instead of "nior" is because in irregular verbs the past tense is so plainly distinguished from the present, that the simple form of the negative only is necessary. In the same sentence "go d-tugadh" is used instead of "gur tugadh," on similar grounds. "Gur" would be used before a regular verb in the past tense, as "gur cuireadh e," that it was put; "*ni* fhacas," I did not see; *nior* chuireas, I did not put. This is a very nice and philosophical distinction in the use of the simple and compound negatives which no writer seems to have noticed. "Tugaim," I give, is sometimes, but very rarely, used as a regular verb.

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

SACQUES, coats, and jackets will be worn again for plain wraps, while more dressy garments are of the various mantle shapes. The cloths are similar to those chosen for gentlemen's coats, heavily woven in large diagonals, twills, or in basket squares, stripes, small blocks and checks. These are very thick, but soft and flexible, and most of them have long, fleecy lining. Black and drab are more used than any other colors, but invisible green, bronze, blue, and seal may be had. Coats and sacques are of medium length, extending well over the hips, are either closely fitted or so slightly loose that the outline of the figure is closely followed. The back has three seams, with the side-forms usually beginning in the arm-hole. The fronts have one or two darts, according to the shape of the garment, and may be single-breasted or else doubled to fasten from one to three buttons, and cut away below the waist line or else doubled its entire length. There are also long sacques that have no masculine appearance, and are trimmed with rich fringe, and many rows of satin piping, or rows of beaded braid, or passamenterie. Several rows of thick braid half an inch wide, sewed near together, is used for bordering jackets of figured cloth. Vest, collar, and borders of some jackets are of heavily repped Ottoman velours or uncut velvet. Economical ladies will welcome the present fashion of wearing cut-away jackets of black or dark colors with various skirts. For instance, a jacket of bronze-green cloth, with large steel buttons, is worn with a skirt of light gray wool, trimmed with bows of bronze-green satin. The elegance of the jacket is due to its beautiful cut, which outlines the waist perfectly, also to the buttons which form the trimming. For jackets, or vests of cloth, these buttons are always of metal. These jackets are usually made by tailors. New ulsters are of English water-proof, or figured cloth, made double-breasted with the princess back, not belted; a new feature is the hood, which protects the head very ineffectually from cold, snow, and rain. The more dressy mantles have some new features, and repeat some old ones. For instance, the new collars are in pelerine shape, that extend nearly to the end of the garment in front. Ottoman velours, piped on the edges with satin or velvet, is much used for pelerine collars, and the ends are gathered together and finished with tassels. The dressiest wraps have long mantilla fronts, the square ends of which are caught together, and tied by ribbon ends or held by a passamenterie tassel; sometimes the sides of the cape have a sleeve effect, though the long, pointed dolman shape is avoided. The panier mantle is the most dressy of all wraps. It has the fronts cut longer than the back, and laid in full gathers or folds on the hips, to meet the side-form seams of the back, and ornamented with bows or rosettes and tassels.

Plaid twilled cloth circulars retain their popularity. The blue and green mixtures are most liked for such wraps, and are usually solid blue, red, or gray on the wrong side.

A new caprice for combining two materials in a suit is that of making the basque or jacket of gay cashmere, and the skirt of plain, sombre goods, with merely some border of the gay-figured cashmere. For instance, a kilt skirt and apron overskirt of plain brown cloth has a wide scarf of the Oriental goods draped across the apron, and tied to hang on one side, the basque of the gay cashmere having palm-leaves and arabesques

as rich as those in the border of an India shawl. Ladies who do not adopt striking novelties will have a fichu of the gay cashmere, or a vest, with collar, cuffs, and sash, and the remainder of the costume of dark green, blue, brown, garnet, or amaranth.

Black or a single-color, brocaded silk or velvet basque will be worn with plain silk or satin skirts. This, together with other combinations of two materials, should commend itself to ladies of small means and limited wardrobes, as it affords an economical way of using partly worn dresses and utilizing small patterns.

Late importations of millinery contain large bonnets that cannot fail to be popular, so picturesque are they in shape and in their combinations of color. There are pokes with projecting brims; the Marie Antoinette, with wide sides, pointed in front; and large hats, with flaring brims most capriciously indented. For those who prefer small bonnets, are close Marie Stuart styles with soft crowns, and new turban shapes. The decided style is to wear all bonnets far forward on the head, and very close on the sides. All bonnets have strings, which are now much wider than those of last season; when of ribbon, they are from three to five inches wide, and when made of the new shot silk, they are six inches broad after the silk is doubled. These strings cross the top of the bonnet, are fastened on the sides, and form a great part of the trimming. The new fancy is to make them of shot silk sewed double, and trimmed down the middle, with gay, cashmere-figured ribbon three inches wide, or else this ribbon forms a border across the ends, which are finished with two plaited frills of the new white *point d'esprit* lace. A large knot is tied on the top of the bonnet, or else there is a bow, or cashmere-figured silk entwined with satin or dark velvet. Two or three ostrich-tips are placed high or low on the left side, to nod toward the front, and there are some breast feathers, in cashmere colors, on the right side. The stylish effect is enhanced by the absence of all face-trimming, the brim being plainly faced with velvet.

Ribbons will play an important part in winter millinery, and will sometimes form the whole trimming of the bonnet. Glace ribbon, of the soft satin sublime quality, in two changeable shades, as blue with red; black with red, gold, or silver; green with bronze, red, or gold; blue with gold, etc. These promise to be as much used for winter as the reversible two-toned ribbons were last winter. They also show that contrasts and several colors will be used on the same hat. These changeable ribbons have cord edges, pearl edges, and satin edges. There are Ottoman ribbons, richly repped, with satin-tape border. Satin-striped ribbons are largely imported, both in single colors and shot with a contrasting color. The grounds are of gros-grain, and there may be seven satin stripes in ribbon three inches wide, or else there are hair stripes, almost covering the surface. Some ribbons have plush stripes, while some are brocaded in Pompadour figures and colors. Jet and colored beads will be used, but as colored beads are always transient in their popularity it is safest to buy the jet ornaments. Among these are net-crowns wrought with jet beads. Beaded galloon is used again for binding hat-brims, and there are fringes and pompons made of jet. Long jet daggers will be worn. One of the prettiest ornaments for black bonnets is a set of large-faceted jet buttons for studding the ribbon trimming. Beetles and other bugs, in changeable colors, are mounted on gilt, and set about the bonnet in various places. Steel and gilt are together in ornaments of antique design, showing birds' heads, claws, battle-axes, daggers, clasps, and brooches.

Ribbon strings are to be tied under the left ear in a long-looped bow.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

183.

BEHEADING.

My whole in this country is taken for two;
Behead me, a whole generation's in view;
Behead me again, and you very much maim,
But leave me triumphant, the head of the game.

184.

CHARADES.

My first is equality,
My second inferiority,
My whole superiority.

185.

My first is where you place your child; my second is what you make your child; and my whole is part of your dress.

186.

My love for you can never know my first, can never be my second, and will always be my whole.

187.

All is my first, so is my second, and also my whole.

188.

BEHEADING.

Although I am small, yet such power have I,
A town or a city I soon can destroy;
Cut off my first letter, and then I appear
A close or enclosure, that's fitted for deer;
Another cut off — say the first — and you 'll find
What once, we know, contained all mankind.

189.

CHARADE.

Bright eyes are compared with my first, I have heard;
My second's a fish, and my whole is a bird.

190.

ENIGMA.

What's that which no man ever yet did see,
Which never was, but always is to be?

191.

CHARADE.

My first, if it fits, may be worn by us all;
My second is eaten by Chinamen all;
My whole is your scorn — yet command your surprise;
I sometimes have governed the good and the wise.

192.

Five hundred begins it, and five hundred ends it;
Five in the middle is seen;
The first of all figures, the first of all letters,
Take up their stations between.
Join all together, and then you will bring
Before you the name of a great Jewish king.

193.

I'm neither man, fish, beast, or bird,
Insect or reptile none;
Yet live and breathe — though, on my word,
My origin was bone.

194.

When first my maker formed me to his mind,
He gave me eyes, yet left me dark and blind;
He formed a nose, yet left me without smell;
A mouth, but neither voice nor tongue to tell.
Men use me, and yet oft the fair, through me,
Although I hide the face, do plainly see.

195.

My whole is a short name;
A number my next;
By the tricks of my whole,
We are often perplexed.

196.

I 've the name of a man,
Yet am small as a mouse;
In winter I 'm oftentimes seen
With redbreast near the house.

197.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 28 letters, is an old adage.

My 1, 3, 24, 11, 4 is necessary to health;
My 19, 17, 22, 8, 20 is an article of dress;
My 12, 26, 10, 11, 25, 15, 27 is a place of amusement;
My 23, 28, 6, 21, 25, 22 is a cool retreat;
My 13, 14, 3, 18 is a person to be admired;
My 5, 20, 2, 16, 7 is useful on the water;
My 9, 18, 23 is sometimes disagreeable.

198.

CROSSWORD ENIGMAS.

My first is in voice, but not in sound;
My second is in land, but not in ground;
My third is in island, but not in bay;
My fourth is in zeal but not in pay;
My fifth is in after, but not in before;
My sixth is in barn, but not in door;
My seventh is in ether, but not in gas;
My eighth is in tin, but not in brass;
My ninth is in white, but not in green;
My whole is the name of the virgin queen.

199.

My first is in ham, but not in pork;
My second is in knife, but not in fork;
My third is in lie, but not in sit;
My fourth is in strike, but not in hit;
My fifth is in man, but not in boy,
My whole is the heroine of Troy.

200.

CHARADE.

My first you will find in a tortoise-shell cat;
The place for my next is the middle of your hat;
My third is an insect you often may see;
When it rains, if you 're wise, you 'll take shelter in me.

201.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 5, 8, 6, 6 is a form of salutation;
My 7, 10, 4 is a spirituous liquor;
My 9, 3, 11 is the front;
My 1, 8, 13, 15 is neat;
My 12, 14, 15 is sprightly;
My 2 is a consonant;
My whole is a legal holiday.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

164, Carouse, arouse, rouse, Ouse, use, Sue; 165, Stable, table, able, bale, ale, le; 166, Comic; 167, Workhouse; 168, Gas-pipe; 169, Sandwiches; 170, Coleraine; 171, Friend, fiend; 172, Pelican; 173, 1, Dyer; 2, Crabbe; 3, Southey; 4, Goldsmith; 5, Johnson; 6, Chatterton; 174, Cricket; 175, Doter, doer, coast, cost, Boyar, boar, holly, holy, coomb, comb, coral, coal, Taylor; 176, 1, wine, win; 2, tiny, tin; 3, tone, ton; 177, Least, eager, agone, senna, tread; 178, Sweet, weave, eaten, event, tenth; 179, Thomas; 180, Joseph; 181, Fire; 182, Growing, rowing, owing, wing, gin, in.

THEY begged him to play a little. He seemed to feel bashful at first, but after a while began to play vigorously. "What power!" said a listener to the owner of the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter in alarm, "he seems to have considerable muscle; but he ought to know that this isn't a gymnasium."

A PARTY of Baptist clergymen were bluefishing off Martha's Vineyard the other day. A question arose as to whether a certain specimen was really a bluefish. "We call 'em Baptists," said a native fisherman. The Baptist clergymen rather eagerly asked why. "'Case they spile so soon arter they 're taken out o' the water."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

OUR magazine can be furnished from January last, to new subscribers.

FATHER BURKE, the great Dominican, has recovered somewhat from recent indisposition.

THERE were only one hundred and eighty-four votes cast in San Francisco in favor of Chinese immigration, to 41,200 against it.

SHALL I GO WEST?—This question will be discussed in the December number of our magazine.

PERSONS removing should write us, in order that the magazine may be sent to them. A failure to do this subjects the subscriber to expense and inconvenience.

THE indifference of Catholics in supporting their own publications, and the prompt manner in which they pay for sensational and light reading, form a puzzle to us. We would almost warrant that more Catholics read the vile, slanderous "Puke" than "McGee's Illustrated Weekly."—*Catholic Columbian.*

A WEALTHY Catholic American has ordered a copy of the statue of St. Peter in the cathedral at Rome which bears his name. The one now to be undertaken is to be in bronze, the size of the original, and will cost 100,000f.

THE Diocese of Rochester has twenty-two students in the seminary at Troy, two in the American College, Rome, and about twenty students of the classics in the Preparatory School adjoining Bishop McQuaid's residence.

GEN. DONAHOE.—The nomination of Michael J. Dohahoe for Secretary of State, on the Butler ticket, was a judicious movement. The general is in every way competent for the position.

THE eleventh session of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union assembled at Dayton, Ohio, on the 24th September. The proceedings, as usual, were extremely interesting. We shall endeavor to give a report of this important assemblage in our next.

ELEVEN years ago there were only half a dozen Sisters of St. Joseph in the Diocese of Rochester, N. Y. Meanwhile, Almighty God has signally blessed the devoted order in that diocese, and they now number one hundred and fifty.

AMONG the good works which the bishops and priests of Germany recommended to their flocks, in connection with the Jubilee, was to subscribe for some Catholic paper. The result was a vast increase in the subscription lists of the Catholic organs in each district.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MCMAHON has been elected president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut, the oldest diocesan union in the country, having been founded in 1870.

"LA SALLE ADVANCE" and "Calvert's Magazine" have been united, making a very handsome sixteen-page serial. It is published by Harry J. Calvert, and edited by Stephen J. Burke, of Philadelphia. The "Advance" appears weekly instead of monthly, as formerly. We wish the new enterprise every success.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Vol. II., No. 3, September, 1879. A very good number. "A Victim of the Falk Laws in Germany," which begins in this issue, will be found very interesting. So, too, will the chapter of the serial, "The Bar Life of O'Connell." The table of contents is too long for us to give in full, but every article is worth reading.—*The Western Watchman.*

THE "Catholic Sentinel," of Portland, Oregon, a stalwart in defence of the Church, has been enlarged and improved. For ability and strength it has not many superiors under the Stars and Stripes. The editor applies the stripes well to the backs of his opponents.

IMAGINE a Catholic (?) who says he does not care for the authority of the Catholic Church, and protests his ability to save his soul without any dictation from that source, and we can assure you that such a person, who is, of course, a "Liberal," has been educated outside of the influence of the faith of his fathers. He is a patron of the public schools.—*Catholic Columbian.*

Mr. James Talbot and Mr. Nicholas Welsh, both of East Cambridge, Mass., the only students of Boston College at present in the American College, Rome, at the late distribution of prizes at the Propaganda received the only premiums given for excellence in metaphysics above all competitors of all the other colleges connected with the Propaganda.

Cathedral Fair. — The grand fair in aid of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross will be held in the old cathedral, corner of Washington and Castle Streets. The fair will open on the evening of Oct. 27th. The ladies of the congregation are hard at work, and great results are anticipated. Every member of the congregation should assist in the laudable work.

The October number of Donahoe's Magazine is at hand, filled with its usual amount of interesting miscellany. It contains a letter from Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, warmly approving of the magazine, and congratulating the veteran publisher on his success. The bishop enclosed his subscription in the letter. — *The Catholic Columbian.*

Distress in Kenmare. — In response to the appeal of Sister Mary Francis Clare, in behalf of the poor, the following sums have been received: —

A Clergyman.	$2.00
Patrick Donahoe	5.00

Under date of Sept. 1, Sister Clare says, "The distress here this winter will be fearful. At the moment I write, all the country around is lying under water, and the crops hopelessly destroyed."

"John Bunyan's now almost classical work, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was put upon the stage. recently, in England." John Bunyan would scarcely have thanked either performers or audience for what he would have considered a horrible sacrilege. We wish to correct the error of calling the "Pilgrim's Progress" "John Bunyan's almost classical work." The book in question is a Catholic production, which Bunyan, with Puritan-like impudence, took from us and published without acknowledging the original author. — *London Catholic Universe.*

Benedicta, Maine. — This is exclusively a Catholic settlement. The land was purchased by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick some forty years ago. At that time the Catholics were few in New England, and had the bishop anticipated so large an increase he would have bought more land. As it is, the settlers are prosperous. Poverty is unknown in the town. A new church is being built by the energetic pastor of that parish, the Rev. Father Cassidy. The Catholics of Benedicta and the neighboring missions, which are under the care of Father Cassidy, are doing their utmost to aid their good pastor in his efforts to erect a place of worship for them. A pastoral residence is also being built. When finished, the church and residence will be amongst the prettiest and most substantial in Maine.

Donahoe's Magazine for October has a striking article from the pen of Rev. J. Vincent O'Connor, "Do Catholics read their own Literature?" in which the trashy magazines get a good scoring, not to speak of the Catholics who read them and ignore their own publications. — *The Home Journal, Detroit, Mich.*

The late Patrick McKenna, of Baltimore, bequeathed $23,000 to various Roman Catholic educational and benevolent societies, a sum not exceeding $50,000 for a church, and the rest of his estate, after deducting certain private bequests, to the Archbishop of Baltimore, for such religious or benevolent purposes as he may deem proper. The estate is valued at $100,000.

It is a curious coincidence that of the three English cardinals each bears the Christian name of Henry. Their Eminences are Henry Edward Manning, Edward Henry Howard, and John Henry Newman. The Christian names of Cardinals Manning and Howard being both exactly the same, but in reversed order, makes the coincidence more striking.

An Impostor. — The principal Austrian and German Catholic papers warn the clergy and faithful everywhere to beware of an individual who represents himself to be a Syro-Chaldæan Bishop of Urnia, in Persia, and asks for alms for his flock. This person, who is really a Jew of Constantinople, takes sometimes the name of Mgr. Bar-Chougaga, at others that of Lazarus Clucrago. He has deceived numerous persons, in various places in Germany, and is supposed now to be in France or Belgium, probably on his way to England. He may come to the United States.

Indians in Maine. — About a year ago Right Rev. Bishop Healey founded a school for the Catholic Indian children, at Oldtown, Maine, under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy, which has proved a great success. The examination, at which Bishop Healey was present, held some time ago, was highly satisfactory. The proficiency of the children greatly surprised the visitors, who fairly admitted that it would compare favorably with that of white children anywhere. Rev. Father O'Brien, the zealous pastor of Oldtown, who is quite a linguist, has thoroughly mastered the language of the Indians, and preaches fluently in it.

A cable despatch from Rome, special to the New York "Freeman's Journal," announces as follows: *First*, The Right Rev. F. X. Leray, hitherto Bishop of Natchitoches, has been made administrator of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, with the right of succession as Archbishop. *Second*, The Rev. Mark S. Gross, priest of Wilmington, N. C., has been appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. *Third*, The Rev. John Baptist A. Brondel, priest of the Diocese of Nesqually, in Washington Territory, has been made Bishop of Vancouver's Island, replacing the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, who has accepted and entered on his promotion to *Coadjutor cum jure* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Oregon City.

THE VERY REV. MICHAEL MCCABE, of Woonsocket, has been appointed Vicar General of the Diocese of Providence in place of Father McMahon, lately consecrated Bishop of Hartford.

MOST of the French papers, including the Bonapartist "Gaulois," frankly and handsomely admit that Capt. Carey was not only properly acquitted by the highest authority of any military crime, but that he is absolutely and entirely free from any imputation whatever. The "Figaro" and two or three other papers, following the example of a few court toadies in England, raise a feeble voice, not listened to, suggesting that because the prince got killed, Capt. Carey and the escort ought to get themselves killed too.

THE YEARS OF PETER. — With reference to the prophecy *Non attinges annos Petri*, it is worthy of note that the tradition was not broken through by the reign of Pius IX. The late holy pontiff had not exceeded the aggregate of the years of Peter as supreme ruler of the Church of God. Peter ruled as pope from the first Christian Pentecost to the time of his death, thirty-six years, — now in Jerusalem, now at Antioch, and finally at Rome, whereas Pius IX. reigned at Rome and for a brief interval at Gaeta, thirty-two years as sovereign Pontiff.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY, Vol. II. No. 4. — The October number of this magazine has one original article which alone is worth far more than the price of the book. That is the Rev. James Vincent O'Connor (we know those initials and that style), entitled "Do Catholics read Their Own Literature?" It is so pointed, so apposite, and withal so true, that it shall yet find a place in these pages. There are many other good articles, even that letter of Mr. O'N. Russell's on the Irish Language, in reply to Mr. O'Daly. But we cannot say that we like the tone which this controversy has assumed. When criticism becomes in any way personal, we are always doubtful of its good results. — *The Western Watchman.*

CARDINAL HOWARD'S MISSION TO ENGLAND. — Cardinal Howard, who is on a visit to different friends in England, has a very important mission intrusted to him by Leo XIII. At the earnest request of several Catholics of the best families in this country, the Pope is determined to see whether it would not be possible to institute a Catholic college in connection with the University of Oxford. Cardinal Newman is said to be very favorable to the idea, but Cardinal Manning does not approve of it, and the consequence is that a third member of the Holy College has been sent over to decide the question one way or another. There would be little or no difficulty as to funds if the institution were once approved of; for the Catholic nobility and gentry are, almost to a man, in favor of the idea, and would subscribe liberally to carry out any proposition of the kind, being very anxious that their sons should have the same advantages as to higher education that are enjoyed by their Protestant fellow-countrymen — *Truth.*

PERSONAL.

THE O'CONOR DON, M. P., for Roscommon, was married 16th September, at St. Michael's, Kingstown, to Miss O'Ferrall, daughter of Mr. J. O'Ferrall, of Kingstown.

ELDER. — Bishop Elder will be hereafter known as the Bishop of Avara, in *partibus infidelium*, and administrator Bishop of Natchez.

BOLLIG. — Father Bollig, the Jesuit recently appointed by the Holy Father Keeper of the Vatican Library, is reputed to speak upwards of forty languages.

MAGUIRE. — Thomas F. Maguire, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, Boston, says, "I consider it one of the most pleasing and instructive magazines of the day."

BRADY. — The Rev. John Brady, C. C., Cavan, has been appointed parish priest of Denn, in the room of the Rev. John O'Connor, P. P., translated to Bailieborough.

MCDONNELL. — On Aug. 25, in the Cathedral, Cavan, the Rev. Edward McDonnell received the holy order of the priesthood at the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Bishop of the diocese.

O'HEGERTY. — Wherever Irishmen are, their names are sure to come to the front in the republic of letters. In *La Civilisation* we find a leading article signed by a gentleman who owns the Celtic name of Comte O'Hegerty.

O'DONNELL. — F. H. O'Donnell, M. P., while enjoying a holiday at Boulogne, was stricken down by an attack of sunstroke. For two days he remained unconscious; then he rallied considerably, and his friends made arrangements to have him removed to London. He is now much better.

PECCI. — Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's only living brother, is making a *villeggiature* at Albano, and may be seen taking his daily evening walks along the usual road, unaccompanied, and in his quiet, unpretending way, like a simple priest, instead of a Prince of the Church, nor would he be generally recognized but for his great likeness to Leo XIII.

M'CARTHY. — Mr. John M'Carthy, sometime of Castlegar, near Ballinasloe, has been nominated Professor of Chemistry at the Royal College, Trinidad, and also analyst for the colony. Mr. M'Carthy entered the Civil Service in Galway in 1871, passed for the Chemical Laboratory in Somerset House in 1875, and obtained his present post, which is worth £700 a year, by competition against a large number of rivals.

NORFOLK. — On Sunday, Sept. 7, in Norfolk House, London, her Grace the Duchess gave birth to a son and heir. The event had been looked forward to for some time, especially in Catholic circles, and there was general gladness when the announcement flashed abroad through the country that England's premier Duke, and therefore the most exalted layman in the Catholic body, had received so signal a favor. The baptism of the infant took place on Monday afternoon, and was assisted at by the Cardinal Archbishop and other high dignitaries. The Holy Father sent his congratulations by telegraph.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

SEPT. 13, at San Antonio, Texas, Rev. Michael Sheehan. The deceased was formerly pastor of St. Michael's Church, New Orleans.

ON Sept. 17, Very Rev. Charles I. H. Carter, V. G., rector of the Church of the Assumption in Philadelphia, died of heart disease.

VERY Rev. John Canon Dunne, P. P., of Horeswood, departed this life on the 20th of August. The deceased was one of the oldest priests in the Diocese of Ferns, at the time of his lamented death being in the seventy-sixth year of his age and the forty-fifth of his sacred ministry.

REV. FATHER CHRYSOSTAMUS BIENECKE, who died Sept. 10th at Memphis, was a Catholic priest of the Franciscan order. He came to this country from Germany twelve years ago, and was located in St. Louis until last July, just previous to the outbreak of the fever, when he was assigned to duty at St. Mary's Church. He is the third Catholic priest who has fallen a victim to the present plague. Father Bienecke was forty-five years of age.

THAT gallant soldier, accomplished scholar, and heroic priest and missionary, Father Revillé, of the Friar Preachers, has just laid down his life in Memphis, Tenn., a victim of his charity to the sufferers from yellow fever.

LAYMAN.

THE Pope's eldest brother, Count Carlo Pecci, aged eighty-six, recently died at his abode in the Santa Chiara Place, rather from weakness and old age than any regular complaint. It seems his Holiness received the melancholy tidings (which had, however, been daily expected) after the sad event had taken place, death having come suddenly at the last. The Pope said his private Mass next morning for the repose of the soul of the deceased, and desired a grand Requiem Mass to be sung at the Minerva, parish church of the latter, on the following Sunday. An ardent lover of books and science, he had consecrated his whole life to study and retirement, and lived alone, a contented bachelor, absorbed in his literary pursuits. Pius IX. had named him Counsellor for the Government, in the province of Velletri.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

DEATH OF COLONEL DON JOSEPH HENRY O'HAGAN.—We announce with regret the death of this distinguished officer, which has occurred at his residence, Calle de la Florida, Madrid. He was a native of Dublin, and belonged to a respectable old Catholic family in the county Tyrone. At an early age he went to the college of Salamanca with the then rector, the late Very Rev. Dr. Gartlan. After prosecuting his studies there, he obtained a commission in the Spanish army, in which he distinguished himself, and rose rapidly to the rank of colonel. At the commencement of the late civil war he retired from active service.

DEATH OF AMEDEE GREHAN.—Francis Grehan or O'Grehan, a descendant of one of the soldiers of the Irish Brigade, died a few weeks ago in Paris, where he held the position of Consul-General to the King of Siam. The following notice of this remarkable man is surmised from the *Finance Illustrée*, which remarks that he had three names, "O'Grehan," as his Irish patronymic; "Grehan," his naturalized French name, and "Phra-Siam-Huranuraks," his Asiatic title! The family of M. Grehan came to France with James II. His father, O'Grehan, came out the first from the Polytechnic school, into which he entered when it was first formed by his father-in-law, O'Filz,* who, in the time of the Revolution, became professor of mathematics to the Duke of Orleans, and after to Louis Philippe. Amedee Grehan was born in Lorient, and was prevented from entering the navy by the death of his father. At the age of seventeen he entered the Ministry of the Marine, and in a short time became Chef de Bureau (head of a department). He soon after undertook a work that has obtained great success, "La France Maritime." He published also "L'Almanach du Marin" (which has since appeared yearly), and quite recently he published a work that attracted great attention, it is named "Le Royaume de Siam"—"The Kingdom of Siam." At the Exhibition of 1867 he represented the King of Siam, as Commissioner-General, and for his services was granted a Commandership of the Order of the White Elephant. Prevented by illness from fulfilling actively the same functions at the late Exhibition, his son, Captain Grehan, of the Republican Guards, took his place, and obtained the same reward. Medals of honor, diplomas, honorary awards, etc., were awarded to the King of Siam, who was himself the only exhibitor from that state. M. A. Grehan was a member of the celebrated "Société du Caveau," that society of the literary wits of Paris, for thirty years, and was the friend of Beranger, Autier, Remusat, etc. He was, likewise, a member of several learned "societies," Knight of the Legion of Honor, etc. He never forgot Ireland, and has left to his brave son a rich inheritance of valor and talent. — J. P. L. in Dublin *Irishman*.

DEATH OF M. DILLON, ARCHITECT.—Another worthy descendant of the illustrious family of the Dillons died a few days ago at

* This is a most important statement, for it is not generally known that an Irishman founded the famous Ecole Polytechnique of Paris. We observe that the name is printed O'Filz in the Parisian journal, *La Finance et L'Industrie:* is not this a typographical error for O'Fily?

Pierrefitte, near Paris, where he went to recruit his health M. Dillon was a distinguished architect and a rising man. He had, up to the time of his death, charge of the buildings of the Court of Cassation, and would, if spared, have been one of the leading men in his profession. His untimely death, at the age of thirty-six, has caused great grief to his friends, and his loss to the country in which so many of his relatives distinguished themselves is greatly felt. Of the Dillons remaining, we have Count Dillon, late Chef de Battaillon, Captain Dillon, late cavalry officer, Captain Dillon of the infantry, who was shot through the breast at Solferino. He was made Knight of the Legion of Honor in the war for deeds of valor. It will be remembered that the great Engineer Dillon built the bridge of Jena in 1806, and that Guizot's first wife was a Miss Dillon. There are other members of the family in different parts of France, all worthy of the race from which they sprung and the land from which their ancestors came.

DEATH OF SENATOR HĒNNESSY. — A highly distinguished member of the French Senate, M. Hennessy, of Cognac, died after a long and painful illness, which for the last two years kept him absent from Paris. M. Hennessy leaves two sons, who fought gallantly for France in the late war, and are well worthy of their noble father, and of the race from which they sprung. Their ancestor came over with the exiles after the siege of Limerick, and several of his descendants fought and fell on battle-fields,

"From Dunkirk to Belgrade."

M. Hennessy, late Senator for the Department of the Charente, was a member of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, and died at the age of sixty-nine. After the *coup d'état* he retired from politics, and only in 1875 became a Senator. Martell's and Hennessy's brandies are well known; and the two families are connected, the former being allied with M. Phelan, one of the richest vine-growers in Medoc. M. Phelan is the son of an Irish gentleman who left Ireland in 1798. M. Senator Hennessy is universally regretted. The loss of such a man at present will be felt by the country. Death is not sparing our "anciens Irlandais." Fortunately they will live in their children, who are an honor to France and to Ireland.

Events of the Month.

IT appears, according to a statement in the "Times" professing to be made with some degree of authority, that the name of the new Irish University is to be the Royal University of Ireland.

THE Duke of Norfolk intends to defray the entire cost of a Catholic church near Sheffield, the foundation-stone of which was laid yesterday by the Bishop of Leeds. His Grace has likewise given the site. The cost will be about £7,000.

AT the request of the French, German, and Italian bishops, the pope has extended to the priests of the entire church a privilege heretofore enjoyed solely by the Spanish clergy, that of celebrating three masses on the second of November, All Souls' Day.

THE arrival in Rome of Father Becks has been the object of many commentaries in all circles. The visit *ad limina Apostolorum*, of the general of the Jesuits, is attributed to the organization begun for sending a certain number of missionaries direct from the Vatican into Africa, which at the same time would serve as a basis of operations to European travellers and explorers in the centre of that large country hitherto so little known.

DESERTIONS FROM THE BRITISH ARMY. — The instance of successful desertion, that is, desertions where the runaways got clear off and were never heard of again, during eleven years, are as follows: In 1868, 1,790; 1869, 2,175; 1870, 2,083; 1871,3,055, 1872, 4,006; 1873, 3,917; 1874, 3,530; 1875, 2,429; 1876, 2,772; 1877, 2,621; 1878, 2,747. It results from this plain statement that in eleven years 31,135 men have taken the queen's shilling and then taken themselves off. And the cry is, Still they go!

THE Academy of France has been awarding prizes for virtue. Gold medals have been adjudged to two ladies who have devoted themselves, the one for twenty-eight and the other for thirty years, to the care of epileptic girls, idiots, and destitute orphans. Bravo! says the Paris "Figaro"; but the same good work, performed as a matter of course by hundreds of the humble daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, has never moved the enthuiasm of the Academy of France.

CARDINAL MANNING, speaking at a temperance meeting in Liverpool, said that in Manchester, Liverpool, and London the Teetotal League of the Cross numbered 50,000 of the soberest men in England. Drunkenness was affecting our factory hands to such an extent that Americans who had visited England to study the labor question declared that the factory labor of America was more efficient than that of England in consequence of intemperance among the English factory operators.

M. DE LESSEPS' project for the cutting of an inter-oceanic canal at Panama between the Atlantic and the Pacific has met with so small an amount of support that the issue of 800,000 shares is for the present suspended, and the subscriptions which have been paid will be returned in full. Meanwhile the contractor has determined to proceed at his own cost to the spot and survey the ground anew, while M. de Lesseps has resolved to go himself to the United States in order to deal with the alleged hostility of the government to his scheme.

TERRIBLE DISEASE OF THE POTATOES. — There will be probably a more complete destruction of the potato crop this year than in any year since 1845. Until August began the plant was doing fairly well, considering the prevalence of cold, wet weather, when the

temperature rose, and a flood came, and the root was smitten beyond recovery. A series of storms, accompanied by a high temperature, have since favored the diffusion of the murrain, so that a diligent search will have to be made to find a clean crop of potatoes. To the end of July, there was not much reason for complaint.

A NEWLY ordained priest recently had an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff, and said to him, "I belong to the congregation of Don Bosco, and am destined to teach in Albano. To-day I have said my first mass." The pope replied, "Your first mass? Have you done all things according to rule? Have you made good promises to God? Remember that the priesthood is an obligation for your whole life." The pope, in saying these words, placed his hands upon the shoulders of the young priest, and pressed his hand to his heart. The young Levite was deeply moved.

IF the intelligent observer wishes to form an opinion as to the vitality of the Catholic Church in England, he may take a glance at the occurrences of the past week. The auxiliary Bishop of Shrewsbury opened a new and magnificent church at Hooton, the gift of Sir John Stanley Errington; the Bishop of Salford laid the foundation of a new church at Walton-le-Dale; yesterday Cardinal Manning opened a new church at Burton-on-Trent, and the Bishop of Leeds laid the foundation-stone of a new church near Sheffield, which his Grace the Duke of Norfolk has undertaken to build at a cost of £7,000.

"UNDER all reserve," as the French say, I give you a tale as told to me of the queen having signified to the Viscount Macduff, now Earl of Fife, that she would not be unwilling to have him for a son-in-law. The nobleman respectfully declined the honor. He is not yet thirty, was schooled at Eton, has eight residences in the Highlands, and is spoken of in warm commendation by all who know him. His four sisters are ladies of extreme beauty, but have not all been enviable in their wedded life. The church in some instances has been but the anteroom to the divorce court.

SIR JOHN MASSEY STANLEY ERRINGTON, Bart., has had the happiness of bestowing upon the Catholic Church one of the most perfect little edifices of which she can boast, and of handing it over to his lordship the Bishop of Shrewsbury, not only completely furnished but furnished with a munificence that adds honor to the nobility of the gift. The founder has commanded that silence should be observed as to the cost of the donation, but we may at least venture to say that, taking its size into consideration, it accommodates about two hundred worshippers, no church in England has been built or adorned with less consideration about cost or more thought as to perfection and completeness than this one.

A MERCIFUL ALLEVIATION. — Russian papers report that during last month no less than nine persons were bitten by a rabid wolf in the hamlet of Bogoljubow, in the Wladimir distirict. They were taken to the hospital, where five of them died in dreadful agony soon after their admission. The doctors resolved to try in the other cases an experiment which a German physician had employed with success against hydrophobia. The experiment consists in administering to the patient a dose of the Indian poison *curare*. The Russian "Pravda" states that this was administered at Wladimir to the remaining four persons who had been bitten by the wolf. They all died, but without experiencing the preliminary torture of hydrophobia.

DEATH OF A GARIBALDIAN CHAPLAIN. — Fra Giovanni Pantaleo, the unfortunate Franciscan monk who left his order to join Garibaldi, died in Rome a few days ago in the greatest misery, having for some time past scarcely enough to keep life in his wife, his children, his old mother, and his sister. In the spring of 1860 he joined Garibaldi, in Sicily, where he saluted the buccaneer chief as the "Messiah of Liberty." He served Garibaldi at Naples, Milan, Bologna, and Turin He followed him to Dijon, and after the "liberation" of Rome, room was found for him here with the rest of his associates. He had a civil funeral. The cross was taken from the hearse, the red shirt was placed upon his coffin instead of the monk's gown, and the son of the hero, with other choice spirits, accompanied his dead body to its last resting-place.

SOME zealot in Middlesborough, who took to street-preaching on "hallelujah principles," and devoted himself to scandalous vituperation of what Catholics hold most sacred, was knocked down and chased from his rostrum by an indignant Irishman. Upon which a local writer observes, "Those people who desire to be good should remember that to a Roman Catholic his religion is as dear, and perhaps a trifle dearer, than that of all the converted tinkers and railway porters and convicts that ever lived." We do not approve of the muscular retorts Irish Catholics sometimes make to hurtful aspersions on their faith; we should rather see them pass on the other side of the street; but it is really provoking when, as often happens, some whitewashed scapegrace, without education enough to teach him good manners, raises his voice in the public ways to slander the convictions of respectable people.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM'S RECEPTION AT CLIFDEN. — Clifden the other day wore an appearance of unusual festivity on the occasion of the arrival of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale The long procession of vehicles, the crowding thousands of rejoicing people, the spanning arches, with their scrolls of welcome, and the brilliant illumination of the picturesque little town, — everything showed that the hearts of the people were filled with unusual joy. A well-trained band, heading a procession of several thousand people, assembled outside the town on the Oughterard road. When his Grace's carriage was seen approaching, cheer upon cheer rose from the crowd, which were re-echoed back from the surrounding hills The archbishop, who appeared in excellent health, expressed his thanks for so grand a reception, and, blessing his children, bade them to continue, above all things, faithful to the holy Catholic religion, which is the dearest inheritance of the Irish people.

THE pope has ordered the Congregation of Rites to notify the Catholic world that by his decree the Feast of St. Joachim, occurring within the octave of the Assumption, and of St. Anna, occurring on the 26th of July, shall in future be celebrated under the right of double of the second class, instead of double major, as formerly. His Holiness gives two reasons for this change: first, the increased glory that in these late days has accrued to the Blessed Virgin, — a glory which, according to the Scriptures, redounds to the parents; and second, his own name is Joachim, and he deems it his providential office to magnify his patron. — *The Western Watchman.*

CAPTAIN CAREY, of Zulu notoriety, turns out to be a member of the church militant. The editor of the "Christian" publishes a "request for praise" for the gallant officer. These are some of the sentences in which he thus liberates his soul: "Since the first moment of my arrest I took the whole matter to my Heavenly Father. I left it in his hands, reminding him constantly of his promise to help. He has borne my burden for me, he has sustained me, my wife and family, in our distress, and he has finally wiped away tears from our eyes." The feeling in the service clubs is that Capt. Carey would have done better to have offered up his thanksgiving in private. But he halloos before he is well out of the wood, as will be seen in reading the last paragraph in the Duke of Cambridge's letter on the court-martial. The editor of the "Christian," I may add, was a great friend of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and made a pile, as the Americans say, by publishing their song-books. "Bill" Beresford has not yet sent a request for praise to this pious editor.

THE Pilgrimage to Lourdes on the 22d of August comprised among the members of it as many as six hundred who were sick and suffering. There were manifest on all hands the liveliest evidences of faith, of hope, and of gratitude. From the crippled condition of many, the task of assisting them from the train and forming them into procession for the Grotto, was one of some difficulty. This was, at length, however, accomplished with the aid of the Poitevins, whose generosity and delicacy are described as hardly capable of being exaggerated. One of the pilgrims, who had for several years suffered from blindness, is announced by telegrams, forwarded both to *L'Univers* and *La Monde*, as having been instantaneously cured while the rosary was being recited and the *cortège* was yet advancing. Seven trains arrived in rapid succession, the last two bringing pilgrims from Bordeaux and from Carcassonne. As each train arrived, the passengers in it were with all convenient speed formed into line, two or three abreast, and conducted straight to the holy grotto below the rocky plateau on which stands now the majestic Basilica of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Those among the crippled or bedridden pilgrims who were cured joyfully proclaimed their miraculous restoration to health and strength by leaving behind them (to be added to how many others!) their crutches or their wheeled chairs and couches. The scene is spoken of by those who had the happiness of witnessing it as, at one and the same time, most affecting and most exemplary.

THE Princess Beatrice, it is rumored, will shortly be affianced to the Grand Duke of Baden. M. Edmond About declares positively, in his *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, that it was distinctly understood between Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie, and between the Princess Beatrice and the Prince Imperial, that in case the latter succeeded in his attempt, after his return home from Zululand, to recover the Napoleonic sceptre, an alliance would follow between the reigning houses of England and France, which it was hoped would cement the unity of the two nations.

HIS Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster left London recently to take as much "repose" as may be in any way possible for him in the midst of his ever-present and weighty responsibilities. His nominal holidays every year at this season are, however, as a rule, very fully occupied by labors that would prove to those of less energy little else than overwhelming. According to present arrangements, his Eminence will leave archbishop's house, Westminster, in time to open a new church on the 28th at Burton-on-Trent, proceeding thence to Liverpool. There his engagements include charity sermons, temperance meetings, and a host of receptions. Manchester and Salford will also both in turn be visited on the homeward journey, and there is some probability that another short stay may be made at Birmingham. As nearly as possible a month from the day of his departure he will be home again to attend a great meeting in London in behalf of his favorite work of social reform, — total abstinence.

GIGANTIC CONFISCATION IN ITALY. — The number of convents suppressed by the law has been 4,254. Though impossible to state exactly the number composing the communities of each, the result of official inquiry for above 3,000 of these religious houses shows that they were inhabited by 23,999 nuns, and by 29,863 monks. They enjoyed a lawful income amounting to 24,618,618 francs, derived from the lands and estates belonging to the communities, and the rents payed to them thereon, as well as from the products of their industry and the economy of their own lives. No wonder that the government looked with an evil eye on such thriving communities and on the 63,862 religious, who seemed to it a useless portion of its population, and, no doubt, it was thought quite a meritorious act to confiscate such property, though unlawfully, for better means and ends, such as, for instance, making Rome a new, gay, splendid city, with as many theatres as she formerly possessed churches and convents.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE A PRIEST. — An attempt was made to shoot Father Pinet, the highly respected and popular parish priest of Mount St. Mary's, Leeds, England, on the 8th September. About ten o'clock in the forenoon the house bell was rung. Brother Delaney answered the summons and found a man at the door, who asked to see some of the clergy. He was told that Father Pinet would be there very soon, the reverend gentleman then being engaged in one of the schools. In a little time Father Pinet arrived, and the man, who waited for him outside the door,

asked the favor of an interview. This was, with the usual urbanity of Father Pinet, at once granted. The visitor was asked to go inside, and shown into one of the reception-rooms. He was then kindly requested by the reverend gentleman to explain the cause of his visit; but he immediately broke out into an abuse about priests and bishops, using the most threatening, though somewhat incoherent language; and concluded by thrusting his hand into one of his pockets, and pulling out a loaded revolver, which, however, fortunately exploded before he had time to present it at the reverend gentleman. Father Pinet, as soon as he recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden and inexplicable action of his visitor, seized the man and pushed him out of the room, and with some further effort managed to put him outside the front door, which he then locked. Father Pinet went inside, but he did not, however, at once raise an alarm and have the would-be assassin pursued. But on the affair becoming known to the other clergy stationed at Mount St. Mary's, and on looking into the room, finding a bullet on the floor, which was a startling proof of the man's murderous intent, information was at once communicated to the police. As yet the would-be assassin has not been captured by the police, though it is considered likely that he soon will be. On Monday night thanksgiving services for the fortunate escape of the good parish priest took place at the church. Father Fick, in alluding to the event, was much moved. He asked all present to offer up their thanks to Almighty God for his mercy in preserving the life of Father Pinet. He was also anxious that they should show their gratitude to His Blessed Mother, to whose intercession Father Pinet felt convinced that he that day owed the preservation of his life.

Notices of Recent Publications.

P. O'Shea, New York.

Bible History: To which is added a short History of the Church. For the use of schools. By the author of Lessons in Bible History, etc.

This is not only a good book for schools, but for the family. The summary of the principal events in the history of the Church is worthy of mention. The book is well gotten up, the illustrations being quite passable. The book has the approbation of the Cardinal Archbishop.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His Blessed Mother.

Parts 15 and 16 of this truly interesting work are issued. The letterpress and engravings are as usual most excellent.

The Catholic Publication Society, New York.

The King's Highway; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. Augustine E. Hewitt, of the congregation of St. Paul.

This is the second edition of a book designed to draw the attention of those outside the Church into its saving folds. The author himself is a convert from Calvinism, and to that sect he directs his arguments. It will interest all those seeking rest in the old Church.

Hickey & Co., New York.

The Crucifix of Baden, and Other Stories.

Here is another cheap issue of interesting stories, which have appeared in the "Catholic World." The volume contains nineteen stories, all for twenty-five cents. Parents, if you want good reading for your children, send to Hickey & Co. for their issues of the Vatican Library.

Noonan & Co., Boston, have them.

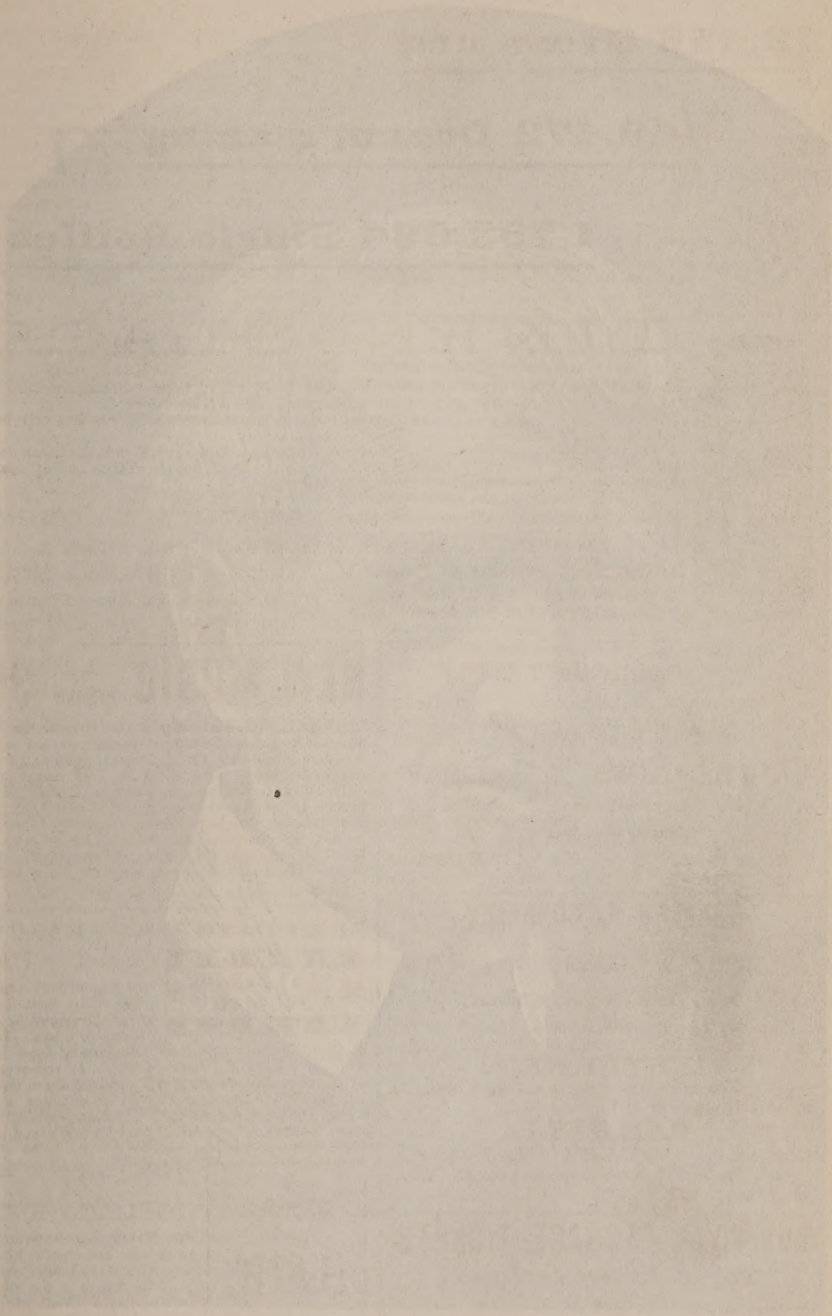
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

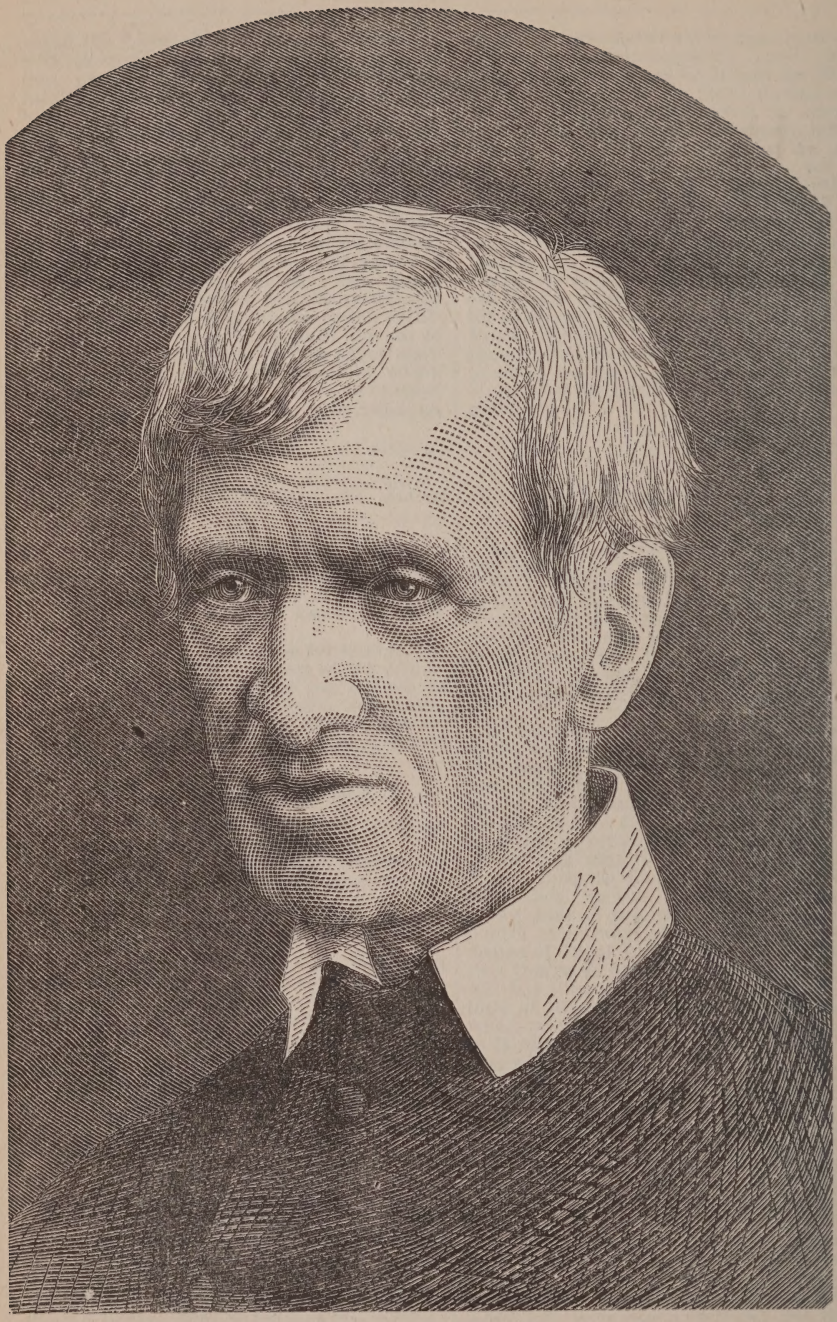
CARDINAL NEWMAN has just issued the fifth edition of his "Anglican Difficulties."

A SOCIETY of learned ecclesiastics, secular and regular, in order to second the impulse given to Thomist studies by the Holy Father in his late Encyclical, are at work preparing a new edition of the works of the Angelic Doctor. The new edition will be handy in form, excellent in typography, and moderate in price. It will thus be accessible to a larger number of students and priests.

EVERYBODY who read the bright and trenchant article which Father Ryder of the Birmingham Oratory contributed to the "Contemporary Review" a few months ago, in answer to an attack on the converts to the Church, will be delighted to hear that he has a volume in preparation for the press. It is an historical inquiry into the condemnation of Pope Honorius for heresy; and it will lucidly show, to the satisfaction of all who really want to see, that the opinions of the pontiff in no way impugn or affect the true dogma of Papal Infallibility. It is fortunate that this task has been undertaken by one who has at once lightness of style and weightiness of learning, and, we may add, by one whose works, coming whence they do, bear, as it were, the hall-mark of Cardinal Newman's approbation.

MR. OLIVER BURKE dedicates his "History of the Irish Lord Chancellors" to the last but one of the race, viz., Lord O'Hagan, of whom an excellent portrait is given, as well as some interesting details about his family, which is one of the oldest and most illustrious of his native land. An O'Hagan was chief Brehon or judge in Ulster when the O'Neils were its sovereigns, eleven hundred years before the birth of Christ; so that his lordship's ancestor "may have judged the people in Ulster when Samson was yet one of the judges of Israel." These are dates which certainly put the descent of the leading English families to shame, and they recall to mind the scorn with which Lord Beaconsfield in "Tancred" speaks of a nobility whose traditions can only date back to the Norman Conquest.





CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

(See Page 493.)

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. II. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1879. No. 6.

PIUS IX. once said that amid all his troubles "Ireland was his consolation." Leo XIII., on the occasion of Bishop Moran's offering (Peter-Pence), said: "Ireland is a holy land, which retains the sacred seed sown by St. Patrick, and by the divine assistance will preserve it to the end." (*L'Irlanda e una terra santa, che ritiene il sacro seme seminatovi da S. Patrizio, e lo conservera colla divina grazia rino alla fine.*)

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CATHOLIC IRISH RACE.—The first was the virtue of personal purity, in which Irishmen equal all other nations or peoples. The second claim he made in favor of the Catholic Irish was their respect and veneration for sacred things and persons. In the third place, he claimed for the Irish race a respect for the memory of the dead that was not shown by the different Protestant sects. And lastly he claimed for the Irish Catholics the faculty of realizing the unseen, which is possessed by no other people. —FATHER BURKE.

"I NEVER will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be put in irons; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit has gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of Liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him."—HENRY GRATTAN.

SHALL I GO WEST?

J. VINCENT O'CONNOR.

THE difficulty found in persuading the Irish immigrant "to pull up stakes" and go West is one which does not present itself to the roving Yankee mind. For the latter, "no pent-up Utica contracts his powers," and he is as much at home on the Pacific slope as in the valleys of New England, or "carpet-bagging" in the glades of Florida. Not so the Irishman. The cruel wrench which he felt in being torn from old Erin leaves him sensitively averse to moving farther westward from the hospitable Atlantic shore on which his pilgrim feet first landed. The ocean is the stormy music which reminds him of Innisfail. The great Atlantic seaboard towns are filled with his countrymen, and most probably with his old-time neighbors and next of kin. Like the much-wandering Ulysses, he exclaims, "Here fain would I rest, nor let the unexplored waste tempt me farther."

Poetical as this reasoning sounds, it nevertheless is at the bottom of the reluctance felt by many of our people to migrate to the West. The American smiles at the thought, *for he never has had a home*. The vast spaces of our continent are fatal to the very idea of domesticity. The American character is the complete realization of the cosmopolitanism inculcated in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," *i. e.*, "I am heir of the world and of time." We do

not care in what part of the world we settle, provided we are Americans. A Yankee, if permitted, would slap the Czar on the back and call him "old hoss"; and he is amazed at the Pope's protest against his loss of a few acres around Rome, when his Holiness would have only to buy out a territory half as large as Europe "in the States," declare his intention of becoming an American citizen, and vote whatever ticket he "durned please." The marked contrast between the American and the European or the Asiatic character is his homelessness. The Chinese will not settle here, and that arouses his wrath. They won't make themselves "to hum," but persist in their odd ways, their meanness, their refusal to insist upon their rights as laboring men, and their sneaking wish to get back to the Celestial Empire, dead or alive. He poohpoohs the national sentiment which makes the tears flow from the eyes of the Swiss when they hear the *Ranz des Vaches;* which urges the Germans to celebrate great *Volksfests*, and keeps the Irish pent up in great cities, when his broad western fields give them a smiling welcome.

The Irish are *not* a migratory people. Their presence in all parts of the globe is not attributable to a roving and restless disposition. They are a race singularly tenacious of their traditions, and rarely change their *habitat* for merely mercenary motives. They are in the truest sense exiles, and their fond reminiscence of "home" is much deeper than a mere sentiment, much less a figure of speech. Of an earnest and profound nature, notwithstanding their apparent levity and light-heartedness, their imagination surrounds their island-home with graces and beauties which it may not have possessed for them. They are the modern Greeks, and resemble their ancestors in their love of a sod of their parent earth. Their profound religious sentiment makes them loath to part with their household gods, and a Catholic church is to them what the Lotos Island was to Tennyson's mariners: —

"Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest, why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy calm."

Although it would be well for Irishmen to have a good share of the American spirit of restlessness, which is just the one necessary for an unsettled country, it would be cruel and unfair to insist upon its wide cultivation. The great lines of Irish immigration are marked, and none of us need be at a loss to find a countryman *anywhere near a big town*. The Irish cannot and will not live in the backwoods. They are neighborly, hospitable, gregarious. They are not wont to fly from the world into solitude, because a fair lady has frowned upon their suit. The best farmers in the world, they would not cultivate the fields of Goshen if they had no neighbors, no one to *see* their work or share their abundance. They must have amusement, company, the blessings and beauties of their religion, the atmosphere of civilization, or else they will refuse the most tempting offers, divorced from these accompaniments. You might as well persuade Vanderbilt to live in a log-cabin, as an Irishman who can pay the rent of a house in Boston or New York. All this, to be sure, is deplorable, but how many deplorable things are true?

We should be doing an injustice to our readers if we gave them no reasons but poetical ones, either for or against going West. The fact is, colonization in the West is yet only an experiment, and is largely dependent upon the East for countenance, encouragement, and even for pecuniary help. It may be a big and growing boy, but its "daddy" must still oversee and support it. We speak advisedly, upon the authority of a prelate who is heart and soul for the

good of his people, and whose advice is, "Stay East, and, if you have any money to buy an Eastern farm, buy it and settle on it. A watermelon patch East is worth a hundred-acre farm West. Even farm wages are better East. Our people, strong as they are, cannot stand the extremes of the Western climate. They are quickly discouraged by the repeated failure of crops, and in a word, *they do not feel at home.*"

But the practical difficulty which faces our poor people is their slim pecuniary means. You cannot make even a respectable start on a sum less than $1,000. The $300 estimate is miserably false. This latter sum, which to our people represents a great deal, is swallowed up almost in the cost of transportation. The writer knows several good, decent, and industrious men, who, with the above sum, going West to colonize, were obliged to beg their way home. Then, it is simply madness for a man with wife and family to attempt the risk. The family must imperatively be left at home. As Bishop Ireland, the founder of the most successful colony, says, "Either leave your wife at home temporarily, or tell her that she shall have no neighbors within several miles." There is no place East where the want of money presses upon the immigrant so heavily. The most respectable man, without cash, is worse off than the Eastern tramp, who can lodge in a station-house, or get a cup of soup from public charity. But not even the priest in these colonies can succor the poor, for he is the poorest man among them, and fervently blesses heaven when he gets a "square meal." Of course an heroic man, such as every colonist ought to be, thinks nothing of putting up with inconveniences inseparable from the undertaking; but such a hero-worshipper as Carlyle cannot find more than six or seven whom to crown with the hero's laurel.

The colonies which appear to have emerged from their embryonic experimental state into well-settled communities are those under the supervision of Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota. From a pamphlet entitled "Catholic Colonization in Minnesota" we glean the following general statements. It must be observed, however, that the cheering facts set forth therein have been brought to pass by an industry, a perseverance, and a self-denial, which, if spent upon the lands of New England or the Middle States, would have produced even greater results.

In 1875, Bishop Ireland obtained control of the then unsold railroad lands in the present Minnesota colonies of Swift County and De Graff. The government lands were open to entry under the homestead and pre-emption laws, and many of his colonists obtained large farms by merely paying the fees of the United States Land Office, which under the pre-emption law amounted to an average of $2 an acre, and under the homestead law of $14, for entering and recording the claim. The colonist, under the homestead law, can enter a claim to one hundred and sixty acres, outside a ten-mile limit on each side of a railroad. He must take actual possession within the next six months, and after cultivating it for five years, it becomes his in fee simple. An honorably discharged soldier or sailor of the United States may enter one hundred and sixty acres, even within the limits of the railroad grant, upon the payment of $18, and the time which he spent in service will be deducted from the five years' residence required from others before a full title is granted. In the four Catholic colonies in Minnesota, already established, there are no more government lands to be disposed of; but there is still a great quantity of land within the limits of these colonies that can be had at temptingly low prices. This year, the lands belonging to the State and to the school fund of the State were thrown upon the market. But alas! there were no buyers, so far as we

can ascertain. We are reminded of the story of the old trapper who, happening to come into Chicago, remarked, "Waal, I could hev bought this whole shebang once on a time, fur a pair of boots." "Why did n't you?" exclaimed his hearer. "Waal, the fact is, stranger," (rolling a meditative quid,) "you see I had n't the boots."

The following description of Graceville, from one of its residents, puts the matter in a very rose-colored light: —

"During the months of March and April, 1878, a great number of claims for our people were entered in the United States Land Office, but before any of them came on to their lands, Bishop Ireland shipped, in March, five carloads of lumber for erecting a church building; the church was commenced the same month, and completed, in the rough, in about three weeks. This is the first instance in my knowledge where a church was erected in advance of settlement. Our Right Rev. Bishop must have had a foreknowledge of what was to follow. In the short space of three months there were built, in a radius of six miles from Graceville Church, over one hundred and fifty comfortable cabins, and on each claim from five to ten acres broken for a garden and planted with potatoes, corn, beans, turnips, etc., which yielded quite a good supply for the present winter. Our colonists had the advantage of being early on the ground and had their gardens planted in May. The colonists broke during last summer from fifteen to thirty acres per man, so that next spring they will be able to get in wheat sufficient to carry them through the second winter handsomely. They are all in the very best spirits, and could not be induced to return to the cities, for they already feel independent and masters of the situation. The soil here is splendid and the country beautiful, — gently rolling prairie, with numerous ponds or small lakes, and plenty of the finest hay. And now to tell you about our little village, Graceville, named in honor of our revered bishop, the Right Rev. Thomas L. Grace. It is beautifully situated on the north shore of one of the two large lakes known as Tokua Lakes, and has three general stores, one hotel, one blacksmith and wagon shop, a very handsome little church, and the priest's residence attached. Around the lake is a fine belt of timber, which adds much to the beauty of the place. The village is twenty-six miles due east from Morris, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, but the Hastings and Dakota Railroad, now built close to the line, will run through our county next summer; by and by we will have a cross-road running through the colony lands."

The question is: Does Western colonization present a solution to the problem touching the future welfare of the Irish and their descendants in this country? Will an Irishman sacrifice himself for the sake of his children, or will he ask, with Sir Boyle Roche, "What has posterity done for me?" No one aware of the strong parental feeling of the people will question their sincere wish to do all in their power for their offspring. But that welfare, in the writer's opinion, is quite attainable in the Eastern States. There are thousands of acres between here and Minnesota that could be bought at rates comparatively as cheap, and on as easy payments, as those of the unbroken wilderness. Maryland, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania offer as fine inducements as any of the Western States. Of one thing all may rest assured: it is better to fail East than West, if failure there is to be. In the flush of anticipation and actual occupancy, hope is buoyant; but unenthusiastic science points to meteorology, and says that the West has no climate. It is in a state of transition, and sets all prognostications at defiance. Like a splendid but untrained horse, the soil one year is full of exuberant life, and springs to the goal of the harvest almost without the touch of the steel; again it repels both incentive and force.

The city is civilization, and the Irish are its vanguard. Take from the great centres of human activity this glorious element, and we do not see how the country is to be the gainer. It is true that the noisome tenement-houses of New York should be gladly exchanged for the fresh life and light of the prairie; but the wages are fair, the city attractive, the priest is near, the neighbors are friendly, the Park is beautiful, the fellow-exile from the Old Dart will not have so far to go to find a welcome. It is useless to offset these excuses with the boundless prospects of the West. The Irishman cares little for money except as the alleviation of immediate needs. He does not generally believe in starving himself for his fine, strapping children, who will be able to make their own living, and in time give himself a sup-

port. His virtues are generally robust enough to withstand the temptations of cities, and he has sense enough to know that a man can damn his soul quite as easily in solitude as in the hum of the busy marts of work and commerce, and, in fact, more easily. In fine, if he has a little money put by him for the rainy day, he is unwilling to risk it in experimental farming, with a probability that, like Horace Greeley, every potato he raises will cost him a dollar and a half.

We have thus presented both sides of this question, without in the least wishing to disparage the great work of colonization. We have presented the view which strikes the average colonist. No doubt, failure may help to darken the tints of the picture, as success would naturally brighten them. Of one thing, however, the intending colonist may rest certain: unless he has a "good penny," it is better for him to fight the battle of life on his present ground. The West is not what enthusiasm represents it. The cost of living is at least as dear as in the East, with few of our compensations. It is a land rich in promise, but its rewards will be deferred for many a day. Like Russia, it is only now becoming civilized; and its forms of life, habits of thought, and ways of living partake of that rough pioneer existence, from which the culture of the East is freeing it. We do not hesitate to say that twoscore years must yet elapse before the Far West will present any attractions to the Irish people who have brought their sweet modes of thought, their social habitudes, their tender home-thoughts, manners, and devotions, and planted them along the shores of the great ocean, whose familiar face and crooning lullaby bring pleasant memories of the sea-girt Isle.

Whatever argument is urged upon the Irish to emigrate to the West is of equal force for their remaining in their Eastern homes. The simple philosophy seems to us to be, — if you have a home, keep it and improve it; if you have no home, the East offers you more chances for work than the West. The idea that an Irishman, by settling on a farm in the West, puts himself in a position to found a home for his descendants, is worthy of consideration; but it seems to be a law of our restless country, that the "boys" will not stick to the farm. They are wild to get to the city. They weary of the dull farm-life. The newspaper is a continual source of irritating ambitious thoughts. They resent the idea of vegetating, and of living cabbage-heads all their days. Once give a boy a taste of town-life, and you may as well send him to the galleys as to a farm. If Irishmen went West as soon as they arrived, or were farmed out like the Mennonites and several other European classes of immigrants, they would take kindly to the soil, for, after all, they are an agricultural people; but they lose all relish for the farm after a few years' sojourn in a great city.

It may likewise be observed, that the farm-labor exacted by the nature of the Western country is of a much severer nature than that performed in Ireland. In fact, did not machinery come to the farmer's aid, he would be thrown completely back in his work. Eternal vigilance is the price of a small crop. Storms, bugs, strange perturbations of nature, and frequently a mean and dastardly spirit of human opposition, are the destructive genii that guard earth's treasures and affright the poor husbandman. If a hero can live on hope, die without the chance of life held out by a physician, believe in lynch law, and go to bed at night fifty miles away from any other white settler, as in some parts of Nebraska, with the Nez Percés on their *never-ending* war-path, he beats Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great, and a dozen other heroes rolled up in one. Indeed, since the Ute Indian war has broken out, there is no difficulty in getting "settled" most effectually.

Again, we do not believe it good for the Irish to go in septs and clans.

Why should these colonies be distinctively Irish? The most fatal element of disunion, cast up to us as a reproach, was this banding together of small knots of men, regardless of the great national bonds of union. This country has been the arena on which the pettiest local Irish dissensions have been perpetuated and intensified. Who in Ireland ever heard of a Tipperary man at dagger's point with a Corkonian, because of a geographical difference of counties? Why should this country, the great harmonizer of all races, witness our petty and absurd factions, which, indeed, had no existence in Ireland? We are the only people on the American soil which has most heartily and generously identified itself with the whole country. Scarcely do our feet touch this hallowed soil of liberty, than we hasten to proclaim ourselves its freedom-loving inhabitants. We have been open-faced and open-hearted as the day, in our love for America, and she knows it. In her darkest hours we have stood by her, and though she may laugh good-humoredly at Pat, she knows and values his sterling worth. The Irish people here have a grand career, the grandest ever held out to a people; but they must not separate themselves from the great interests of the nation at large. They are more necessary to the Republic than any other of her sons. She is glad to see the poor, ignorant serfs of Russia, Austria, or Germany doing the hewing of wood in her forests; but she wants Ireland to stand by her side in all the great offices of life and the outcomes of her institutions. Here is a nation drawn to Ireland by a common sympathy for freedom, by a suspicious hate of England and its treachery, and by a trial to prove to the world that the government of the people and for the people and by the people shall not perish from off the earth. Ireland speaks her language, her writers defend her laws, her orators arouse her people; her cause and America's is one. They rise or fall together, bond or free. We should train up our children in the forum, in the senate, in the pulpit, in the halls of education, in the full broad day, and upon the arena which is watched by the whole world. The sceptre of empire is falling from the nerveless grasp of New England, and who more worthy to take it than the children of that Ireland which has made more sacrifices for liberty, freedom of conscience, and the great cause of humanity, than has America from the Revolution to the Civil War?

The Irish are under no necessity of banding together for mutual help and protection in limited communities. The boundless continent is theirs. Crippled and hampered in small bodies, they will turn upon themselves and waste in petty wrangling the mighty energies that consolidate nations. Seen in the higher light of their faith, they are the providential people, going forth like the seed of Abraham, numberless as the sands and countless as the stars. The same Providence that guided Israel in Egypt will save them from the pollution of great cities; and their march has already taken them out of the desert, to which there is no return, into the promised land. Their place is where civilization is in perfect bloom, where the great issues of life are most discussed, where the battle for right and law and faith is hottest, and where the great forces of the national life have fullest play. The woods are for the wolf, or for the pensive hermit shrinkingly sensitive to the buffets of the world; but the city is for the man, and the star that guides the nations still trembles in the East.

Boyhood is candid, and middle age, though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied, "Few and short were the prayers we said."

IRELAND ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

A PARIS correspondent writes: Two men of Irish extraction will soon meet to settle the preliminaries of a marriage between King Alfonso of Spain and the Archduchess of Austria. Count Taaffe, a noble descendant of the illustrious family who for several generations shed lustre on the land of their adoption, and won the highest honors in the army and the council, now Prime Minister of Austria, and Count De Morphy, private secretary and confidential friend of the young sovereign, King Alfonso, whom he has not left since his childhood. Those two distinguished men, sons of "exiles of Erin," both enjoy the entire confidence of their sovereigns and public esteem in both countries. Their brave ancestors sacrificed rank and fortune to remain faithful to their creed and country. They enjoy both to-day, and their influence and counsels are most beneficial to the land of their adoption. I know from the best possible source that they are proud of their origin, and are not unmindful of the race from which they sprung, and the country for which their ancestors suffered, and from which they were exiled. In Austria there are still many distinguished men of Irish origin. The MacMahons, the MacNevins, O'Kellys of Augrem, the MacMurrys, Nugents, O'Connells, O'Connors, of Kerry, O'Reillys, Taaffes, O'Donnells, Walls of Kurrigman, Smith, MacGavan, etc. In the Irish Brigade there were Murphys and Morphys; General Count de Morphy, a most distinguished officer, was still in the army under Charles the Tenth. In France, in Spain, in Austria, and Russia, in every great country, those irrepressible Celts are coming to the front, as if to prove that valor and virtue are inherent in their race, and descends among them from sire to son. In France the O'Farrells, O'Briens, Swineys, Harty, de Piemebourg, MacDermotts, Grehans, Dillons, O'Gormans, O'Connors, Plunketts, Cantillons, O'Reillys, MacMahons, O'Kellys, etc., etc., figure in the army list of the present year. In fact, men of Irish descent are to be found in every profession, among the *élite* of the soldiers, statesmen, and legislators in Europe.

DIETING FOR HEALTH.—Dieting for health, says "Hall's Journal," has sent many a one to the grave, and will send many more, because it is done injudiciously or ignorantly. One man omits his dinner by a herculean effort, and thinking he has accomplished wonders, expects wonderful results, but by the time supper is ready he feels hungry as a dog, and eats like one, fast, furious, and long. Next day he is worse, and "don't believe in dieting" for the remainder of his life. Others set out to starve themselves into health, until the system is reduced so low that he has no power of resuscitation, and the man dies. To diet wisely does not imply a total abstinence from all food, but the taking of just enough, or of a quality adapted to the nature of the case. Loose bowels weaken very rapidly; total abstinence from all food increases the debility. In this case food should be taken, which, while it tends to arrest the disease, imparts nutriment and strength to the system. Resting on a bed, and eating boiled rice, after it has been parched like coffee, will cure three cases out of four of common diarrhœa in a day or two. Others think that in order to diet effectively, it is all-important to do without meat, but allow themselves the widest liberty in all else. But in many cases, in dyspeptic conditions of the system particularly, the course ought to be reversed, because meat is converted into nutriment with the expenditure of less stomach power than vegetables, while a given amount of work does three times as much good, gives three times as much nutriment and strength as vegetable food.

A COUNTRY paper calls the mother-in-law "the queen of terrors."

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

T. O'N. Russell.

THERE have been many books written about the antiquities of Ireland, but numerous as they are, they have left unnoticed fully five sixths of the monuments of the past which the observant traveller meets in almost every parish in the island. It seems strange that so many antiquarian remains should yet exist in Ireland, not the least mention of which is to be found in any one of the numerous books purporting to treat of Irish antiquities. Round towers and castles have been, as a rule, fully noticed and written about; but there exist classes of monuments, mostly of prehistoric times, that no writer has yet treated of except partially; these are raths, cromlechs, and stone fortresses. It is true that many of the latter have been noticed, especially those like Dun Aengus and Dun Connor in Arran Island, and the Stague fort in Kerry; but all through the West and Southwest of Ireland, there are hundreds of remains of Cyclopaen forts which no writer has as yet mentioned; and it is to bring under general notice, and thereby to try to prevent what remains of them from being utterly destroyed, that has prompted the writing of the present article.

The first thing that strikes an observant traveller in Ireland is the intensely antique appearance of the country. The crumbling castle, the rude cromlech, and the round, green rath meet his eye at almost every turn. Egypt alone excepted, the relics of the distant past are more striking in Ireland than perhaps in any other country in the world. England and France have, compared with Ireland, absolutely a modern appearance; travelling through them hardly differs from travelling through Illinois or Iowa; you come at long intervals to a well-preserved church, and you are astonished at being told it dates from the tenth century. England and France may be said to possess but two prominent monuments of the prehistoric past, and those are Stonehenge in Wiltshire, and Carnac in Brittany. In Ireland, almost every townland has its rath or round tower, cromlech or Cyclopaen fortress. So numerous are the raths that the name enters almost as largely as "Bally" into Irish nomenclature. Thousands of these raths have been obliterated. This is proved by the fact that there are multitudes of places in Ireland in the names of which the word "rath" occurs, such as Rathdearg, Rathmore, Rathbeg, etc., where not a vestige of a rath is now to be seen. In some parts of Ireland, the number of these ancient earthen fortifications is astonishing. Between Carrick-on-Shannon and the hill of Seemore, a distance of about four miles, there are the remains of between twenty and thirty. In parts of Leinster and Munster, they are nearly as numerous. Some are double fossed and some triple. They are generally in elevated situations, and invariably on dry ground. They are always round and of all sizes, from thirty feet to the fourth of a mile in diameter; Dun Aillin, in the county Kildare, being of the latter enormous dimensions. The finest rath in Ireland is unquestionably the one called the Giant's Ring, situated about four miles south of Belfast near the river Laggan, and in the townland of Edenderry. It contains six acres inside the earthen bulwarks, and is probably, next to Dun Aillin, the most stupendous work of the kind in Europe. The embankments are still more than twenty feet in height. Standing in its centre, no part of the surrounding country is visible, and the effect is really sublime, the vast green ramparts looking imposing enough to be the work of veritable giants. This magnificent earthen fortress is entirely prehistoric: nothing is known about the chief who built it, or the clan that occupied it; even its original Celtic name has been lost. That its erection dates from long previous to Christianity, is

proved by the fact that a cromlech or druid's altar still stands in its centre.

The largest earthen fortress in Ireland is Dun Aillin, situated about five miles from Newbridge in the county Kildare. It can hardly be less than twenty-five acres in interior area. It takes in the whole top of a hill called Knock Aillin; this hill must be four or five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commands one of the finest views in Ireland. Unlike the Giant's Ring, history is not silent as to the origin and building of Dun Aillin. It was built by a king of Leinster, some two thousand years ago, to guard his territories against his hereditary enemies, the men of the North. Like most of the fortresses of the same kind, there are no traces of stone buildings inside it, and it is reasonable to conclude that the houses which were within the enclosure were of wood or wicker work. This last description of building, although wholly unknown in Ireland at present, is often mentioned in Irish manuscripts, especially in the Brehon law tracts. The walls of such houses were made by placing two rows of stout poles in the earth at eight or ten inches apart, twisting withes between them, something in the way a large basket or turf "kish" would be made, and filling the space between the poles with mud. Such houses could be built in half the time and at a third of the expense necessary to build ones wholly of wood or of mud. In the rural districts of France and England, many houses of somewhat similar materials are to be seen, except that the wicker-work is omitted; but the wooden posts are visible at about two feet apart; all the rest of the wall is of mud. There can be little doubt that these mud and wicker-work houses were the general sort of building in vogue in Ireland in remote times, and it is a mistake to suppose that they could not be made to be very comfortable as well as very handsome. They used to be whitewashed, and roofed with boards, or thatched with straw or rushes.

Such must have been the style of houses that occupied the vast enclosure of Dun Aillin; for if there had been stone buildings in it, some remains of them would still exist. There are minute accounts of this royal stronghold in Irish manuscripts, and of the "kingly roads" which led to it One of these old roads still remains, but it is obliterated in the part close to the foot of the hill. No small confusion has arisen in Irish history and topography from the fact of there being *two* hills of Allen in the county Kildare, and only seven or eight miles apart. The hill nearest the town of Kildare is called by the inhabitants of the locality simply the Hill of Allen; while the hill on which the remains of the fortress are, is always called Knock Aillin. The Hill of Allen bears no trace of having been either fortified or used as a dwelling-place; and it seems probable that Knock Aillin served not only as a fortress for the Leinster kings, but in after-times as the stronghold of the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhal, general of the Fenians. John O'Donovan seems to have entertained this opinion, as appears in his unpublished letters written while employed on Griffith's survey. The publication of these letters would give great stimulus to the study of Irish archæology. There are thirty or forty volumes of them bound in manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, and they contain an amount of historic and topographical information more interesting than anything of the kind that has yet appeared in print. O'Donovan's letters about Knock Aillin are most interesting; he goes fairly into raptures as he describes the mighty fortress of Leinster, and writes one of the finest pieces of original Irish poetry on it that we remember ever to have seen; it commences, —

"Aoibhin an amharc ó ail Ailline,"
(Beautiful is the view from the rock Aillin,)

and winds up by declaring that the view from the hill, and the his-

toric associations it awakened, had made such an impression on him as time could not efface. The title the old bards and rhymers gave to this celebrated hill shows how great and strong a fortress they believed it to be; they called it "Almhuin riogha leathan mhóir Laigheann" (the great, broad, kingly Allin of Leinster).

In the Giant's Ring and Dun Aillin, and in fact in all the earthworks of the kind in Ireland, we find one object only aimed at, and that is defence. The mounds of earth, no matter how high they were, never could stop the foeman; they must, to be effectual, have been surmounted with a *chevaux de frise* of stout timbers: they would then be as impassable as stone walls of equal height. However, in places where stones are plenty, there are very few earthen fortifications to be met with; they are all of stone, with walls from six to nine feet thick. The number of the remains of these ancient stone forts still extant, especially in the West of Ireland, is astonishing. We will say something about them in a future number of this magazine.

VENGEANCE OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

The special correspondent of the "London Times" from St. Petersburg gives the outlines of the official reports of the law processes against the political offenders at Odessa. The sentences passed on the convicts are surpassing in their terrible severity, as well as subversive of all the principles of law and all the conditions of liberty. There were twenty-eight prisoners put on their trial, and the whole twenty-eight were found guilty on the general and indiscriminating indictment of having belonged to an illegal society. No further and no individual impeachment was brought against one gentleman, who has been already hung; against another of eighteen years of age, who has been condemned to twenty years of hard labor; against a lady of twenty-five, who has been condemned to fifteen years of hard labor; or against ten others, who have been condemned to hard labor for life. No overt acts were charged against any of these hapless and unfortunate victims, or against others on whom sentences of almost similar severity have been passed. In one case, that of a girl of fifteen, a special accusation was lodged; and that was that in July last, on the condemnation of Kovalski, she was heard to exclaim, "Kovalski is condemned to death!" It is very difficult to perceive wherein consisted the iniquity or the treason of the exclamation, and it is pretty certain that thousands of Russians uttered the same exclamation on the occasion. The imperial judges, however, with the instincts of a Jeffries or an Impey, found something diabolical in the utterance and punished it accordingly. For having said these few natural words, this child of fifteen has already spent thirteen months in the common jail; and she is now to join the chained gangs of thieves and profligates, and wear out her life in their contaminating society in the prison wastes of Siberia. The Cossack knout will never be far from her, whether she be vile or strives to resist the vileness that surrounds her. Why had not her brutal judges humanity enough to kill her?

Forty Sisters of various orders in New York have spent the school vacation in learning the Kindergarten system, with a view of introducing it into schools for very young children. To learn the system thoroughly requires a long time, and if the learner is not in sympathy with children, is judicial in tone, and relies too much upon discipline, she can never succeed in teaching what she has learned. The system is founded upon love and kindness, and no one can make it beneficial who does not enter upon the work from a love for it and a love for children. Corporal punishment is never inflicted.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

McGee's Weekly.

THE 8th of October, 1845, is a memorable day in the annals of English Catholicity. A letter written from Littlemore, Oxford, on that date lies before us, and runs as follows: "I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist. He is a simple, holy man, and, withal, gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention, but I mean to ask of him admission into the one fold of Christ." These simple words, written in firm round characters (the same hand's penmanship, after the lapse of five-and-thirty years, is still clear, though time has made it a trifle angular and cramped), were of far greater import than is easily told. They intimated that the University of Oxford was to lose one who had graduated brilliantly, held high office, and lived all his mature life within her walls; that the greatest religious movement of the times — outside the Catholic Church — was at last deserted by one who, more than any other, had created it, and whose leadership alone could save it from disorganization; that the young men of the University would henceforth miss from among them the Titan in whom they could see, as Montalembert saw in Lacordaire, "one predestined to all that youth most loves and adores, — genius and glory"; and that "an awful pause" had fallen on the pulpit, whence a gentle voice, on which its hearers, who were the hope of England, had been wont to hang, would sound no more forever. They announced to the Protestant world a secession, from the blow of which, after the lapse of nearly forty years, one prime minister, Lord Beaconsfield, says that "the Anglican Church still reels"; and another, Mr. Gladstone, that it has "never yet been estimated at anything like the full amount of its calamitous importance." And they foretold for the Catholic Church in England the advent of a "second spring," in which a multitude of persons would make the words of Father Faber's dedication their own, and hail the solitary figure who thus unaffectedly chronicles his passage from the City of Confusion to the City of God as "their most dear Father to whom they owe the faith of the church, the grace of the sacraments, and much more that love knows and feeds on though it cannot tell in words, but which the Last Day will show." For he who wrote them was John Henry Newman, in old days Fellow of Oriel, and Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, now the father of the Birmingham Oratory, and a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

To the distinguished proselyte himself, his conversion involved a change less of internal religious conviction than of outward circumstance of life. He was, in truth, forced to leave "much that he loved and prized, and could have retained, but that he loved honesty better than name, and truth more than many dear friends"; to go forth from the University where he had taken the snapdragon growing on the walls opposite his rooms to be the emblem of his perpetual residence there, "even unto death," and to find a home among those who knew him not. But as for his religious belief, it had gradually gone through such steadily progressive stages, until it found its final Anglican expression in "Tract XC.," which was practically a Catholic interpretation of the Protestant Articles, that he has been able to record: "I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor; but," he adds, "it was like coming into port after a rough sea, and my happiness, on that score, remains to this day without interruption." Elsewhere he says: "From the time I became a Catholic I have had no anxiety of heart whatever; I have been in perfect peace and contentment."

It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give more than the merest outlines of the career of Cardinal Newman. Born in London on the 21st of February, 1801, he was the son of a partner in the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., and was one of a family of six. Of these, Francis Newman, the celebrated Deist, is four years his junior; and though, in matters of religion, as Mr. Justin M'Carthy finely says, "Fate dealt with those brothers as with the two friends in Richter's story: it seized their bleeding hearts and flung them different ways," they resemble each other at least in this, that they both possess the personal charm which evokes from their disciples the homage, not merely of reverence, but of love. Beginning his education at Ealing School, John Henry Newman proceeded in due time to Oxford, where, at the age of nineteen, he graduated B. A., taking high classical honors as a member of Trinity, a college that has always been dear to him, and that, only a year ago, renewed the link between itself and its illustrious son by electing him to a Fellowship. In 1822 he became Fellow of Oriel, and, taking Anglican Orders two years later, he was first curate of St. Clement, then vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. In 1825 he became vice-principal of St. Albans Hall, and in the following year tutor of his college.

All this time his religious opinions had been undergoing a transformation. Delighting, as a child, in the study of Scripture, at the age of fourteen the spirit of inquiry was already awakened in him; he read Tom Paine's tracts against the Old Testament; and to a copy of Voltaire's verses, disputing the immortality of the soul, he appended the words, "How dreadful, but how plausible!" His boyhood was brought under no Catholic influence, and yet, singularly enough, he formed the habit of crossing himself when he went into the dark; and when, in later life, he turned over the pages of his first Latin verse-book, written at the age of ten, he was astonished to find among his scrawls the effigy of a cross and a rosary. How, at the age of fifteen, he was suddenly touched with the consciousness of a great moral and even intellectual change, and felt fully persuaded that it was the will of God he should live the life of a celibate; how the Calvinistic views, to which he adhered for many years, gave place in time to a warmer creed; how in conversation with a friend, while walking round Christ Church meadows, in 1823, he became convinced of the doctrine of apostolic succession; then, later on, caught the conception of a Visible Church; and how his endeavor in "Tract XC." to reconcile the prerogatives of that Infallible Church with those of the Anglican Communion was condemned as an evasive interpretation of Protestantism; then, finally, how, at the age of forty-four, he joined those with whom he had once wished to be "better strangers the longer he lived," and submitted to the pope, whom he had for years regarded as Antichrist,—all this is told at length in that masterly piece of self-analysis, the "History of my Religious Opinions," an immortal work, called forth by circumstances which it is perhaps time, in the presence of death, that we should generously forget.

When Pius IX. ascended the papal throne, one of his first acts was to summon the great proselyte to his presence; and the Roman correspondent of the "Daily News" of that date, the brilliant Father Prout, records: "On the evening of October 28, 1846, Mr. Newman, accompanied by Mr. Ambrose St. John, entered the Eternal City. Next morning the ex-Anglican's first impulse was to pay his homage at the tomb of the Apostles, when as chance would have it, Pius IX. was in the act of realizing the lines of Scott's ballad: —

'The pope he was saying his High, High Mass
All at St. Peter's shrine.'

Their interview occurred in the crypt or subterranean sanctuary, the oldest

portion of the Basilica." The pontiff, after telling the pilgrim — who, by the way, had kissed the soil of the Holy City in token of his loyalty to its ruler — to send to England for his companions, formed them into an oratory, and arranged that they should take possession of chambers in the Monastery of Sta. Croce until their reordination in the Church of Rome. "And thus it came to pass," said Father Newman, some years ago, in a sermon at Birmingham, "that on my return to England I was able to associate myself with others who had not gone to Rome, till we were so many in number that not only did we establish our own oratory here, whither the pope had specially sent us, but we found we could throw off from us a colony of zealous and able priests into the metropolis, and establish there, with the powers with which the pope had furnished me, and the sanction of the late cardinal, that oratory which has done and still does so much good among the Catholics of London."

At Birmingham the great Father has remained ever since, with the exception of the period — 1854 to 1858 — when he presided as rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, and with shorter absences — few and far between — when the claims of duty or of friendship have called him to the firesides of friends, or to other centres of life and thought. Such was his visit to London at the time of the famous Achilli trial, and at the opening of the London Oratory in 1849, when, among the listeners to his inaugural sermon, Mr. Gladstone might have been observed, doing his best to remain *incognito*, in the background; and again in 1872, when he spent a few days with his old friend, Dr. Church, at the deanery of St Paul's. In the following year he attended the funeral of another old friend, Henry Wilberforce, at the Dominican Monastery, Woodchester, where, on being led like a child to the pulpit, he stood covering his face with his hands until he had mastered his emotion sufficiently to steady his voice. and say "how much he loved his dear brother, who had left his pleasant home, and his friends, and all that he held dear, to become" — here the father fairly broke down, but presently lifting up his head, finished — "a fool, for Christ's sake." More lately he has been to Oxford to receive the fellowship to which his old college elected him; and he has paid brief visits to Lord Blachford, Mrs. William Froude, and other friends. But as far as it is practicable, he is a recluse: not in any narrow or selfish sense of that word, for his unclouded vision goes forth from the cell at Birmingham and follows the affairs of the church of his country, and all of the world, with a keenly interested intelligence; and although severed from those who were dear to him as his own soul in the past, his affections are still warm, sensitive, and active as ever, surrounded as he is by fathers and friends, his brethren in religion, who, as he himself tells us in the *Apologia*, "have been so tender to him, with whom he has lived so long, with whom he hopes to die." Nor are they less devoted to their superior because they belong to a generation younger than his own; for when, some three years ago, the hand of death struck Ambrose St John, whom the father had described as "the link between his old life and his new," he wrote in a letter to a friend that it seemed as if, like his great patron St. John, he was to be left until the last. But though he has lived in retirement, he has none the less been a leader of men; and when we remember that, but for the comparative leisure which his seclusion affords, the "Grammar of Assent," and, above all, the ever-memorable "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," might never have been penned, we can hardly find it in our hearts to regret that he missed the mitre which many years ago seemed destined for him, and even that the scheme of founding an oratory at Oxford — for which his friends subscribed and actually bought land — fell through

from the opposition of those who had more influence at Rome than he. Nor because they have never seen his face is he one whit the less loved and revered by the thousands to whom his name is "especially dear and precious," and who thrilled with joy when, a few weeks ago, they heard the happy intelligence that Pope Leo XIII. had increased the obligations of English Catholics to the Holy See, and had set the stamp of his august approval on the writings and the character of John Henry Newman, by nominating him to the highest dignity in his gift.

THE CARDINAL AT THE IRISH UNIVERSITY.

To His Eminence Cardinal Newman:

May it please Your Eminence, — At a time when you are receiving the congratulations of Catholics from all parts of the world on your elevation to the dignity of cardinal, we trust that you will not think it presumptuous in us to express the joy and pride with which we have heard of that elevation. The club on whose behalf we address you is formed mainly of ex-students of the Catholic University of Ireland, over which you once presided, and it was founded with the object of discussing and taking action upon questions bearing on the welfare of that university. In the humble efforts which from time to time we have made for the advancement of the university education of Irish Catholics, we have found in your writings a never-failing counsel and guidance, and we therefore feel we may with especial fitness avail ourselves of this opportunity to tender to you the expression of our gratitude, respect, and veneration.

As students of the Catholic University of Ireland, we can never forget that the "Lectures on the Scope and Nature of University Education" were delivered in our halls and by our rector. When you came to Ireland to undertake the rectorship of the newly founded Catholic University, the Catholics of this country, owing to their having been for three centuries excluded from all share in the advantages of higher education, had no traditions to guide them in forming a correct estimate of what a university ought to be. Your great work, which we may justly call our charter, has supplied the place of those traditions; and, thanks to it, the Irish people have realized what a true university should be, and what inestimable benefits a National Catholic University could confer upon Ireland.

It is not as Irishmen only, but also as Catholics, that we owe you gratitude for your teaching in our university. You have shown that education is a field in which both clergy and laity can work together harmoniously and without jealousy for a common object, and in which both have duties and both have rights; and in establishing this, you, as it appears to us, have rendered valuable assistance to the Catholic Church in her great struggle for freedom of education throughout the world.

In one of the noblest passages in English literature you have proclaimed your sympathy with our country's past and your hope in the promise of her future. Seeking a fitting site for a university, you say of our country, "I look towards a land both old and young; old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night and which will have an inevitable day." And you proceed to prophesy for our university a glorious destiny to be attained in the future, "when its first founders and servants are dead and gone." It is our earnest hope that you, the most illustrious of our founders, may yet live to see your prophecy at least in part fulfilled.

It was during your rectorship that the chair of Irish history and archæology was founded in our university, and that a professor of those subjects was first appointed in Ireland; and to your encouragement and practical sympathy, as warmly testified by Professor O'Curry, was due the preparation by him of those lectures on Irish history and antiquities which are among the most honorable records of what the university has already done.

We venture to ask your acceptance of the "National Manuscripts of Ireland," a work edited by a distinguished Irish scholar, in the hope that it may serve to remind you of the efforts which you made to foster Irish studies in our university, and that it may thus be to you a pleasing memento of your labors in an institution in which your name will ever be mentioned with veneration and love.

In conclusion, we beg to tender to you our respectful congratulations upon the exalted dignity to which it has pleased the holy father to raise you, and to express our earnest hope that you may long be spared to serve the church of which you are so illustrious an ornament.

George Sigerson,
Joseph E. Kenny,
Gerald Griffin,
P. J. O'Connor,
Michael Boyd,
George Fottrell, Jr.,
Charles Dawson,
John Dillon,
Committee.
H. J. Gill,
William Dillon,
Honorable Secretaries.

Dublin, July, 1879.

Cardinal Newman in reply said: "Gentlemen, in thanking you for the address of congratulation which you have done me the honor of presenting to me, I am led especially to express to you the pleasurable wonder I have felt on receiving its separate portions

as they have succeeded one another, and on my collecting my thoughts upon them at the minute, and the friendly diligence with which you have brought together and arranged before me whatever could be turned to my praise during the years in which I filled the distinguished and important post of rector of your Catholic University. I know well, or if this is presumptuous to say, I sincerely believe that a desire to serve Ireland was the ruling motive of my writings and doings while I was with you. How could I have any other? What right-minded Englishman could think of his country's conduct towards you in times past without indignation and shame and remorse? How could any such man but earnestly desire (should his duty take him to Ireland) to be able to offer her some small service in expiation of the crimes which his own people in former times committed there? This wish I believe ruled me; but the fact that I had done any great thing during my seven years has never come to me, nor have I had by me any tale of efforts made, or of any success gained on your behalf, such as I might produce supposing I was asked how I had spent my time, and what I had done while rector of the university. I cannot, then, deny that, diffident as I have ever been in retrospect of any outcome of my work in Ireland, it has been a great satisfaction to me, and a perfect consolation, to find from you and others that I have a right to think that these years were not wasted, and that the sovereign pontiff did not send me to Ireland for nothing. There is another thought which your address suggested to me, namely, that as I look to the years which I was in Ireland, I have, as it would seem, good hope, after all, that I had my share of success. Now, we must none of us be discouraged if during the twenty years which have elapsed since, we have had so many difficulties, and a success not commensurate with them. The greater is the work, the longer it takes to accomplish it. You, indeed, gentlemen, are not the persons to be accused of want of courage; but zealous men, though not discouraged, may be disappointed. Let us all, then, recollect that our cause is sure to succeed eventually, because it is manifestly just, and next, because it has the blessing of the Holy See. We must be contented with small successes if we cannot secure greater ones, and we shall gain our objects only surely if we resign ourselves to a progress which is gradual."

NEWMAN AND DISRAELI.

An interesting incident is recalled by the honor which has been bestowed upon Dr. Newman, relating to the new cardinal and the present premier of England. On most Saturday afternoons in the last of the first decade of the present century, two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the grounds of Bloomsbury Square, London. The boys, both natives of the square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long black, glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity; the other was grave in demeanor, wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called "old-fashioned." He was of pure English race and Puritanical family. The names of the children denoted these differences as much as their appearances. The one was Benjamin Disraeli, the other John Newman. Sixty-eight years have passed since then, and much has happened in the mean time, but nothing more wonderful than that the handsome little Jew boy should become a Christian and prime minister of Protestant England, and the Puritan lad a Catholic and a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

PERSONNEL OF THE CARDINAL.

A Roman correspondent writes: "A little old man, slightly stooping, with gray hair and a beautiful and gentle

expression of countenance. The large Roman nose, the kindly gray eyes, the repose of the face, — all so well known in numberless portraits and busts, — told us at once that there was the celebrated writer, the clear thinker, the profound theologian, John Henry Newman. Here he was, with his seventy-eight years on his shoulders, come to Rome to receive the highest honor that the church can bestow upon her faithful priests, the honor of being enrolled amongst the Princes of the Church; and assuredly, he came not in the guise of a temporal prince. A black overcoat, a tall hat with considerable breadth of brim, on the back of his head, constituted the portions of his attire upon which the eye first rested. His travelling trunk was a small, brown, well-worn leather portmanteau; an overcoat and a stick and umbrella formed the remnant of his goods. He was accompanied by one of the fathers of the Birmingham Oratory."

THE BENEFIT OF LAUGHTER. — There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by a good hearty laugh. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus tending to insure good health to the person who indulges therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason, every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

THIS is the season of the year when venerable hens enter their second childhood, and are broiled for spring chickens.

"I CEDE ONLY TO FORCE."

PIUS IX.'s brief and memorable answer to Victor Emmanuel's elaborate epistle, entreating his Holiness to give up the temporal power, was as follows: —

"*Your Majesty*, — The Count Ponza di San Martino has consigned to me a letter which your Majesty has been pleased to address to me, but it is not worthy of an affectionate son, who boasts himself a professor of the Catholic Church, and who glories in a kingly loyalty. I will not enter into the particulars of that letter, not to renew the pain the first reading occasioned me. But I bless God, who has suffered your Majesty to fill with bitterness the last period of my life. For the rest, I cannot admit the demands of your letter, nor accept the principles contained therein. I address myself to God, and place my cause in His hands, for it is entirely His. I pray Him to concede abundant grace to your Majesty, and to deliver you from evil. — Pius P. P. IX."

Miss Godkin, in her recently published Life of King Victor Emmanuel, evidences the greatest admiration for the character of the late pope. When the last acre of his temporal possessions was taken from him, as she says, "he bore the blow with wonderful fortitude." He was a brave old man, and strong in the faith that his cause was just. He never yielded an inch. "I cede only to force."

A PETITE, blue-eyed maiden, who was nursing her fifth Christmas doll, and listening to her mother and some female friends talking about broils and divorces, created rather a pleasant sensation by remarking, "Well, ma, I'm never going to marry. I'm going to be a widow."

ONE of the problems which puzzle a musician is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demi-semiquaver.

ENGLISH AND IRISH FREEMASONS AND THEIR FOREIGN BROTHERS.

THEIR SYSTEM, OATHS, CEREMONIES, SECRETS, GRIPS, SIGNS, AND PASS-WORDS.

CHAPTER I.

Irish and English freemasons are one and the same with freemasons throughout the world, in origin and organization, in heart, spirit, and principle, but excelling them in craftiness and hypocrisy. Amongst our Irish freemasons we count our gracious Lord Lieutenant, our Lord Mayor, some of our most just judges, our most unbiassed grand jurors, some of our professional and mercantile fellow citizens, as well as money lenders and takers. Likewise, we have industrious officials who live by public taxation, and occasionally take a turn on the Continent for the good of their health, with little public residues; not that they meant anything dishonest (they were too kind and hospitable for that), but simply they lived beyond their means, or signed a bill for a friend, or perhaps were not of a strictly business-like turn of mind, and their accounts ran over a little to one side and that to their own advantage, not that of the public, — doubtless through ignorance of business matters It is an enigma to the human understanding without the assistance of masonic light, how it is that these city treasurers, town clerks, workhouse masters, mendicity officials, railway officers, etc., never make mistakes on any side but the one; or how it is that very clever business men, who would make no allowance for the least mistake or defalcation of one of their own subordinates in their pawn-office, or millinery or medical establishment, suddenly become most liberal-minded, charitable, and benevolent, as well as eloquent, whenever there is question of public money. Perhaps the solution is to be found in the clause repeated in each masonic oath: "I swear that I will never wrong a brother mason of a penny, nor suffer him to be wronged. I will give him timely notice of all danger that threatens him. I will not speak any evil nor suffer it to be spoken of a brother mason behind his back." And again, "I will espouse his cause so far as to extricate him from same, whether he be right or wrong!" Hence, when a mason takes Irish money to a foreign exchange market (for the public advantage, of course), a brother mason of the corporation, workhouse, bank, or local board stands up and asserts in his universal masonic charity that "it was all a slight weakness and mistake, and nothing to make a fuss about." And hence, we frequently come upon cases, where strange deeds are done, the doers of which are not to be found. Freemasons, here with us, are most innocent, upright, charitable, and benevolent fellow-citizens and countrymen Some are even remarkable for piety; and we have in their rank and file, Bible and prayer-readers, long-faced moralists and Sunday-closers, as well as dark-eyed Israelites, from money-lenders to clothes-lenders, — a kind of masonic Noah's Ark, of clean and unclean, typified in one of their own degrees, where they take the name of "Noachites."

Irish and English freemasons pretend, and wish to persuade their fellow-countrymen (the "*cowans*" and uninitiated), that theirs is a purely benevolent and praiseworthy society, and that they have nothing to do with the villanies and atrocities of their continental brethren, from which our love of law and order naturally recoils; and that they are one in name only, not in rules or spirit. In this and the following chapters I hope to prove that they are not only one in name, but likewise one in rules and principles. There is a good old Irish proverb, "Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are." Many of our judges and magistrates and guardians of the peace, who are very much shocked and horrified when they have to deal with a suspected Fenian or

Ribbonman, yet are themselves members, and high officials too, of a secret society, more bloodthirsty, more revolutionary, and more irreligious, than any society of *mere Irish* origin could possibly be. They are the sworn brothers of the most blasphemous, unprincipled, and revolutionary miscreants that can or could be found in the known world, civilized or uncivilized.

This connection and brotherhood and identity I will prove: firstly, from their account of the foundations of those foreign lodges by England; secondly, from their own official calendars, which give the names of their elected representatives at and from these foreign lodges; * thirdly, from the fact of their official quarterly correspondence with these foreign lodges; and lastly, from their own declarations in their writings, their oaths, and masonic speeches.

All loyal brother masons will admit that English, Irish, and Scotch freemasons are one, — a sweet rose, shamrock, and thistle nosegay of brotherhood, John, Patrick, and Andrew united together in a society of purely benevolent purpose, to help distressed brothers, their widows and orphans, provided it could be done without "material injury to self or family." From the following facts the reader will learn how British freemasonry has been the root and cradle of the freemasonry of the world. They are quoted word for word from the "Lexicon of Freemasonry," written by Dr. Mackey, Grand Secretary and Grand Lecturer, Grand Lodge of South Carolina, Secretary-General, Supreme Council thirty-third degree, for southern jurisdiction, United States, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of South Carolina; fourth edition, published in London, 1869, and revised by Donald Campbell, compiler of the Scottish Masonic Calendar.

France. — Organized freemasonry in France dates its existence from the year 1743. In 1735 the lodges of Paris had petitioned the Grand Lodge of England for the establishment of a provincial Grand Lodge, which, on political grounds, England refused, as the Earl of Derwentwater, the celebrated Jacobite, who was afterwards beheaded for adhesion to the house of Stuart, was then the Grand Master of the six lodges in Paris, and many others in the provincial towns. In 1743 the Count de Clermont was elected Grand Master; and in this year England granted the warrant, and the first grand provincial lodge of France was constituted under the name of "The Grand English Lodge of France" (Grande Loge Anglaise de France). On the 24th of December, 1771, it united with a later foundation, and both united took the present title of "The Grand Orient of France."

Germany. — In 1733 the Grand Lodge of England granted a charter to eleven German masons in Hamburg to establish a lodge. In 1738 another lodge was established in Brunswick, by a charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and under its authority. This lodge, which was called "The Three Gloves," united with the lodges of "The Three White Eagles" and "The Three Swans" to organize, in 1741, a Grand Lodge, the first established in Germany. This Grand Lodge still exists, and has under its jurisdiction eighty-eight subordinate lodges. There is another Grand Lodge at Brunswick, which was established in 1768, by the Grand Lodge of England and which is considered as the Metropolitan Grand Lodge of Germany. It has under its jurisdiction *fifty-three subordinate lodg s.*

Prus ia. — The Royal York Grand Lodge of Prussia is situated at Berlin. It was established as a subordinate lodge in 1752. In 1765 it initiated the Duke of York, and under his patronage it assumed the name of "Royal York in Friendship." In 1840 it had under its jurisdiction

* Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar: G. Kenning, London. Irish Masonic Calendar: Underwood, Dublin.

twenty-seven lodges. The "Grand Lodge of the Three Globes" was founded in 1740, and has under its jurisdiction one hundred and seventy-seven lodges. There are now in Prussia three Grand Lodges, "The Three Globes," "The Royal York," and "The National" which was founded in 1770 by a warrant from the Grand Lodge of England. Every lodge in Prussia derives its warrant from one of these Grand Lodges.* (How great a man is that learned doctor who, in the Grand Lodge of Dublin, represents all these grand lodges of brethren of Bismarck, that true and sincere friend of civil and religious liberty! Oh, for masonic liberty, equality, and fraternity!)

Belgium. — In 1721 the Grand Lodge of England constituted the lodge of "Perfect Union" at Mons, and in 1730 another at Ghent. The former was afterward erected into a Grand Lodge. The present Grand Orient of Belgium has its seat at Brussels (and is a credit to England, the prolific mother of foreign freemasonry).

Holland. — The first lodge established in Holland was at the Hague, in 1731, under the warrant of the Grand Lodge of England, when the Earl of Chesterfield initiated the Duke of Tuscany, afterwards Francis I., Emperor of Germany. The National Grand Lodge has now at least seventy lodges under its jurisdiction.

Denmark. — The Grand Lodge of Denmark was instituted in 1743. It derived its existence from the Grand Lodge of Scotland. It is situated at Copenhagen.

Sweden. — Freemasonry arose in Sweden in 1754, under the charter of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The Grand Lodge is at Stockholm.

Russia. — An English lodge was established at St. Petersburg in 1740, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of England, and masonry soon afterwards began to increase with great rapidity throughout the empire. In 1772 the Grand Lodge of England established a provincial grand mastership, and lodges were constituted successively at Moscow, Riga, Jassy, and in various parts of Courtland.

Poland. — Freemasonry was revived in Poland in 1781, under the auspices of the Orient of France, which owes its origin to English freemasonry.

Bohemia. — Freemasonry was instituted in Bohemia in 1749, by the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

Switzerland. — In 1737 the Grand Lodge of England granted a patent to Sir George Hamilton, by authority of which he instituted a provincial Grand Lodge at Geneva. (England may well be proud of her *protégés*, the Swiss freemasons, whose brotherly and benevolent love of civil and religious liberty was admirably exemplified in their treatment of the cantons which differed from them in religion.)

Italy. — The first lodge in this country was established in Florence in 1733, by Lord Charles Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset.

Spain. — The first lodge established in Spain was in 1726, at Gibraltar.

A very high Protestant dignitary and Indian missionary said publicly a short time ago, that "if the English were to be driven out to-morrow from India, they would leave one track behind in the habit of drunkenness forced upon the native population against their Mohammedan oath." And if England were blotted from the map of Europe to-morrow, she would leave one track behind her, — the cloven footprint of masonry. So closes the list of countries of Europe, but that footprint is to be found traversing every portion of the known world.

Asia. — Freemasonry was introduced into India in 1728, by Sir George Pomfret, who established a lodge in Calcutta. In 1779 the English had established a lodge in almost every town in Hindostan, and in all the English settlements of Asia Minor. The lodges are under the jurisdiction generally of the Grand Lodge of England.

* See Appendix.

Africa. — England has established lodges in many towns and islands in and about Africa.

Oceanica. — From 1828 England has established lodges at Sydney, Paramatta, Melbourne, and in many other English colonies.

America. — The first account we have of freemasonry in the United States is in 1729, and it tells us of the grand mastership of the Duke of Norfolk, during which time Mr. Daniel Cox was appointed provincial Grand Master for New Jersey, and lodges were instituted in Mexico and Texas under charters from different Grand Lodges in the United States. In the year 1733 the "St. John's Grand Lodge" was opened in Boston by a charter granted by Viscount Montacute, Grand Master of England. Thus America, as well as Europe, Asia, and Oceanica, owes its greatest curse to England — the curse of freemasonry.

Secondly.—I will prove this intimate connection and identification with foreign masons from their own official calendars, printed by their own masonic printers, portions of which are subjoined at the end of these articles. This calendar is printed for the use of the craft in Ireland and England. From the Irish almanac or calendar we learn, in the first place, that there are in the Grand Lodge of Dublin fifteen elected official representatives of foreign Grand Lodges, each of these lodges being a separate organizing centre and governing power of freemasonry in those countries. Each has under its authority, on an average, from fifty to a hundred subordinate lodges which swear obedience to it. For masons swear, as one of the tenets of the oath of each degree, that they will support the constitution and authority of the Grand Lodge and Royal Arch Chapter, and that they will not take part in the proceedings of any lodge not duly authorized by the Royal Arch Chapter. For instance, the Right Worshipful Philip C. Smyly, M. D., Merrion Square, represents in Ireland the three Grand Lodges of Prussia, the "Three Globes," the "Grand York in Friendship," and "The Three Countries." These three Grand Lodges superintend and rule all the masonic lodges of Prussia, some two or three hundred. In the fifteen I include the name of the late Dr. Ringland, who died a few months ago, and who was, in the Grand Dublin Chapter, the representative of the Royal Arch Chapter of New York. I suppose that the fraternity has filled up the vacancy left by this good brother, who, according to the belief of his Belgian brothers, organized by the Grand Lodge of England, has, notwithstanding all his good works, "passed into the eternal nothingness which follows death."

In the second place, this calendar tells us that Irish masons have nineteen representatives at these foreign lodges. If there is no connection with those foreign masons, why should there be nineteen men to represent Irish masons in their Royal Arch Chapters and Grand Lodges?

At the Grand Orient of Italy (the Arch Chapter of Mazzini and of Garibaldi) they have the Right Worshipful Francis C. Scovazzo, by their own appointment, to represent them in that cradle and nest of assassins, vampires, and blasphemers. At the Grand Lodge of Prussia, called "The Three Globes," they have the Right Worshipful Count of Wartensleben as their representative. At the second Grand Lodge of Prussia, called the "Three Countries," they have the Right Worshipful Rev. Robert Palmie. At the third Grand Lodge of Prussia, called the "Royal York in Friendship," they have the Right Worshipful Carl F. W. E. Fickert. And so on to the end of the list.

Thirdly. — We find in the same calendar (page 15) that quarterly communications are carried on with these foreign lodges on the first Monday in March, June, September, and December. If there is no connection or solidarity, why do Irish masons correspond with these foreign masons once in every three months? Is it to

ascertain the state of the moon, or what time it may be by the sun of masonry? And, with all this, they have the effrontery to stand up before their honest and religious countrymen, and say that they have no connection with these foreign conspirators, murderers, robbers, and enemies of God and man. Official hypocrites! Like Pilate, they wash their hands, and declare themselves innocent of just blood!

Lastly, the connection and solidarity of Irish and English masons with their foreign brothers may be proved from their own speeches and from their own masonic oaths.

In the lecture to the Entered Apprentice, given in the "Masonic Manual" (page 12), the Worshipful Master says: "In a society so widely extended as that of freemasonry, whose branches are spread over the four divisions of the globe, it cannot be denied that we have many members of rank and influence, as likewise many reduced to poverty, whom we must assist." Again, the Royal Arch Mason says, "I am a citizen of the world, and a brother of every worthy mason."

Each separate oath of each separate degree teaches masons to swear that they will help poor masons, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed throughout the world, if possible to do so without material injury to self and family.

"The Lexicon" (to which I have already alluded), under the head of "Persecutions of the Order of Freemasons," shows England as exercising this universal masonic charity, and coming promptly to the rescue of suffering brethren, "wherever scattered over the globe." "In Tuscany," says the "Lexicon," "the persecutions were unremitting." A man named Crudeli was arrested at Florence, thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and finally sentenced to a long imprisonment, on the charge of having furnished an asylum to a masonic lodge. The Grand Lodge of England, upon learning the circumstances, obtained his enlargement, and sent him pecuniary assistance. In Portugal, at Lisbon, John Coustos, a native of Switzerland, was very severely punished for practising the rites of masonry. He, with two companions of his reputed crime, was sentenced to the galleys, but was finally released by the interposition of the English ambassador. . . . In 1748 the Divan at Constantinople caused a masonic lodge to be demolished, its jewels and furniture seized, and its members arrested. They were discharged by the interposition of the English minister, but the government prohibited the introduction of the order into Turkey. This was very ignominious treatment for the noble and benevolent order of freemasonry; but Turkey must have changed its mind since 1748, apparently through English interposition, for we find in the "Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar" for this year, that there are in Constantinople eight lodges "hailing from the Grand Lodge of England"; one Grand Lodge hailing from Ireland; one Grand Lodge hailing from Scotland; one Rose Croix Chapter hailing from England; one Royal Arch Chapter hailing from England, both at Constantinople; and two Royal Arch Chapters hailing from Scotland, one in Smyrna, and the other in Constantinople.

This union of heart and spirit must have been very vividly before the eyes of his Grace the Duke of Abercorn, when, on the occasion of his late installation as Grand Master of the freemasons of Ireland, he alluded in such moving terms to the death of his worshipful predecessor, the Duke of Leinster. "It was a loss," he said, "which not only the freemasons of Ireland, but every brother of the craft throughout the world, has cause to regret. Freemasonry," goes on his Right Worshipful Grace, "has not been confined to any denomination or sect, but as a widely spread community for the extension of human sym-

pathy and human brotherhood, it has been the means of embracing men of *all nations* and of all creeds in one common bond of amity" (as is beautifully exemplified in the Orangemen of the North of Ireland, and the Communists of Paris). Here the Grand Master of Irish Freemasons, whose assertions we are too loyal to question, *declares the fraternity to be one all over the world.* The long list of representatives of foreign lodges, gathered in the Freemasons' Hall on that great day, certainly leaves no room for doubt as to the strong spirit of brotherhood which unites the myriads of freemasons throughout the world.

This complete unity and consolidation is still further proved from the accounts given of the installation of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the English Freemasons. There, too, great numbers of foreign representatives (for England has nineteen) assembled; but besides them, special deputations assembled from, and addresses poured in from Italy, France, Sweden, and others. A few quotations from the Italian address, which appeared in the "Times." April 29, 1875, may serve as an example. The first few words were given in the original Italian, perhaps because we are not yet prepared to find the heir-apparent to the throne addressed in open day by these sons of revolution, and that address headed by the hated watchwords, Liberty! Equality! and Fraternity! It was as follows: —

"Universal Freemasonry! Italian Community! Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!
Grand Orient of Masonry in Italy
and the Italian Colonies

TO

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES,

Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England.

"May it please your Royal Highness to permit the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Italy to unite the heartfelt applause of all our Italian brethren to that of our beloved brethren of England, who hail the elevation of their puissant Grand Master as one of the most auspicious and most memorable events of Universal Masonry. By this event English masonry, which has already deserved so well of universal humanity" [by founding in every country of the known world nests of vipers to rend the bosom that nursed them] "will acquire fresh titles to the gratitude and admiration of the civilized world. Italian masonry, therefore, rejoices at this new lustre shed upon our world-wide institution, and sincerely prays that between the two masonic communities may be drawn even more closely those fraternal ties which, through want of that official recognition which we venture to hope will soon be effected, have always bound us to our English brethren, whose profound intelligence and unwearying activity we constantly appreciate and seek to follow.

"Accept, then, your Royal Highness," etc.

The "official recognition" soon crowned the hopes of these gentle Italian brethren, as we may read from the following announcement of the "Times" (19th July, 1875): "Italian and English freemasons. The announcement was made on Saturday, at the consecration of a new lodge, named after the Princess of Wales, at the Alexandra Palace, that His Royal Highness, the Grand Master of English freemasons, had given *official recognition* to the Grand Orient of Italy, and the announcement was received with warm applause by the large body of eminent freemasons assembled on the occasion."

I may add that after the ceremony of his installation, his most Worshipful Highness appointed Brother Wendt to be secretary for *German correspondence.* What can be the duties of such a secretary, if there be no connection or solidarity between English and German freemasons?

As an example of how his Royal Highness exercised that universal masonic charity to which he had pledged himself, we may recall to mind a fact which occurred in connection with his late homeward journey from India. The Prince of Wales had consented to lay the foundation-stone of a Catholic orphanage in Catholic Malta. The Maltese masons desired to assist their royal brother, and prepared their banners, etc., for the occasion. The public know the rest. How, when the Catholic bishop objected to a display of masonic honors, the prince, like a true and loyal mason, refused to lay the stone. "Freemasons do not mix

in religious matters," but still "a mason anywhere is a mason everywhere." And the prince went on to more congenial Gibraltar, to lay the first stone of a new market-place, with flying masonic colors. Is it a part of princely masonic benevolence to honor cattle more than Christian children?

To quote a little more from masonic phraseology on this subject, and then leave it for further elucidation in the facts stated in my other chapters: "A mason finds in every clime a home, and in every land a brother." "The Lexicon of Freemasonry" (page 357) tells us of travelling warrants, of constitutions granted to lodges, generally those attached to regiments of the British army, empowering them to remove their lodge and to open it and transact business in any part of the world; and it goes on to give proofs where these lodges were received with open arms by other countries, even by enemies in time of war. Likewise, masonic lodges are in form of an oblong square, and its points called after the points of the globe, so as to typify that masonry is boundless and universal, comprising all the habitable world. Masonic signs and passwords and grips — by which brethren may know each other in the dark as well as in the light — are the same all over the world. And all over the world, by the use of these grips and passwords, our English and Irish and Scotch masons may reap all those benefits which only "true brethren of the Mystic Tie" are entitled to enjoy.

In a word, the whole of the subject which we have now on hand is contained in the words of the Masonic Ritual for admission of a Scotch Ancient or Grand Master to the Patriotic Lodge of Germany: "Friendship is the sacred bond which unites together all the brethren of our craft; for, however much scattered over the face of the earth, they all compose one only body, because one is their origin and one their aim, one the mystery into which they are initiated, one the path by which they are led, one the gauge and measure applied to each and all of them, and one the spirit by which they are animated."

To be continued.

THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE.

THE origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted various other figures on their camp standards; but Marius (B. C. 102) made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. After the division, the emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle; those of the East a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle is in allusion to the Emperor of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of empire has taken the eagle for its ensign. Austria, Russia, Prussia, Poland, and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claimed to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, used the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern emperors and that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the original Emperors of Germany (now merged in the House of Austria) considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it; for, when he became master of the whole of the German Empire, he added the second head to the eagle (A. D. 802). The United States adopted the eagle both as a symbol of empire and as a native to the country.

WHO was the most ungrateful guest of ancient times? Pharaoh, because he caused his *host* to be drowned in the Red Sea.

THE ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

The fifth of the series of lectures on the above subject was delivered by Dr. Todhunter, in the New Buildings, Trinity College, Dublin. The lecturer said they now came to an important period of transition, the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the pagan leaven of the Renaissance began to work more distinctly than it had previously done. Hitherto, with one or two exceptions, no painter had put his strength into distinctly pagan subjects. Now they met with a number whose grand aim was the perfection of their art. Scientific perspective became a prominent feature, and the nude figure was studied with indefatigable research into its anatomy. Oil painting became the recognized medium for the colorists and chiaroscurists; and finally, Fra Bartolomeo, breaking through the old system of rigid composition, founded on the basso-relievo, introduced that modern style based upon geometric forms, yet free and flowing and more suitable to canvas and oil-color, which Raphael adopted from him. Formerly the picture was merely a means to an end, the end being the edification of men's souls. Now it was an end in itself. Painters began, like certain persons in our own day, to take a simply "decorative" view of life and religion. The ordinary subjects of religious art came to be regarded less and less as objects of spiritual contemplation, and more and more as mere motives for fine pictorial composition. Andrea Mantegna was the most important representative of the Paduan school. The originator of that school was an enterprising tailor and embroiderer, who had a taste for collecting antiquities, and who instructed youths by placing before them models from the antique and pictures from various places, chiefly Florence and Rome. He claimed to have taught a hundred and thirty-seven pupils, but his one great pupil was Andrea Mantegna, the son of a poor man who, like Giotto, spent his childhood as a shepherd. A Virgin and Child which he painted at the age of seventeen was a work of precocious genius; and his frescos, begun a little later, were masterpieces, which contained the elements of his mature style. In one of them occurred a strange *tour de force* of perspective, afterwards partly adopted by the artist in his "Triumph of Julius Cæsar," namely, the placing of the point of sight below the lower margin of the picture, the feet of all the figures except those in the extreme foreground being thus cut off. There was a severe grandeur in frescos of this artist which was not to be found in the works of any other painter, — something which affected the imagination like Bach's music. It would be just as absurd to call Mantegna's work mechanical because it was subject to rigidly applied rules of composition as it would be to say the same of Bach's. Both men had passionate natures underlying that love of strict form which sprang from their stern determination to build their ideal upon a sure foundation. The beauty they aimed at was not of a vulgar or common type. Its secret did not lie on the surface, to be seized by every chance-comer. It should be searched for, and was only to be had after much tough intellectual wrestling; but once conquered it had an abiding charm. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that the art of Mantegna was as perfect as that of Bach, though in his greatest works he might be said to combine a science analogous to Bach's with something of the dramatic power of Gluck. There were mechanical difficulties in the art of painting which made it the least perfect of the arts; and for us of the nineteenth century at least, painting appeals to the emotions much less powerfully than music. In Mantegna's fresco, "The Trial of St. James," there were stern and vigorous drawing, boldness of attitude, and splendid architectural composition. As to perspective, nothing was left to haphazard. Every one of the figures was drawn

with perfect accuracy of measurement, exactly as if it were a piece of masonry, each having probably been at first plotted out as a rectangular object standing on a given plane. All that might seem mechanical, but the labors of such men as Piero della Francesca and Mantegna so educated the eyes and hands of subsequent artists as to enable men like Michael Angelo and Tintoretto to perform feats of perspective almost instinctively. But there was also in the same fresco a dramatic power of a rare kind, free from exaggeration. In color the frescos of Mantegna were very dry and hard; still they had a certain bitter grandeur. Mantegna's quarrelsome temper kept him in hot water with his neighbors. His "Triumph of Julius Cæsar," now in Hampton Court, was intended as part of the decoration of a classical theatre where the plays of Terence and Plautus were acted. On it he lavished all his skill in drawing and perspective and unrivalled knowledge of the antique, and united in the work severe grandeur of composition with endless wealth of incident, ideal grace with realistic detail. Afterwards he painted several classical and mythological subjects, including the "Triumph of Scipio," now in the National Gallery of London. His death occurred in 1506, in his seventy-sixth year. He possessed an almost unique power of uniting magnificent complexity of detail with severe grandeur of total effect. In him what was best in the Renaissance culminated. He absorbed all its influences and gave them to the world transformed into artistic forms essentially modern, yet full of a lofty ideality and in the best sense classical. He was a diligent and laborious student of nature, yet never condescending to dull, mechanical imitation. The deep and glowing fire of his imagination fused together all that entered its furnace as dead material and re-created it by its own vital power. Contemporary with Mantegna, though some years older than he, lived another great perspectivist who appeared to have worked from an independent standpoint, — Piero della Francesca. He was born at Arezzo about 1420, and was the father of that branch of the Tuscan school which had been called Umbro-Florentine from its untiring Umbrian feeling with Florentine technical methods. He aimed at something not included in the Mantegna limited color system, namely, that aerial perspective and effect of diffused light over a large space of landscape brought to such perfection by Turner. But whereas Turner frequently sacrificed color to light, Francesca aimed at a harmony between diffused light and local color. As a draughtsman of the figure, he was far behind Mantegna. He appeared to have studied nature in an unidealizing spirit, and his exquisite sense of color was strangely combined with apparent obtuseness as to beauty of form. In imagination and reach of intellect he was far below Mantegna. They next came to a very important group of men, who, like the perspectivists, devoted themselves to a special study in connection with their art, namely, the students of anatomy. It would appear that the systematic study of anatomy only began in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the pioneer in it being Antonio Pollajuolo, who, according to Vassari, dissected many human bodies, and was the first to investigate the action of the muscles in that manner in order that he might give them their due effect in his work. Dissections of the human body had been up to that time only practised by medical students. Antonio Pollajuolo and his brother Pietro, who assisted him in many of his works, were workers in gold and bronze, and sculptors as well as painters. Both did something towards perfecting the art of oil painting, but their influence was chiefly as draughtsmen of the human figure in violent action. Antonio was the master-spirit of the two, — a daring gladiator of the brush and pencil, who delighted in depicting scenes of blood and violence, combats, martyrdoms, and the like. He

painted Hercules strangling Antæus, and the same hero's feats of killing the lion and destroying the hydra. The "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," now in the National Gallery of London, was by Vassari attributed to Antonio, but by others to Pietro, who was said to be the better painter of the two. The Pollajuoli were chiaroscurists rather than colorists. The next great name was that of Luce Signarelle, the herald of Michael Angelo. He was born in 1441, at Cortona. He devoted himself to anatomy with such passionate diligence that he became the greatest anatomical draughtsman of his day His drawings rivalled those of Michael Angelo and Leonardo in accuracy, and he delighted in depicting extraordinary bodily positions and actions. As a draughtsman he was less coarse than Pollajuoli, but much more powerful. He was a rugged realist, painting models as a rule, though there was great beauty and dignity in some of his figures. He showed imagination and feeling in his treatment of both Christian and pagan subjects. His frescos included the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, the Destruction of the Wicked, Paradise, and the Preaching of Antichrist and his Fall from Heaven. Those frescos Michael Angelo diligently studied, and even copied. After a brief reference to the extent to which Fra Bartolomeo and Andrea del Sarto contributed to the Renaissance, the lecturer concluded by stating that he would on the next day deal with Leonardo Correggio and Michael Angelo.

WOMAN'S DUTY.

Cardinal Manning.

Of all the powers upon earth, there was in the hands of mothers, and daughters, and sisters a power which could control the greatest strength of man, and this was the power of good example, of a good life, of true Christian love, the persuasion of their patience in waiting until the faults of those whom they tried to win to better ways should be wiped out. Men might reason and wrangle, and might convince one another, but they had not the power of persuasion that a mother or sister or daughter possessed over a father or a brother. They could sometimes do what priests could not. The good Bishop of Ferns, who had gone to his rest, had told them that he had often seen women kneeling beside men and taking the pledge along with them for the purpose of giving them courage and strength to do that which many of them were so cowardly that they dare not promise to do. Many a man had been brought to heaven, and the sacraments, and holy death by the influence of wife or mother or sister. It was most certain that the character of a man was formed for life by the mother, and he had rarely known a good mother who had a bad daughter or a bad son. Speaking of drunkenness, he described it as the sin of the Christian world, saying that among the Africans and the people of the East drunkenness only came in when we brought it. During all the time he spent abroad, in France, or Italy, or Rome, he never saw a drunken woman, though here and there a drunken man, but very few. When Frenchmen and Italians came over to England they often, for the first time, saw men and women drunk in the streets. Towards the conclusion of his remarks his Eminence condemned the employment of married women outside their own households, saying that when a woman married she entered into a solemn contract for life that she would give her time to her husband, her home, and her children; and if she did not do so, it destroyed the whole domestic life.

It may give an idea of the consumption of Irish flesh meat in England, if we state that the exports from the various ports last week consisted of 17,584 cattle, 27,102 sheep, and 6,757 pigs. The mystery is how the supply is maintained.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEMOIR OF SIR MICHAEL O'LOGHLEN, BART., MASTER OF THE ROLLS IN IRELAND.

A native of the county of Clare. — Anecdote of his childhood. — Educated at Ennis. — Fellow-students in Trinity College, Dublin. — His retiring disposition. — Prepares for the bar. — Early rising. — Called to the bar in 1811. — His progress. — Occasion of his first display O'Connell's duel with D'Esterre. — O'Loghlen's great success. — Catholics eligible for law offices. — Made Solicitor-General in 1834. — Declines to prosecute the Press. — Administration of justice in Ireland. — Attorney-General in 1835. — Returned to Parliament for Dungarvan.—His Parliamentary career. — Speech upon the Irish Church Bill. — Accepts a seat on the Exchequer bench. — The first Roman Catholic judge in Ireland since the time of James II.— His judicial qualities. — Becomes Master of the Rolls in 1837. — His attention to his duties. — Kindness towards the bar. — His death in 1842. — Succeeded in his title by his eldest son, Sir Colman Michael O'Loghlen, Bart.

This eminent lawyer was a native of the county of Clare, where his family had long held a respectable position. His legal career reflects the highest credit upon his native land. Many anecdotes are told of his industry, even while a child. During the nutting season he used to accompany his elder brothers to gather nuts, and on their return Michael was sure to have a much larger quantity to present to his sisters than his older and stronger brothers. One evening his father said, "Why, Michael, how does it happen you bring home twice more than your brothers, who are so much taller than you?" The child pondered some time before he replied, "I suppose, father, the reason is, they go out to play, while I go out to gather nuts." His father replied, "That was the reason, sure enough," and resolved to give his youngest son the best education his means afforded.

Michael was instructed in the academy of Ennis, which school at one time rivalled any other educational establishment in Ireland. He entered Trinity College as a pensioner; and had as fellow-students Mr. Richards, Mr. Shiel, and others who afterwards obtained distinction at the bar. O'Loghlen was remarkable for a lively, social spirit, but being of quiet, bashful manner, never pushed himself into notice. Having fixed on the bar as his future profession, he labored diligently to prepare himself for it. He possessed a clear and vigorous intellect, and that great requisite for success, — application. He was an early riser: five o'clock was his usual time for leaving his couch; and although there was no actual necessity of his relinquishing the company of the drowsy god at so early an hour, it was a habit which soon proved extremely beneficial. He was called to the bar in 1811, and having no patrons to look to, had to depend on himself. He had another, too, for whom he felt the desire to succeed. He was married, and the love he bore to the object of his heart's choice was a strong stimulant to exertion. He was a vigilant noter of cases, and might be seen, day after day, reporting in one or other of the courts, laying in a store of law and equity to meet future demands. For several years his progress was slow, but when the opportunity occurred, he was fully prepared to take advantage of it. The occasion was connected with the duel in which Mr. O'Connell shot Mr. D'Esterre. On the morning of the duel a case of great importance to the litigants was to be argued in the King's Bench. O'Connell was retained, with Mr. O'Loghlen as his junior counsel. When the case was called on, the leading counsel was not in his place, and Mr. O'Loghlen applied to the judge for a postponement. He mentioned the circumstances in which he was placed, and his own incompetency to argue a case of such magnitude without more preparation. The court, however, entertained a different opinion, and obliged him to proceed. He had a formidable bar to contend with, — some of the ablest men of the day. It was an anxious moment, but the bench, ever ready to encourage ability, gave him the best reward — attention; and as his argu-

ment advanced, the judges suggested the points they wished he would apply himself to. His youth, his modesty, his unassuming manner, pleaded strongly in his favor, and his clearness of language, profound knowledge of the law, and admirable arrangement of his argument, delighted all his auditors. He quite astonished his adversaries, and when he closed, after speaking for two hours, received the marked approval of the court. The argument lasted for several days. Of course O'Connell, under his distressing circumstances, was unable to render any professional assistance, and when the arguments of the opposite party closed, O'Loghlen replied. His masterly speech, demolishing the arguments of his opponents, surpassed his friends' highest anticipations. Thus commenced his legal career, and from thenceforward his practice steadily increased. O'Connell heartily congratulated his colleague on his success, and his powerful recommendation and recognition of Mr. O'Loghlen's forensic abilities materially contributed to secure him the patronage of the attorneys. O'Connell was in the zenith of his wonderful popularity when the Catholic Emancipation Act passed in 1829, and the honors of the bar were thrown open to Catholic competition. O'Connell was too much engrossed by politics to devote his time to the drudgery of the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He threw all the business he could into the bag of his talented friend. Mr. O'Loghlen was appointed solicitor-general in 1834. This was heard with great satisfaction by the Roman Catholics, who saw in the selection of the law officers of the crown an earnest desire on the part of the government to hold the scales evenly between all classes of the people. Some prosecutions against the press for what were deemed libels had been commenced by the late law officers. Mr. O'Loghlen was asked if the prosecutions were to be carried on. "No!" was his answer. "While I remain in office, the press shall be free. Its language, indeed, must be extravagantly licentious, and utterly subversive of that sound liberty which, in its healthy state, the press tends so much to uphold, before I shall be its prosecutor. The government which I serve has no desire to make every ebullition of passionate feeling in public writers amenable to law." These words, so noble, yet so just, deserve to be recorded in the hearts of all who desire the inestimable blessing of a free press. The abolition of crown challenges gave greater confidence in juries than previously prevailed; and while extremely vigilant that the law should be respected, his tender care that only the guilty should suffer punishment was a marked feature in the administration of justice in Ireland. Both the attorney-general (Mr. Perrin) and the solicitor-general worked admirably together; each vied with the other to conduct the criminal procedure of the country so as best to insure confidence in the tribunals of the land, and thus prevent the wild justice of revenge from being appealed to by the people. On the elevation of Mr. Perrin to a seat on the King's Bench in 1835, Mr. O'Loghlen became the first law officer of the crown, and Mr. Richards, an able lawyer, was made solicitor-general.

Mr. O'Loghlen represented the borough of Dungarvan while law officer of the crown, and was a very useful member of the House of Commons. He caused the jurisdiction of the courts of quarter sessions to be greatly extended throughout the counties of Ireland, which was a great boon to the small traders in country towns. His business habits and powers of reasoning, his accurate statements and absence of display, made him peculiarly suited to the House of Commons, but his language was capable of expressing strong feeling with vigor and propriety. Take an instance: on the debate on the Irish Church Bill, as amended in the House of Lords, he said, "That bill I have supported, that bill I shall continue to support. For so doing let me be called again, as I have been called before, 'a stupendous perjurer' If that

charitable and humane language be again applied to me, I cannot help it. I deny that I have deserved it. I trust in God I never shall deserve so infamous a character. I solemnly deny I ever was the enemy of the Protestant church or of the Protestant clergy. Many of my dearest friends are members of that church. I feel, in supporting this bill, I do no injury to the cause of the Protestant religion. I feel that that man does more injury to the cause of that religion who, raised himself to eminence in the church, be it by learning, by piety, by zeal, or by intrigue, is not awed or deterred by a sense of the responsibility attached to his high station from assailing with calumny the conduct and character of a man who differs from him in religion; who, instead of promoting peace and good-will among men, as a duty of a Christian pastor dictates, busies himself in fanning into flames the expiring embers of strife and contention; who desecrates the sacred functions of the sacerdotal office by mixing up religious discords with party prejudices; who evinces himself the slave of all the bad and bigoted passions that debase the Christian character; and who, a stranger to every feeling of Christian love and charity, incurs the unenviable notoriety of being the diffuser of every calumny which either political malice or religious animosity can invent."

The bold and eloquent refutation of the imputation cast upon Mr. O'Loghlen by a member of the House of Lords showed he could speak strongly when he felt deeply. But the arena of the bar and the senate were soon to know him no more. The long judicial career of Baron Sir William Cusac Smith came to a close in 1836. The vacant seat on the Exchequer Bench was offered to the attorney-general; he hesitated ere he accepted the seat: matters were then pending in that court which had called forth his reproof when at the bar, and there was some difficulty in associating a name beloved and revered with proceedings which were oppressive. At length, however, he signified his consent, and was greeted as the first Roman Catholic judge in Ireland since the days of James II. How well he disposed of the business which came before him, the universal voice of the bar and the attorney profession declared. Motions, arguments, whether of law or equity (for then the Exchequer, like Janus, had two aspects), were disposed of with precision and despatch. When a tithe case came before him, men scrutinized the manner in which he adjudicated, but the utmost malice of party found no cause for complaint. He was bound to administer the law, and faithfully he performed his duty. Sir William M'Mahon's death, in 1837, left the Mastership of the Rolls vacant. It was offered to Baron O'Loghlen, and he felt it was the station he was best suited for. Accordingly he was installed forthwith. To suitors and practitioners, the change in the direction of this court was a happy one. Sir William M'Mahon was exceedingly tedious: the most ordinary motion was a work of labor; the most routine petition cost no end of trouble. All the business of the court was in arrear. Briefs were held for half a term before any motion could be moved; suitors were delayed, costs augmented, the patience of the bar exhausted. On the accession of Sir Michael O'Loghlen, he set himself resolutely to work off the arrears. His knowledge of principles and practice soon showed how qualified he was for his high position. He soon saw the point of the case, he devoted attention to it, and his sagacious shrewdness directed the right remedy. His acquaintance with decided cases was immense, and his ability in the application unrivalled. The arrears were soon cleared, the old and expensive habit of referring back to Masters in Chancery diminished, and costs reduced. He quite changed the former practice in his court, for instead of sitting all through the vacations like his predecessor, he rose with the rest of his judicial brethren, and thus allowed the bar and solicitors to enjoy

the invigorating freshness of the spring or the golden glories of autumn. Rudeness towards the juniors was gone. The young tyro who had just donned horsehair no longer dreaded being snubbed from the bench: the smiling, soft-voiced Master of the Rolls encouraged him by his attention, helped him if he needed aid, and supplied any deficiency of statement which nervousness or timidity occasioned. This was done so gently that the most inexperienced man felt unembarrassed, and many a grateful prayer was offered up for the amiable occupier of the seat on the bench. He died, deeply mourned, in 1842, and was succeeded in his baronetcy by his eldest son.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

More a politician than a lawyer. — Mr. Shiel, father of Richard, returns to Ireland. — Richard born in 1791. — The banks of the Suir. — Richard's education. — Takes his degree in Trinity College, and prepares for the bar. — Marries Miss O'Halloran, niece to the Master of the Rolls. — A judicial declaration — Extent of his Honor's patronage. — Shiel's dramatic writings. — Loses his wife. — Literary avocations. — Sketches of the Irish bar. — Play of "The Huguenot." — In conjunction with O'Connell, Shiel establishes the Catholic Association. — Shiel's oratorical powers. — Specimen of his style. — Disapproves of extempore speaking. — Counsel at the Louth election in 1826. — The dock of an Irish court. — Larry Cronin. — His demeanor on his trial. — His challenges. — O'Connell's powers as prisoner's counsel. — Larry acquitted. — His triumphal progress.

FEW men of his day occupied a more prominent position before the public than Richard Lalor Shiel, and fewer have been more rapidly forgotten, yet this ought not to be. During the palmy days of agitation for Emancipation, when the Corn Exchange was thronged with excited audiences, listening to the story of their country's wrongs, no speaker poured forth the impetuous flood of eloquence with more force and vehemence than Richard Lalor Shiel. He eclipsed all but O'Connell; and in that stormy sea of politics, when waves ran high and the tempest blew, and the timid blanched and the cowards kept below, no one dared the perils of the voyage with more courage and skill than the future privy councillor. He was a man of consummate genius, less distinguished as a lawyer than as a senator, but justly entitled to a place among the eminent members of the bar of Ireland contemporary with O'Connell. The father of Mr. Shiel passed his earlier years in Spain. Having there amassed a considerable fortune, he returned to spend the latter part of his life in his native land. Some concession being made to Roman Catholics about that time, owing chiefly to the impressive petitions of the Volunteers, Mr. Shiel was enabled to purchase part of the lands of Gurteen, on the banks of the Suir. He built a commodious residence, which, in consequence of the beauty of the site, was appropriately called Bellevue; and finding a wife in Miss Catherine M'Carthy, of Spring House, county of Tipperary, had a numerous family. His eldest son, Richard, was born on the 17th August, 1791, at Drumdowney, before the family occupied Bellevue. The beautiful scenery of the Suir, in the midst of which young Shiel passed his youth, is thus described by himself: "How often have I stood upon its banks, when the bells of the city (Waterford), the smoke of which was turned into a cloud of gold by a Claude Lorraine sunset, tolled the death of the departing day! How often have I fixed my gaze upon the glittering expanse of the full and overflowing waters, crowded with ships whose white sails were filled with just wind enough to carry them on to sea, by the slow-

* Sir Colman Michael O'Loghlen, Bart., is also an ornament to the Irish bar. He was called in 1840, while his father presided in the Rolls Court, but, with the same singular modesty which marked his father's career, abstained from taking business in the Rolls Court until his competency had been elsewhere fully established. He obtained his silk gown as queen's counsel in 1852, and in 1865 was appointed one of the serjeants-at-law in Ireland. He represents his native county of Clare in the House of Commons, for which he was first returned in 1863, and again without opposition in 1865.

ness of their equable and majestic movements giving leave to the eye to contemplate at its leisure their tall and stately beauty, and to watch them long in their progress amidst the calm through which they made their gentle and forbearing way. The murmurs of the city were heard upon the right, and the lofty spire of the church rose up straight and arrowy into the sky. The sullen and dull roar of the ocean used to come over the opposite hills from the Bay of Tramore. Immediately before me were the fine woods of Faithlegg, on the left Snowhill, and in the distance, where the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow meet in a deep and splendid confluence, the ruins of the old abbey of Dunbrody threw the solemnity of religion and antiquity over the whole prospect."

He soon had his mind expanded by instruction. A French clergyman, the Abbé de Gremeau, exiled from Languedoc during the Revolution, was tutor in Mr. Shiel's family, and taught Richard the rudiments of Latin and French. When the peace of Amiens enabled the exile to return to his native land, young Shiel accompanied him as far as London, and became a pupil of French refugees, the *Pères de la foi*, as they called themselves, established at Kensington House. The head of this establishment was the Prince de Broglie. Shiel does not speak much of the advantages of the instruction imparted here. Attention was paid to composition; there was also some relish for the beauties of the Latin authors; but arithmetic, geography, and history were all neglected. He was soon removed to Stoneyhurst, drove through the long avenue, and found the building of a solemn and stately character. Shiel left Stoneyhurst in 1807, and in that year entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a pupil of Rev. Dr. Wall, late vice-provost. During his college course he was more distinguished for classical than scientific attainments. His taste for the drama was early evinced, and at a fancy ball he acted the character of a French quack doctor with considerable *é lat.* While a student at Trinity College, Dublin, his father became much embarrassed from commercial failures, and was wholly unable to continue the necessary expenses of Richard's collegiate career. The kindness of a generous relative, Dr. William Foley, came to his aid, and, owing to his liberality, Richard was able to take his degree and prepare for the Irish bar. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the College Historical Society; his voice was very bad, weak and squeaking, but from his choice phraseology he was always listened to with pleasure. He took his degree of A. B. in 1811, and on the 13th of November in that year he entered as a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he kept his English terms previous to his admission to the Irish bar. In 1815 Shiel married. The object of his affections was Miss O'Halloran, niece of Sir William M'Mahon, Master of the Rolls, and it appears that she had a fortune of £2,000; but whatever may have been the young barrister's expectations of professional success from the connection with the Master of the Rolls, they were doomed to disappointment, for Sir William declared in reference to him, "A sense of public duty rendered it impossible for him to identify himself with a person holding and expressing such violent opinions." Shiel, however, was not disturbed by this indifference on the part of his judicial relative. His buoyant temperament inclined him rather to jest than to mourn at the solemn affectation of dislike evinced by his Honor. "The only thing which provokes me," he said to a friend, "is that people imagine that I never got anything from him. Now this is quite untrue: I once got an *invitation to breakfast.*" Mr. Shiel's dramatic labors occupied a considerable portion of his time. In his twenty-third year he composed a tragedy called "Adelaide; or, The Emigrants," which was acted at Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, on the 19th of July, 1813. Owing to the great dramatic talent of Miss O'Neill, one

of the most gifted daughters of Erin (afterwards Lady Becher, and still an ornament of that home circle over which she has so long presided), the play met with considerable success. Shiel's next play, "The Apostate," was also well received. This tragedy was produced at Covent Garden on the 3d of May, 1817, and repeated twelve times, placing £700 in the hands of the author. *Florinda* was ably sustained by Miss O'Neill. Early in 1818 another tragedy was produced at the same theatre, "Bellamira; or, The Fall of Tunis." It was more profitable to the author than to the manager. Shiel got £400, while the house was not well filled. In 1819 he brought out his fourth and best tragedy, "Evadne," which ran for thirty nights, his profits being £500. May, 1820, witnessed "Montoni, or the Phantom," only acted twice; and in 1822, his last tragedy, "The Huguenot," appeared, neither of the two latter having been very successful.

In January, 1822, Shiel had occasion to rejoice in the birth of a son, but his joy was speedily turned into sorrow. His wife was seized with fever, which ended fatally. In order to dissipate his grief the mourner sought literary occupation, and in conjunction with his friend, William Henry Curran, published in the "New Monthly Magazine" a series of brilliant articles, called "Sketches of the Irish Bar," and purporting to have been written by an Englishman who visited Ireland. Shiel bestowed considerable pains upon his play of "The Huguenot," and thought more of it than his previous efforts, but the public did not coincide in this opinion, and it had not success. Its failure had some beneficial effect, as it turned his ambition into the path in which he was destined to win higher renown than can be awarded in our days to the successful dramatic author. In conjunction with O'Connell and some others, he laid the foundation of the Catholic Association, one of the most remarkable, perhaps the most remarkable society of our time, considering the difficulties, the gigantic and powerful opposition it had to contend against. O'Connell and Shiel were the leading speakers at all public meetings. "It was," observes a competent witness,* "O'Connell's boast, that he could repeat himself in popular assemblies daily throughout the year, without ceasing to command attention or to create effect. Shiel's fancy was more fertile, and his taste more fastidious. His ear was charmed with ringing phrases, and his imagination delighted in novelty. It was the fashion among his critics to say that his metaphors were often strained, and the illustrations for his arguments far-fetched. But this gave him little concern. He knew much better than they did wherein his powers of fascination lay with a dramatic and dream-loving people. He remembered the advice of Chesterfield to a public speaker, and sought, if possible, on every occasion to give his audience something that would cling to their memories as they went home, like snatches of a melody heard for the first time. After describing the apathy in which the Catholic gentry had long been steeped, he proceeded to contrast therewith their awakened sense of dignity and duty in more recent days. 'At length,' he exclaimed, 'they have learned to participate in the popular sentiment; the spirit by which the great body of the people is actuated has risen into the higher classes, and the fire which has so long lain in the lower region of society has burst out at last from its frozen summits.'" †

He was of opinion it was most injudicious to trust much to talent for extempore speaking, and this distrust involved the necessity of great and continual labor. He usually wrote all he intended to say, and when not inclined to sleep, spoke aloud his harangue in his bedroom. A gentle-

* Torrens M'Cullagh, in his "Memoir of Shiel," Vol. I. p. 254.

† Speech after public dinner in Wexford, 20th July, 1825.

man who occupied a chamber next Shiel at a country inn told a mutual friend he "heard Shiel oratorizing the walls all night."

In 1826, Mr. Alexander Dawson contested the representation of the county of Louth with the candidates of the Jocelyn and Foster families.* Shiel was counsel for the liberal party, and did not confine his efforts to the assessor's room, but wherever his services were needed "his animated countenance was to be seen, and his inspiriting accents were heard." The popular candidate was triumphantly returned, and Shiel's services were duly appreciated.

He was now in considerable practice, both during the terms in the four courts and on the Leinster circuit. He possessed in an eminent degree many of the requisites which make a successful advocate, — great oratorical power, considerable knowledge of the most successful means of winning the verdict of Irish juries, ability in examining witnesses, and skill in conducting *nisi prius* cases. The first qualification caused him to be eagerly sought for in all cases which admitted of oratorical displays, — actions for breach of promise of marriage, applications for criminal informations in the King's Bench, and the like. The personal appearance of Mr. Shiel has been well described by Mr. Duvergier d'Hauranne:† "Were I commissioned to take down the *signalement* of Mr. Shiel, this would be very nearly the result: height five feet four, eyes quick and piercing, complexion pale, chin pointed, hair dark, and, in adding mouth middle-sized, I flatter myself I should have given a description not to be excelled in exactness at the *bureau des passports*. But this is the portrait of the *gentleman;* that of the *orator* is widely diverse. When you behold that little Gascon figure in repose, it is impossible to suspect to what changes passion is capable of converting it. There is in Shiel something of Juvenal, of Pindar, and of Mirabeau. His satire is shrewd and biting; his poetry dazzles, his enthusiasm carries you away. When he flings forth his sarcasm, a bitter smile contracts his lips; when he threatens, his eyes dart forth lightnings; when he is under the influence of powerful inspiration, they take an expression altogether sublime. His voice is meagre, harsh, and shrill, but a profound emotion seems to regulate his vibrations. His gesture is quick, abrupt, and rather disorderly; but it is always in perfect accord with such sentiments as he has to express. Shiel possesses in an eminent degree the surprising faculty of exciting himself to the verge of delirium without once losing his complete self-possession."

In consequence of Mr. Shiel having alluded, in one of his public speeches, to the invasion of Ireland by the French under Hoche, in 1790, which he did with a view to warn the government of the danger of delaying emancipation, a prosecution was instituted against him; but on the instance of Mr. Canning, in 1827, a *nolle prosequi* was entered.

From this period Mr. Shiel's practice greatly increased. Writing from Clonmel, during the spring assizes of 1829, to his friend Mr. Curran, he says, "You will be glad to learn that I have been employed in almost every case, either to state or to speak to evidence; and by two speeches in very remarkable actions, I have, I think (though I may be deceived), greatly added to my reputation. King's counsel were left out in some instances, in order that I might have precedence. The people and his Majesty have of late begun to differ in the selection of their advocates."

Mr. Shiel preserved notes from circuit, with reference to O'Connell's legal abilities, which present very graphic pictures of the state of Irish

* Vide D'Alton's and O'Flanagan's "History of Dundalk," p. 229.

† "Lettres sur les Election Anglaises, et sur la situation de l'Irlande," p. 157. Paris, 1827.

society, when he was a circuit barrister. It would be well if the practice were occasionally followed. We quite agree with him in the remark, "An attentive observer will readily find in realities as much matter for excitement, and calculated to produce an interest as lively, as invention will supply." The following may serve as a good specimen: —

"From the character of the crimes to be tried, as appearing on the calendar, I expected to find in the dock a collection of the most villanous faces in the community. It was the very reverse. I would even say that, as a general rule, the weightier the charge, the better the physiognomy and more prepossessing the appearance of the accused. An ignoble misdemeanant or sneaking petty larcenist may look his offence pretty accurately; but let the charge amount to a good transportable or capital felony, and ten to one but the prisoner will exhibit a set of features from which a committee of craniologists would never infer a propensity to crime. In fact, an Irish dock, especially after a brisk insurrectionary winter, affords some of the choicest samples of the peasantry of a country, — fine, hardy, muscular, healthy-looking beings, with rather a dash of riot about the eyes, perhaps, but with honest, open, manly countenances, and sustaining themselves with native courage amid the dangers which beset them; and many of them are, in fact, either as guiltless as they appear to be, or their crimes have been committed under circumstances of excitation which, in their own eyes at least, excuse the enormity. Larry Cronin was a stout, hardy Irish lad of five and twenty. He was a £5 freeholder, paid his rent punctually, voted for his landlord and against his conscience, seldom missed a mass, a fair, or a wake, loved his neighbor, and hated and sometimes cudgelled the tithe-proctor, had a wife and five children, and on the whole passed for one of the most prosperous and well-conducted boys in the barony. All this, however, did not prevent his being given to understand by the clerk of the crown that he stood indicted at the summer assizes of his native county, 'for that he, on a certain night and at a certain place, feloniously and burglariously entered a certain dwelling-house in search of arms, etc., and stood capitally indicted under the Ellenborough Act, and for a common assault.' I was present at his trial, and still retain a vivid recollection of the fortitude and address with which he made his stand against the law; and yet there were objects around him quite sufficient to unnerve the boldest heart, — a wife, a sister, and an aged mother, for such I found to be the three females that clung to the side bars of the dock, and awaited, in silent agony, the issue of his fate. But the prisoner, undismayed, appeared almost unconscious of their presence; every faculty of his soul was on the alert to prove to his friends and the country at large that he was not a man to be hanged without a struggle. He had used the precaution to come down to the dock that morning in his best attire, for he knew that with an Irish jury the next best thing to a general good character is a respectable suit of clothes. It struck me that his new silk handkerchief, so bright and glossy, almost betokened innocence; for who could have gone to the unnecessary expense if he apprehended that its place was so soon to be supplied by the rope? His countenance bore no marks of his previous imprisonment. He was as fresh and healthy, and his eyes as bright, as if he had been all the time out on bail. When his case was called on, instead of shrinking under the general buzz that his appearance excited, or turning pale at the plurality of crimes of which he was arraigned, he manfully looked danger in the face, and put in action every resource within his reach to avert it. Having despatched a messenger to bring O'Connell from the other court, and beckoned to his attorney to approach the dock side and

keep within whispering distance while the jury were swearing, he 'looked steadily to his challenges,' and manifested no ordinary powers of physiognomy in putting by every juror that had anything of a dead, dull hang-look. He had even the sagacity, though against the opinion of his attorney, to strike off one country gentleman from his own barony, a friend of his in other respects, who owed him a balance of £3.

"The trial went on after the usual fashion: abundance of hard swearing on the direct, retractations and contradictions on the cross examinations. The defence was a masterpiece, and worthy of O'Connell's fame as the first defender of a criminal in Europe. Three several times the rope seemed irrevocably entwined round poor Larry's neck; as many times the dexterity of O'Connell untied the Gordian knot. From some of the witnesses he extracted the admission they were unworthy of all credit, being notorious scoundrels, — knaves and process-servers, steeped in perjury; others he inveigled into serious doubts respecting the identity of the prisoner; others he turned into ridicule; and for several minutes together bench and bar, court, jury, bystanders, and prisoner, were convulsed with laughter. However the law or the facts of the case might turn out, it was clear that the laugh at all events was on Larry's side.

"In this perilous conjuncture, amidst all the rapid alternations of his case, now the prospect of a triumphant return to his home and his friends, now the sweet vision abruptly dispelled, and the gibbet and execution staring him in the face, Larry's countenance exhibited a picture of heroical immobility. Once, and once only, when the evidence was rushing in full tide against him, some signs of mortal trepidation overcast his visage. The blood of his cheeks took fright and fled, a cold perspiration burst from his brow, his lips became glued together. His sister, whose eyes were riveted upon him as she hung from the dock side, extended her arm and applied a piece of orange to his mouth. He accepted the relief without turning aside to see by whose hands the relief had been administered. At this crisis of his courage, a home thrust from O'Connell floored the witness who had so discomposed his client; the public buzzed their admiration, and Larry was himself again.

"The case for the crown having closed, O'Connell announced that he would call no witnesses. Larry's friends pressed hard to have at least one of the *alibis* proved. O'Connell was inflexible, and they reluctantly submitted. The case went to the jury laden with hanging matter, but not without a saving doubt. After long deliberation the doubt prevailed. The jury, having taken their places in the box, amid the breathless silence of the court pronounced Larry Cronin "not guilty." That delighted individual bowed with undissembled gratitude to the verdict. He thanked 'the gentlemen on the jury'; he thanked 'his lordship's honor'; he exclaimed in grateful accents, 'More power to you, Counsellor O'Connell, and God spare you to me!' He shook hands with the turnkey, sprang from the dock, and was borne forth in triumph by his 'people.' I saw him a few minutes after, as he was paraded through the main street of the town. The sight was enough to make one almost long to have been on the point of being hanged. The principal figure was Larry, advancing with a firm and buoyant step, and occasionally giving a responsive flourish to his cudgel, which he had already assumed, to the cheerings and congratulations amid which he moved along. At his side were his wife and sister, each of whom held the collar of his coat tightly grasped, and, dragging him to and fro, interrupted his progress every moment, as they threw themselves upon him, and gave vent to their feelings in another and another convulsive hug. A few yards in front his poor mother

bustled along in a strange sort of pace, between a trot and a canter, and every now and then discovering that she had shot too far ahead, pirouetted about, and stood in the centre of the street, clapping her withered hands, and shouting out her ecstasy in native Irish, until the group came up and again propelled her forward." *

To be continued.

INFIRM AND SUPERANNUATED PRIESTS.

Catholic Record, London, Ont.

AMONG the many good works begun by our worthy bishop, there is one which, when he is gone to his reward, will keep his memory fresh and green among the priests of the Diocese of London. That work is the society which he established and had chartered July 8, 1876, for the benefit of "The Infirm and Superannuated Priests of the Diocese of London."

The second article of the Rules and Regulations regarding the society reads: —

"Every parish shall pay a yearly contribution of twenty dollars. Parishes having curates, to pay five dollars over and above for every curate." *Article* 3. — All priests exercising the sacred ministry in the diocese shall be *de facto* members of the society. At the annual meeting of the directors of the society on the 19th inst., it was found that although six hundred and odd dollars had been paid out during the three years, the treasurer had safely invested nearly four thousand dollars, and the directors passed *nem con.* a resolution authorizing the sum of three hundred per annum to be paid to any "infirm priest" of the diocese who, on account of ill-health, etc., would be unable to do missionary work. This sum to be increased as soon as the funds amount to six thousand dollars."

His lordship, though *de facto* president of the society, and contributing forty dollars per annum towards its funds, leaves the appropriation of the money to the board of directors. What a safeguard is such a society for a poor priest! It does away at once with the temptation to hoard money for the rainy day. No parish feels the yearly contribution, and yet in a few years the interest of the fund will be sufficient to meet all emergencies. It would be well if some of our lay Catholics would remember in their wills "The Society of St. John the Evangelist, for the benefit of the Infirm and Superannuated Priests of the Diocese of London, Ontario."

* In 1830. Mr. Shiel was made king's counsel, and on the 20th of July in that year, married Anastatia, widow of Edmund Power, Esq., of Gurteen, county Waterford. Mr. Shiel's career, after he entered Parliament, forms part of the political history of our times. He died British minister at Florence, 25th of May, 1852. His remains do not rest in a foreign soil. He is buried at Long Orchard, county Tipperary.

AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

ON rainy days the active child resents his confinement within doors, and is more than usually troublesome. I know of nothing which will afford him surer amusement than the making of scrap-books. Provide the little ones with a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, and let them cut out and trim neatly the pictures from papers you do not care to preserve, circulars of farm machinery, or anything they fancy, and then, armed with a cup of boiled starch and an old tooth-brush (if you have one), let them exercise their ingenuity in filling the book with their collections. Quite small children find enchantment in this kind of work. A large picture may be put in the centre of the page, and the space around it filled with small ones or short pieces of prose or poetry. I have seen very pretty ornaments for these juvenile scrap-books, cut out of the illustrated books for children, which had become badly tattered with use, so that the pictures were all that were worth preserving. When two pages are full the book should be left open until dry before going on This amusement need not make much litter about a house, and the little workers can easily learn to pick up their scattering scraps after themselves and wash their starch-cup and brush after using them, so that they will be ready for the next rainy day.

WHY?

N. O. Evening Star and Catholic Magazine.

"WHY ain't the public schools as good for me as the sisters' school?" asked a ten-year-old boy the other day of his mother, "and why don't you send me there?"

The mother's answer was somewhat as follows: —

The public schools are not as good for you as the sisters', because they do not teach you anything about God. It is just as if there was no God. Just as if God had not made you, and as if you were not going some day where he is. They are good schools for all book learning. They are excellent for reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, etc.; but God did not make man only to be wise, but chiefly to be good. The catechism tell us in answer to the question, "Why did God make you?" that it was "to know him, love him, and serve him in this world, and be happy with him in the next."

A little boy's first lesson, then, is to know God; and this can be done only by learning all about his greatness and his goodness. Secondly, you must love him; but this love only comes when you have learned to know him, for you cannot help loving God when you know that he is the creator of all things, the preserver of your life, the kind friend who gave you father, mother, home, health, and all your happiness. And thirdly, you must learn to serve him; and to do this perfectly requires long and careful teaching. To serve him in the right way requires training of the mind with all its thoughts, of the heart with all its feelings, and of the soul with all its impulses. That is, you must learn to serve God in thought, in word, and in action, and this science of serving God is of greater importance than all the history, arithmetic, and geography in the world; and if you learn this well, you are sure of being happy with God in the next world, which is more than any other science can do for you, even if you study with all your might until you die.

Now the public schools do not teach any little boy how to know, love, and serve God; so it is just as if there was no God to watch over him here on earth, and make him happy forever in heaven.

If little boys do not learn anything about God in school, and if they do not hear anything about him at home, they will never know what they owe to him, what they must do to please him, nor what they are to expect from him hereafter.

It is true, this will not be their fault, and perhaps God in his great mercy will send them *opportunities* of learning all about his existence and their duties; but these *opportunities* are as though he sent angels to teach little children, whereas his usual way is to give them parents, who must do the teaching themselves, or see that it is done properly. Therefore parents have all the responsibility of their children's souls on their hands, and that is why they are anxious to put them where they will be sure to learn, along with geography, that God made the whole earth about which they are studying; along with history, that he directs the affairs of nations and of men; and along with arithmetic, that "a thousand years are with him as one," and a single cup of cold water given in his name is worth more than a thousand calculations upon square roots, denominate numbers, and compound fractions.

The public schools may even be better in some ways than sisters' schools; they may stimulate more ambition, develop more mental activity, and teach more about books and the wonders of this world; but if they do not teach a child that truth is better than falsehood, that the soul is more precious than the body, and that heaven is brighter than earth, then they are not good for little boys whose parents wish to see them the joy of their hearts and the light of their eyes.

I might also tell you that all nations, even those that worshipped sticks and stones, wanted their children taught religion, that is, wanted them to be bound — the very word *religo* meaning to *bind* — by some sacred obligation, to be enforced by some unseen and solemn influences, which would make them pleasing to the power that over-rules the world.

Our great Washington said, "Be careful not to encourage the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion," and all pagan theology was summed up in the words, "Fear the gods!" All of which means that man must be taught from his boyhood that there is a God, and that his laws *bind* their thoughts, their words, and their actions, and consecrate them to his love and service.

This, then, is why the sisters' schools are better for you than those where no religion, no reverence for God, is taught; where children are made smart without being made good; where history lacks what even a good fairy-story possesses, viz, a guiding principle; where arithmetic gives more value to things of time than to those of eternity; where geography fails to show that "the earth is God's and the glory thereof"; and where astronomy points out world beyond world, and system beyond system, but fails to mark that other world, whose brightness "the eye of man hath not seen nor hath it entered into his mind to conceive."

Why parents do not send their children to these schools is because, even at home, a tired father and a weary mother are oftentimes unable to teach, either by word or example, those all-important lessons which are necessary for a child's true education. The sisters and brothers teach, not only from books, but from their lives, and since God has given man a soul and a mind, it is necessary to enlighten both equally; but if either must suffer, it should not be the former, for it is terrible to think that it will avail a man nothing "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Children in public schools may, indeed, learn how to gain the whole world, and by God's mercy, many of them may also save their souls; but the risk which undoubtedly exists makes it safer for one dear little boy to remain in that place where he receives all the help he can towards acquiring that science which, properly learned, fits him for all that this world has to offer, without jeopardizing all that heaven has to bestow.

SHOT IN GAME.

This being the season when game killed by shooting, and probably containing the pellets, is eaten, it may be worth while to caution those who consume the flesh of birds with avidity, that the proportion of instances in which a shot is found is probably small in comparison with the number of cases in which the pellets are unwittingly swallowed. It is a matter of speculation how much mischief a shot may do when passed into the intestines, but the fact that anomalous diseases have been caused by the presence of very small bodies, which have become entangled in folds of the mucous membrane, renders it desirable to put the public on their guard. Occasionally the most disastrous results have followed such small causes. We have in recollection the case of a physician, who died, after prolonged and unexplained sufferings, from the impaction of a very small nail, which had found its way into a pudding, and was inadvertently swallowed. A little care will avoid this contingency, but remembering that the bird has been shot, some pains ought certainly to be taken to avoid swallowing the missile. — *The Lancet.*

It cannot be that "all flesh is grass." Grass gets its dew. About the only thing that does in this world.

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

"I AM MARY IMMACULATE."

THE Blessed Virgin appeared to Bernadette Soubirous on eighteen different occasions. The words addressed to the child by the Blessed Virgin are as follows: "Go tell the priest that I wish him to build me a church here. I wish that people come here in procession. Pray for sinners. Penance, penance, penance. Go drink at the fountain. I am the Immaculate Conception."

WE have received the following interesting account by an eye-witness of the events connected with the late pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Blessed Lady at Lourdes during the Feast and Octave of the Assumption, 1879: —

One can scarcely have lived during the last twenty years without having at least heard of the existence of the now remarkable village of Lourdes, in the South of France. Many of your readers will have become more or less acquainted with its past history through the work of Monsieur Lasserre or his translators. Some will have travelled, and verified for themselves the truth of what they have read, and few will have failed to observe the frequent references which have appeared in the journals of the day to the recent pilgrimages made to this hallowed spot. In bringing the subject again before your readers, it has occurred to me that an account of recent events described by an eye-witness, and drawn out at length, even to the record of small and circumstantial details, may not be without interest nor without profit; for if it furnish no new information to those already acquainted with its history, and present no further novelty beyond the accounts already received, it may however be considered to be productive of some good if it again direct attention to the marvellous phenomena which have been just witnessed. It will tend to confirm still more the fact of the daily perpetuation, before the eyes of the present generation, of the proof of the supernatural character of the origin of the shrine and the miraculous nature and healing powers of its waters. My visit to Lourdes had been prompted by various motives not necessary to specify here. Moreover, I desired to note and examine as an independent observer all that has been reported to be taking place. I thought to play the critic, and to be proof against sentimentality. I purposed to watch and scan narrowly all that occurred, and to be specially prepared against exaggeration. Such were my thoughts when, after reading of the many contemplated pilgrimages to take place during the Octave of the Feast of the Assumption, I found myself at Lourdes. Of the little village itself I shall merely say that it is as interesting as a village so delightfully situated must be to those who admire the picturesque beauty of such scenery as the Pyrenees affords. The morning of the fête, on which I arrived, was clear and bright. At an early hour we were made to feel the nature of the scorching rays of the sun, which later were to descend with more intense and concentrated power. The thoroughfares were crowded with gay visitors. The numerous shops and booths which line the principal road from the station to the grotto were arrayed in all the attractive splendor of their varied contents. Venders on each side solicited the passing visitor. Greetings and welcomes resounded along the line of traffic. Invitations to stop and admire the different wares emanated from many a siren, whilst omnibuses and vehicles of every description whirled past in quick succession, bearing their inmates to the shrine. After traversing the thoroughfare and admiring the stalls, which displayed statues, pictures, rosaries, medals, and other objects of

piety, I, in my turn, came within sight of the grotto, where a large crowd of pilgrims were already kneeling in silent and earnest prayer. I paused at the threshold. I did not venture to advance beyond the precincts of the hallowed spot. I stood and surveyed the scene. I was not, however, quite prepared for the sight. It was not that I had not read the descriptive accounts of Lasserre, but the picture had not been realized Anticipation had failed me. There is a natural silent beauty about the spot, which, when combined with the sacred character of the place, fascinates the mind and impresses the heart. I was gazing, moreover, at a picture which was the result of twenty years' toil and labor. As my eye wandered over the scene I observed a conspicuous marble slab, upon which was recorded in bold letters a brief record of the events which occurred therein more than twenty years ago. "Here," I read, "Bernadette Soubirous, the favored child of the village, saw the apparition of our Lady on eighteen different occasions." The words addressed to the child then follow: "Go tell the priest that I wish him to build me a church here. I wish that people come here in procession. Pray for sinners. Penance, penance, penance. Go drink at the fountain. I am the Immaculate Conception."

Such was the substance of the artless story which fell from the lips of the young Bernadette in that village twenty years ago. It was discredited, of course. How natural, I thought, that it should be rejected! It was deemed a delusion, — the result of a diseased imagination. The story was received with ridicule by the free-thinkers and "savants" of the little village. The miraculous cures which began to occur were denied or explained away, and angry hostility determined to crush and extinguish the rising belief and devotion in regard to the reported apparition. In those days the future could not be discerned.

The most sanguine could scarcely have ventured to predict the transformation witnessed to-day. The actors of that first epoch have now almost all passed away. The little girl, since a member of a religious community, has been laid to rest. The good old curé died some years ago. The emperor is no more. The officials are removed. The opponents have long since been silent. And very soon the few remaining witnesses of the first days will be numbered with those past. What great things have been accomplished here! I involuntarily exclaimed, as I gazed at the scene before me. Twenty years ago, the people say that this neighborhood was a desert. No one visited it; no attraction existed; no prospect appeared of any adaptation to the wants of the villagers. The "Old Rocks," as the place was called, were high, bleak, and precipitous. The stream flowed so close as to wash the mouth of the cave, and the village was nearly a mile from the place.

Now the Massabielles form the one object of interest in the whole village. The grotto has become the centre of attraction not only for the inhabitants of the place, but for the Catholics of the whole world. The metamorphosis is undeniable. Good roads have been formed, and lead to the grotto, bringing the village down to the very precincts of the shrine. Bridges have been erected in several places, and the river has been diverted from its close proximity to the rocks, so as to allow of a large and spacious approach and esplanade in front of the grotto. The surface of this open ground has been rendered hard and smooth for the convenience of those who come to kneel and pray, whilst beyond, stretching out for the distance of a mile along the river-side, a fine avenue and boulevard, planted with tall, shady trees, offers a promenade and affords rest and shelter from heat and rain. But the rocks also and the immediate

neighborhood have undergone considerable change.

In the front of the grotto an iron railing some six feet high, having a central gate, guards the enclosure. Within the entrance stands a large, circular, pyramidal candelabra, upon which a ceaseless illumination, created by hundreds of votive candles burning night and day, gives evidence of the devotion of the pilgrims to the shrine. Hung up in front, and suspended within and without, appear crutches, sticks, and other supports, which have been left by suppliants during the past twenty years, in testimony of their restoration and gratitude. Above the grotto, in the niche where the apparition is said to have appeared, stands a white marble statue of Our Lady in the attitude described by Bernadette, and surrounded with a nimbus in which the words "I am the Immaculate Conception" are plainly seen. To the left of the spectator, the water of the spring has been brought for the benefit of the visitors to a short distance from the grotto, and there is allowed to flow in the convenient form of a fountain. Further to the left, a bureau supplies objects of piety, candles, vessels for water, offerings, and mementos of the shrine. At the distance of some forty yards, baths have been erected, whither the miraculous waters are directed, and where the sick and crippled are immersed. Immediately above the grotto and niche, and on the summit of the lofty mountain which rises precipitately to a giddy height, stands the church. The sight is a picture of beauty. It is built of white stone, and was shining brightly in the dazzling rays of the scorching sun. The form is elegant, and displays symmetry and proportion of a pleasing kind. The long tapering spire adds to its beauty, and carries the eye upward to the distant zenith. Such was the view which burst upon the sight as I entered on the scene. The *tout ensemble*, which takes so long to describe, is ushered into the mind by an instantaneous reflection. Before me, covering the back esplanade, knelt the devout of both sexes, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, side by side indiscriminately. A rapid glance revealed an air of sincerity, an appearance of fervor, a fixedness of purpose, a forgetfulness of all around, and an indifference to human respect, which bespoke earnestness and conviction. Silence reigned throughout. All were kneeling. Faces were turned towards the statue in the niche. Heads were bowed in humility to the ground. Lips were moving in earnest supplication. Rosaries were held and chaplets were being said.

Having thus surveyed the scene for some time, I turned towards the basilica. Ascending the mountain path which winds gently round the rocks to the summit, I found the church crowded in every part. The altar was thronged with eager communicants during many masses. The Holy Sacrifice was being celebrated at every altar in the church and in the crypt below. After a short rest I left the church, to return later for the great solemnity of the day, at ten o'clock. At this second visit there was an opportunity of observing more in detail the appearance of this extraordinary church. The interior is lofty, bright, and cheerful. All seems new, costly, and magnificent. Wherever the eye turns, beauty and taste meet the gaze. From one end to the other the building is covered with decorations and votive offerings. Pilgrims from every part of the world during the last ten years have vied with each other in adding to its splendor. From the most distant and remote corners of the earth, visitors have brought and left some memento of their faith, reverence, and love. Without attempting to define the style of architecture, I will try to convey an idea of its form and decoration. The church consists of one large nave, at the end of which a long

chancel, approached by several steps, assumes an aspidal form. Around the church, in the place of aisles, a raised platform supports sixteen side altars, dedicated to various saints, and furnished with statues, paintings, and other emblems. The platform extends completely round the church. From the porch and entrance door the chancel presents an appearance of chaste beauty. An unusually high "fretwork" of iron, gilded and skilfully wrought into delicate and varied designs, is carried round three sides. The front of the altar is separated from the nave by a handsome communion rail, and the altar itself is a work of art. It is composed of various kinds of marbles, carved with skill and designed with taste. The tabernacle in the centre is gilded. Upon it rests a lofty canopy, supported by four delicate columns, likewise gilt, which reverently guards a snow-white marble statue of the Virgin of Lourdes. Above this canopy, and forming its upper portion, appears a succession of elegant minarets, surrounding at intervals one long central spire. Throughout the edifice are suspended banners and bannerets of silk, satin, and velvet, bearing various designs and inscriptions. These form a part of the votive gifts of various pilgrimages. Each of the numerous side chapels contains, besides its own statue and appropriate emblems and decorations, the thank-offerings of the devout of every country. The names of the donors are often given; more frequently the initials only appear. Persons of rank and dignity have left their expressions of reverence and grateful homage. Officers holding high military rank have hung up their swords; some have left their epaulets; others have taken off their decorations and medals of honor. Members of aristocratic families have erected the heraldic emblems of their house. The wealthy of every class, besides their gifts of money in aid of the erection and completion of the basilica and its surroundings, have deposited in the little chapels, or on the walls of the church, articles of jewelry, valued mementos, works of art, paintings and sculpture, to attest the deep sense of gratitude which has pervaded all who have received special favors in answer to their prayers.

This is not all. The walls of the church, from the ground to the roof, in the nave and side chapels, may be described as literally covered with marble slabs of "reconnaissance," which have been placed there at different times, and at the request and at the expense of the countless donors. These bear inscriptions, and record the solemn expressions of sincerity and grateful acknowledgment. They often contain interesting statements and touching words. Here is found a portion of the long history of twenty years' wonders and miraculous favors. Here you may read of the various marvellous cures, of lives spared, of dangers averted, of conversions gained, of hopes realized, and of petitions granted. The perusal is a long process, but it amply repays the trouble. The mind gradually becomes impressed with the variety of cases and diversity of expression, and perceives the solemn records to emanate from persons of every class, strangers to each other, and coming from every part of the habitable globe

The sight of all this splendor and wealth, and the quiet and thoughtful examination of the significant and touching records which cover the whole fabric, is impressive beyond words. The offerings, the decorations, the emblems, and the various pious requests which on all sides meet the eye, do indeed mark a widespread faith in the story of Bernadette, and attest, at the same time, an equally widespread conviction in the reality of the supernatural aids accorded to the suppliants in that hallowed spot. This impression is still more confirmed by the consideration of the complete, wonderful transformation which the entire place has undergone. The con-

ception, execution, and completion of the vast undertaking which has been accomplished in that once desert spot, in the outskirts of a poor village, amongst a peasantry without resources and without influence, and this in spite of the efforts made to frustrate and annihilate every aspiration in its regard, cannot but be deemed the most significant mark of the reality of that blessed apparition of the Immaculate, and of the continuance of that blessed presence in this now favored holy sanctuary. A moment's survey from the vestibule of the church suffices to disclose the enormous expenditure of money which the formation of the many long and spacious roads must have entailed. No one can look at those old rocks, and not be dismayed at the thought of the difficulties which had to be encountered when the good old curé had the faith and courage to trust in the words of the Immaculate, and conceive the idea of commencing the huge pile of masonry which was required to cover the summit and rise yards high before the basilica could be begun. His most sanguine hopes have now been realized. Commodious approaches have been formed, conveniences of every kind for the accommodation of the sick and the pilgrims have been called into existence. The church is now practically completed and decorated. A large house for the missionary fathers in care of the shrine, and ever ready to render spiritual aid to all who seek it, is ready at hand. Monasteries and convents are seen round and about and within its vicinity, and hospitals for the sick and afflicted, together with religious to nurse and soothe the unfortunate, are rapidly rising in the neighborhood.

During the ten days of my residence in the village I appeared to live in and about the fascinating shrine. Each day brought its fresh pilgrims from distant town and village. The enthusiasm, fervor, processions, services, discourses, and united prayers of one day were thus continued without intermission on each succeeding day by each successive arrival. It is difficult to convey an idea of the scene presented. It must be remembered that these pilgrimages involve not only long journeys, inconvenience, and personal discomfort, but toil and labor of a wearisome kind. In most cases the pilgrims had travelled all night. Sometimes the journey had extended over the preceding day, and occasionally included the previous night. The arrival was generally designed to take place at an early hour in the morning. About five o'clock they would be seen walking in procession from the station, fasting, singing hymns, and bearing banners to the grotto. Then came the ascent to the church, when holy Mass was celebrated, and the entire pilgrimage received holy Communion. At a later hour a large number would return to take part in the solemn Mass and listen to the discourse. During the intervening hours until vespers they would be seen round and about the grotto, joining in the ceaseless rosary publicly recited, or assisting in bathing the sick. In the afternoon they assembled in the church for the sermon and benediction of the blessed Sacrament, and in the evening they were summoned to the grotto once more, when they gathered to take part in the torchlight procession which concluded each day's devotion. Day after day I joined the crowds of these successive pilgrimages, and followed their programme. The church was open to the people from earliest dawn, but at midnight the holy Mass began. In unbroken succession did the numerous priests follow each other at the twenty altars above and below in the crypt until an advanced hour in the morning. It was an impressive sight to witness this simultaneous multiplied sacrifice, and multiplied successive Communions. Priests knelt or sat round each altar, reciting the divine office, or in meditation patiently waiting some distant hour for their turn

to celebrate. In the mean time the church filled and refilled until the last solemn service. At the afternoon service a preacher was selected each day. Sometimes a Jesuit Father, sometimes a Franciscan or Carmelite or member of some other religious order, sometimes a canon, and more than once a bishop addressed the people in impressive and impassioned words. The burden of the exhortation generally turned upon the origin and history of the devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes, the significance of the apparition in its circumstances, time, and place; the words spoken to the child were shown to be capable of practical application, and to contain lessons, which were clearly and simply illustrated. Stress was laid upon the religious character and spirit which should distinguish the pilgrimages, and all were reminded of the solemn and impressive words uttered at the apparition, urging the necessity of prayer, the duty of penance, and the obligation of a life of self-denial, which should reflect the self-denial and suffering of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

On one occasion I observed the presence of a society of men. They bore the name of the "Cercles Catholiques," a religious confraternity now spreading gradually over France. A special address was given to them. The preacher for the day was eloquent and fervent in his exhortation. He pointed out in burning words the glorious mission to which Catholic men were called in these days. He referred to the sad picture presented by the state of society: the infidelity, and the indifference and even hostility to all religious and ecclesiastical authority. He showed clearly the nature of the struggle now before them on the question of education. Theirs was a duty, he told them, corresponding with the greatness of their vocation. Egoism must be eschewed; active zeal, and courage in the expression of their religious opinions and convictions, must characterize them. A passive indifference to the unchristian efforts now being made must not be tolerated, but strenuous exertions by word and deed, and by the use of every legitimate means, must be employed. Here I may observe that they who feel indignant that Catholic France should be in the hands of an infidel government should not be too hasty in reproaching those who take part in the pilgrimage to Lourdes. The deplorable state of things in France is not due to their apathy and indifference. The neglect of the pilgrimage to the "ballot-box," lately referred to by one of your correspondents, must not be placed at their doors. It must be borne in mind that France is still suffering from the sad effects of successive revolutions. It is indeed true to say that all are not infidels or revolutionists; but a great majority are either tainted with such principles or are so irreligious and indifferent that, although claiming the name of Catholics, they live in utter neglect of all religious duties and obligations. Add to this the active and ceaseless propagandism of an infidel press, avowedly hostile to all ecclesiastical authority, and we have the right, the lamentable state of affairs. Humanly speaking, there appears to be no hope of stemming the tide of infidelity, or of ameliorating what is deplored. Nothing but the divine aid can rescue the Church from the dangers which threaten it. This is the reason which has prompted the pilgrimages, in many cases, to Lourdes. There, in the spirit of humiliation and reparation, the name of the Immaculate is supplicated, the powerful intercession of Mary is invoked, and faith and light and grace are implored for those who are grieving the Sacred Heart of her divine Son.

Before the days of the Octave of the festival were terminated, the great national pilgrimage was announced to arrive from Paris. It was on this occasion that I learned that the salvation and regeneration of France was one of the special objects proposed in

undertaking their pious pilgrimage. There were many circumstances which seemed to render this pilgrimage a special attraction. It was organized and superintended by a society and committee which included amongst its members persons of rank and distinction. The pilgrimage was not confined to Paris, but aspired to be national, and to be made in the name and for the cause of the nation. Bishops and priests, as well as members of different religious orders, took part in it. A special feature of the event was reported to be the conveyance of a large number of sick persons, who were to be brought under the care and auspices of the society. About 4,000 pilgrims were expected to arrive. The number of the sick was variously estimated to be between one hundred and one hundred and fifty. I had heard so much about this pilgrimage that I determined to give my undivided attention to its arrival, its operations, and its results. Accordingly, on the morning of Friday, the 22d, the last day of the Octave, I made my way to the grotto; it was about 5.30. I found many persons already before me, kneeling in prayer. I observed, however, that the immense space in front of the shrine was kept reserved. Benches and slight barricades had been erected to mark the boundaries beyond which no one might pass; the early comers, therefore, had to be content to kneel at a distance beyond this temporary line of demarcation. We were not kept waiting long in suspense. The many vehicles which had been engaged to convey the sick from the station began to appear on the scene, arriving with their delicate burdens much nearer to the shrine than is usually permitted. In the midst of a profound stillness, during which the looks of the bystanders expressed the deepest concern and sympathy, the sick, the lame, the afflicted, the paralyzed, the crippled were borne into the arena. Some lay stretched on mattresses, and were carried by gentlemen or priests into the place assigned in the allotted space. The first object of sad interest was a young woman about twenty years of age. She was reported to be in a dying state, and was lying upon a mattress bed. Her appearance indicated the ravages of consumption, or a decline. Her frame was emaciated; her face was pale and attenuated. As she entered the esplanade her eyes were at once fixed upon the statue in the niche Her hands clasped a rosary, and her lips moved fervently in prayer. As she was gently borne along, the murmurs of compassion, involuntarily uttered by the crowd, could be distinctly heard. The sick were systematically arranged in rows. The mattresses were placed at short intervals, and the chairs and benches for the accommodation of those invalids able to sit were disposed in an outer circle. A striking feature of this sad scene was the presence of kind *religieuses* whose services had been considerately secured for the care of the extreme cases. It was a touching sight to see those gentle Sisters of Charity receiving and nursing with practiced skill and sweet, consoling manner the writhing sufferers, the dejected, the sorrowful, and the languid and exhausted patients who, one by one, came to their hands. Some appeared to be in great pain; tears were visibly stealing down the cheeks of others; and it was not difficult to understand how great must have been the fatigue and painful inconvenience necessarily endured in so long a journey. But, like angels of consolation, these Sisters of Charity spoke words of comfort. Their kind manner cheered and encouraged the sufferers; their hands smoothed their pillow and eased their position. As far as possible they thought for them, and anticipated their needs.

Nor were they alone in their good work. Men of religious orders were in attendance; good priests rendered invaluable service, and displayed a quiet, considerate kindness, which could not fail to win the grateful thanks of the sick as assuredly as it

evoked the admiration of the assembled multitude. When the sick had been arranged before the grotto, and the pilgrims had arrived in procession from the station, all knelt in prayer. A temporary altar had been erected in the grotto within the enclosure. A priest began the holy Mass. The united multitude assisted in one fervent supplication for all who came to ask for help and restoration. Holy Communion was then administered to the sick and invalids. The good priest advanced to each bed accompanied by an acolyte, bearing a lighted candle; and the sick, who had all been prepared, were thus happily privileged to receive the blessed Sacrament once more. What a moment of interest was that! What a picture was presented! The assembled multitudes were kneeling in the open air. The sick were lying about as in the days of old, anxiously waiting for the coming of Jesus of Nazareth, who by the hands of his priest passed from one to another. The priest quietly threaded his way from bed to bed, from chair to chair; and who shall describe the reverent attitude, the look of earnest desire, the fervent love visible throughout that suffering crowd? After the holy Communion had been received, another Mass was celebrated. Then the pilgrims adjourned to the church above. For the sick a collation was prepared and distributed. The work of bathing the invalids then began, and the labors of the three days were fairly inaugurated. I say "labors" designedly: the labor was great, the toil excessive, and the charity and zeal shown in the constant, unflagging attention to the work in hand most edifying and praiseworthy. For three days the time and attention of the promoters, leaders, and followers were devoted to the grotto, to the baths, to the care of the sick and the services of the time from early morn till night. The invalids were carried to and fro. The afflicted in various ways were nursed and cared for, and a constant watchfulness and an unwearying, uninterrupted prayer in their regard implied a devotedness and charity of a remarkable kind. But this was not all. The prayers were incessant. The supplication was of an earnest nature which had to be seen to be understood The pilgrims had evidently come with the intention of making themselves heard before the throne of mercy. There was an impressive reality about their Ave Marias. They meant their petitions to be heard. They acted as though they knew that much depended upon their earnestness and sincerity. They brought their sick sister and paralyzed brother; and then, during the time of waiting for the bath and during the time of applying the waters, the cry went up to heaven. The Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes was implored to intercede.

The people knelt at the grotto. They knelt outside the bath bareheaded, holding the rosary in their hands, stretching out their arms in the form of the cross, bending in humiliation before heaven, and kissing the ground in a spirit of penance. Then a hymn would be sung in solemn, earnest strains, asking for mercy, pardon, and peace. Amongst others I remarked one favorite refrain, "Parce populo tuo, ne in æternum irascaris nobis." Now I will candidly acknowledge that I soon broke down as a critic. The fatigue I experienced as a spectator enabled me to realize the penance undergone by those good priests and people who remained from morning till night, praying ceaselessly aloud with the multitude, exhorting each other, talking and almost fasting throughout the day. Many hours had not passed by when I felt suddenly awed and overcome. An animated movement near the bath indicated some occurrence of interest. After a few moments of suspense the joyful news was heard that a favor had been received; a cure had been effected. Gratitude and delight appeared on every face. The happy person restored passed me on the way to the

grotto surrounded by a concourse of friends singing the "magnificat" in thanksgiving. The favors were now received quickly and in rapid succession. The next case which attracted my notice was that of a tall man, who had been a soldier. He came to the grotto in the morning suffering from paralysis. He was completely restored. I spoke to him and questioned him in company with others.

Another cure was that of a young man who had come lame on crutches. He came out of the bath smiling with delight and holding his crutches high up in the air.

Another case I witnessed was that of a young woman, who, having received the sudden cure of a cancer, was accompanied by the people to the grotto to make her thanksgiving. But the next occurrence brought me to my knees and caused me to cry aloud, "Terribilis est locus iste, vere hæc est porta cœli. Dominus est hic et nescivi."

I had scarcely recovered from the effects of the bewilderment caused by the excitement and enthusiasm of the people in different parts of the vicinity of the grotto, when to my amazement I beheld amidst the moving mass of persons, chanting, with loud and tremulous voices, beautiful words of the Te Deum, the form of a young woman who had been brought into the arena in the morning of the first arrival. I recognized her at once. She had bathed and had regained the grotto. Prayers and Aves were constantly going on for her. Suddenly she rose. The prayers had been heard; the favor was granted. Her life was spared. She was restored to health. Like those of old, "she had been permitted to take up her bed and walk." The event had been witnessed by those standing by, with whom I was acquainted. Her friends were summoned; the news spread; a procession was at once organized, and it was already on its way when my attention was attracted to it. There in the midst of the procession, and protected by guardians on every side, appeared the form of her whom I had regarded with compassion and sympathy in the morning as beyond the hope of human aid and already anointed. She walked erect, alone and unsupported; her face still pale, her figure spare and thin; her eyes were cast down modestly; she appeared collected and happy, and proceeded with unfaltering step to the church above, to make the thanksgiving which such a favor called for.

The effect upon me was indescribable. Here was indeed a visible manifestation of the power and loving compassion of the Holy Virgin of Lourdes. It was impossible not to feel inspired with reverence and awe. I sank involuntarily upon my knees and acknowledged the goodness of God, with whom the Immaculate Virgin had found such favor as to have been constituted, from the first, the second Eve, the cause of our joy, the mother of mercy, the health of the weak, the refuge of sorrow, and the help of Christians

It had been customary during the Octave for the pilgrims to gather together in the evening and hold torch-light processions. This night the procession, following close upon the events of the day, was organized with special care, and attracted special notice.

At the appointed time the pilgrims assembled before the grotto, each person bearing a lighted torch. Within the grotto the votive candles placed in the large candelabra burned brightly, illuminating the cave and its immediate surroundings. The countless flambeaux carried by the thousands of persons who poured into the esplanade in front of the shrine shone brilliantly in the darkness of the hour.

The flowing waters of the Gave reflected the lustre of the scene, and the hard, bleak rocks seemed to smile as their massive sides received the concentrated light of the numberless torches carried by that mighty multi-

tude. At a given signal all knelt down, and joined in the prayers which were said and the hymns of thanksgiving which were sung. The record of the favors received was made known, and was listened to with great attention and interest. Discourses were then given, and amongst other preachers a much-respected and beloved bishop addressed the vast concourse of people. Then the word was given to follow the instructions of those charged with the organization of the procession. The hymns familiar to all present were then commenced, having for the refrain the beautiful words of the Archangel's Salutation.

By a happy and ingenious arrangement, a solemn and enthusiastic musical movement ushered in the words, which could be plainly and distinctly heard, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria." The whole multitude seized this refrain at once. They echoed and re-echoed the words, and in the delay which was necessarily occasioned by the widening distance between each successive group in the procession, the refrain, instead of being simultaneous, was successively repeated, so that from the beginning to the end of the long, interminable line the refrain was heard like an echo travelling along, murmuring sweetly and reverently the angel's words, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria." The effect was irresistible, the impression beyond description. When the procession started it was directed to the right of the grotto, up the path which winds round the mountain-side, and thence to the high road which passes the basilica, and leads to the distant piazza where stands the crowned Madonna. As the banners moved away, and the first ranks of the procession had begun to enter up the mountain path, the singers could be distinctly heard as they continued the hymn with its significant and sweet refrain. Their progress could be traced in the darkness by the glimmer of the torches as their varied lights appeared amongst the trees planted along the mountain-side. Higher and higher they mounted, multiplying the countless stars which the lights seemed to represent in the distance. Below and around the grotto still remained a great multitude, waiting in patient order their turn to follow. They continued the hymn, and with their united voices below responded to the sweet words which descended from above.

What a spectacle was here presented; what a picture; what a vision for the painter and the poet; what a subject of meditation for all! The place in its origin and history; the apparition twenty years ago; the simple peasant girl; the flowing waters of the spring; the miraculous cures in every land; the cures of that day; the devotion of the people; the basilica with its wealth, its decorations, its monuments of piety and love; the graces, the conversions obtained, not publicly known; the processions in answer to the desire of Our Lady, the vast and brilliant procession now before us, — all combine to make that picture vivid, to make that meditation impressive.

My account is finished. I trust it may not have been altogether without profit; but I find the world at large goes on as ever. The news has created but little impression upon the large circle of the unbelieving and indifferent. The account has been received; some have not deigned to read it, others have not credited it, many have deemed it the work of the imagination, or referred it to natural causes, or adduced scientific explanations of the phenomena.

In concluding my long letter, I will remind your readers that the "Annals" published monthly by the Fathers in charge of the grotto furnish authentic accounts of many of the wonderful cures which have been effected during the last eleven years. Should any person be so far interested as to wish to verify the incidents related in the course of this narrative, the last number of the "Annals" for

August will be found to contain the names of those whose cures have been effected, and will doubtless give circumstantial and personal details connected with each case.—*London Tablet.*

BRITISH INDIA.

A STATISTICAL abstract relating to British India from 1868-9 to 1877–8, which has just been issued, gives the area of British India, exclusive of Native States, as 899,341 square miles, the number of inhabited houses as 37,043,524, and the population as 191,096,603. The area of the Native States is stated at 575,265 square miles, and the population at 49,161,-540. The area of the French possessions is 178 square miles, and the population 271,460; and of the Portuguese possessions, 1.086 square miles, the population being 407,712. The total area of all India is thus 1,475,870 square miles, and the total population 240,937,315. Of the population of British India, 139,343,820 were Hindoos, 1,174,436 Sikhs, 40,867,125 Mohammedans, 2,832 851 Buddhists and Jairs, 897,682 Christians, and 3,417,304 others, and 561,069 whose religion is not known. The total revenue in the year 1878 was £58.969,-301, and the total expenditure £62,-512,388. In the year 1877 there were 19,095 persons killed by wild beasts and venomous snakes, 46 being killed by elephants, 819 by tigers, 200 by leopards, 85 by bears 564 by wolves, 24 by hyenas, 1,180 by other wild animals, and 16,777 by snakes. The numbers killed in the two preceding years were 19 273 and 21,391 respectively. The sum of £10,301 15*s.* was paid as rewards for the destruction of wild beasts and snakes during the year, the total number of the former destroyed being 22,851, and of the latter 127,295. During the year 1877 there were 688 persons sentenced to death.

ANÆSTHESIA was first discovered in 1844.

THE EMIGRANT GIRL.*

The Irish Monthly.

A WORD with you, father. The steamer
That bears me from Ireland away,
Is ready to start with those hundreds
Of souls you see thronging the quay.

I come from the heart of the country,
Not a face in the crowd do I know;
But the smile of the priest gives me courage,
And cheers me wherever I go.

In our home by the banks of the Ara,
There used to be comfort, ochone!
Till the seasons changed so, that the harvest
Scarce gave back the seed that was sown.

The landlord lived over in London,
And cared not about our distress,
But sent for his rent every gale-day,
Still asking for more, 'stead of less.

Very soon we were pinched by the hunger;
My father, God rest him! broke down,
And sleeps in the little green churchyard
That lies on the skirts of the town.

Then I begged of my mother to let me
Sail out to the land of the West,
And try if my strength could not purchase
Better raiment and food for the rest.

With tears she agreed, and we gathered,
By ways that the poor only know,
The money to pay for my passage;
And now I am ready to go.

But I find I 've too much, so I want you
To take what remains in my purse,
And send it all back to my mother:
I 'm needy, but *her* needs are worse.

Address, "Widow Sheehan, near Bansha."
No fear of its going astray.
Though little, 't will keep away hunger,
And put off the much-dreaded day.

And now, father, give me your blessing,
The bell on the steamer has rung.
'T is hard to be leaving poor Ireland,
But then I am healthful and young.

And after a while Joe and Charlie
Will have grown up both willing and strong;
And then I 'll come back to poor mother,
And care for her all the day long.

D. G.

POTATO NOODLES. — Grate one dozen of boiled potatoes, add two eggs, a little salt, half a cupful of milk, enough flour to knead stiff, then cut in small pieces, then roll long and round, one inch thick; fry in plenty of lard to a nice brown.

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* This incident occurred at Queenstown a few weeks ago.

HOW TO MAKE SURE OF A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

The Irish Monthly.

ONE of the most effective pieces in an American volume lying here before us bears for its title the question, *Is it honest?* With this question ringing in our ears, we have some qualms about doing what we are going to do. For, is it honest to make one's own of what is not one's own, and to give here what is already in print on the other side of the Atlantic, especially as on this side of the Atlantic we have, in the matter of original contributions, to complain less of dearth than of plethora? Yes, it is quite honest, for we start with this open avowal, and the paper in question is sure to have for our readers all the charms of novelty; and we dish up a second time this sample of Yankee cookery, chiefly because it is so extremely seasonable at this Christmas season, but partly in the hope of benefiting the society whose property we are using with sufficiently explicit acknowledgment. This is the Catholic Publication Society of New York, about whose history and achievements we may have more to tell some other time. At the present moment our eye is caught by a very timely Christmas item in its first series of "Fifty Catholic Tracts on Various Subjects." The preface states that of these short and popular papers,— written often by eminent prelates and learned theologians, though sold in fly-leaves and little pamphlets, at fifty cents a hundred,— more than 2,500,000 have been circulated since 1866. Most of them are controversial in their character, and specially suited to the wants of the American public. The following is addressed to Catholics who are no better than they should be. It may have been used and it may now again be used, by the Giver of grace as the means of inspiring some souls with the desire to adopt the excellent recipe here suggested for making sure of spending a happy Christmas. With this object in view, it was our wish to find a place for it last month rather than now, so that it might be fully in time for Christmas. But its moral may still be applied; and, indeed, the story itself supposes its lesson to be learned a little too late for Christmas morning.

"Happy Christmas to you, friend Moreton!" cheerily exclaimed Mr. McCarthy, overtaking his friend, and slapping him on the shoulder with the familiarity of old acquaintance.

"Good morning, Mac," replied Mr. Moreton, grasping the proffered hand. "You look as if it was 'happy Christmas' sure enough with *you*, at any rate."

And so he did, for his face was all lit up with a ruddy glow, which showed how blithely his blood was bounding under the influence of his active morning walk, and of the dry cold December wind that was whistling along the snowy pavements, while every feature was radiant with a smile of exuberant contentment and good-humor.

"To be sure it is happy Christmas with me," said he, taking his friend by the arm and hurrying him into a quicker step; "and I 'd like to know what else it should be with any man? Is n't it happy Christmas with you, old friend?"

"Well, no, Mac, I can't exactly say it is," replied Mr. Moreton. And then, as if anxious to evade the subject: "But where are you coming from, so early in the morning?"

"Why, I've just been to early mass and received my Christmas communion, and now I'm hurrying home to breakfast. But do let me use the privilege of an old friend, and ask you what you mean by saying that Christmas is n't exactly happy Christmas with you."

"Well, no, Mac," he replied, "it is n't. To tell you the truth, Christmas day always gives me the blues. You need n't look so astonished: it is a fact; and I 'll tell you why. Of course, there was a time when I looked on Christmas day as most other people seem to do. When I was a little fellow, I suppose I used to dream about it for weeks ahead, with its glorious visions of sweet things, and toys, and fire-crackers; the Fourth of July was n't a circumstance to it. Then, when I grew up, its social gatherings and home enjoyments made it a day of real happiness to me. But as I became older, the sugar coating wore off; and now the whole thing seems so empty, and I can feel so little sympathy with all this bustle of enjoyment, that positively it gives me the blues to have to see it. There at home now, I 've just left my family in the height of their Christmas merriment. I did n't wish to throw a cloud over it with my gloomy face; and, to tell you the truth, that is more than half the reason why I started out for my walk. Maybe I 've grown too cynical; but I can't help it. It 's just as

I 've told you." And he struck his walking-stick heavily on the sidewalk three or four times, as if he would gladly pound to death the mirthfulness that annoyed him.

"Why, my dear Moreton!" exclaimed Mr. Mac, "you do indeed astonish me, and pain me, too. This is so unlike what I should expect to hear from my dear friend on Christmas morning! There must be a screw loose somewhere. Surely this sweetest festival of the year ought to be enough to gladden any heart that has a spark of religion in it. Why, man alive! just to think that it is our blessed Saviour's birthday, — and to hear the big-toned church-bells telling us so, — and to listen to the organ at early mass pealing forth the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which the angels sang on Christmas morning, — and to hear the priest repeating to us their joyous salutation: 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.' I ask you, is not this enough to thaw out any heart that is not ice itself?"

"Surely, Mac, it ought to be. and I wish it could thaw mine; but it don't."

"Have you ever given it a chance?"

"Well, probably not as fair a one as I ought. To be candid with you, Mac, *there* is the whole trouble; my religion has always been more in my *head* than in my *heart;* I have always been ready to defend my faith, but remiss in practising the religious duties it enjoins; and of course, not practising its duties, I have not been animated with its spirit, and so its festivals find my poor heart in no condition to share in their sanctifying and consoling influences. I see it all clearly enough; but how can it be otherwise with all the business worry and family cares that I have to engross my thoughts? And now, while we are on the subject, let me ask you plainly, Mac, how you, having similar cares to engage you. have still managed to keep up the good spirit so well."

"Well, now, friend Moreton," said he, "I don't wish to seem as though I were preaching you a sermon; but as you 've asked a plain question, I 'll try to give you a plain answer. I did n't begin life with the principle that my worldly duties must necessarily interfere with my religious duties, and I have never found it necessary to adopt it. I started with two good resolutions: first, that as I am God's creature, and not my own nor the world's, my duties to God should always go before every other consideration; secondly, that as an absolutely necessary means of keeping this resolution, I would always be faithful to my religion, and regular in receiving the sacraments. I 've always tried to stick to them. Of course, I have all along found plenty of obstacles, and many a time when the day would come for receiving the sacraments, some other attraction, or an annoyance or care of some kind, would come athwart my good resolution to throw me off the track; but I had determined that my duties to God *must* go first, and, thanks be to God, I have found that 'where there 's a will there 's a way.' So I go on quietly, and I must say I don't find it very hard. In fact, friend Moreton, I can't help feeling certain that any man can manage to live up to his religion if he only tries in earnest, and that, if he does, he will need no stretch of imagination or enthusiasm to taste the sweetness of religion, to enter with gusto into the spirit of its festivals and so, when Christmas morning comes round, to feel that it is *happy* Christmas in earnest. Eh! friend Moreton, now don't you believe so yourself?"

"Ah, you rogue!" he replied laughingly. "You want to catch me, and make me condemn myself. Still, I suppose I must own up. and say yes. But let me ask you to make me understand a little better than I do now the meaning of that expression you use, 'the spirit of the festivals.' I must acknowledge my notions are more indistinct than they ought to be about

such things. And then you 'll tell me what the spirit of Christmas is."

"Why," said Mr. Mac, hardly able to conceal his astonishment at his friend's unusual interest in such a subject, and barely managing to overcome the embarrassment which he could not help feeling at finding himself moralizing so seriously, — why, it means simply this: Every festival comes to teach us a particular lesson, brings with it a special grace to help us to learn and profit by that lesson, and has attached to it a special blessing from Almighty God for those who shall have tried to do so. This is what is meant by the spirit of a festival. Then, to look forward to a coming festival as being in this way a season of instruction and grace, to endeavor to attune one's soul to the lesson it comes to teach, and to pray for the grace it brings that we may benefit by its influence, — this, you see, is what is meant by entering into the spirit of the festivals. So they pass by, and pass again, year after year, benefiting every soul that cares to be benefited by them, and leaving a new blessing from Almighty God with every soul that is willing to receive it."

"Come now, Mac," interrupted Mr. Moreton, with as matter-of-fact an air as he could assume; "that is all very nice; but don't you think there is more fancy than reality in it?"

"No, I don't, you provoking fellow!" retorted Mr. Mac; "and I know you don't either. You know just as well as I do that our blessed Lord intended his life to be our model; as he says himself, 'I have given you an example, that as I have done you also may do.' You know, without my telling you, that every mystery of his life is full of instruction for us, and must bring grace to help us to profit by it, and that it is according to the guidance of the spirit of God that the Church brings these mysteries before us in the various festivals of the year. I 'm sure you are not a deist, and if you are not, you must know that all this is true. Eh! old fellow, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Well, well," he replied, with pretended pettishness, "I suppose I must let you have your own way about it. But go on, and let us hear about the spirit of Christmas."

"That is easily understood," said Mr. Mac, resuming the line of thought which his friend's pretended incredulity had interrupted. "The spirit of Christmas flows from the lesson taught us by our infant Saviour in his birth. To know what the lesson is, I have only to take a little peep into the poor stable of Bethlehem, and every feature of the scene speaks it loudly enough. Whew!" he exclaimed, as the wintry blast came rushing down the street they were just then crossing; "how the wind is sporting itself this morning! I wonder if it blew so cold and fierce around the poor stable on that first Christmas night. Ah! yes," he continued, with real emotion, "I 've no doubt it did; for our good, kind Lord was pleased always to take the worst and bitterest for his portion. Yes, as I was saying, every circumstance of our Saviour's birth teaches me a lesson. The poor stable itself, so strange a palace for the King of kings; the manger with its bed of straw, and its little baby occupant, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and weeping the tears of infantile weakness; the poor young mother, bending over her babe to screen him from the blast, and mingling her tears with his; good, simple-hearted St. Joseph, and the lowly shepherds, kneeling or standing around in wondering awe, — all these are like so many great voices that speak to me of humility and self denial, and detachment of heart from the world's goods, warning me at the same time how important must be the lesson which the Son of God has taken such pains to teach us, and coaxing me to the love of the good God who has loved his poor creatures with so touchingly tender a love. Friend Moreton, when I think of all this, I could not, if I would,

resist its influence. For the life of me, I could n't help taking the lesson to myself and trying, in my own poor way, to put it in practice; and, small though the result may be, yet the mere effort makes me feel like a better and happier man. The effort to imitate our Saviour's humility gives me more peace of mind, by helping me to be tranquil and cheerful under things that would otherwise torture my wounded pride; and, far from depressing me, makes me stronger and more resolute, by causing me to lean more on God's strength and less on my own weakness. The effort at detachment from the world's goods gives me a more confident trust in Divine Providence, enables me to look with comparative calmness on reverses which would otherwise worry me to death, and gives a real stimulus to my industry, by making me esteem money not for its own sake, but for the sake of the good I can do with it; not as a means for my own selfish aggrandizement, but as a treasure which Providence puts in my hands, that I may use it for the good ends which Providence sends in my way, and as enabling me to prove the sincerity of my compassion for our inf nt Saviour's poverty, by relieving the poor whom he has declared to be his representatives. Then, too, when I try to animate all that with love for our loving God, I can't tell you the buoyancy and freedom of spirit it gives me. My Christmas communion, which I would not miss for the world, becomes a real feast with our infant Saviour himself; and when I leave the church, I feel as if I did indeed carry with me a blessing from his own and his mother's hand. How in the world, then, could I feel otherwise than happy on Christmas morning? But, gracious me!" he exclaimed, remarking in his friend's pensive air and softened features the effect which the simple eloquence of his own warm feelings had produced, "see how I 've been running on, preaching away at you, and 'blowing my own h rn' too! Friend Moreton, forgive my thoughtlessness!"

"God bless you for it, my dear Mac!" replied Mr. Moreton, with genuine feeling. "God knows it would be well for me if I heard more and thought more of the same kind. If I did I should n't feel as I felt this morning. But maybe it is n't too late yet."

"Too late! My dear Mr. Moreton, it is never too late for such a heart and such a will as yours. Just try it, and I am sure, when this day next year comes round, you won't feel like growling at your old friend for wishing you a happy Christmas."

Taking his friend's hand for a parting shake, for they had reached the corner where Mr. Mac turned off to his home, and looking full in his face, he thought he saw something like telltale moisture glistening in his eyes. Glad to escape further risk of his own emotions, with a squeeze of the hand that spoke more than volumes, he darted round the corner, and in a few moments was in the bosom of his family, spreading around him the same happiness whose seeds he had just planted in his friend's heart.

Mr. Moreton, meanwhile, continued his walk. He looked thoughtful and abstracted. Every now and then he punched the snow-heaps with his stick, as if angry at the emotion caused in him by the conversation, and anxious to get rid of it. But he could not shake it off. He soon found himself amid a stream of persons all going in one direction. Almost unconsciously he followed the tide, and in a minute more, found himself in St. Patrick's Church, where second mass was just beginning. Dropping mechanically into the nearest pew, he knelt motionless; but his brain was working hard and fast. The mass went on, but he felt as if in a maze. He had a vague consciousness of rising to his feet with the rest of the congregation at the Gospel, and then of hearing the priest saying something that sounded very much like what Mac had just been

saying, and the thoughts crowded faster still. The offertory begun, and from the transept-gallery the sweet voices of more than a hundred orphan-girls floated out in the touching strains of the *Adeste Fideles*. He could stand it no longer; he broke right down, and, after a convulsive quiver or two through his strong frame, wept the first genuine tears that his eyes had known for many a day.

The little bell in the sanctuary tinkled at the *Sanctus*, and then at the Consecration, and again at the *Domine, non sum dignus*, and then there was a movement among the congregation that aroused him. Lifting his face from his hands, in which it had been buried, he saw the crowds advancing to the communion-rail. He felt very lonely; but the die was cast. Then and there he resolved that he would be ready to receive holy communion on the following Sunday, and the resolution made him calmer.

Mass was over. The congregation dispersed, save those remaining for their thanksgiving after communion; and still he was on his knees, his lips saying nothing, but his heart a great deal. At length he arose. As he passed out, he saw a poor woman kneeling near the door, an infant in her arms, and shivering with the cold that crept through her scanty clothing. He thought of the Mother and the Child shivering in the stable. He slipped a dollar into her hand, "Here, buy something for your Christmas dinner," and left her wondering at the unusually large alms. The outside air felt bracing. Passing his hand across his forehead two or three times, he set his hat firmly on his head, and started homeward.

Things wore a new face that day Somehow or other, the noisy merriment on the streets did not annoy him as it used to; the young folks at home remarked how much more pleasant than usual papa was; Mrs. Moreton wondered what good news he could have heard upon the street; he went with them all to high mass; at the dinner-table he was the life of the party; and when he lay down that night, with the events of the morning still fresh in his mind, he felt that he had at last learned how to have a happy Christmas.

He kept his resolution. The following Sunday he received holy communion. The two friends met frequently, feeling more friends than ever, and often reverting with grateful pleasantry to "that Christmas-morning walk." Twelve months passed, and Mr. Moreton received his Christmas communion kneeling at friend Mac's side. He never let the ice grow over his heart again.

Kind reader, do you use the same means that good Mr. Mac did to make Christmas happy? If not, the lesson conveyed by his simple words is as needful for you as it was for his old friend. Learn the lesson as well as Mr. Moreton did, and you will have learned sufficiently how to have a happy Christmas.

RESTORE HER OWN TO THE CHURCH.

THE "Utina Cattolica" publishes an interesting letter from a Turin advocate who has been interviewing the Pope. His Holiness expressed intense dislike and mistrust of the "revolution." "The revolution," he said, "is insatiate, just because it is the revolution. Who can be sure of to-morrow? What Italian statesmen can shut their eyes to the evils accruing to their country from the attacks made on the Holy See? The Church is the prime school of reverence and submission Unless she lends her sanction to the civil laws, the citizens will obey from fear. The only sure basis of society is principle, because principle is immutable. What was right yesterday is so to-day, and will be forever." In conclusion, the Pope said, "Restore her own to the Church, re-endow her with sovereignty, liberty, and independence, and she will anew put forth her beneficent influences for the welfare of mankind."

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER CENTENARY.

London Universe.

To-morrow will be the hundredth aniversary of the memorable 12th October, 1779, when the Irish Volunteers met in College Green, Dublin, outside the Parliament House, with their cannon bearing the suggestive inscription, "Free Trade or ——." Henry Grattan, inside the House, moved that the restrictions on Irish trade, which crippled the national commerce, should be removed. The representatives of government opposed the eloquent Irish patriot, and had nearly beaten him, when one of themselves, Mr. Hussey Burgh, who held high legal office, rose and declared that he would not remain in connection with any administration that refused justice to his native land. The Castle was startled and defeated, Ireland won, and "Grattan and the Volunteers!" became the national cry.

Change the scene. In April, 1780, Grattan rose to move the "Declaration of Irish Right" He, in a magnificent oration, proved that the Irish people were entitled to make their own laws. He was, for a time, unsuccessful with the Senate, but he laid the foundation of victory. His glowing words were borne like wildfire over every hill and through every glen, and Ireland felt that the dawn of her legislative freedom was at hand.

Change the scene. In February, 1782, the Protestant Church of Dungannon, in the North of Ireland, was filled with representatives of the Volunteers of Ireland. They unanimously voted that no power on earth, except the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, has, or ought to have, power to make laws for the Irish people.

Change the scene. On the 16th April, 1782, Grattan rose again to propose the legislative independence of Ireland. He conquered because England had been beaten in America, and she felt that in the tranquillity of Ireland lay her only hope. Ireland became free from the legislative superiority of England, and was left at liberty to make laws for her own people.

Mr. James Burke some months ago, and Mr. P. J. Smyth recently, suggested that the centenary of the Irish Volunteers should be celebrated. This is right. There is in such a celebration nothing of party, nothing of sect. It is completely national. Every Irishman, no matter what may be his creed or political views, can take part in doing homage to the memory of men whose noble devotedness to the rights of native land raised that land for a time to the position which she so well deserves to hold. We shall watch with deep interest the progress of a movement which, if properly carried out, will do honor to Ireland and will give a great impetus to that glorious principle—Home Rule for Ireland—of which, we are proud to say "The Universe" was the first advocate in Great Britain, and of which it has always been the unflinching friend.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

The first stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid on Aug. 15, 1248. The 631st year of its building was completed on the 15th of last month, and it is hoped that the next anniversary will really see the finishing of the great minster. The two towers have now reached their last stage, and have only to be fitted with their massive caps of solid stonework. For this purpose two great scaffoldings have to be erected at a dizzy height; one of them, however, already approaches completion. When the caps have been finished, then a still higher story will have to be added to the scaffoldings, in order to fix on the tops of the caps the gigantic foliated crosses, almost thirty feet high, which are to crown the towers. This operation will, it is expected, be performed next spring.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

EDWARD O'MEAGHER CONDON.

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL, CONVICTION, AND EXECUTION OF THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS, WITH MR. CONDON'S SPEECH IN THE DOCK.

Edward O'Meagher Condon, the gallant American soldier and Irish patriot, whose name is honored wherever one of the Irish race is to be found, was born in the year 1840, in Mitchelstown, county Cork, Ireland; his father was one of the Condons of Brigoun, near Mitchelstown, and his mother of the O'Meagher family of Pollardstown. Both the Condons and O'Meaghers were famous for their patriotism, and noted throughout that region for their uncompromising hostility to the English domination, and their opposition to the hirelings of English conquest, who lorded it over the Irish of the neighborhood. The natives of Mitchelstown and vicinity can bear testimony to the patriotism of the stock from which Edward O'Meagher Condon sprung.

When young Condon was two years old, his family emigrated to America. His father was a carpenter, and followed that occupation in the lower British provinces for a short time, then removed to Toronto, Canada, where he engaged in the building and contracting line. After receiving a good education, Edward learned the carpenter's trade with his father, who did an extensive business. When old enough he took charge of his father's affairs. It was in Toronto that young Condon made the acquaintance of General Thomas Francis Bourke, Capt. Wm. Mackey Lomasney, the late Michael Murphy, Capt. Murty Moriarty. The Canadian Irish were brimful of patriotism, the sacred flame being fanned by the opposition and oppression attempted by the Orange supporters of British power in that city. However, it needed no opposition to make the Irish of Toronto patriotic. As a rule, it was imbibed by the young Irishmen of that city with their mother's milk. Toronto stands, *par excellence*, the foremost city of America for the number of true patriots it has produced during the past twenty years, in proportion to its Irish population. While loyal to their adopted country, and opposed to any invasion thereof, they never forgot their motherland, which they loved with the most intense devotion, and detested the oppression which the English aliens exercised over their beloved Erin.

It was this spirit that animated Edward Meagher Condon to visit New York, in 1859, when he was initiated into the Fenian Brotherhood, then started by John O'Mahony, the Head Centre, who was a fellow-townsman, as was W. R. Roberts, afterwards president of the "Senate wing" on the occurrence of the "split" which caused so much disaster to the national spirit both in Ireland and America. While in New York, in 1859, young Condon became acquainted with Col. Michael Doheny, Col. Michael Corcoran, then Captain of Company A, Sixty-ninth Regiment, Col. Michael Cavanagh, the present commander of the Sixty-ninth, and Capt. Michael Phelan, of billiard fame, who was an ardent patriot, and one of the founders of the Brotherhood. After a short sojourn in New York, Edward Condon returned to Toronto. He there established the Fenian Brotherhood. The Toronto circle was composed of a few sterling patrons, and for a long time was the only circle in Canada. Afterwards the brotherhood was established in Lower Canada. The invasion of 1866 dispersed all the members within the Dominion. Michael Murphy, Capt. Condon, and three *confreres* raised the large sum, for Canada, of $3,800, and afterwards about $5,000, although the circle never numbered over sixty. Edward O'Meagher Condon was their delegate, in conjunction with Father Curley, to the Clinton Hall convention, in January, 1866, which indorsed John O'Mahony, the lamented Michael Murphy representing the Toronto men in the

Philadelphia convention of October, 1865. After establishing the brotherhood in Canada in 1859, 1860, and 1861, young Condon returned to the States at the outbreak of the war, and enlisted under the Union flag. He joined the Irish legion, serving in the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth New York Volunteers, Corcoran Zouaves, against Longstreet at Suffolk, Va., and against Mosby around Fairfax. In serving the Union, his preference for the Fenian boys induced him to serve with the lamented Michael Corcoran. O'Meagher Condon, after Corcoran's death, served under Grant in the campaign from Fredericksburg to Petersburg. He was severely wounded in front of the latter place, and pronounced unfit for service and mustered out; his discharge bears testimony to his bravery while in the army. After the Clinton Hall convention, and the Fenian raid on Canada, he remained for some time in New York, but went to Ireland in 1866, to take part in the promised fight of that year. He was imprisoned in Glasgow with M'Clure on suspicion, released in a short time and placed under surveillance, but soon baffled the British spies. We might digress here from the narrative, and state that he was given charge of an expedition by John O'Mahony, to release the Cornwall prisoners, and communicated with them in prison, but was unable to effect anything, as the force in charge, five hundred men, and the presence of two British gunboats, rendered success impossible. He afterwards visited Toronto and escaped the detectives waiting for him at the station, being disguised as an old man of seventy.

When the rising of '67 was ordered, he went to Ireland from Glasgow, and was appointed to take charge of the Mitchelstown district, but on the eve of the rising was sent to Macroom. He there found plenty of good men and true, but no arms, and the traitor Corydon's information had placed the government police and royalists on the alert, and they had strongly fortified and garrisoned the castle and the police barrack. As the loyalists, soldiers, police, landlords, etc., were well armed and strongly posted, he was unable to effect his object with his unarmed men, and could not surprise them, as the alarm was given before he reached the neighborhood of Macroom. When the rising failed, he returned to Cork and was appointed to take charge of the district. He made attempts, with his old comrade, Capt. Mackey, Deasy, Michael O'Brien the martyr, and other officers, to capture arms, with some success. When affairs became hopeless for the time, and being much sought after by the police, he escaped to England, and was appointed to take charge of the North of England district, on the return to America of "Beecher," the lamented Capt. Michael O'Rourke. While organizing extensively there, Col. Thomas Kelly came to visit him with Deasy. A convention and council of officers was held, Michael O'Brien the martyr lodging with Condon. Larkin wished them to stop at his house, but did not wish to compromise him in case of trouble. At this time, Kelly and Deasy were arrested, and the determination was formed to rescue them. Capt. Condon engaged Ernest Jones, the great English advocate, to plead for them. In the mean time, he made thorough preparations for the rescue, sending patriots to watch for the informer Corydon, at the Manchester railroad station, but he did not come. The brave young Philip Allen accompanied Condon to the railroad stations, making detours, etc. The night before the rescue, Darragh (Thompson) brought Condon revolvers from Birmingham; he went back in the morning, was taken afterwards, tried March 17, 1868, was condemned to death, having been sworn to as being present at the rescue, was reprieved, and died from cruel treatment in Portland in 1870. After receiving the revolvers, the ever-memorable rescue took

place. Condon, the three brave martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, and their comrades attacked the prison van containing Kelly and Deasy, while in transit, and upon the refusal of the guard to open the door and release the prisoners, the shot was fired into the lock, which killed Brett. Condon stayed behind to keep the mob and the peelers back. The released prisoners and escort had gone too far to be overtaken.

Condon got separated, went to a friend's house and changed his clothing, and started for the place where Kelly and Deasy were concealed, intending to bring them north; was recognized *en route* by a detective, surrounded, and captured. The martyred three, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, and twenty-six others, were arrested. Condon was known as Ed. Shore, and under this name was tried. The first trial or preliminary examination lasted eleven days, Condon being handcuffed all the time to Larkin. The saddest sight to the prisoners was that of being guarded by Irish soldiers. After the preliminary examination, a special commission was called to try them, ending in a five days' trial before a packed jury and a hanging judge (Blackburn). The attorney-general was the master spirit there. Digby Seymour, who defended Condon, styled Fenianism a compound of Irish madness and Yankee rowdyism, and his client its representative. This was rather a sorry manner of pleading for a client. The end of the trial was sentence of death upon Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, Condon and Maguire. When O'Meagher Condon was asked by the judge, "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?" he delivered the following speech:—

MANCHESTER, All Saints Day, 1867.

My Lord, — This verdict has come upon me somewhat by surprise. It appeared to me rather strange, that upon any amount of evidence of the kind you have listened to, — and which was palpably false, — a man could have been convicted of wilfully murdering one whom he never saw, whose name he never heard before being put in prison. I do not care to detain your Lordship long, but I cannot help remarking that Shaw, who has come here now to look upon his victims, after having sworn away their lives, has sworn what is altogether false, and there are contradictions in his deposition which have not been brought to your notice. I suppose, the depositions being left imperfect, there was no necessity for it. As to Batty, he swore at his first examination that a large stone fell upon me, — a stone which, Mr. Roberts said at the time, would have killed an elephant. But not the slightest mark was found upon my head, where it would have struck, and if I were to be pointed out as one upon whom such a stone had fallen, and he as one who would swear to it, I do not know which of us would be looked at with most surprise. However, his evidence has been accepted by the jury, though now he says that he only thought it.

There is another matter to consider. I have been sworn to by some of the witnesses, who have also sworn to others, who were proved to have been in another city, Liverpool, at the time. Again, others have, like me, an overwhelming alibi, and I should by rights have been tried with them, but I suppose you cannot help that. We have another instance of perjury: Thomas, the policeman, swore that he identified in prison one who, it has been proved, was not arrested for two days after the date he mentioned. As for the other Thomas, I presume that no sane man could have believed him. He had heard of the blood money, and was, of course, prepared to swear pretty high for it. It is said that my alibi has not been strong. Unfortunately I was not strong in pocket, and consequently unable to procure testimony to prove where I stood exactly at the time.

With regard to the unfortunate man who has lost his life, I sympathize with his family as deeply as your lordships, the jury, or any one in court. I regret the unfortunate accident, but am as innocent of his blood as you. I had not the slightest intention of taking life. I have had no connection with that man's death, and ought not to be accused of murder which I have not committed. I may say, with regard to another matter, that my learned counsel has, no doubt with the best intentions, expressed some opinions upon the misgovernment to which my country has been subjected, with which I do not coincide. I believe it to be wilful. I am firmly convinced that there is a prejudice in the minds of the people, which has been excited and increased by the papers, at least by many of them, and which, to a great extent, has influenced the mind of the jury in convicting the men standing in this dock on evidence of which, a learned gentleman remarked, a few nights since, that it would have caused their acquittal, if they had been charged with murdering an old woman for the sake of the money in her pocket, but for a political offence of this kind, it would not. The opinions I hold on national matters are too well known to need repeating; and with regard to the release of the prisoners from the van, I am of opinion that if there was to some extent excess, it was unpremeditated. If those released had been in other countries, occupying other positions, it would have been regarded differently. If Jefferson Davis had been rescued from his guards in a Northern city there would have been a cry of applause throughout all England; if Garibaldi, who, I saw before I was shut out from the world, was arrested, had been released, they would have applauded the bravery of the act; if the "captives" of King Theodore had been freed, that, too, would undoubtedly have been loudly applauded: but as this happened to take place in England, of course it is an awful thing. Yet in Ireland murders are perpetrated with impunity on unoffending men by your soldiers, as in the case of the riots at Waterford, where an unarmed and peaceful man was murdered by them at his own door, and none were punished for it.

I do not desire to detain your lordships much longer. I can only say that I leave this world without a sting of conscience; that I have been guilty of the death of Brett, of this I am totally guiltless. I leave this world without malice towards any one. I do not accuse the jury, but I believe they were prejudiced. I do not accuse them of wilfully wishing to convict us, but prejudice has induced them to convict when they otherwise would not have done so. And with reference to the witnesses, every one of them has sworn falsely. I threw no stone, fired no pistol, was not in the places they have said; but as I have to go before my God, I forgive them. They will meet me some day before that God, who is to judge us all, and then you, the people in this court, every one will know the truth. Had anything I had committed against the crown of England been sworn to, I would have scorned myself had I attempted to deny it; but those witnesses have sworn what is altogether false. Had I been an Englishman, who was arrested near the scene of that disturbance, I would have been brought here as a witness, but being an Irishman it was supposed my sympathy was with the rescuers; on suspicion of that sympathy I was arrested, and in consequence of the rewards offered I was identified. It could not be otherwise, yet my opinions on national matters should not cause me to be brought before your lordships in a case of murder. We have been found guilty, however, and as a matter of course, we accept our death as gracefully as possible. I am not afraid to die! (The three martyrs cried out, "Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" Maguire remaining silent.)

I have no sin nor stain on me for what I have done, and I leave the world at peace with all. With regard to the other prisoners who are to be tried afterwards, I hope that our blood will satisfy the cry, the clamor, the thirst for it now raging. I hope it will be enough, and that those who, I honestly believe, are quite guiltless of the death of that man, — the other prisoners, — will get a fair, free, and more impartial trial. We view matters in a different light from the jury, and being imprisoned have not had the advantage of understanding exactly to what the excitement has led. I can only hope and pray that this unfair prejudice will disappear, that my poor country will right herself some day, and that her people, far from being looked on with scorn and aversion, will receive what they are rightfully entitled to, — the respect not only of the civilized world, but even of Englishmen. I, too, am an American citizen, and upon English soil. I have not committed the crime for which I am amenable to the crown of England. As a matter of course, then, I did expect protection, as this gentleman (meaning O'Brien) did, — the protection of the ambassador of my government. I desire to say that my name is not Shore. It is Edward O'Meagher Condon. I am a citizen of Ohio, and afar off beside its river, as in the Old Land beside the Funcheon, there are living hearts that will be sorry for this fate of mine, but they would be ashamed of me if I were in the least degree a coward, or if I concealed my opinions. I have nothing but my best wishes to send them, with the warmest feelings and the assurance that I can die as a Christian and an Irishman, and that I am not ashamed or afraid of anything I have done or the consequences before God or man. The unfortunate divisions of our countrymen in America have, to a certain extent, neutralized the efforts that we have made in one direction or another for the liberation of our native land; and as our efforts to accomplish this have been thwarted, it only remains to submit to our fate. I only trust again that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which I understand exists. You will soon send us before our God, and I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, nothing to retract, nothing to take back.

THOUGHTLESS SCHOOL-GIRLS.

"How all the girls laughed at Miss Alfred to day, mother, in school! You should have seen the old dress she had pieced out under the flounces, thinking it would never show. One of the ruffles caught on the corner of a seat, and ripped off half a yard of it. It was so old and faded and forlorn, that the girls laughed out loud."

"O Arty," said her mother, with a look of pain on her kind face, "I am sure you did not laugh."

"I did, mother," said Arty, hanging her head; "they all did."

"What if it had been your own dress?" asked her mother; "what if father were dead, and you were obliged to get your living by teaching, and take care of a feeble brother besides? What if almost every dollar you could make went to pay rent, and buy food and fuel and medicines and comforts for the sick one? What if you had spent hours in making over an old dress, so that it might look respectable in the school-room, hoping that others might not see its defects, then how would you like exactly such a scene as that in your class-room to-day?"

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry!" said Arty, the quick tears coming to her sympathizing eyes.

"So would all the girls be, I am sure," said her mother, "if they would only think of it. They are not unfeeling, only thoughtless. I would do my best to atone for the fault by extra kindness and politeness and obedience to-morrow. Your example will have some effect on the other girls."

THE ORIGIN OF SURNAMES IN IRELAND.

In ancient times there were no surnames. In order, however, to preserve the more correctly the history and genealogy of the different tribes, the monarch Brian Boru, who ascended the throne A. D. 1001, made an ordinance that every family and clan in Ireland should adopt a particular surname. Each family was at liberty to adopt a surname from some particular ancestor, and generally took their names from some chief of their tribe, celebrated for his valor, wisdom, piety, or some other great qualities, some prefixing "Mac," which means son; and others "Hy," "Ua," "Ui," or "O," each of which signifies of, or a descendant of.

Without "O" and "Mac," the Irish have no names, according to the old verse: —

"Per O, atque Mac, veras cognoscis Hibernos;
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

Which has been Anglicized thus: —

"By Mac and O you 'll surely know
True Irishmen they say;
But if they lack both 'O' and 'Mac,'
No Irishmen are they."

According to Connellan, many penal acts of Parliament were in the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, kings of England, passed, compelling the ancient Irish to adopt English surnames, and the English language, dress, manners, and customs; and, no doubt, many of the Milesian Irish did take English surnames in those times, to protect their lives and properties, as otherwise they forfeited their goods and were liable to be punished as Irish enemies. Hence, many of the ancient Irish families did so twist and Anglicize their names, that it is often difficult to determine whether those families are of Irish or English extraction; and hence, many of them of Irish origin are considered of English or French descent. In modern times, too, many of the Irish families omitted the "O" and "Mac" in their surnames; but such names lose much of their euphonious sound by the omission, and besides, are neither English nor Irish.

Some of the Danish settlers in Ireland took Irish surnames, as the Plunkets, Betaghs, Cruises, Dowdalls, Dromgooles, Sweetmans, and Palmers, in Dublin, Meath, and Louth; and the Goulds, Coppingers, Skiddys, Terrys, and Trants in Cork. More of the Danish settlers prefixed "Mac" to their names, as did many of the Anglo-Norman and English families in early times. The following Anglo-Norman and English families adopted Irish surnames: the De Burgos or Burkes of Connaught took the name of MacWilliam, and some of them that of MacPhilip; the De Angulos or Nagles of Meath and Mayo changed the name to MacCostello; the De Exeters of Mayo, to MacJordan; the Barretts of Mayo, to MacWattin; the Stauntons of Mayo, to MacAveely (*Mileadh:* Irish *a hero*), signifying "the son of a hero"; the De Birminghams of Connaught and other places, to MacFeorais or Peoras (signifying "the son of Pearse" or Percy), from one of their chiefs; the Fitzsimons of the King's County, to MacRuddery (*Ridire:* Irish *a Knight*), signifying "the son of the knight"; the Le Poers (Anglicized "Power") of Kilkenny and Waterford, to MacShere; the Butlers, to MacPierce; the Fitzgeralds, to MacThomas and MacMaurice; the De Courcys of Cork, to MacPatrick; the Barrys of Cork, to MacAdam, etc. But it does not appear that any of those families adopted the prefix "O," which, according to the "Four Masters," was confined chiefly to the Milesian families of the highest rank.

Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved.

Politeness is the shadow of civilization, Christianity is the substance.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEETING AT SIR JOHN CONIERS', AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It is said by those who may be regarded as authorities on so important a subject, that the decline of the very ancient sport of hawking in England is to be ascribed to the enclosure of those waste lands so necessary for the cultivation of all out-door amusements. Private greed and public utility have left us but few open spaces now; and turnpike roads form a poor substitute for the unrestrained freedom of the woods and heaths, amid which our forefathers, both noble and plebeian, roamed at will.

But at the period of which we write, hawking was a recreation in which the monarch himself delighted; and his example was so eagerly followed by his subjects, that falcons commanded higher prices during his reign than they ever did before or since.

It was therefore perfectly in accord with the times, and a matter that could excite no surprise, that a large party of ladies and gentlemen, mounted and bearing falcons on their wrists, should meet on a certain day in August, before a quaint-looking mansion, situate not many miles south of the pleasant yet important city of Birmingham.

The day was still known, but little honored, like everything else that pertained to England's old religion, as the Feast of the Assumption; and the house was called Ipsley Lodge, the residence of a well-known and most determined recusant, one Sir John Coniers.

Although everything was in readiness, and the sun, slowly mounting above the tops of the forest trees, threatened speedily to swallow up every available inch of shade, there seemed little disposition on the part of those assembled to commence their sport. From the indifference exhibited on all sides, a close observer might have suspected that some other cause than amusement had drawn the party together; and his suspicion would not have fallen far short of the truth.

The appearance of two gentlemen at the entrance of the mansion caused a slight movement in the crowd; and after a little further delay, the party broke off into groups, disappearing by various paths among the forest glades, and the new-comers were alone. But they at length rode away, conversing quietly as they went. We know them both already. The tall, thin man is Sir John Coniers, who visited Studley under the name of Mr. Smith: his companion is Captain Burnet.

But presently they returned in evident confusion, having in their company a little man with a red beard, whose reeking, dust-begrimed steed showed that he had ridden far and fast. Dismounting instantly, they entered the house.

The stranger was a man rather below the medium height, poorly clad, and of exceedingly plain appearance. There was nothing about him to indicate his sacred calling; he might, with safety, have been taken for a mechanic, a smith or a carpenter, perhaps, in both of which trades he was expert. People had listened wonderingly to the many stories — and they were true — of his hair-breadth escapes; of the traps laid for his capture, out of which he emerged unscathed. Priest-hunters had come upon the place of his concealment suddenly, finding the nest still warm, but the bird flown; and baffled and angry, had pursued their fruitless search elsewhere, only to encounter fresh disappointment. Few, save those of his own faith, would have recognized in that humble figure the head of that noble order, that heedless of danger was laboring with patient fidelity to prevent the complete banishment from English soil of the Catholic religion, then undergoing its darkest and most bitter trial.

"You bring news of importance, father?" said Sir John, bending reverently to kiss the Jesuit's hand.

"Hush! no names. I am Mr. North for the present. My news will not affect you much, Sir John; but it will send our friend, Captain Burnet, a long journey," he replied, with a curious twinkle in his sharp gray eyes. "Being on my road hither, I thought it expedient to take Warwick in my way. A friend of ours, who is in the confidence of the authorities, and who occasionally gives me items of intelligence that are of great service, informed me that the identity of Burnet, as he is called, was discovered; and that the sheriff, who has for some time held a warrant for his arrest, has received fresh orders, and has been despatched in quest of him."

"I expected as much," said Burnet; "and my name is known?"

"Everything is discovered," said Mr. North. "Concealment is hopeless. You cannot, therefore, remain here any longer."

"Would it not be possible for me to hide at Studley until this has blown over?"

"No," said Mr. North; "it cannot be. From what I heard at Warwick, it is evident that you have been watched, and that your person is well known in this locality. And was it altogether prudent, my brother, to seek shelter of one of such high station in the county as Lord Aston?"

"It was unavoidable," said Burnet; and he briefly related the circumstances that had led to his residence at the manor house. "The sheriff," he continued, "suspected me from the first; and when Sir Roger Aston arrived, I thought all was lost. But I found that he did not clearly remember me; and but for a few words with the sheriff, to whom I protested that I had a secret mission from the king, — which was true as I meant it, but not as he understood me, — I came off unmolested. But how did the sheriff get at my name?"

"That is soon told," said Mr. North. "Sir Roger knew you as having been a prisoner at York, where he examined you on several occasions. His memory was assisted by Mandrill; and after comparing notes, the pair arrived at the right conclusion."

"But," urged Sir John, "if the sheriff held a warrant for Father — I mean for Captain Burnet's arrest — why did he hesitate to enforce it? He is not so neglectful usually of his pleasant duties"

"The warrant contained neither the proper appellation nor the assumed one of our friend. But that would have made no difference if the sheriff could have been certain that Burnet was the man he was in search of. It has been amended now, however, thanks to the united sagacity of Master Mandrill and Sir Roger," said Mr. North.

"If you think it too hazardous for me to remain," said Burnet, "what course then do you suggest?"

"I considered the matter fully, as I rode from Warwick," said Mr. North. "Some days since the news reached me from London that two of our brethren had been taken, and I was urged to send further assistance. I thought of you at the time, as being a stranger to the city, and therefore less exposed to the risk that attends us when we become at all known. There is much to be done there; but the hazard is great, — greater by far than exists in districts like this. Yet, if you would prefer any other part — "

"All places are alike to me," said Burnet. "What matters it where we work, so that the work be done?"

"Be it so, then," replied Mr. North. "The sheriff is on his way hither. I gained the start of him by more than an hour, so that if you are willing to commence your journey at once, you have no time to lose. These, then, are your instructions: — I would recommend you to travel by way of Henley-in-Arden, thence to Stratford-upon-Avon, and press on with all speed for Banbury, where you will meet one who is known to you. I sent him forward

fron Warwick this morning. He will await you in the churchyard at sunset; if you do not arrive to-day, he will be at the same spot to-morrow. I give you no token or papers; he will be your guide to London."

"I will carry you the first stage of your journey," said Coniers.

"Your blessing first, my father; it may be for the last time, God only knows!" said Burnet.

He knelt, and Coniers followed his example, while Mr. North made the sacred sign, murmuring the well-known words of benediction.

"And now to baffle the poor sheriff once more," said Mr. North, as soon as they had left.

Descending to the garden, he flung off his jerkin, and with a hoe vigorously proceeded to weed the flower-beds, with a skill that showed such work was no novelty to him.

Presently he heard the trampling of horses and loud voices echoing through the avenue, but affecting to be absorbed in his occupation, he went on calmly until a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Now, knave," said the sheriff, in an imperious tone, "where is your master? Speak! Have your dolt's brains gone wool-gathering?"

Mr. North looked along the ground on one side of him, and then on the other, as though he heard or understood the question imperfectly, and then fixing his eyes in stolid wonder on the inflamed visage of the sheriff, said quietly, "I will go and tell the servants, sir"; and he was moving away when the sheriff angrily called him back.

"What! what!" said he. "Stop! Are you not one of Sir John's servants, then? Who are you?"

"A poor gardener, sir, as you see," was the reply, given without the faintest show of trepidation. "My work lies out of doors. I have no call to trouble myself about household matters. There is a hawking party here to-day, and I think Sir John is with some of the other gentlemen."

The sheriff turned away impatiently, muttering something very like an oath.

A rapid and careful search was now made by the sheriff, attended by one of his men, and in a concealed closet behind the wainscot of Sir John Coniers' apartment, a small empty leathern trunk and a cloak, which were recognized as Burnet's property, were discovered by the sheriff. He now offered large rewards to any one of the servants who would show him the hiding-place of the man known as Captain Burnet. But his efforts were in vain. The only information he could procure was to the effect that Burnet had kept his room almost entirely during his stay; and that the guests had held some meeting that morning in the picture-gallery. All this was very unsatisfactory to Master Mandrill, and in despair of obtaining further clew, he went out and called for the dogs

Two splendid bloodhounds of the purest breed were brought forward, — muscular and compact animals, of a reddish-tan color, with broad forehead and tawny muzzle, and with the serene, sagacious aspect indicative of a degree of instinct so lofty as almost to resemble reason.

The cloak, which the sheriff identified as the one he had seen worn by Captain Burnet, was, in obedience to his orders, cast at the feet of the hounds. They eagerly sniffed about it, and the leash being slipped, ran to and fro, while their movements were watched with the keenest anxiety by the sheriff and his followers.

"Mount, mount, and follow!" shouted Mandrill, as the dogs, raising their heads with a deep howl, caught the desired scent, and bounded away along the path that Burnet had taken.

But the fugitives were already some miles off, proceeding at a good pace along the road towards Stratford. Sir John was anxious, casting many a backward glance, and biting his lips and frowning heavily at times, according to his usual habit. They had not

followed the high road to Henley, but branching off near Woodland's Green, a way thoroughly familiar to Coniers, had skirted Morton Bagot, and succeeded in reaching Wootton Wawen before the sheriff had quitted Ipsley.

They clattered through Wootton, but within a few yards of the narrow stream that crosses the road beyond the village, Sir John's horse shied, and coming in contact with the broken branch of a tree, fell heavily to the ground, hurling his rider from his back. Sir John was not hurt, and rising instantly, caught the bridle as the beast struggled to regain its feet; and then, to his consternation, he found that the horse was maimed, and its shoulder severely lacerated. Burnet dismounted, and after a cursory examination, it became apparent that Sir John's journey was perforce at an end.

"This is a misfortune," said Coniers; "but 'tis ill crying over spilt milk. Your road lies straight before you, through Bearly; in another hour you will reach Stratford. Ride on, sir; ride on, in God's name!"

A hasty farewell, and Burnet, setting spurs to his horse, dashed across the river, and was out of sight in a moment, leaving Sir John standing dejectedly beside his wounded steed.

"Well, well, poor beast!" he said; "'t is no fault of yours. You did your best; and happy should we be, in our way through life, if we missed our foothold as seldom."

The animal seemed to understand its master, and bent its sagacious head, as if sympathizing with his disappointment. The knight patted its neck affectionately, and leading it down to the stream, bathed its wounded knees and shoulder, from which the blood was running. Resigning himself to the inevitable, Sir John put the bridle over his arm, and led the animal back to the village, where he gave it in charge of the host of the little wayside inn, telling him that he would send for it in a day or two; and then, yielding to the man's entreaties, he sat down in the rush-strewn parlor to rest himself.

But his mind was too full of the hunted priest from whom he had just parted, to allow him to touch a morsel of the food that was set before him. He pictured to himself the lonely wayfarer speeding on, stage by stage, towards the goal that was ever in view, to the end that such as he, outcast and proscribed, came to sooner or later,—the felon's death, the dishonored grave. And what was Burnet's offence? He was a priest of a church that England cherished no more, and whose followers she denounced as traitors. That was all.

He clasped his sword-hilt impatiently, his thin nostrils dilated, and flinging down a piece of money, he abruptly left the house. The bitter sense of wrong, the remembrance of unmerited and savage persecution to which all of his creed were subjected, were overpowering, and created within him a wild and burning desire of revenge.

He did not observe, in his abstraction, that the keeper of the alehouse still stood at the door, watching his angry gestures and scowling brow, in stupefied wonder.

Without being aware of it, he was retracing, almost instinctively, the road by which he had journeyed; and, recalled to himself by a finger-post that loomed forth on his left, he mechanically read the inscription thereon.

"Aston Cantlow!" he muttered; and then, brightening up, he said: "Ah, in good stead, I may borrow of my lord another horse to carry me back to Ipsley. So be it. He is better than most of our neighbors, and befriended poor Burnet but recently."

Turning his steps rapidly towards the place he mentioned, he had walked some distance, when the deep baying of hounds startled him. He paused, and listened attentively, and the cries gradually grew stronger as they approached.

"What have we now?" he said. "Is it bloodhounds? Oh, that a dozen of my stout fellows were at hand!"

The sounds approached, then grew

fainter, and finally ceased. They proceeded, as Sir John surmised, from the sheriff's party, who in hot pursuit sped rapidly through the village. But at the edge of the stream the hounds suddenly stopped, raising a wild howl, and clawing at the bloodstained earth. Mandrill pushed the men aside, and leaping off his horse, bent down to examine the stains more closely. He could not understand it.

It was impossible that the Jesuit and his guide had quarrelled, nor could they have encountered another troop of pursuers, for the commission had been intrusted solely to the sheriff, who had not imparted to any one his knowledge of Burnet's identity, until he had reached Ipsley.

He ordered the men to carry the dogs across the stream, in the faint hope that they might regain the track of the Jesuit; but it was a useless experiment. The scent of the hounds was destroyed by the smell of blood.

Hastily returning to the village, the innkeeper underwent a stern and searching examination. All that the man knew was speedily told. Sir John Coniers had been there, bringing with him his wounded steed. It was still in the stable, and his honor could easily satisfy himself of the truth. The animal's wounded shoulder accounted for the blood that had been found by the river-side, but whither had the Jesuit vanished?

Sir John had no companion with him; of that the man was certain. He came, as he had departed, alone; and the road he took was readily pointed out to the sheriff.

"He has taken refuge somewhere hereabout," thought the sheriff. "Coniers would not leave him until he had reached a place of safety."

He hastily ran over in his mind the neighboring recusants: he knew them all, but was unable to fix upon one more likely than the rest to harbor a priest. They would all do that with the utmost readiness, and glory in outwitting the sheriff

"Who were the leading gentry near Wootton?" he asked the innkeeper. The man mentioned several names, and among them that of Lord Aston.

The sheriff started: here then was a clew. The nobleman, in his evident desire to protect Burnet, had endeavored to persuade the sheriff to relinquish his pursuit. What could be more feasible than that the Jesuit, assured of Lord Aston's protection, had again sought refuge at the manor-house?

Without the hounds, now rendered useless, Mandrill was wholly at fault. True, he might follow the high road, taking up the broken track from the point at which it had stopped; but to what purpose? How was he to ascertain whether Burnet had kept to the main road, or which of the innumerable byways, by which it was intersected, the fugitive had taken?

Inspired with a new hope, the sheriff mounted his horse with alacrity, calling out to his men to follow, and rode off at a brisk trot; but the latter, having retired to refresh themselves with a tankard of ale, had fallen into deep converse with some rustic gossips at the inn, and remained behind, unaware of their leader's sudden departure.

He rode on eagerly, scanning the path on every side; and following the road indicated by the sign-post, was as he fondly hoped rapidly gaining upon his prey. But he abruptly drew rein, with an exclamation of surprise. His glance fell upon the spare, athletic form and haughty features of Sir John Coniers, who stood before him, right in his path, leaning unconcernedly against a tree, his arms folded, and his dark, piercing eyes fixed in no very respectful or cordial mood upon the sheriff.

"Ah, traitor!" exclaimed Mandrill. "Run to earth at last! Where is that Jesuit dog, your companion?"

"I keep company with no dogs," rejoined the knight, stung by the coarse insult, "be they sleuth-hounds or the wretched curs that trot behind a sheriff."

"Have a care, Sir John Coniers," said the sheriff, his face aglow with passion, "have a care! You will have to answer before long for the offence of concealing a Jesuit in your house. Where is your late companion?"

"The road is open to you," said Coniers contemptuously. "Seek him for yourself. Do you take me for a pursuivant, or a spy that has just joined your band?"

The sheriff looked hurriedly round, but no sign of his followers met his view. Giving his horse a touch with the spur, and drawing his sword, he sprang forward, aiming a heavy blow at the knight; but the weapon became entangled in the branches above his head, and at the same moment his horse, stumbling among the brushwood, nearly unseated him. Sir John nimbly stepped aside, and seizing the uplifted arm of the sheriff, clutched him by the collar of his doublet, and dragged him to the ground. But the horse was startled, and plunging violently, did its master good service by dragging him suddenly away from Coniers.

Mandrill disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and picking up his sword, rushed towards the knight. Both were expert swordsmen, and their skill seemed equal; but the advantage clearly lay upon the side of Sir John, who, standing warily on the defensive, contented himself with parrying the vigorous thrusts of his opponent.

The sheriff was overmastered by rage; and mistaking the knight's caution for a sign of fear, threw the whole of his strength into one desperate and final thrust. But Coniers, with a dexterous turn, sent the sheriff's sword spinning in the air, at the same time inflicting a severe wound in his hand. Then, closing with him, he hurled him to the ground, and kneeling on his breast demanded his warrant.

The discomfited sheriff glared at the determined face, so close to his that he felt the other's hot breath upon his cheek, and feeling the point of Sir John's sword at his throat, gasped for breath.

"Your warrant, man! your warrant!" said the knight impatiently. "We are alone here, and I will slit your craven throat with as little compunction as I would a cur's, unless you give it up."

"It is in my pouch. Take it," mumbled the sheriff.

"Out with it!" exclaimed Coniers.

The sheriff felt for, and at length produced the document. Sir John looked it over.

"Is this the only one?" he asked.

"I have no other, on my soul!" ejaculated the sheriff fervently.

"Your soul!" said Coniers, with a passionate sneer. "Heavens, that this bullock's hide should contain an immortal soul! You said you had a warrant for my arrest. This is not it."

"No, no," said the sheriff, "only for that Jesuit who has given me the slip."

"I thank God that he has done so," replied Coniers. "Now, I am not going to destroy this precious slip of parchment. Take it, most worshipful sir, and if you do not eat every shred of it, by heaven, I will send your soul to Satan before its time!"

The sheriff took the writ, and eyed his captor with such dark, revengeful looks that Sir John pressed the point of his sword threateningly against the throat of his prostrate foe, as a hint that it was no time for trifling.

"I will not," said Mandrill stubbornly.

"By heaven, but you shall!" said the knight, raising his sword as if to make a thrust. Mandrill looked up at him again, and warned by the knight's fierce, hard look, he put the slip of parchment to his lips.

"How can I eat it while your knee is pressing the life out of me?" he said sulkily.

"You shall try, nevertheless," said Coniers, with a grim smile. "That is right," he added, as the sheriff reluctantly tore off a corner with his teeth. "Needs must when the devil drives.

'T is dry work, I doubt not. You shall have a stoup of liquor, presently, to wash it down withal. Fie, man! Why nibble at it so daintily? 'T is good sheepskin, I warrant. Just imagine that it is a slice from a cold haunch, and it will go down as sweetly as if you dined in state at Warwick, with javelin-men and the rest of the rabble rout about you."

"Must I eat this too?" asked the sheriff, who had by this time arrived at the seal.

"Every morsel," replied Coniers. "That, I take it, must be a luscious morsel of roasted fat or a well-cooked spot of gravy. Your appetite for blood is not slaked yet, surely?"

Then, getting up slowly, finding that his directions had been fully complied with, he suffered the sheriff to regain his feet.

Poor Master Mandrill was thoroughly cowed, and looked so ruefully at his wounded hand that Coniers could not refrain from smiling compassionately at his discomfited appearance.

"We had better journey on together, Master Sheriff," said Sir John. "I was bound for Aston, to borrow a horse, when you overtook me. It is not far; so mount, and lead the way. But suffer me to ease you of these," he continued, drawing the pistols from the holsters. "I will also be your sword-bearer, in case of accident."

These precautions were, however, unnecessary, as the sheriff was quite incapable of resuming the offensive, owing to his wound; and after his experience of Sir John's prowess, he felt little disposition to hazard another encounter. And, all things considered, he thought it the most prudent course to follow the knight's advice. It would be easy to account to Lord Aston for his wound; and he rather shrank from the ridicule of his own followers, which he could not fail to provoke by presenting himself before them in the plight of a prisoner at the mercy of a contemptible recusant.

"If I may presume to offer counsel," said Sir John, as he walked in the rear of the sheriff, "I should recommend that the knowledge of this little affair be confined to ourselves. You will not desire to hear it openly said that the high-sheriff of Warwick was worsted by a Papist, and compelled to swallow his own warrant; nor need you fear that I shall boast of an exploit that might put my neck in jeopardy. I readily promise secrecy on my part if you will share the bargain. Come, man, bear no malice! The fortune of war is always hazardous, and you have enow and to spare of success to set against this one defeat."

To be continued.

EEL MIGRATION. — The eel will, of its own accord, leave a pond or stream and wander overland to another locality. This occurs, it is stated, usually when the hot summer sun has evaporated the water of the pond in which the fish happens to be, or so lessened its bulk that the eel finds the locality no longer suited to its wants. In such a case the animals leave the stagnating waters of a land-locked pond, and, with a serpent-like motion, pass through grass well wetted with dews or showers. They seem to exhibit a sense of direction in their movements and always head for the nearest stream. These land migrations are more frequent during evenings when a heavy dew is deposited than at any other times.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, the author of "Pinafore," is the grandson of an Irish squire who spent a fortune in riotous living. His son, who was compelled to earn his living, adopted music as a profession, and became a band-master. Young Arthur, the grandson, also took to music, and at fourteen, by an original composition, won the Mendelssohn scholarship of the Royal Academy of Music over twenty-three competitors.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet or white silk.

Teach them that a common-school education with common-sense is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that "honesty is the best policy," that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precepts by example of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to respect the weak and helpless.

Teach him that smoking in moderation, though the least of vices to which men are heirs, is the most disgusting to others and hateful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the Seventh Commandment he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation they are not fitting themselves to become husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain six days.

Teach them that "God helps those who help themselves."

Do all this, and you will have brought them up "in the way they should go."

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want anything yon can't have."

THE GALLANT CAREY.

Shortly after the brave Carey's arrival in England, he learned that things with him were not going to be so bad as the court-martial in Zululand had ordained. The sentence of the military tribunal was cancelled by the War Office authorities in London, and the chivalrous captain was restored to his rank and his rights, with honor intact and reputation unsullied. Now he is proclaimed to have all the courage he had before he ran away, leaving the Prince Imperial to his fate among the Zulus. The pardon if not very complimentary, is at least a great satisfaction and a great relief to the much-harassed Englishman, who is further fortunate in being presented with addresses of sympathy. To be sure, the manner in which the Duke of Cambridge conveys the intelligence of the reversal of the decision of the court-martial to the army amounts to strong condemnation of Carey and his superior officer, Harrison, but neither are punished at all! This much can be said for Capt. Carey, — that he is not more reprehensible than many of his countrymen engaged in the Zulu war. The English soldiers were in great terror of the Kaffirs. They ran away from them when they appeared in any considerable numbers. And fear begat bungling, which infected all ranks, from the general-in-chief to the most diminutive drummer.

Protestantism in Rome. — Since Rome was usurped nine years ago by the Kingdom of Italy, twelve Protestant temples have been built there, of which three are Episcopalian, two Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, one American Union, one Liberal, one Waldensian, one Evangelic Military, and one Apostolic. Twelve Protestant temples, representing nine religions, no two of which can agree save in hatred of the one true Church, represented in Rome alone by upwards of 300 churches!

A RARE IRISH ORCHID.

Some twenty-four miles from Glengariff, on the northern side of Bantry Bay, near the picturesque village of Castletown, in a few sunny, sheltered spots, by the border of the sea, in little seaside meadows, there are to be found in full flower specimens of deliciously fragrant orchids,— the sweet-scented Lady's Tresses Each plant bears a stout spike of flowers of a cream-white color, arranged in three series of rows, each flower being at least three times as large as those of the autumnal Lady's Tresses so commonly to be met with in the dry pastures of the South of England and Ireland at this season. By botanists it is called *Spiranthes Romanzoviana*. Sir Joseph Hooker once referred it to *S cernua*, a species common in the United States, and till quite recently confounded with it by the American botanists. The chief charm or attraction in this little orchid is, however, its very peculiar geographical distribution. Except over a few acres near Castletown, looking towards the southwest, it is not to be met elsewhere in the Old World. Unlike some of the rarer West of Ireland plants, it does not occur on the west coast of Spain or Portugal; and yet cross over the Atlantic, and it is to be met with in New York, and thence on to the very borders of the Pacific. No doubt as to its being a true native of Ireland seems ever to have crossed the mind of any botanist; indeed, it is one of the most unlikely of plants to have been accidentally or otherwise transplanted, so that probably the solution of the question as to its origin on the shores of the Bantry Bay must ever remain a mystery. The very remoteness of its habitat secures for it this advantage,— that, while it will ever be a rare plant in our collections, it is not likely that it will ever be extirpated.

Leading strings,— those of the first fiddle.

VISIONARY THEORIES.

Victor Hugo is a dreamer. He has visions of a universal republic, or confederation of republics, with Paris as grand metropolis of the world. Speaking the other day, he said that in the next century "war, capital punishment, monarchy, and frontiers would all disappear. There would be for all one country — the earth; and one great hope — heaven." Very nice, only very illusory. War will survive a century or two longer than Hugo estimates, and somehow monarchies are very tenacious of existence. Frontiers have been fading rapidly of late, not by reason of any expectation of the millennium, but as a consequence of the aggressive voracity of states. Big empires swallow little territories. Races lean towards union with their own kin, in antagonism to races not of their kin. Every body who directs power is feeling about for a "scientific" or some other sort of border, and moving up to it at all costs. Does all this look like preparation for the concord Hugo foresees in the twentieth century? We deny that there is any visible likelihood of the earth becoming one country politically. Hope of heaven is very proper, of course; but those who listen to the teachings of Victor Hugo and his school are likely to cherish a vain hope.

Few ever stop to think that half of all human beings who are born alive die before they reach 17 years. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but one in a hundred reaches 50. The married live longer than the single Out of every 1,000 persons born, only 95 weddings take place. Lay your fingers on your pulse, and know that at every throb some mortal passes to his Maker, some being crosses the river of death; and if you think of it you may wonder that it should be so long before your turn comes.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

THE SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER CENTENNIAL.

ORATION OF GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

OCTOBER 9, 1779,—OCTOBER 9, 1879.

OCTOBER 9, 1779, in the assault upon Savannah, Georgia, Sergeant William Jasper, the hero of Fort Moultrie, was killed. This brave and modest soldier, who refused a lieutenant's commission because he could not read and write, enlisted in the Second South Carolina Regiment at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself at the siege of Fort Moultrie, where, when the flagstaff was shot through and the flag fell to the ground, he leaped through an embrasure, under a shower of cannon balls, recovered the ensign and restored it to its position over the fort. After this siege Jasper became a scout, under Marion and others, and distinguished himself by a very remarkable daring and enterprise. At the assault upon Savannah, Jasper was in the column which Count D'Estaing and Gen. Lincoln led against the Spring Hill redoubt, and he received his death wound while in the act of fixing upon the parapet of the British fort the standard presented to his regiment by Mrs. Elliott. He held on to the colors even while dying, and never let go his hold until he had been borne to the rear. "Tell Mrs. Elliott," said he, in his last moment, "that I lost my life supporting the colors she presented to our regiment." The city of Savannah celebrated the centennial of his death Thursday, Oct. 9, in a very imposing way and with brilliant military display.

ORATION OF GEN. GORDON.

Gentlemen of the Jasper Monumental Association and Fellow Citizens: Your request that I represent you in the imposing ceremonies of this hour, came to me with the force of an authoritative command. Other engagements were relinquished, that this duty might be discharged. The novelty, as well as the elevated and patriotic purposes of the occasion must invest it with a peculiar attraction to us all. What is it that brings together this vast concourse of people from this and sister States? It is not to celebrate the triumphs of genius in civil life, nor to do honor to some great military chieftain; to no philosopher nor sage; to no law-giver, like Lycurgus or Solon or Alfred; to no conqueror, like Bonaparte or Cæsar or Wellington; to no founder of a state, like Romulus or Washington; but to a modest private in the ranks of the colonial army, do we pay tribute to-day. It is not your purpose, however, by this ceremonial, to mar in any degree the refrain which now fills the world with the deeds of her titled chieftains, and which makes the names of such men as Washington and Andrew Jackson and Lee the true echoes of the world's highest glory. But you do propose for once to descend to the ranks, and ignoring the insignia of place and power, to rear a shaft which shall commemorate the courage, the patriotism, and the virtue that invests, with a peculiar charm and dignity, the life sacrifices of the private soldier.

In this connection I wish again to inquire why, on this spot and upon this day, there is assembled with a common impulse this almost countless multitude? Why this universal tribute to Sergeant Jasper? It is true that in his life and death he illustrated all those excellences which sparkle brightest in the crown of virtue; but thousands of your own countrymen in the late war and in the wars which preceded it have lived as devoted lives and met as heroic deaths. It cannot therefore be solely due to the fact that he so nobly discharged his duty, nor because he refused the commission tendered by Governor Rutledge and uttered those immortal words: "Adversity has been my schoolmaster, Liberty my schoolmistress,

let me serve my country as an humble and devoted laborer in the cause of freedom." It cannot be because he leaped the ramparts and saved the flag of South Carolina, when shot from its standard; nor because he died upon the earth-works in the city, where he had borne, while bleeding, the colors of his country: for others, though rarely, have, like him, refused the honors of rank and responsibilities of office, preferring to serve their country in private station; others in the same war and in other wars have forgotten self, braved danger, faced death unblanched, torn flags from the enemy's hands, planted their own upon hostile breastworks or gone down at their base, cementing with blood the monuments which patriotism builds with the bodies of her slain.

Sufficient, therefore, as are the prominent facts in Jasper's life to command our respect and homage, we must find in other and more philosophic considerations the reasons for this profound and universal interest in the commemoration of his life and services.

There seem to be three causes for the general homage paid to the memory of this patriot, to which I invite your attention. The first is that he was a private soldier, and one of the most illustrious representatives the world ever saw of those self-sacrificing men, who in all armies fill its ranks, suffer its bitterest privations, and bear the brunt of war. The heart of universal humanity will respond to this day's work as an act of justice, not only to Jasper himself, but to all private soldiers whom he so conspicuously represents; and as this column rises on the spot where Jasper fell, it will proclaim to future ages your appreciation of the self-abnegation, the daring courage, and the unbought patriotism of that vast army of untitled soldiery who, with no incentive to action but devotion to duty, no prospect of distinction above the mass of their comrades, no hope of reward save the approval of conscience, their country, and their God, have gone down in the crash and carnage of war, to fill unlettered graves.

I rejoice that Georgia is to build such a monument, and I thank you, my countrymen, that you have thought me worthy to represent you in such a cause. The truest heroes of this earth are the men who, in any sphere, serve and suffer, labor and endure, in the cause of humanity or justice or truth, without the hope of worldly glory. The men who for truth's sake endure persecution are heroes; the men who for humanity's sake brave pestilence are heroes, and the men who for liberty's sake face death, as it thunders in artillery or speeds on the bullet's wing, are grand heroes, and the less prompted by the pride of office or the hope of distinction, the grander that heroism becomes. God in his Providence mingles good with all the ills which befall man. Persecutions and pestilence are evils, but not wholly evils, for they furnish the theatre for the exhibition of the loftiest courage, and demonstrate how grand a being man may become when forgetful of self and consecrated to duty. War is an evil, but not wholly an evil, for it arouses and inspires; it awakes from slumber the mightiest enegies and manliest virtues; just as the storm, which while it lashes the ocean into rage, shivers the masts and submerges navies, yet purifies the waters which had become foul with stagnation and reek with corruption; or to use a trite but perhaps more expressive figure, war is a furnace in which men are tried, and of all those who are tested by its fires the private soldier must endure its hottest and fiercest flames. How exalted the heroism of such a man! In all this universe there is not one spectacle which surpasses in moral grandeur the self-abnegation of the private soldier; his courage inspired by no hope of distinction, his life devoted to the service of his country, or his death made glorious as a sacrifice to freedom; and no monumental pile built by human hands, though it should bear upon its summit the visible seal of Jehovah's approval, can tower too high or endure too long to adequately measure the honors which freemen should pay to their unepauletted martyrs of liberty.

Another source of the peculiar interest which invests the name of Jasper is to be found in the fact that he was an Irishman; that he did not permit the mournful state inflicted by Great Britain upon his own country and its people to deter him from enlisting in the cause of the feeble colonies against the same domineering and apparently invincible power.

As the chosen organ of the Jasper Monumental Association, I invite the Irish-Americans and the patriots of Ireland everywhere to regard the column which shall here be erected to Jasper as a monument also to the spirit of resistance to tyrants, which though baffled in Ireland and victorious in America, is still older and as enduring in Irish as in American hearts. Ireland and Irishmen in every quarter of the globe, wherever they breathe the vital air, will rise up, with one accord, to do honor to the principles of freedom for which that people battled through centuries of defeat, for which Jasper fell, and to which this monument is to be reared. Few nations that have lived in history deserve more richly than

Ireland the tribute which you are about to pay to one of her sons Her history, running back to the regions of fable and descending with an unbroken current through ten centuries, Ireland, prior to her conquest by a foreign power, can boast of a civilization and national independence of greater duration than any nation of any age. Even the tides of foreign conquest which have rolled in successive waves over Ireland have not sufficed to obliterate the record of her learning, obscure the manifestations of her wonderful genius, to crush the spirit of her inextinguishable nationality, nor to quench the fires of freedom that glow in the breasts of her people. Even Alfred, the lion-hearted monarch and idol of British history, the Washington of England, who blended in one character the charm of romance and the power of philosophy, who combined the fire and chivalry of David, with almost the calm wisdom of Solomon, was educated in Irish halls of learning and drew from Irish polity his maxims and institutions of political wisdom. Edmund Burke and Curran and Sheridan were Irishmen. What country, what age, can boast of such a trio? Burke, the fearless friend of American freedom, who was unrivalled in the profusion of his gifts, whose colossal form rises in peerless height above his fellow-men; who, from the platform of politics swept with his intellectual vision the vast field of philosophy, of science, of literature, of laws and of eloquence. Curran, who even in his old age, when the frosts of years had blighted many of those flowers of fancy which bloomed with perennial beauty, drew from Madame De Staël the declaration that he was the most gifted man she had ever known, who was the Shakespeare of the bar, the true son of genius, and heir of its highest inspiration. Sheridan, whose eloquence Byron declared, —

"Was the thunder — the avenging rod!
The wrath — the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips, and blazed
Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised."

What does England not owe to Ireland for the gift of such men as these? What does France not owe to Ireland for Cavaignac, who was called in our day to the head of the French Republic and whose popularity never yielded till it came in contact with that of a Bonaparte, — a name that holds the hearts and imaginations of Frenchmen with a spell more potent than the wizard's wand? What does America not owe to Ireland for the monuments of Irish industry in her railroads and canals, and for Irish contributions to bar and bench and battle-field; for Jasper and Montgomery, martyrs to American independence; for Shields and the Irish-born soldiers who in every war followed the flag of this republic? What does the South not owe to Ireland for enriching her soil with the blood of Cleburne, and her literature with the genius of Ryan, that gifted Irishman who is at once the thunderbolt of oratory and rainbow of poesy, whose thoughts breathe with the very life of truth, and whose words like sparks from holy altars burn in our bosoms with immortal fire? What does liberty not owe to Ireland for Fitzgerald, for Wolf Tone, for John Mitchel, for Francis Meagher, for O'Brian, O'Connell, and Robert Emmet? Though heroes of a lost cause, the names of these patriots are forever associated with the names of Hampden, of Sidney, of Brutus, and of Washington.

It is fitting that Americans should build a monument to a son of Ireland. It is especially appropriate that it should be built by Georgians to Jasper; that it should stand here among the people for whose freedom he died; here on the soil that drank his blood; here by the ocean whose waters wash either shore, and whose ceaseless throbs symbolize the beating of the great heart of the two peoples, pulsating in common and deathless sympathies.

The third and last reason which I shall mention for the remarkable interest in this occasion, is the devotion of the people to the cause which Jasper so gloriously served. It is not only an impressive testimonial of the gratitude of the country to Jasper, but a spontaneous manifestation of the peculiar sympathy felt by the South with the cause of constitutional and local government for which he fought and fell. It cannot be successfully denied that, at the South, the cause of local government has a champion in almost every citizen. The peculiar institutions which for half a century before the late war had isolated her from sympathies of other sections, and the mournful facts of her history since that war, have served to wed the South in indissoluble bonds to this doctrine of local government, — a doctrine which all the colonies anterior to the establishment of our independence, and all the States for a long period subsequent to that event, held to be essential to the freedom of the people. But the unhappy conflict between the Southern States and the general government has had an unfortunate tendency to bring this cardinal doctrine of free government into temporary disrepute. I say temporary, for it must again successfully assert itself in every State of the Union, unless passion and prejudice, apprehension and the false presumption of a necessity for a stronger government, shall blind the

American people to the experience of the colonies, and to the clearest lessons taught by the history and the philosophy of government. Temporary it must be unless the Constitution is to be disregarded, the States to be disorganized, and liberty cease to be regarded as a heritage of American citizens. It is true that the opposing theories — the national and the local or State government theories, as in this connection they may be termed — have been in conflict for nearly a century. The controversy might continue forever without involving any serious change of the government or imperilling the liberties of the people, if waged in the spirit and with the same moderation that marked its progress for the first seventy years of our national existence; for never until these latter years was the integrity or independence or sovereignty of the States called in question. But so radical and revolutionary are the changes now demanded, so far advanced from former positions are the advocates of a great consolidated and imperial republic, so fixed seems the purpose to subordinate the States to the will of a majority of Congress, irrespective of the Constitution, that the ability of the people to preserve their rights of local government becomes a question of momentous consequence. I say momentous because there never has been, there never will be, a question submitted, the relations of the immortal spirit to eternity excepted, in which is involved so much of weal or woe to these fifty millions of freemen.

On this centennial occasion, and in connection with the discussion of the principles of government for which Jasper and our fathers fought, it cannot be inappropriate, nor without profit, to remind you of the three prime causes which led first to the colonial conflict with Great Britain; then to the permanent separation and independence of the colonies; and finally, to the formation of a Confederated Republic on this continent. One of the complaints of our fathers was the assertion by the mother country of the right to tax, without, according to the colonies, the right of representation. Another was the persistency of the mother country in stationing armies in our midst in time of peace. The third was — and to this I ask your especial attention — the interference by the mother country with the local government or local affairs of the colonies. Indeed, the whole history of the colonial controversy with Great Britain — for many years before the thought of separation had entered the minds or hearts of the colonists — is an argument for local government and against the concentration of power in one great central government. In addition, the proceedings of the convention which adopted it, as well as the language of the Constitution itself, furnish a similar pointed argument. The tenth amendment, reserving to the States all powers not expressly delegated to the general government, which stands to the Constitution like a posterior clause to a will explaining the meaning of the instrument, is also an argument against the centralism of power which was an object of so much dread to the framers of the government. The language of the preamble to the resolution submitting this tenth amendment is an argument, and an overwhelming argument; because it is declared in that preamble that this tenth amendment was submitted because the States desired to avoid a misconstruction of the Constitution; because the States desired to prevent an abuse of the powers of the Constitution; and because the States desired additional "declaratory and restrictive clauses" to that instrument.

But apart from these considerations, there is in the history of other nations enough to warn us of the danger of losing individual liberty while seeking to increase the national power and enhance the national glory. The fate of the ancient republics and of the republic of France, and the doom which the great Gladstone fears may befall English liberty, furnish arguments upon this subject which it becomes the American people to hear and to heed. All men love liberty, — personal as well as political liberty, — but they do not always follow the processes of reason which lead to a distinct comprehension of the methods by which liberty is preserved or lost. There is in all people a principle of vanity which leads them to magnify their individual consequence by aggrandizing the extent, the power, and the dominion of the country to which they belong; and the liberties of the citizen are often lost in the expanding pomp and splendor of national greatness.

It was so with Greece. It was so with Rome. That once free republic passed under the yoke of her own imperial sceptre, and her people were enslaved while they watched with eager gaze and proud satisfaction her eagles borne in triumph over the civilized world.

It was so, too, with France. The rebellion of the American colonies had enlisted the sympathies and secured the active aid of France; the triumph of the colonies had filled the hearts of the French people with longings for freedom, and led them even to behead their king and proclaim a republic. But dazzled by the splendors of Napoleon's conquests,

and the extension of French empire over Europe, they lost sight of their own liberties, and repudiated the republic at the dictation of their imperial master.

It was so with Great Britain. Through centuries of bloody conflict her people had secured Magna Charta, and established constitutional government; yet in the mad purpose to increase an imaginary national importance, they sought to subjugate their own brethren in America, who were bound to them by kindred blood and loyal attachments; who, like themselves, were Englishmen, entitled to every prerogative of British freedom; who, in their efforts to preserve that freedom, had complained and petitioned and remonstrated until the universe grew weary. But for the successful resistance of the colonies, that apostate generation of Englishmen, intoxicated by the vanity of aggrandizing, would have destroyed their own as well as our liberties by the infinite folly of denying to Englishmen in America the protection and rights guaranteed to them by the English Constitution.

Are there cycles of sunshine and of shadow in the march of human events? Is liberty born to grow and flourish for a time only, to be lost in recurring seasons of passion for national dominion? Are we, too, so soon to tire of liberty and grow weary of local self-government? Are we to shut our eyes and close our ears to the teachings of all history, and to follow the blind passion for national grandeur, and thus destroy the rights of the States, and with them the liberties of the people, in the vain effort to increase the glory by centralizing the power of this great republic? Let us hope not. Let us hope that the American people will heed the voice which speaks to them in tones of solemn warning from the experience of all these nations. Let us hope that the passions engendered by our calamitous civil war, and the distrust toward the South incident to that war, may not furnish the excuse, nor become potential agencies for the destruction of those principles of government for which Washington fought and Jasper died.

Let me not be misunderstood. It is no part of my purpose to magnify unduly the rights of the States, nor would our people deprive the general government of one right or power which the Constitution has conferred. We believe that the most lasting national good, as well as the greatest national strength, is to be attained by an unfaltering adherence to the rights of the States on the one hand, and the fullest recognition of all the prerogatives of the general government on the other. In other words, under our form of government, and with our vast territories and conflicting local interests, the grants and limitations of the fundamental law must be recognized. The Constitution must be the omnipotent arbiter, from which there is no appeal.

Nor do I seek by the reference to the South to detract in any degree from the credit due to able statesmen of the North for their brave defence of this colonial and constitutional doctrine of free, untrammelled local government. I do not claim for the South any monopoly of virtues comprehended in the terms patriotism or republicanism. I am not of those who believe that love of country or fidelity to the Constitution is bounded by State lines or confined to sections. Would that such obliquity of judgment and all sectional bigotry and passion and prejudice could be banished from this country, and that a broad patriotism, broad as the republic itself, could possess the hearts of the entire American people! Would that the South, no longer the subject of distrust, could contemplate with a generous pride the mighty material development of the great West and North, and the grand industries and achievements which contribute to the high civilization of the great East! Would that the West and East and North, with a magnanimity and sense of justice befitting a great people, could cherish as a common heritage the history, the honor, the courage, the patriotism, the fidelity, and the heroic endurance of the stricken South. God speed the day when the maxim, "This is my country," all my country, every section, every State, every acre of soil over which the flag of the republic floats, — shall be embraced by every American freeman, not only as a geographical, historical, and political fact, but as a living, potential, inspiring sentiment.

Americans recognize but three great epochs in all the past. The first is the creation, when man, fresh from the hand of God, stood the crowning glory of his works.

The second is the birth of the Redeemer, when angelic legions canopied the Syrian skies and sang of peace and goodwill to man.

The third is the great monumental event of history, the birth of a free people, the consecration of a new continent to constitutional liberty, the projection on an untried plan and unprecedent scale of a confederated republic, the organization in one government of a vast sisterhood of self-controlled, coequal, and independent States, each contributing to the strength and glory, yet restraining the power of the general government, con-

stituted by all and for all. The successful resistance of the mother country by the American people would of itself have been a memorable event. The establishment of a government on the principles of the English Constitution or upon the principles of a consolidated republic would perhaps have been a natural event; but the successful resistance by the colonies in their capacity of independent powers, and the organization of a republic composed of these sovereignties unified in interest, but independent in action within their spheres, was the highest attainment in human government ever reached by human invention; and if administered in the spirit and upon the principles on which it was projected, the conviction must strengthen with the lapse of time, that the organization of such a government was indeed the supreme event of history, the culmination of the political wisdom of all ages.

One or two thoughts in conclusion, and I shall have finished the task to which your partiality has assigned me.

Yonder, where stands his monument, fell Count Pulaski.

Here, where his monument is to stand, Sergeant Jasper fell.

Pulaski, the impetuous Pole, whose last charge at the head of his intrepid legion, like that of the Light Brigade, was

"Into the jaws of death,"

Jasper, the heroic Irishman, whose name and fame and chivalry must live while history lives. Poland and Ireland, twins of misfortune, these two denationalized commonwealths, on this soil, upon the same day, gave to the cause of American freedom the best blood of their sons. May the God of nations confer upon these afflicted countries the blessings of free government which they aided in securing for us! Here too are the representatives of other nations who shared with Poland and Ireland the losses and honors of the day we celebrate.

Before me and around me, justly honored by the people, are the German Fusiliers of South Carolina. Reaching back in unbroken succession to a point beyond the Revolution, this venerable organization participated in the deadly assault, and its leaders fell upon the enemy's redoubts on the memorable 9th of October, one hundred years ago.

Immigrating to these shores at the inception of our struggles, these high-spirited Germans caught its inspiration, enlisted under its banners, and purchased, by contributing to its success, all the rights and privileges of American citizens for themselves and their children forever.

Here too are the countrymen of D'Estaing, for whom, on the same eventful day, he bought with the blood of his brave battalions an indefeasible co-title with us to all the blessings of free government.

Napoleon Bonaparte stood with his weary Frenchmen on the sands of the Egyptian desert, and looking upon the granite pyramids before him, he admonished his soldiers that from those hoary summits forty centuries looked down upon their exertions.

Americans and countrymen of Jasper, of Pulaski, of D'Estaing, of Steuben, and DeKalb, the spirits of your fathers, who fought for freedom, look down from the eternal camping-grounds of the brave and pure, and admonish you that vain were their courage and sufferings and deaths, if their descendants should abandon the principles for which they laid down their lives.

Providence seems to have designed this continent for the great meeting place of all the races of men; first, by its extent, the variety of climate and boundless resources; second, by securing its independence through the co-exertions of the old world and the new; third, by the establishment of a government under a Constitution which guarantees religious and political freedom to every son and daughter of Adam, who will accept its protection. For this we thank Thee, O God! We thank Thee, that Thou hast builded in our land a temple grander than Solomon's, where shall assemble the representatives of all the nations of the earth, the great parliament of man, through whose expanding influence the world shall yet embrace the cause which Thou hast established in America by the hands of our fathers!

Great America! Vast, grand, free! To what shall we liken thee, unless to that mighty ocean whose surface mirrors the Almighty's form? Thou art to humanity what the ocean is to the rivers. There is somewhere a fable that the clear streams from the mountains once upbraided the ocean for receiving into its bosom the refuse of cities and the filth of the world. Said they to the ocean as they poured their waters into it, "We are pure and clean, but thou art the reservoir of all uncleanliness." "True," thundered back this monarch of the world, "but I am the Ocean. In the secret laboratories of my boundless bosom, with mystic alchemic powers, I discuss, dispose, dissolve, and distribute all the elements, sending to unfathomable depths the impurities of earth and returning your waters cleansed, purified, and refined, which in mist and clouds float on invisible wings around the world till they

descend in showers to replenish your fountains and refill your wasted stream."

So America, when assailed as the asylum for the crime and pauperism of all the earth, might reply, "Yes; but I am the Great Republic of the world. Within my almost illimitable boundaries there is room for all, — homes for the homeless, protection for the weak, freedom for the oppressed. I am the Great Republic, where meet the conflicting creeds of all nations and races; where all forms of folly, all errors of opinion, all doctrines and passions, may heave and toss themselves into political health and purity, until in the ground-swell of universal discussion there shall be evolved those grand maxims of conversative political truth which encircle, enlighten, and emancipate the world."

Loud and continued cheering followed the close of this magnificent address. The band then played the Polish Hymn, the Pulaski March, which was received with great favor, and the Marseillaise Hymn.

AGRICULTURE IN IRELAND.

The agricultural statistics for 1879, which were prepared by the late Registrar-General, up to the 24th ult., show that the whole extent of land under cultivation this year is 5,121,788 acres, showing a decrease of 82,217 as compared with last year. There is an increase of 3,467 acres in the wheat crop, of 10,689 acres in barley, of 569 acres in beans and peas, of 5,944 acres in mangold wurzel and beet-root, and of 16,187 in flax. The decrease is in oats, 82,635 acres; here and rye, 1,813 acres; potatoes, 4,091 acres; turnips, 15,577 acres; cabbage, 6,068 acres; carrots, parsnips, and other green crops, 903 acres; vetches and rape, 2,532 acres; and in meadow and clover, 5,456 acres. There are 1,740,391 acres returned as bog and marsh. The returns of live stock show an increase of 9,956 horses and mules, 230 asses, 81,974 cattle, and 75,802 poultry, and a decrease of 77,245 sheep, 197,409 pigs, and 1,772 goats. The total number of scutching mills in the country is 1,199, of which 1,157 are in Ulster.

THE APOSTLE OF BRAZIL.

Rev. Father Anchieta, the apostle of Brazil, had wonderful power over the feathered tribe and the animal creation. Every step of his long career seemed marked by miracles, that earned for him the name of Thaumaturgus of Brazil; he cured the sick, raised the dead, read the most secret thoughts, announced future events, and, like St. Francis Xavier, he was ever ready to assist those who were in sorrow. Among his most remarkable gifts was the influence he possessed over the animal creation, and charming incidents, to prove this fact, are related in his history. Swallows, doves, and other birds would fly in at his windows when he called them, and remain with him until, having given them his blessing, he bade them go and continue to praise God. In his long journeys the Indians observed with amazement that the birds would fearlessly perch on his breviary or on his travelling staff. Once, while walking under a burning sun, with several other persons, he perceived three large birds. "Go," he said, "and bring back your companions and give us some shade." The command was obeyed, and presently a large troop of birds came, and extending their wings above the travellers, shaded them from the sun until the father bade them go. The very tigers and panthers obeyed his voice, and came and went at his command, and it is to his intercession that the members of the society attribute the fact that during the many years they evangelized Brazil, not one among them was bitten by the venomous serpents so plentiful in that country.

Dyspepsia Cure. — Oranges are very beneficial if eaten early in the morning. In cases of dyspepsia, an orange eaten every morning before breakfast will greatly alleviate, if not entirely cure the malady.

The first lucifer-match was made in 1829.

Useful Knowledge.

Dysentery. — Parch brown a tablespoonful of rice, put into a cup of cold water and let it come to a hard boil; sweeten a little.

Beef Extract. — Chop a pound of lean beef (the round is the best); put in a wide-mouthed bottle without water; place the bottle in cold water and let it come to a boil; boil slowly for two hours; skim all particles of grease from the top when done. It may be given cold or warm. A pound of meat will furnish about three or four tablespoonfuls of extract, which will contain all the nutriment of the meat.

Dr. Cameron, of Dublin, some time since read a paper before the members of the Royal Dublin Society on a species of grass which grows in large quantities in various parts of Ireland and Scotland. It is the red Melac grass (*Cœrulia molinea*), and is peculiar for containing but a mere trace of mineral matter, and for being free from silica, while its chemical composition seems to show that it is well adapted for the manufacture of paper. Some of the grass, it is stated, has been made into paper by Mr. Routledge, of Sunderland, who reports most favorably, and believes that, if properly dried, it will be worth £5 a ton, the price given for Esparto grass.

Horses in Storms. — Avoid, as far as possible, exposing horses to storms. When on a journey, aim to feed at the regular hours. If nothing more can be done, take along some corn meal, and put a quart in a pail of water, and stir it up while the horse is drinking. It will greatly refresh and strengthen him. Many horses suffer from dyspepsia; and one great cause of it is irregularity in feeding, and giving too much grain when the horse is fatigued. When a horse has been exposed to a storm and comes home in an exhausted condition, give him a warm bran-mash. Put in two or three quarts of boiling water, and stir it up; then add cold water sufficient to cool it to the temperature of new milk, and give it to the horse. Blanket the horse. Colic will be avoided by this means. We think many farmers err in not feeding their horses more grain. It would be better to work harder, at least more consistently, and feed higher. Of one thing we are very sure, not one farmer in ten grooms his horse sufficiently. After a hard day's work he should not be left until he has been rubbed clean, dry bedded, and all his wants attended to.

Ventilation of Bedrooms. — The London *Lancet*, of Oct. 19th, makes some very sensible remarks on the above subject. The sleeper, it says, like a bedridden person, is entirely dependent upon the atmosphere supplied to him for the means of carrying on the chemical purification and nutrition of his body. There are few bedrooms in which it is perfectly safe to pass the night without something more than an ordinary precaution to secure an inflow of fresh air. Every sleeping-apartment should, of course, have a fireplace with an open chimney, and in cold weather it is well if the grate contains a small fire. Summer or winter, with or without the use of fires, it is well to have a free ingress of pure air. Foul air will find an exit if pure air is admitted in sufficient quantity, but it is not certain that pure air will be drawn in if impure air is drawn away. So far as sleeping-rooms are concerned, it is well to let in air from without. The aim must be to accomplish the object without causing a great fall of temperature or a draught. The windows may be drawn down an inch or two at the top with advantage, and a fold of muslin will form a "ventilator" to take off the feeling of draught.

The Humorist.

HOP merchants — Dancing masters. To get cheap dancing lessons — Drop a flat-iron on your bunion.

"COME, I say, letters, be happy together," as the postman said when they *fell out* — of his bag.

WHEN may one's teeth be said to usurp the function of one's tongue? When they are chattering.

WHEN girls are young they 'd like half a dozen birthdays a year; but as they grow old they don't care to have even one.

A CONTEMPORARY says the most difficult surgical operation of all is to take the cheek out of some of our young men.

"YOU flatter me," said a thin exquisite the other day to a young lady "I could not make you flatter in any sense, sir." she said.

AN old lady said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from, until she saw a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A TAILOR, in skating, fell through the ice; he was afterwards heard to declare that he would never again leave his "hot goose" for a "cold duck."

"TOM," said an acquaintance of his, who met him one evening, "who did you say our friend B. married?" "Well he married £40,000; I forget her other name."

POPPIES are now much worn in ladies' hats. We should rather have expected to see them on their boots, for you look for poppies where the corn is, as a rule.

A SMALL boy made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "Take one" from a lot of handbills in front of a store to a basket of oranges.

AN actor having expressed a wish to appear in several pieces on the same evening, and to bring down the house, was assured that he might do both by smoking a cigar in a powder manufactory.

THE jury that held an inquest over the body of a man frozen to death, brought in a verdict that "the thermometer was guilty of murder in the tenth degree — below zero."

MRS. PARTINGTON has been reading the health officers' weekly reports, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

AN old gentleman, who had been intolerably annoyed by the hideous nioses made by a drove of donkeys, mildly asked, "Do not these creatures ever die of softening of the brayin'?"

"How is it, miss, you gave your age to the census-taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah! you have lived much faster than I, sir."

DARWIN acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him, seriously, what a cat has that no other animal has. He gave it up after mature deliberation, and then the sly puss answered, "Kittens."

IF some kind of an amendment could be added to the marriage service which would make it mandatory upon the part of the bride to rise in the morning and kindle the fire, there would be fewer old bachelors stumping about the country.

"HAVE you ground all your tools right, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" said a carpenter to a green lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the hand saw, sir," replied the lad promptly. "I could n't get quite all the gaps out of that"

THE country storekeeper said, "Here, my friend those balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered, "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

TÁ SAOIRSE AGUS TEANGA EIREANN CHOMHCHEANGAILTE LE CHÉILE.

TÁ na focail shuas 'na bh-firinne go beacht, gidh searbh a m-beidh siad do chuid d'ar d-tíorghrád hoiribh. Cho luath a's fagh teanga tíormhail cineadh bás, faghann bás an cineadh féin gan mhaill. Cho fad a's mair teanga tíormhail an chineadh atá faoi smachd tíre eile, ni beirthear buaidh air; air an abhar sin ni beirthear buaidh air Eirinn fós de bhrigh go bh-fuil a teanga fós beo.

An uair do rug na Romanaigh buaidh air na Gallaibh anallóid, rug siad buaidh air a d-teanga mar aon le n-a saoirse. Cho luath a's chaill na Gallaigh a d-teanga, do chaill siad a d-tír agus a saoirse; agus tar éis sin ni thógadar lamh anaghaidh na Romanach. Nior eirigh cineadh na bh-Francach no go raibh na Romanaigh féin faoi smachd; agus an tan d'eirgheadar na Francaigh tar éis tuitme Roimhe, ba cineadh eagsamhail do fuaradh a bh-Frainc, le teanga agus smuantaibh neamhchosamhail ó theanga agus smuantaibh na nGall. Do cailleadh go síorruidhe cineadh na sean nGall, de bhrigh do rug an namhaid buaidh air a d-teanga.

Feuch air na Gréigibh; bhi siad faoi smachd air feadh *dá* mhíle bliadhain*, agus tá siad mór agus saor anois. Ba throm an cuing do bhi

Translation.

THE LIBERTY AND THE LANGUAGE OF IRELAND ARE BOUND UP TOGETHER.

THE above words are the exact truth, however bitter they may be to some of our patriots. As soon as the national language of a people dies, the people themselves speedily die [politically]. So long as the national language of a people, who have been subjugated by another country, lives, so long do they remain unconquered; therefore Ireland is not yet conquered, because her language is still alive.

When the Romans conquered the Gauls in old times, they conquered their language as well as their liberty. As soon as the Gauls lost their language, they lost their country and their liberty; and after that they never raised a hand against the Romans. The nation of the Franks did not arise until the Romans themselves had been subdued, and when the Franks arose after the fall of Rome, it was a different people that was found in France, with language and ideas different from those of the Gauls. The nation of the old Gauls was lost forever, because the enemy had conquered their language.

Look at the Greeks; they were under subjection for *two thousand years*, and they are great and free now. Heavy was the yoke that was on them, but

* This word is generally written *dhá;* there seems, however, no reason for the aspiration of the *d*, and some authorities maintain that *dá* is the correct form.

orra, acht ba mhór a n-dochas agus a d-tíorghrádh. Nior chaill siad a d-teanga, air an abhar sin nior dhearmuid siad glóir a sinnsior. Bhi focail Homer agus Demostenes ann a m-beulaibh agus ann a g-croidhibh. Bhi dearbhadh fíor aca gur clann na laochraidhe do thuit a d-Termopile agus do bhuadhaigh a Maraton iad, de bhrigh gurab i an teanga cheadna do bhi aca go h-uile. Ba h-i a d-teanga do rigne saor na Gréigigh. Deunamaoid mar do righneadar; congbhaghamaoid beo an nidh sin amháin atá ag Eirinn le taisbeanadh go raibh si saor anallóid. Ni bheidh Eire nios mó 'na "Yorkshire" an uair a bh-fagh a teanga bás; agus is mór an náire dhóibh seo a deir go ngrádhann siad Eire agus nach d-tabharann cungnamh éigen do na daoinibh atá ag oibriughadh chum aithbheotha teangan na h-Eireann. 'Siad amadáin no mealltoridhe móra na fir seo.

great were their hope and patriotism. They did not lose their language. therefore they did not forget the glories of their ancestors. The words of Homer and Demosthenes were in their mouths and in their hearts. They had certain proof that they were the descendants of the heroes that fell at Thermopylæ, and that conquered at Marathon, because they all spoke the same language. It was their language that made the Greeks free. Let us do as they did; let us keep alive that only thing that Ireland has to show that she was formerly free. Ireland will be no more than Yorkshire when her language dies; and it is a great shame for those who say they love Ireland, and do not give any help to the men who are working for the revival of the language of Ireland. Those men are either very foolish or very insincere.

Moral Poison.—The "penny dreadfuls," as certain publications are called, do a great deal of harm to youthful morality in this and other countries. They are a scandal to the age, the civilization, and the professed Christianity. But there are other "penny dreadfuls," chiefly used by grown-up people, which are hardly less injurious. We allude to the majorityof daily newspapers. The verification of our words may be found in the edition of the past week, to go no further. It is indisputable that the daily has a function and one of vast importance, without the regular exercise of which we should cease to progress. But it tacks on others. It snatches at scandals which tickle the public palate and can be published with impunity. It collects all the horrors of the twenty-four hours and dishes them up for millions of readers. Penny-a-liners run after sensations of all descriptions, spice them liberally, and flash them about by railway and telegraph. Concentration takes place in the pages of the daily paper, and the passer in the street is invited to purchase by contents, bills that are so arranged as to present the most piquant items in salient lines. If this sort of thing does not demoralize as effectually as the thunder-and-lightning pabulum circulated amongst lads, we are very greatly mistaken.

It is rumored that the Empress Eugénie is about to visit Rome. It is said that the Sovereign Pontiff, having learned that the empress desired to make a pilgrimage to the Holy House of Loretto, has invited her to stop at Rome on her way.

If two inhabitants of Portugal are called Portuguese, would it be proper to allude to one of them as a Portugoose?

If your foot is asleep, do not be alarmed; the poet tells us the sole is not dead that slumbers.

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

The present styles of dress show such complete reproductions of the fashions of forty years ago that the same fashion-plates our grandmothers copied might serve again as some of our latest Paris models. The narrow, short skirts, showing both shoes and stockings, the short sleeves and long gloves, the little mantelets and fichus, and the large hats and bonnets are the same, while the chintzes and colors are almost exactly what were worn about half a century ago. Extremely comfortable is this style of dress. With skirts one need not lift, no longer tied back so tightly as to impede one's walking and yet narrow and light, with gloves that shelter the wrists, and hats or bonnets that screen the face, walking is more easy than fashion has rendered it for a long time.

Prettier still are copies made from an earlier date by French modistes, who take their models from sketches of old pictures, but these are generally of more expensive materials than those worn for ordinary attire.

A fashion which will certainly please ladies who are bound to study economy, is that of the casaquin of a different color and material from the skirt. This casaquin is a long-waisted, tight-fitting jacket, with a deep basque and facings, and is most usually made of very dark, but not black, material. Dark shades of olive or myrtle-green, admiral or gendarme-blue, garnet-red or seal-brown, are among the favorites, and can be worn with skirts of almost any color. In cashmere of good quality, they are suitable for ordinary wear; in velvet or Pekin, they are more elegant.

The skirt of a dress, the waist and sleeves of which are worn out or out of fashion, can do duty very nicely as a skirt to wear with such a casaquin. The skirt can be modernized by being gathered thrice down the middle of the front, and trimmed round the bottom with one, two, or three pleatings or a fluting. This skirt may be only just long enough to touch the ground or longer.

The panier polonaise is also very fashionable. In such models, the bodice is prolonged at the back into a draped skirt, and the open jacket-fronts are turned off just below the hips, and puffed out into paniers on either side. The opening shows a vest or plastron, and a skirt or pleated tablier. Ladies of a tall, slight figure should prefer this style, while those of a more portly description had better adopt the casaquin or jacket-bodice with deep, plain basque, which is far more becoming to them. This jacket has five seams at the back; it is sometimes buttoned all the way down the front, but most frequently to just below the waist only, and then open and standing apart over the skirt.

Travelling suits are composed of a skirt and long jacket which forms bodice and paletot all in one, in dark or neutral-colored fancy cloth. Soft, thick woollen fabrics are those most in favor for useful winter dresses. Serge, camel's hair, fancy cloth, home-spun, and beige tissues all appear in great variety. Self-colored materials form the majority of walking and in-door costumes, while more dressy toilets often present a combination of fancy tissues in cashmere designs with plain materials. These rich cashmere designs are in both silk and woollen goods. The manner of combining with plain materials was described in these pages last month. The designs and colors are most rich, and look extremely well for the trimming and accessories of a dress. Thus, with a

costume of bronze or seal-brown cloth, a vest and panels of the cashmere-figured material are most effective. Or sometimes, instead of the vest, there is a deep collar with revers, which come tapering down to the waist. The sleeve-cuffs and pocket-flaps are of the same, and there should be also some effective appliances over the skirt to recall the trimming of the bodice. Thus, the skirt may have a tablier striped with cashmere bands and gathered between, or else panels on either side, or again, a double scarf coming down over the skirt. Perhaps the most popular style of short costume is that made as follows: Two skirts fastened one above the other; the first kilted round the bottom, the second folded bias fashion, with bridled front, and looped up behind.

Very little trimming is used on ordinary woollen dresses. Bias bands stitched on both sides or even mere rows of stitching suffice. But if a little more elegance is desired, narrow strips of plain or Pekin silk put on inside, but showing partly outside the edge, form a very pretty and fashionable trimming. The collar and revers, pocket-flaps and cuffs, may also be made of the same material, which greatly adds to the beauty of the costume. Sleeves are made tight, and short enough to show the wrists with plain or frilled cuffs. Plain linen collar and cuffs are worn or frilling of hem-stitched muslin or cambric, easy to renovate and merely tacked on round neck and wrists.

The most fashionable street garment is undoubtedly the visite mantelet, or modified dolman, in heavy black silk or fine cashmere, silk-lined, trimmed with fringes, shell-like ruchings of lace and passementerie. It is quite certain that the style of wrap which will obtain fashionable pre-eminence during the winter season will not be a garment of exaggerated length. The ulster and the circular cloak will fill all the requirements of a protective wrap, and the one which meets the best demand must possess distinction without concealing the dress or impairing its beauty by the burden of its weight. The dolman, which began with a broad back that was gathered up at the waist, and long, hanging sleeves, has quite changed its character and appearance. It is now a combination of the visite, the dolman, and the mantelet. In the summer its dimensions shrank to those of a cape or fichu. With the autumn they have enlarged to those of a medium-sized mantle, but the cut is still close, the outlines follow those of the figure, and there is every evidence of an intention to retain the simple and artistic style of modelling what has been steadily gaining ground for the past ten years.

Elegant black Sicilienne coats are in marquise shape, single-breasted, sloping open from the throat down, and disclosing a vest of white cloth. Very broad passementerie is down each side of the front of such coats, and they are otherwise untrimmed. The back is precisely like a gentleman's frock-coat, and the waist-line is defined by two buttons. A round collar to such coats is of fur, seal, plush, or velvet. The buttons on the vest are wooden moulds, covered with the white cloth.

Petticoats of scarlet, cardinal-red, garnet, and wine-color cashmere. They are trimmed with pleated flounces around the bottom and up the back to the belt, and are also provided with a regular bustle of curved whalebone set in cases at the top.

ANY one can catch cold. The trouble is to let it go again, like the man who caught the bear.

INDIAN industry — raising hair.

"WE'VE moved into our own house, now," said Spilkins, "and have quit the pay-rent-al roof forever."

A SIGN of the times — "To be let."

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

202.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 4, 7, 11, 3, 8, 1 is to saturate with water;
My 12, 7, 10, 6, 3, 4 is a Quaker;
My 5, 9, 2, 3 is a sovereign;
My whole is an indispensable article.

203.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 2, 3, 6, 5, 7, 8, 9 is anxiously looked for each day;
My 1, 5, 3, 4, 7, is feared by sailors;
My whole is seen wandering about the fields and woods in autumn.

204.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bean, but not in pea;
My second is in large, but not in wee;
My third is in box, but not in pack;
My fourth is in yellow, but not in black;
My whole is something very sweet to mothers.

205.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

Rebellion Rebellion
In 1872
Fra-nce
Laws
Monarchy
thrown Religion
Rebellion Rebellion

206.

CHARADES.

My first is to throw,
As to all it will show;
My second an indefinite article will be;
My third is what fishermen cannot do without at sea.
By putting my first, second, and third together,
Will bring an instrument that produces music when beaten together.

207.

While walking through a forest one day,
I had to *first*, a stream in my way;
Quite hungry, I sat on a fallen tree,
And ate a *second* sandwich, that just suited me.
Pushing onward, I came to *whole* town,
Which boasts of a college of great renown.

208

WORD SQUARE.

As I walked in the woods the other day, I came across a — in a low bush. It was so ingeniously made that I spent much time looking at it. I don't think I — saw so perfect a specimen. It had long since been deserted, for the leaves about its edges were yellow and —. "Foolish little things," I said, "why did you place it there, why not high out of reach on some — ?"

209.

BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

Forward, we march, my mates and I,
By night, to gladden all the sky;
Yet backward o'er your heads, by night
We go, and wake you in affright.

Forward, we glide and make no sound;
Backward, we squeak and scamper round;
Forward, sublime we are and grand;
Backward, the plagues of house and land.

210.

GEOGRAPHICAL DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

-l-b-m-, -r-n-c-, D-k-t-, M-x-c-, G-l-n-.

Supply the above places with vowels, and find six geographical names.

211.

POETICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 11 and 3 and 1 and 10,
Is the delight of sporting men;
My 5 and 9, 3, 1, and 2,
Is what schoolmasters try to do;
My 6 and 7 and also 9,
Is wintry weather's surest sign;
My 8, 3, 5, 1, 2, 9, 5,
A shoestring spells, sure 's you 're alive.

My 11 and 3 and 6 and 4
Is often seen from clouds to pour;
My 1 to 11 (my whole, I 'll say)
Is heard before the break of day.

212.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 3, 5, 11, 12 is to lend;
My 8, 12 is a preposition;
My 7, 8, 10 is to strike;
My 10, 4, 2 is a part of the foot;
My 1, 2, 10 is to wager;
My 2, 11, 10 is what we all do;
My 8, 9, 3, 2 is an island;
My whole is a country in Asia.

213.

CONCEALED CITIES.

1. What royal looking men!
2. It came from England.
3. Hope kindled ambition.
4. Tie the rebel fast, and be as quick as I am.
5. I love nice summer winds, so refreshing and pure.

214.

WORD REBUS.

C
U–T–E

215.

WORD SQUARE.

1, A sweet substance; 2, Useful; 3, Presents (verb); 4, Watchful; 5, Restive.

216.

DOUBLE CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

In hope, but not in fear;
In coon, but not in dear;
In crow, but not in shout;
In course, but not in route,
In rope, but not in mast;
Now, my first has much of my last;
Can't you guess the words I mean?
They are some you 've often seen,
When people write of a machine.

217.

DOUBLE CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

In towpath, but not in lane;
In trouble, but not in pain;
In marrow, but not in bone;
In panting, but not in moan;
In fireship, but not in boat;
In donkey, but not in goat;
The whole is commendable,
As you can see;
By carefully looking,
Where it should be.

218.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Words of three letters.

1. Transpose a tune and get a male nickname;
2. Transpose a liquor and get a field;
3. Transpose a girl's name and get a month;
4. Transpose a conjunction and get a boy's name;
5. Transpose to do and get an animal;
6. Transpose to augment and get a nickname;
7. Transpose astern and get obese;
8. Transpose to help and get a girl's name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

183, Brace, race, ace; 184, Matchless; 185, Lap-pet; 186, End-less; 187, Al-so; 188, Spark, park, ark; 189, Star-ling; 190, To-morrow; 191, Cap-rice; 192, David; 193, Woman; 194, Mask; 195, Kitten; 196, Robin; 197, Birds of a feather flock together; 198, Elizabeth; 199, Helen; 200, Cab; 201, Thanksgiving.

Of the September puzzles, John Long answers 16; Julia A. Austin, 24; Alice E. Maguire, 5.

Of the October puzzles, Lizzie Murphy answers 15; Nellie Robinson, 9.

Of the November puzzles, T. M. answers 18.

Birds are melancholy in the morning because their little bills are all over due.

When a pretty girl is attired in wine-colored silk, is she an intoxicating beauty?

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

WE can supply the magazine from the first of January last to those who desire it.

WILL some friend send us a copy of a lecture by Cardinal Wiseman on Shakespeare? It was published by Mr. Donahoe some fifteen or twenty years ago.

TWO VOLUMES. — Our magazine for 1879, now complete, can be had, bound beautifully in two volumes, for the low price of $3. A better Christmas or New-Year's present could not be given to a friend.

AGENTS and others sending us money should invariably send by post-office order, or registered letter where an order cannot be obtained. We are not responsible for any money lost unless sent by registered letter or by post-office order.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, published at Notre Dame, Ind., is a sixteen-page publication, and issued weekly at the low price of $1.50 per annum. The editor's name is not mentioned, but whoever he is, he knows how to make an interesting paper.

THE GREAT LONDON TEA CO. — Our readers will have perused the advertisement of this company, on the third page of the cover of the November issue. We again direct attention to the advertisement. Purchasers of tea will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves, at 801 Washington Street, Boston.

AGAIN the bright face of this ever-welcome visitor is before us. Fresh and fair in the newness of life, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE never loses in interest, but on the contrary, draws the reader more and more to an entertaining perusal of its diversified contents The current number is simply an abbreviated encyclopædia of entertaining, instructive, and valuable information. — *Catholic Columbian.*

REV. FATHER DWYER, of Goshen, N. J., built a church in that town, which was begun, finished, blessed, and paid for in seven weeks. Beat this who can! Land is $10 an acre in that town. Not a bad place to locate. We presume Father Dwyer will give information to all inquiries.

IF you owe for our magazine, please remit at your earliest convenience.

THE celebration of the birthday of Father Mathew in Boston was a very creditable one. The boys, particularly, made a fine appearance.

DR. F. J. MCNULTY. — We gladly welcome to Boston another first-rate Irish Catholic physician. Dr. F. J. McNulty, formerly of Worcester, Mass., has removed his residence to Boston; his office is No. 47 Chambers Street. He is an acquisition not only to the medical strength, but to the Catholic social life of the city. As a physician, we need only say that he has for eight years been the attending physician at Holy Cross College. He has also been elected city physician of Worcester, and for many years has been an influential member of the school board of that city. We wish him, and predict for him, rapid success in Boston.

EXPOSURE OF FREEMASONRY. — We commenced in the November and continue in this issue of our magazine an *exposé* of the secrets and designs of the Masonic Order. The book from which we copy was published in Dublin by a respectable house, and we have no doubt but the statements are correct in all their particulars. The subject is attracting serious attraction in Europe. If the Paris "Univers" be well informed, a heavy blow and great discouragement has just been given to the Masonic craft. That journal is responsible for the statement that the seceders from that fraternity lately number among them no less distinguished personages than the German Emperor and the German Crown Prince. The latter illustrious personage, it is stated, had deputed Dr. Schifman to inquire into the origin and secret tendencies of freemasonry, but when that learned person made an attempt to get at the records of the institution his efforts were repulsed. This is given as the reason for the withdrawal of the Emperor and the heir apparent from the brotherhood. The story is likely enough. Continental Masonry is undoubtedly of a pronounced political type, and that it has had a good deal to do with the disorders which recently afflicted the German Empire, as well as many other states, there cannot be any reasonable doubt There can be no wonder that the secession has been made, the wonder rather is that princes and sovereigns, who are called upon to rule impartially over all, should lend their countenance to any distinctive organization, even though its secret objects were of the most innocent character possible. No practical Catholic can be a member of this or any other secret order.

Our January issue will contain matter relating to the great festival of Christmas.

The Cathedral Fair opened auspiciously on the evening of the 27th October, at the pro-Cathedral. Alderman O'Brien, Mayor Prince, and the Most Rev. Archbishop made appropriate addresses on the occasion. Let every Catholic in Boston pay at least one visit to the Fair before its close.

Home for Destitute Catholic Children.—Capt E. O'Meagher Conden has kindly volunteered to lecture for this most deserving of all our societies. We give elsewhere a portrait and brief biography of the captain. The lecture will take place at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Nov. 30. We have no doubt but the author of "God Save Ireland" will receive a "cead millie failtha."

Two Great Festivals.—The Immaculate Conception and the Nativity, occur during the month of December. The following decree has been promulgated:—

A Decree Urbis Et Orbis Concerning That Feast.—The five-and-twentieth anniversary of the day on which the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin filled the whole Christian world with ineffable joy approaches; hence it is not surprising that the desire of celebrating that day with more solemn devotion has entered the minds of the faithful. Moreover, several bishops, in order that this manifestation of Christian joy may be rendered profitable to the souls committed to them, have addressed a supplication to the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., that he would enrich the memory of so happy an event with the sacred gift of Indulgences.

On the report, therefore, of the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, presented to him in audience on the 20th September, 1879, our Most Holy Lord favorably received the requests, and has been pleased to grant unto all the faithful of both sexes who, on the approaching Feast of the Mother of God conceived without sin, or on one of the days of the Octave, being truly penitent, and after confession and communion, shall devoutly visit a church or public chapel and there piously pray according to the intention of His Holiness, a plenary indulgence, to be gained once within the said space of time, and applicable by way of suffrage to the souls of the departed. The present decree to be held valid without any expedition of a brief. All things to the contrary notwithstanding

Dated at Rome from the Secretariate of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics on the twentieth day of September, 1879.

Al. Cardinal Oreglia Di Santo Stefano, *Prefect.*
A. Panici, *Secretary.*

A Boston Pharisee has notified Archbishop Williams that he will prosecute him for gambling if he permits a Fair to be held in which money will be spent on "chances." The man is willing to stultify himself in order to appear famous, but like the old Pharisee that he is, he thanks the Lord that he is not as bad as other people.—*Catholic Columbian.*

Old South Clothing Store.—We desire that our friends should patronize those business people who advertise in our magazine. The establishment over which Mr. George R. Brine presides is one to which we can recommend our readers. The goods may be relied upon as being what they are represented. Call before purchasing elsewhere.

Look Sharp for Thieves.—A young man has lately called upon several of the Catholic clergy and presented bills for our magazine. The fellow has no authority from us, and we would feel thankful to any of our reverend friends on whom he may call, if they would send for a police officer and have him locked up. No one has any authority to collect for us except our regular agents. In all cases, when persons call for money on our account, except agents, they should be required to exhibit their authority. If they have none, in all cases refuse pay, and have the scamps arrested.

PERSONAL.

Griffin.—Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, is once more elected secretary of the I. C. B. U. This is the eighth term, we believe. He is a capital secretary.

Kickham.—Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M. P., has handed over to Mr. Charles J. Kickham a contract note for $5,750 in United States four per cent stock, purchased with the fund recently subscribed in Ireland as a testimony of respect to Mr. Kickham.

Fullerton.—Every one will regret to hear that the health of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the authoress has been a source of some anxiety to her friends of late, and that she has been obliged to go abroad for the sake of drinking waters that are supposed to be beneficial for rheumatic gout.

Rev. Dr. Kelly.—The Very Rev. Dr. Kelly, dean of Liverpool England, and the Rev. Father Murphy, of the same city, are in Canada. The chief reason of their visit is to promote the Catholic colonization scheme. The two clergymen intend visiting Ottawa, Toronto, and afterwards the leading cities and towns in the United States.

Capt. Thomas Desmond was elected sheriff of the city and county of San Francisco, in the recent elections. He was the candidate on the Workingmen's ticket, and received 20,697 votes, a majority of 2,962 over his Republican opponent, J. C. Green. Capt. Desmond, under the assumed name of Johnson, in com-

pany with John Breslin, in 1871 went to Australia, and liberated the six Fenian prisoners.

MANNING. — Cardinal Manning is seventy-one years of age, but we doubt if there are many of his younger colleagues who would think of undertaking the genuine hard work he undergoes in his glorious missionary career. He lectured recently in the pro-Cathedral at Kensington, confirmed a number of children in the afternoon at Notting Hill, and after vespers at B w, six or eight miles from his residence, delivered an eloquent discourse. His Eminence should spare himself for the sake of his flock, for there will be much sorrow and sadness and tribulation when he is called to his reward No such thing as "spare" in the vocabulary of the great cardinal.

MR. PARNELL, the present leader of the Irish people, is English by descent, his family having settled in Ireland in the reign of Charles II. The celebrated poet, Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, the friend of Pope, Addison, and Swift, was an ancestor of his, as were also Sir John Parnell Bart., M P. for Queens County and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Henry, M. P. for Rothleague, the celebrated commentator on the penal laws. Mr. Parnell's mother is an American, the daughter of one of our naval officers, and resides now with her daughters in New Jersey, passing the summer usually at Newport. He was educated at Cambridge University is only thirty-three years old, of very gentlemanly appearance and manners, and, though not eloquent in the usual sense, is vigorous and clear in speech. Though his landed estate yields only £1,400 a year, he is rich in American and other securities.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

REV. M. OBERMUELLER, pastor of St. Mary's Church of Monroe, Wis., died on Sunday, Oct. 19. He was for many years pastor of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, of Madison, Wis.

REV. A. INAMA, pastor of Roxbury, Wis., and a member of the Order of St. Norbert, died on Oct. 18. The deceased was the oldest priest in the archdiocese of Milwaukee, having reached the venerable age of eighty-one years.

REV. P. J. DELANY, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Pawtucket, R. I., died at his residence on Oct. 24, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after a brief illness. He was born in Kilkenny Ireland, and belonged to a wealthy family. He entered Maynooth College, and graduated with Bishop Hendricken. When a young man he came to America, was ordained at the Cathedral at Providence, R. I., and when thirty years of age settled in St. Mary's parish. Two years ago he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate. He was of a genial disposition, and his general courtesy made him popular with all classes. St. Mary's was the second Catholic Church built in Rhode Island, and while it was under his charge has been twice enlarged; and by his energy and business qualifications the convent and Catholic school buildings were erected and the schools opened.

REV. J. C. MURPHY, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, Mass., died in that town on the 24th of October. Father Murphy was a most zealous worker in the vineyard of the Lord. After his ordination he was appointed curate at Brookline, and was afterwards appointed pastor at Abington. Seeing the want of a church in Plymouth, with the consent of the Archbishop he commenced the erection of a church near the Rock we hear so much about in Puritan circles. Notwithstanding the great difficulties he had to contend with, the Church of St. Peter was erected, and was dedicated on the 4th of July last. The funeral took place on the 28th at the beautiful little church he spent so many anxious hours in erecting. It was attended by the reverend clergy of the archdiocese and the whole Catholic population. Father Murphy was born on the 28th of October, 1814. He was greatly beloved by all who came within the circle of his acquaintance.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP MCKINNON.—The Right Rev. Bishop McKinnon, of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, died on the 26th September, having been prostrated with an attack of paralysis on the previous Tuesday, from which he never rallied. His Lordship received the last Sacraments from his confessor, the Rev. H. Giles, and during the four days of his illness his Lordship the Bishop of Arichat was in constant attendance at his bedside. His remains were deposited in a crypt prepared by his own direction, under the sanctuary of the new cathedral at Antigonish. The venerated prelate was sixty-nine years of age, and was consecrated Bishop of Antigonish by the late Archbishop Walsh, in St Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, in 1852. His Lordship had been in failing health for some time, and in consideration thereof, His Holiness the Pope relieved him from episcopal duty in March, 1877, while permitting him to retain his rank. Among the Catholics of Scottish descent in Eastern Nova Scotia he had a large connection of family relations. He was held in high veneration by the Catholics throughout the Province, and especially in his own diocese, where, before he was incapacitated by sickness, his devotion to the interests of religion and his zeal in the care of his flock had endeared him to the people.

REV. CHARLES A. REILLY. — The Catholic church in New Jersey has lost a valued priest in the death of the Rev. Charles A. Reilly, pastor of St. Columba's Church, Newark, which occurred on the 8th of October. Father

Reilly was a native of Arva, county Cavan, Ireland, and was born in 1843. He came to this country while quite young, and was educated at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, Seton Hall, South Orange, and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was a fellow-student with the present Bishops Kain, of Wheeling, and Keane, of Richmond. He was ordained a priest in 1866 by the late Archbishop Bayley. He developed into a fine pulpit orator and a valued and distinguished member of the priesthood.

Rev. John A. Marsden, O. S. A.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. John A. Marsden, O. S. A., of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., which occurred on the 2d of October. Father Marsden was born in Clithdore, England, on the 13th of September, 1851, and came to this country with his parents in 1856, residing in New York State until he arrived at the age of eighteen years, when he entered Villanova College, then as now under the charge of the Augustinian Fathers, and after six years of hard study was ordained as a priest of the Augustinian Order. Father Marsden began his labors in Lawrence in April 1876, with his brother, the lamented Father Charles Marsden, O. S. A., but a severe hemorrhage obliged him to go to Florida. He was an accomplished musician, and for some time directed St. Mary's choir. Father Marsden was but twenty-eight years of age, and not the least regret at his early death will be the extinguishment of a life of much usefulness and promise. His remains were deposited by the side of those of his brother and the clergymen who have died during their connection with St. Mary's Church.

SISTERS.

The death is announced of Sister Mary Joseph Sebastian (Miss Alice Riley), a Sister of St. Joseph, in Buffalo, N. Y.

The death of Mother Alberta, prioress of the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo., is announced. Mother Alberta, in the world Mary Jane Smith, was in the fifty-first year of her age, and thirty-third of her religious life. She was one of the foundresses of the Carmelite colony in St. Louis, having gone there sixteen years ago from the Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. She filled three terms as prioress, and was much loved by the entire community for her zeal, piety, and unselfish devotion. She was a convert.

Sister Mary Francis Xavier, of the Good Shepherd, departed this life in her convent home, at Cleveland, O., the 1st of October. All her friends in this city had known her as Miss Helena Fitzgerald, sister of the Bishop of Little Rock, who was their beloved pastor at St. Patrick's Church. A patient sufferer, she calmly slept her life away, and followed in the journey to a happy eternity the many saintly spouses of Christ who renounced the vanities of the world in the spirit of true humility and holy fervor. We need not appeal for prayers in her behalf, for though she may not be in need of them, still her loving friends here will join the good sisters in suffrages for her eternal rest, which may God grant. — *Catholic Columbian.*

Death of Madame Catherine White.—On Tuesday, Oct. 16, Madame Catherine White departed this life at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N. Y. The deceased bore her long and tedious illness with Christian patience and resignation. She was a niece of the most distinguished of Irish writers of fiction — Gerald Griffin — and a sister of the late Judge James W. White, of New York. She was born at Fairy Lawn, Derwent Lake, Penn., May 26, 1825, and was the authoress of various works of distinguished merit. She also left behind several other manuscript works, embodying the methods and matter used in the higher schools of her order. Mme. Kate White was not only an accomplished and successful instructress of youth, but a woman possessed of uncommon practical sagacity, one whose advice was eagerly sought and much prized by persons of every station. Her death has been greatly regretted; and her practical Christian charity will be long remembered by the poor.

Sister Désirée, Superior of the Convent of Notre Dame, Lowell, Mass., died on the 16th of October, after a long illness. The deceased sister was born in Janaph, Belgium, on the 18th of May, 1815, her name then being Matilda Ecculisse. She received a thorough education in her native place, and entered the congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame at Namur. Soon after taking her vows she came to America, in 1845, and was stationed at Cincinnati until 1852, when she was sent to Lowell to establish a convent and schools for the Catholic girls of Lowell, where she has remained ever since. When she arrived there she immediately established the school in a small wooden building on Adams Street, and by her untiring zeal and energy, during her twenty-seven years of duty, from the small wooden buildings she has reared four large and handsome brick edifices for the accommodation of the scholars. The fame of the convent under her charge became widespread, and hundreds of young Catholic girls and a large number of Protestants received their education at the institution.

LAYMEN.

The death is announced of Gabriel T. Fitzgerald, K. K. Oberstwachtmeister, Royal and Imperial Cuirassiers, Austrian army. This distinguished officer was the youngest son of the late A. Fitzergald, Esq., of Seaview Ring, Dungarvan, county Waterford, Ireland. He entered the Austrian service at an early age, took part in several campaigns, commanded the Irish Papal Brigade, and at the battle of Sadowa was so severely wounded that ever since that memorable engagement he has continued an invalid. For distinguished bravery at Sadowa he obtained the Cross of Valor. He died at Gorz, on the 22d of September, and was buried with full military honors. He leaves a widow to deplore his loss

Departed this life, at the residence of his daughter, Petersburg, Va., Oct. 4, Edward Curtain, aged about seventy-five years. Born in the county of Limerick, Ireland, he, at an early age, emigrated to America and settled first at Bridgeport, Connecticut; thence he

removed to Petersburg, and for many years was a noted and trusted educator there Gifted by nature with a clear, analytical mind, which he had fortified by deep thought and varied reading, he successfully, for many years, instructed the youth of Virginia. Charity, purity, and honesty were the distinguishing traits of his character, and all good men who knew him will agree that a good and noble man has by death been taken away.

DEATH OF HON. JAMES C. MADIGAN. — It is our painful duty to record the death of one of the most eminent Catholic gentlemen of this country. Death loves a shining mark, and he struck down one whom all honored and loved. Mr. Madigan was one of those genial, loving souls that one knows during a lifetime. He stood as a pillar of strength in defence of the church of which he was an honored member. He not only possessed the confidence of the Archbishop of Boston and his suffragan, Rt Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, but the whole body of the clergy and people who knew him. He filled many positions of trust in his native State, and was spoken of at one time as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, for which position he was well qualified. He was an honored member of the legal profession, and his judgment in the settlement of difficult cases saved many a client from great loss. The Catholic people of his native State will long remember him. Mr. Madigan was born in 1820, and died Oct. 16, 1879. May his soul rest in peace.

Events of the Month.

A SUM amounting to £14,406,689 17s. 3½d. was realized in England last year by duty on spirits.

THE stamp duty on the sale of patent medicines in England for 1878 realized £130,691 16s. 8½d.

OVER 2,000 persons perished in the floods in Spain lately. The Pope has sent 6,000 francs to the sufferers.

THE temperance organizations of Dublin have commenced a movement to raise a penny-a-week subscription for a Father Mathew statute.

THE new stone cathedral at Little Rock, Arkansas, which is nearly completed, is a beautiful structure, and when finished will be the finest building in the State. The style is pure Gothic.

SINCE Jan. 1, 1879, Messrs. Henry McShane & Co., proprietors of the well-known McShane Bell Foundry, of Baltimore, have purchased and cast into their celebrated church bells over 3,000 pounds of new ingot copper.

WIDESPREAD POVERTY IN LONDON. — In the third week of September 79,669 persons — more than the whole population of the city of London proper — were in receipt of parochial relief in the metropolis, being 3,374 more than in 1878.

ENGLAND pays to foreign countries for onions alone considerably more than £400,000 ($20,000,000) a year. Yet there is not a country on earth where ordinary kitchen vegetables can be grown more abundantly and to greater advantage than this, taking the average of years

SUCH horrid crimes of assassination are being committed in France that the other cowardly crime of suicide almost escapes notice. But self-destruction is frightfully rampant in Paris and the provinces. A body was found a few days ago, and some one passing by asked, if it was an accident. "No," said another, "he only threw himself out of a window to amuse himself."

NAPOLEON THE GREAT, when, as First Consul, he was speaking of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church, employed in her regard these memorable words: "The institution which preserves throughout the world the unity of faith is truly admirable The Pope is the guardian of Catholic unity We moreover respect his spiritual authority because he does not reside at Vienna, Paris, or Madrid, but because he is an independent lord in his own kingdom."

THE "Catholic Advocate" remarks that the British government has scarcely any trouble with the Indians of its Canadian territory, whilst the United States has troubles constantly on hand, and explains it by asserting that the former keeps faith with the Indian. That is the whole secret of success with the Indian treatment, and yet our government agents do rather everything in their power to annoy and ill-treat the savage, and call for vengeance when he rises up in defence of his rights.

BALLINASLOE CATTLE FAIR. — The "Dublin Freeman" speaking of the reduction of prices in all classes of cattle, says: "There was a fall of full 30s. a head, and in some instances of £2 a head as compared with last year. The situation has become quite paradoxical — a small supply and a large number of buyers, combined with low prices. Its only explanation is that the apparent value of cattle had factitiously increased beyond their real worth. The public will accept the idea with facility, and we see no argument against their doing so. It is a case of levelling-down; and down both graziers and butchers must "level."

THE "Western Watchman" very ably advocates the general observance of Catholic feast-days of obligation, by Catholic business men. It draws attention to the action of the Jews, who invariably close up their shops on the days of their great solemnities, and lose nothing by it. We fear that many of our prominent Catholic business men care no more for our holy days than for any other day of the week. They become so wrapped up in their business that religion never enters their thoughts except on Sunday, when force of habit takes them to church to be present at a low Mass.

A FEW weeks ago a public house, situated in a good position in the main street of Drogheda, Ireland, was put up for sale, but not one bid was offered, and the property came down again from the hammer. The "trade" is evidently in straits over there.

BETTER TIMES.—The "Catholic Review" says: "An era of great material prosperity has commenced in this country. The long night of depression, despondency, and hard times has ended, and the sun of prosperity again illuminates the land. In the Old World there are wars, rumors of wars, ruined harvests, angry political and social contentions, and general uncertainty and unhappiness. Here, on the contrary, everything goes well and promises to go better."

A SHOCKING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA occurred in Sheffield, England. A man named Palmer, who was employed in one of the breweries there, had a favorite terrier dog. A month ago the dog barked furiously during the night, and Palmer went down to see what was the matter. Finding the dog rushing about the kitchen he beat him, and while doing so the dog bit him in the thumb. Three weeks afterwards, symptoms of hydrophobia set in, and he died in great agony.

THE progress of irreligion and the alarming increase of crime are going hand in hand in France. The Paris correspondent of the Leeds "Mercury" says: "A veritable epidemic of crime seems to be sweeping over the land, which is not one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It is almost impossible to keep pace with the chronicles of murders, suicides, and what are euphemistically styled 'dramas' here." And yet they are vigorously carrying on the work of banishing the religious from the schools.

BISMARCK AND ROME.—Says a London paper, "The majority at Prince Bismarck's disposal will not be a majority without the cooperation of the Ultramontanes. The Church of Rome is now ruled by a wise and moderate Pontiff. The Prince can make material concessions for the Ultramontanes without departing from the general position he took up six years ago. The National Liberals are to be compassionated, but their turn for reconciliation with the flexible Chancellor may come again. In that case, he will be the first to forget that they ever were his enemies."

IN the presence of Cardinal Manning and three canons of the church, the Hon. Margaret Petre, sister of Lady Granard, was recently professed into the sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, who devote themselves to the reclaiming of those unfortunates who have "sinned." The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Petre, brother of the newly made nun, assisted at the ceremony of his sister's reception. The reverend gentleman is the heir apparent to the Petre peerage, and on the death of his father will sit in the House of Lords for one of the oldest baronies in England.

VICISSITUDES OF THE FRENCH KINGS.—Only one French king since Louis XV., the Well-Beloved (who narrowly escaped being assassinated by Damiens, and whose coffin was pelted with mud), has died peacefully in France. Louis XVIII. was twice an exile; Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold; Napoleon I. died at St. Helena; Charles X. at Goritz; Louis Philippe at Claremont; Napoleon III. at Chislehurst. Since the accession of the Bourbons, besides only two direct heirs to the Crown have reigned in France,—Louis XIII., who ascended the throne after the assassination of his father, Henri IV., and Louis XIV., who succeeded Louis XIII. Louis XIV. was, therefore, the last Dauphin who inherited the Crown.

CENTENARIANS.—Margaret Robertson, or Duncan, said to be the oldest woman in Scotland, has died at Cupar Angus. She was born in 1773. Mrs. Duncan was a heavy smoker, and until recently, when she became blind, was in possession of all her faculties. From Brazil we learn the following: "The *Arauto de Minas* reports the death, at Nazareth, of a slave woman of at least one hundred and fifty years of age, according to the mention of her in the inventory of the property of the great-grandfather of her late owner. She was still bright until her death, and could tell of things that happened over one hundred years ago. Last month their died in Corrientes, in the Argentine Confederation, a man of one hundred and thirty years of age name Diego A. Osuna. He had served under San Martin, and took part in almost every battle of that general against the Spaniards in the war of independence."

AT OLD FANEUIL HALL, Boston, on the evening of the 6th of October, a mass meeting was held to sympathize with the tenant farmers in Ireland, in their struggle for life and liberty. John E. Fitzgerald, Esq., presided, and eloquent addresses were made by that gentleman and by Hon. P. A. Collins, Thomas Riley, Esq., P. J. Flatley, Esq., and other gentlemen. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, News has reached us across the Atlantic that the people of Ireland are working with unexampled unanimity to obtain local self-government and the abolishment of feudal landlordism;

Resolved, That we the citizens of Boston, native and foreign born, who enjoy these inestimable blessings in this land, in Faneuil Hall assembled, send back our sympathies and pledge ourselves to a substantial support of the tenant-farmers of Ireland in their noble and patriotic efforts. (*Loud cheers.*)

JEANNE D'ARC.—The project of the late Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, for the decoration of Orleans Cathedral with ten painted windows, representing scenes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, has met with more success than might have been hoped. A sum of 125 000f. was quickly subscribed, and a competition was opened to which all the glass-painters in France were admitted. The result of this competition, as already mentioned, has been that the design of M. Lorin, of Chartres, has carried off the first prize of 4,000f., and that he is commissioned with the execution of this splendid historical memorial. An exhibition of the various designs sent in has lately been held in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, after a previous exhibition at Orleans, and it is generally admitted (says the "Academy") that the competition produced very satisfactory results. M. Lorin's design is everywhere spoken of as possessing remarkable merit.

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A Big Diamond. — Attention has been drawn to the discovery of a Cape diamond, weighing one hundred and fifty carats, by a certain Mr. O'Flaherty, whose name has a familiar sound about it. The Koh-i-noor in its cut state weighs only a little over a hundred carats, and the Star of the South one hundred and twenty-five; but a gentleman is now trying to sell a diamond in London, who claims that it weighed over two hundred and fifty carats before cutting. It is strange that the first diamond ever sold in South Africa was brought to Grahamstown by an Irish ostrich hunter named O'Reilly, who made £500 by his lucky find, and had the valuable field to himself for a time.

Suicidal Mania. — A suicidal mania seems to have been prevalent in Saxony during last year. The official statistics show 1,126 cases, of which two hundred and fifteen were those of women. The ages of those who committed self-murder range from fourteen to ninety. Commenting on these facts, the "British Medical Journal" states that the number of suicides in London during the last few weeks has also been three times as great as it was last year at the same time. It is supposed that the bad weather, the lack of sunshine, frequent rain, the recent storms and inundations have had a bad influence on the minds of the inhabitants.

Two Curious Coincidences. — It has been observed as a curious coincidence that in the Zulu and Afghan campaigns two heirs of ancient peerages have been killed, and that in both cases their deaths have caused the succession to the titles to pass from Protestants to Catholics. The two officers were Lord Ossulston and the Honorable Edmund Wyatt-Edgell; and considering that they were the only heirs of peerages killed, perhaps the only ones who took part in the two wars, and that they were both of them Protestants, it certainly is extraordinary that in each case the younger brother, now respectively heir to the Earldom of Tankerville and the Barony of Braze, should have been previously received into the Catholic Church.

Russian Nihilism. — To give an idea of the extent of the Russian revolutionary movement it will suffice to say that of 1800 students properly matriculated, no less than seven hundred and twenty have been arrested and prosecuted for criminal opinions in the last five years. The last horror is the murder at Charkoff of two boatmen by some educated lads, the boatmen being supposed to have acted as spies upon grammar-school pupils. Nor is there any abatement in the matter of arson. "From Denisel to Dnieper," says the "Golos," "our towns are burnt down one after the other. As to the villages, about ten a day are being consumed by fire. Our national prosperity must be ultimately destroyed by this terrible evil." The last town destroyed is Vyasma, in the province of Ikatarinoslev, near the centre of the Russian agitation.

Nothing without God. — The Honorable Margaret Mary Petre, who was lately professed a nun of the Good Shepherd, at Hammersmith, England, is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Petre, and is twenty-nine years of age. Her eldest sister is the Countess of Granard, and she has five sisters who are younger than she. Her eldest brother is the well-known Father Petre, who, by the way, will one day be the first Catholic priest for many generations entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. The motto of the Petres is "Nothing without God," and it has received in the actions of members of the family a noble exemplification.

The English are supposed to be the most civilized people on the face of the globe. They take upon themselves to lecture and educate everybody. And yet baby-farming is not defunct in England after all. Sanguine philanthropists believed that it had been put an end to after the exposures of some years back, but that it is more rampant than ever appears from an appalling case just brought under the notice of the Birkenhead magistrate. It is stated that from correspondence discovered in the house of the accused persons, thirty or forty children are missing, and that they came from a wide extent of country, covering Leeds, Hull, Wigan, Bristol, Bath, and twenty other towns. Four children had been interred during the present year, and of three children found on the premises and removed to the workhouse, two had already died from the effects of mal-nutrition.

Foundered in Mid-Ocean — Much sympathy has been, and is, felt for the famine-stricken people of India. This is only as it should be. The famine in the Cashmere District seems to be as serious as ever. A Calcutta telegram received this week calls to mind forcibly the state of affairs in Ireland, in 1847 and 1848. The telegram states that two boat-loads of famine-stricken wretches were rowed out on a lake, and there liberated from their suffering by drowning. There are many persons living who can remember the time when it was no uncommon thing for shiploads of the Irish poor to be chartered to America in rotten old tubs called emigrant vessels, which were allowed to founder in mid-Atlantic by the proprietors, who had previously secured themselves against loss by insurance. The Indian famine, however, has been a genuine affair, whereas the Irish famine, which cost the lives of so many, was, it is well known, a famine in the midst of plenty. This is not a matter easy to forget.

Notices of Recent Publications.

John B. Piet, Baltimore.

Science and Religion: Lectures on the Reasonableness of Christianity and the Shallowness of Unbelief. Delivered by the Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia.

These lectures have appeared in some of the Catholic papers in this country. We are glad to see them issued in neat pamphlet form by Mr. Piet. Price: paper, fifty cents; neatly bound, $1. Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston, have it on sale.

Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His Blessed Mother.

The seventeenth and eighteenth parts of this truly splendid book have been received. We cannot speak too highly of it. The frontispiece, the "Holy Family," is superb.

Hickey & Co., New York.

Emmanuel: A book of Eucharistic Verses. By the Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J.

To the devout soul this book will still add to the devotion of the pious Christian. Father Russell is one of the sweetest of our devotional writers.

Robert Coddington, New York.

The Vicar of Christ; or, Lectures upon the Prerogatives of our Holy Father the Pope. By Very Rev. Thomas S Preston, V. G.

The Divine Sanctuary. A series of Meditations upon the Litany of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. By Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G.

The Battle-Fields of Ireland, from 1688 to 1691, including Limerick and Athlone, Aughram and the Boyne. Being an outline history of the Jacobite war in Ireland, and the causes which led to it.

The titles of the first two books, by Father Preston, sufficiently explain their character. They should be bought and read by every devout Catholic who can afford to buy them. "The Battle-Felds of Ireland" will well repay perusal by all who desire to keep alive the memories of the old land.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We refer the reader to the new announcements of Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co., in our advertising pages.

The Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. will publish early in January their annual Catholic Almanac for the United States, Canada, etc.

The Rev. M. J. O'Brien, of Belfast, is publishing, through Messrs. Gill, of Dublin, an historical and critical account of "The Prophecy of St. Malachy."

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons will publish in a few days the translation already announced of the Catholic breviary, on which Lord Bute has been engaged for nearly nine years. Lord Bute, in his preface, says that his object has been to lay "open to the English reader the whole of the prayer of the church. He thinks that this may be grateful to a considerable number of English-speaking Catholics, who would wish, at any rate at times, to read the service of the church, but are debarred from doing so by ignorance of the Latin language, and more especially so to converts who have been accustomed to the daily office while Anglicans." Cardinal Manning has permitted Lord Bute to use all his published hymns, and has also prepared the doxologies.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Instrumental: "Country Life," by G. D. Wilson. This collection comprises six little pieces, admirably adapted for beginners on the piano. The pieces are, No. 1, "Rustic Dance," No. 2, "Picnic Waltz," No. 3, "Katydid," No. 4, "Evening Song," No. 5, "Morning Song," No. 6, "The Haymakers." "Turkish Reveille," by Michaelis, arranged for violin and piano by J. B. Claus. A very effective arrangement of this popular march. "Happy Maidens Galop," by George W. Chase, a very brilliant piece. "Go-As-You-Please" Grand Galop, by C. D. Blake. "Alpine Grand March," by George Fox, written in Mr. Fox's pleasing style. "Bridal Bells," by T. P. Ryder, a pretty composition. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Medley Schottisch," arranged for an orchestra of nine instruments, by T. D. Edmands.

Vocal: "Sewing the Long White Seam," words by Jean Ingelow, music by D. F. Hodges. "I'se gwine to leave Old Dixie," words by George Cooper, music by C. A. White. "In the Starlight Sat I Thinking," words by Alice Wheeler, music by O. W. Lane. "The Towering Steeple," sacred song, by E. H. Bailey. "Shout the Glad Tidings," Christmas anthem, by J. L. Gilbert, an excellent piece for church use.

Music Books: "Short Voluntaries for the Pipe or Cabinet Organ," by T. P. Ryder. This is a book of some sixty pages, containing short and pleasing voluntaries by the best composers. Mr. Ryder's reputation as an organist is a guarantee of the excellence of the volume. It is issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s best style, and should be in the hands of every organist, and everybody who owns a cabinet organ. "Red Riding Hood's Rescue" a juvenile operetta, words by Jones E. Estabrook, music by J. Astor Broad. A charming little work. It is just the thing for the children, to make an evening pass pleasantly. Prettier music it would be difficult to find, and music too that is perfectly adapted to children's voices "The Champion," a collection of secular and sacred music, by Leonard Marshall. This book consists of Part First, an Elementary Department, in which the art of singing is very thoroughly explained; Part Second, Glees and Four Part Songs, written and arranged in an easy and pleasing style; Part Third, Hymn Tunes in a variety of metres; Part Fourth, Anthems and other pieces. It is a very complete and useful work for singing-schools.

"Wright's New Method for the Cabinet Organ," by Rodney P. Wright. This, the latest work for the cabinet organ, is to our thinking the best. In the first part of the book is a very lucid and clear system of instruction, leading the beginner by degrees from the very foundation to the most difficult playing, and all this is done in a simple, clear, and comprehensive manner. Mr. Wright's long experience as an organist, and intimate knowledge of the resources of the reed organ, peculiarly qualify him for the task he has undertaken, viz., of "supplying the truest system of instruction for the cabinet organ of to-day." We wish we had more space in which to give a more extended notice of this admirable work, but will return to it at some future time. The musical selections throughout are of the very highest order, and especially arranged for organ playing. We heartily congratulate Mr. Wright on the great success he has achieved in this, his first venture.

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